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VOL. XXXV.

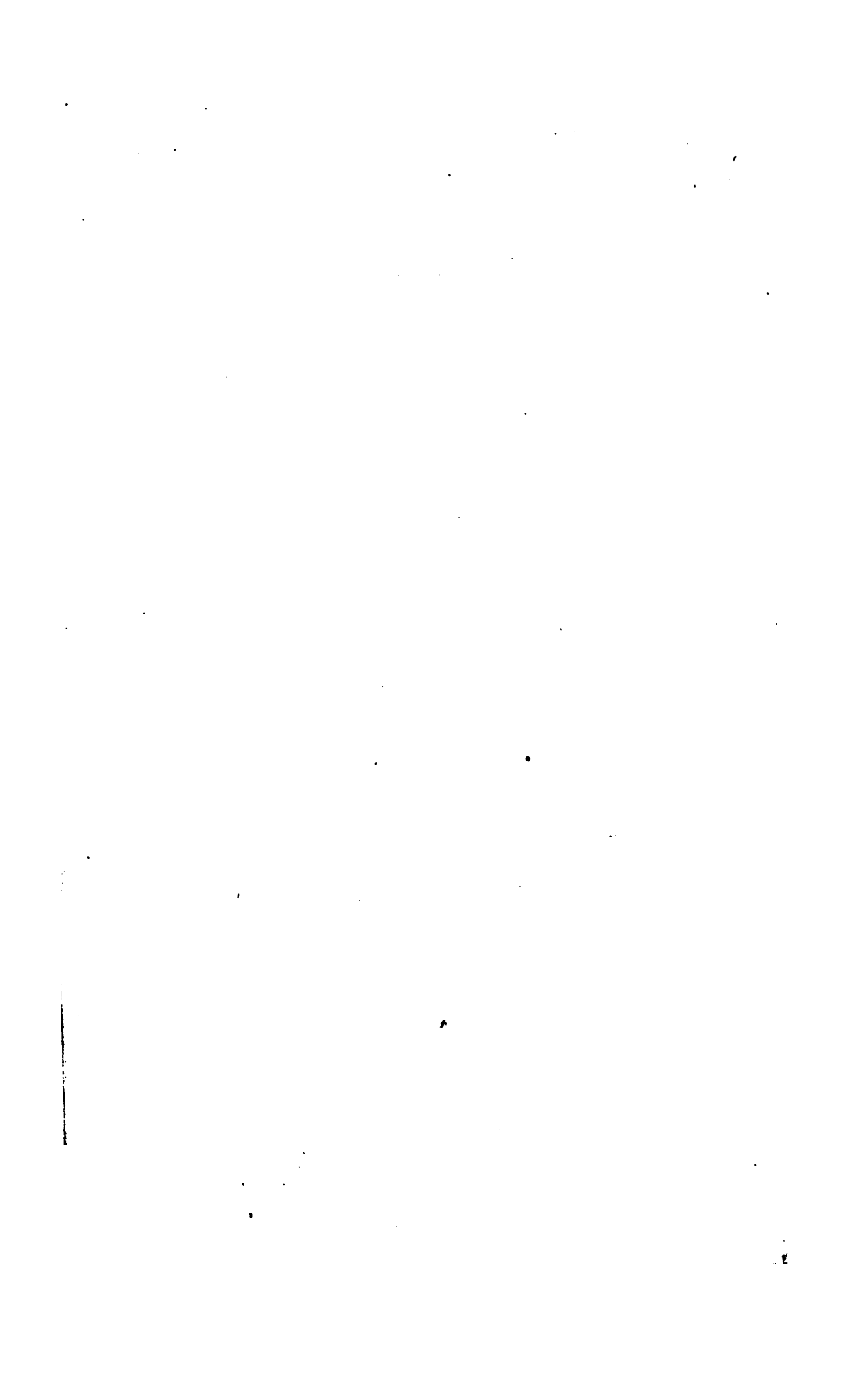
OCTOBER, NOVEMBER, DECEMBER, 1852.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY E. LITTELL & COMPANY.

PHILADELPHIA, GETZ & BUCK, 3 Hart's Building.
NEW YORK, DEWITT & DAVENPORT, Tribune Buildings.

STEREOTYPED BY HOBART & ROBBINS.



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Part of an Article from the North British Review.

Life of Lord Jeffrey; with a Selection from his Correspondence. By LORD COCKBURN, one of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland. 2 Vols. Edinburgh, 1852.

It was in the winter of 1786-7 that the poet Burns, a new prospect having been suddenly opened up to him by the kind intervention of Blacklock, and a few other influential men in Edinburgh, abandoned his desperate project of emigrating to the West Indies, and hastened to pay his first and memorable visit to the Scottish metropolis. During that winter, as all who are acquainted with his life know, the Ayrshire ploughman, then in his twenty-ninth year, was the lion of Edinburgh society. Lord Monboddo, Dugald Stewart, Harry Erskine, Dr. Robertson, Dr. Hugh Blair, Henry Mackenzie, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Black, Dr. Adam Ferguson—such were the names then most conspicuous in the literary capital of North Britain; and it was in the company of these men, alternated with that of the Creeches, the Smellies, the Willie Nicols, and other contemporary Edinburgh celebrities of a lower grade, that Burns first realized the fact that he was no mere bard of local note, but a new power and magnate in Scottish literature.

To those who are alive to the poetry of coincidences, two anecdotes connected with this residence of Burns in Edinburgh will always be specially interesting. What reader of Lockhart's *Life of Scott* is there who does not remember the account there given of Scott's first and only interview with Burns? As the story is now more minutely told in Mr. Robert Chambers' *Life of Burns*, Scott, who was then a lad of seventeen, just removed from the High School to a desk in his father's office, was invited by his friend and companion, the son of Dr. Ferguson, to accompany him to his father's house on an evening when Burns was to be there. The two youngsters entered the room, sat down unnoticed by their seniors, and looked on and listened in modest silence. Burns, when he came in, seemed a little out of his element, and, instead of mingling at once with the company, kept going about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. One print particularly arrested his attention. It represented a soldier lying dead among the snow, his dog on one side, and a woman with a child in her arms on the other. Underneath the print were some lines of verse descriptive of the subject, which Burns read aloud with a voice faltering with emotion. A little while after, turning to the company and pointing to the print, he asked if any one could tell him who was the author of the lines. No one chanced to know, excepting Scott, who remembered that they were from an obscure poem of Langhorne's. The information, whispered by Scott to some one near, was repeated to Burns, who, after asking a little more about the matter, rewarded his young informant with a look of kindly interest, and the words, (Sir Adam Ferguson reports them,) "You'll be a man yet, sir." Such is the one story, the story of the "literary ordination," as Mr. Chambers well calls it, of

Scott by Burns—a scene which we think Sir William Allan would have delighted to paint. The other story, we believe, is now told for the first time by Lord Cockburn. Somewhere about the very day on which the foregoing incident happened, "a little black creature" of a boy, we are told, who was going up the High Street of Edinburgh, and staring diligently about him, was attracted by the appearance of a man whom he saw standing on the pavement. He was taking a good and leisurely view of the object of his curiosity, when some one standing at a shop-door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, "Ay, laddie, ye may weel look at that man! that's Robert Burns." The "little black creature," thus early addicted to criticism, was Francis Jeffrey, the junior of Scott by four years, and exactly four years behind him in the classes of the High School, where he was known as a clever, nervous little fellow, who never lost a place without crying. It is mentioned as a curious fact by Lord Cockburn, that Jeffrey's first teacher at the High School, a Mr. Luke Fraser, had the singular good fortune of sending forth, from three successive classes of four years each, three pupils no less distinguished than Walter Scott, Francis Jeffrey, and Henry Brougham.

It is not for the mere purpose of anecdote that we cite these names and coincidences. We should like very much to make out for Scotland in general as suggestive a series of her intellectual representatives as Lord Cockburn has here made out for part of the pedagogic era of the worthy and long dead Mr. Luke Fraser. Confining our regards to the eighteenth century, the preceding paragraphs enable us to group together at least three conspicuous Scottish names as belonging, by right of birth, to the third quarter of that century—Burns, born in Ayrshire in 1759; Scott, born in Edinburgh in 1769; and Jeffrey, born in the same place in 1773. Supposing we go a little further back for some other prominent Scottish names of the same century, the readiest to occur to the memory will be those of James Thomson, the poet, born in Roxburghshire in 1700; Thomas Reid, the philosopher, born near Aberdeen in 1710; David Hume, born at Edinburgh in 1711; Robertson, the historian, born in Mid-Lothian in 1721; Tobias Smollett, the novelist, born at Cardross in the same year; Adam Smith, born in Kirkcaldy in 1723; Robert Fergusson, the Scottish poet, born in Edinburgh in 1750; and Dugald Stewart, born at Edinburgh in 1753. And, if for a similar purpose, we come down to the last quarter of the century, five names at least will be sure to occur to us, in addition to that of Brougham—Thomas Campbell, born at Glasgow in 1777; Thomas Chalmers, born at Anstruther, in Fifeshire, in 1780; John Wilson, born, if we may trust our authorities, at Paisley in 1789; Thomas Carlyle, born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire in 1795; and Sir William Hamilton, born at Edinburgh before the close of the century. In this list we omit the distinguished contemporary Scottish names in physical science; we ought not, however, to omit the names of Sir James Mackintosh, born near Inverness in 1765, and James Mill, born at Montrose in 1773. The

short life of Burns, if we choose him as the central figure of the group, connects together all these names. The oldest of them was in the prime of life when Burns was born, and the youngest of them had seen the light before Burns died.

On glancing in order along this series of eminent Scotchmen born in the eighteenth century, it will be seen that they may be roughly distributed into two nearly equal classes—men of philosophic intellect, devoted to the work of general speculation, or thought as such; and men of literary or poetic genius, whose works belong more properly to the category of pure literary or artistic effort. In the one class may be ranked Reid, Hume, Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Mackintosh, Mill, Chalmers, and Sir William Hamilton; in the other, Thomson, Smollett, Robertson, Fergusson, Burns, Scott, Jeffrey, Campbell, Wilson, Irving, and Carlyle. Do not let us be mistaken. In using the phrases "philosophic intellect" and "literary genius," to denote the distinction referred to, we do not imply anything of accurate discrimination between the phrases themselves. For aught that we care, the phrases may be reversed, and the men of the one class may be styled men of philosophic genius, and those of the other, men of literary habit and intellect. If we prefer to follow the popular usage in our application of the terms, it is not with any intention of making out for the one class, by the appropriation to it of the peculiar term "genius," a certificate of a higher kind of excellence than belongs to the other. Even according to the popular acceptance of the term, several of those whom we have included in the literary category—as, for example, Robertson, must be denied the title of men of genius; while, according to no enduring definition of the term, could the title of men of genius be refused to such men as Adam Smith, or Chalmers, or Hamilton. Nor, even when thus explained, will our classification bear any very rigid scrutiny. By a considerable portion of what may be called the fundamental or unapparent half of his genius, Carlyle belongs to the class of speculative thinkers; while, on the other hand, the case of Chalmers is one in which the thinking or speculative faculty, which certainly belonged to him, was surcharged and deluged by such a constant flood from the feelings that, instead of ranking him with the thinkers as above, we might, with equal or greater propriety, transpose him to the other side, or even name him on both sides. His thinking faculty, which was what he himself set most store by, was so beset and begirt by his other and more active dispositions, that, instead of working on and on through any resisting medium with iron continuity, it discharged itself almost invariably, as soon as it touched a subject, in large proximate generalizations. On the whole, then, instead of the foregoing classification of eminent Scotchmen into men of speculation and men of general literature, one might adopt as equally serviceable a less formal classification which the common satirical talk respecting Scotchmen will suggest. The hard, cool, logical Scotchman—such is the stereotyped phrase in which Englishmen describe the natives of North Britain. There is a sufficient amount of true perception in the phrase to justify its use; but the appreciation it involves reaches only to the surface. The well-known phrase, *perferendum ingenium Scotorum*, used, Buchanan tells us, centuries ago on the continent to express the idea of the Scottish character then universally current and founded on

a large induction of instances, is, in reality, nearer to the fact. Without maintaining at present that *all* Scotchmen are *perfervid*—that Scotchmen in general are, as we have seen it ingenious argued, not cool, calculating, and cautious, but positively rash, fanatical, and tempestuous; it will be enough to refer to the instances which prove at least that *some* Scotchmen have this character. The thing may be expressed thus:—On referring to the actual list of Scotchmen who have attained eminence by their writings or speeches in this or the last century, two types may be distinguished, in one or the other of which the Scottish mind seems necessarily to cast itself—an intellectual type specifically Scottish, but Scottish only in the sense that it is the type which cultured Scottish minds assume when they devote themselves to the work of specific investigation; and a more popular type, characterizing those Scotchmen who, instead of pursuing the work of specific investigation, follow a career calling forth all the resources of Scottish sentiment. Scotchmen of the first or more recondite and formal type are Reid, Smith, Hume, Mill, Mackintosh, and Hamilton, in all of whom, notwithstanding their differences, we see that tendency towards metaphysical speculation for which the Scottish mind has become celebrated; Scotchmen of the other or popular type, partaking of the metaphysical tendency or not, but drawing their essential inspiration from the sentimental depths of the national character, are Burns, Scott, Chalmers, Irving, and Carlyle. However we may choose to express it, the fact of this two-fold forthgoing of the Scottish mind, either in the scholastic and logical direction marked out by one series of eminent predecessors, or in the popular and literary direction marked out by another series of eminent predecessors, cannot be denied.

After all, however, (for we cannot yet leave this topic,) there is, classify and distinguish as we may, a remarkable degree of homogeneity among Scotchmen. The people of North Britain are more homogeneous—have decidedly a more visible basis of common character—than the people of South Britain. A Scotchman may indeed be almost anything that is possible in this world; he may be a saint or a debauchee, a Christian or a sceptic, a spendthrift or a usurer, a soldier or a statesman, a poet or a statistician, a fool or a man of genius, clear-headed or confused-headed, a Thomas Chalmers or a Joseph Hume, a dry man of mere secular facts, or a man through whose mind there roll forever the stars and all mysteries. Still, under every possible form of mental combination or activity, there will be found in every Scotchman something distinguishable as his birth-quality or *Scotticism*. And what is this *Scotticism* of Scotchmen—this ineradicable, universally-combinable element of peculiarity, breathed into the Scottish soul by those conditions of nature and of life which inhere in or hover over the area of Scottish earth, and which are repeated in the same precise *ensemble* nowhere else? Comes it from the hills, or the moors, or the mists, or any of those other features of scenery and climate which distinguish bleak and rugged Scotland from green and fertile England? In part, doubtless, from these, as from all else that is Scottish. But there are hills, and moors, and mists where Scotchmen are not bred; and it is rather in the long series of the memorable things that have been done on the Scottish hills and moors—the acts which the retrospective eye sees flashing through the old Scottish mists, that

one is to seek the origin and explanation of whatever Scotticism is. Now, as compared with England at least, that which has come down to the natives of Scotland as something peculiar, generated by the series of past transactions of which their country has been the scene, is an intense spirit of nationality.

No nation in the world is more factitious than the Scotch—more composite as regards the materials out of which it has been constructed. If in England there have been Britons, Celts, Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans, in Scotland there have been Celts, Britons, Romans, Norwegians, Danes, Anglo-Saxons, and Normans. The only difference of any consequence in this respect probably is, that whereas in England the Celtic element is derived chiefly from the British or Welsh, and the Teutonic element chiefly from the Continental-German source, in Scotland the Gaels have furnished most of the Celtic, and the Scandinavian Germans most of the Teutonic element. Nor, if we regard the agencies that have acted intellectually on the two nations, shall we find Scotland to have been less notably affected from without than England. To mention only one circumstance, the Reformation in Scotland was marked by a much more decided importation of new modes of thinking and new social forms than the Reformation in the sister country. But though quite as factitious, therefore, as the English nation, the Scottish, by reason of its very smallness, for one thing, has always possessed a more intense consciousness of its nationality, and a greater liability to be acted upon throughout its whole substance by a common thought or common feeling. Even as late as the year 1707, the entire population of Scotland did not exceed one million of individuals; and if, going farther back, we fancy this small nation placed on the frontier of one so much larger, and obliged continually to defend itself against the attacks of so powerful a neighbor, we can have no difficulty in conceiving how, in the smaller nation, the feeling of a central life would be sooner developed and kept more continuously active. The sentiment of nationality is essentially negative; it is the sentiment of a people which has been taught to recognize its own individuality by incessantly marking the line of exclusion between itself and others. Almost all the great movements of Scotland, as a nation, have accordingly been of a negative character, that is, movements of self-defence—the War of National Independence against the Edwards; the Non-Episcopal struggle in the reigns of the Charleses; and even the Non-Intrusion controversy of later times. The very motto of Scotland, as a nation, is negative—*Nemo me impune lacesset*. It is different with England. There have of course been negative movements in England too, but these have been movements of one faction or part of the English people against another; and the activity of the English nation, as a whole, has consisted, not in preserving its own individuality from external attack, but in fully and genially evolving the various elements which it finds within itself, or in powerful positive exertions of its strength upon what lies outside it.

The first and most natural form of what we have called the Scotticism of Scotchmen, that is, of the peculiarity which differences them from people of other countries, and more expressly from Englishmen, is this *amor patriæ*, this inordinate intensity of national feeling. There are very few Scotchmen who, whatever they may pretend, are devoid of

this pride of being Scotchmen. Penetrate to the heart of any Scotchman, even the most Anglified, or the most philosophic that can be found, and there will certainly be found a remnant in it of loving regard for the little land that lies north of the Tweed. And what eminent Scotchman can be named in whose constitution a larger or smaller proportion of the *amor Scotiæ* has not been visible? In some of the foremost of such men, as Burns, Scott, and Wilson, this *amor Scotiæ* has even been present as a confessed ingredient of their genius—a sentiment determining, to a great extent, the style and matter of all that they have written or attempted.

The rough bur-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear—
I turned the weeding-henck aside,
And spared the symbol dear.
No nation, no station
My envy e'er could raise—
A Scott still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

In reading the writings of such men, one is perpetually reminded, in the most direct manner, that these writings are to be regarded as belonging to a strictly national literature. But even in those Scotchmen in the determination of whose intellectual efforts the *amor Scotiæ* has acted no such obvious and ostensible part, the presence of some mental reference to, or intermittent communication of sentiment with, the land of their birth, is almost sure to be detected. The speculations of Reid and Hume and Adam Smith, and, in some degree, also, those of Chalmers, were in subjects interesting not to Scotchmen alone, but to the human race as such; and yet, precisely as these men enunciated their generalities intended for the whole world in good broad Scotch, so had they all, after their different ways, a genuine Scottish relish for Scottish humors, jokes, and antiquities. The same thing is true of Carlyle, a power as he is recognized to be not in Scottish only, but in all British literature. Even James Mill, who, more than most Scotchmen, succeeded in conforming, both in speech and in writing, to English habits and requirements, relapsed into a Scotchman when he listened to a Scottish song, or told a Scottish anecdote. But perhaps the most interesting example of the appearance of an intense *amor Scotiæ*, where, from the nature of the case, it could have been least expected, is afforded by the writings of Sir William Hamilton. If there is a man now alive conspicuous among his contemporaries for the exercise on the most magnificent scale of an intellect the most pure and abstract, that man is Sir William; and yet, not even when discussing the philosophy of the unconditioned or perfecting the theory of syllogism which is universal, does Sir William forget his Scottish lineage. With what glee, in his notes, or in stray passages in his dissertations themselves, does he seize every opportunity of adding to the proofs that speculation in general has been largely affected by the stream of specific Scottish thought—quoting, for example, the saying of Scaliger, "*Les Écossais sont bons Philosophes*;" or dwelling on the fact that at one time almost every continental university had a Scottish professorship of philosophy, specially so named; or reviving the memories of defunct Balfours, and Duncans, and Chalmerses, and Dalgarnos, and other "*Scoti extra Scotiam agentes*" of other centuries; or starting his readers with such genealogical facts as that Immanuel Kant and Sir Isaac

Newton had Scottish grandfathers, and that the celebrated French metaphysician, Destutt Tracy, was, in reality, but a transmogrified Scotchman of the name of Scott! We know nothing more refreshing than such evidences of strong national feeling in such a man. It is the Scottish Stagirate not ashamed of the bonnet and plaid; it is the philosopher in whose veins flows the blood of a Covenanter.

Even now, when Scotchmen, their native country having been so long merged in the higher unity of Great Britain, labor altogether in the interest of this higher unity, and forget or set aside the smaller, they are still liable to be affected characteristically in all that they do by the consciousness that they are Scotchmen. This will be found true whether we regard those Scotchmen who work side by side with Englishmen in the conduct of British public affairs or British commerce, or those Scotchmen who vie with Englishmen in the walks of British authorship and literature. In either case the Scotchman is distinguished from the Englishman by this, that he carries the consciousness of his nationality about with him. Were he, indeed, disposed to forget it, the banter on the subject to which he is perpetually exposed in the society of his English friends and acquaintances, would serve to keep him in mind of it. It is the same now with the individual Scotchman cast among Englishmen as it was with the Scottish nation when it had to defend its frontier against the English armies. He is in the position of a smaller body placed in contact with a larger one, and rendered more intensely conscious of his individuality by the constant necessity of asserting it. But this self-assertion of a Scotchman among Englishmen, this constant feeling "I am a Scotchman," rests, like the feeling of nationality itself, on a prior assertion of what is in fact a negative. For a Scotchman to be always thinking "I am a Scotchman," is, in the circumstances now under view, tantamount to always thinking "I am *not* an Englishman." The Englishman, on the other hand, has no corresponding feeling. As a member of the large body, whose corporate activity has always, from the very circumstance of its being the larger, been positive rather than negative, the Englishman simply acts out harmoniously his English instincts and tendencies, the feeling of not being a Scotchman, never (except in the case of a stray Englishman located in Scotland) either spontaneously remaining in his mind, or being roused in it by banter. The Scotchman, in short, who works in the general field of British activity, has his thoughts conditioned, to some extent at least, by the negative of not being an Englishman; the Englishman thinks under no such limitation.

And this leads us to a definition more essential and intimate of the peculiarity of Scottish as compared with English thought. The rudest and most natural form of what we have called the Scottishism of Scotchmen, consists, we have hitherto been saying, in simple consciousness of nationality, simple *amor Scotie*, or, under mere restricted circumstances, the simple feeling of not being an Englishman. There are some Scotchmen, however, in whom this first and most natural form of Scottishism is not very well pronounced, and who are either emancipated from it, or think that they are. We know not a few Scottish minds who have really succeeded in transferring their enthusiastic regards from Scotland as such to the higher unity of Great Britain—men, who, sometimes speaking

in their own Scottish accent, sometimes in an accent almost purely English, find the objects of their solicitude and admiration, not in the land lying north of the Tweed, but rather in England—its rich green parks and fields, its broad ecclesiastical hierarchy, its noble halls of learning, its majestic and varied literature, the full and generous character of its manly people. We know Scotchmen whose sentiment is more deeply stirred by Shakspeare's famous apostrophe to "this England," than by Scott's to the land of brown heath and shaggy wood. And as Scotland and England are incorporated, such men are and must be on the increase. But even they shall not escape. If their native quality of Scottishism does not survive in them in the more palpable and open form of mere national feeling, mere *amor Scotie*, it survives, nevertheless, in an intellectual habit, having the same root, and as indestructible. And what is this habit? The popular charges of dogmatism, opinionativeness, pugnacity, and the like, brought against Scotchmen by Englishmen, are so many approximations to a definition of it. For our part, we should say that the special habit or peculiarity which distinguishes the intellectual manifestations of Scotchmen—that, in short, in which the Scottishism of Scotchmen most intimately consists—is the habit of *emphasis*. All Scotchmen are emphatic. If a Scotchman is a fool, he gives such emphasis to the nonsense he utters as to be infinitely more insufferable than a fool of any other country; if a Scotchman is a man of genius, he gives such emphasis to the good things he has to communicate, that they have a supremely good chance of being at once or very soon attended to. This habit of emphasis, we believe, is exactly that *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* which used to be remarked some centuries ago, wherever Scotchmen were known. But emphasis is perhaps a better word than fervor. Many Scotchmen are fervid too, but not all; but all, absolutely all, are emphatic. No one will call Joseph Hume a fervid man, but he is certainly emphatic. And so with David Aume, or Reid, or Adam Smith, or any of those colder-natured Scotchmen of whom we have spoken; fervor cannot be predicated of them, but they had plenty of emphasis. In men like Burns, or Chalmers, or Irving, on the other hand, there was both emphasis and fervor; so also with Carlyle; and so, under a still more curious combination, with Sir William Hamilton. And as we distinguish emphasis from fervor, so would we distinguish it from perseverance. Scotchmen are said to be persevering, but the saying is not universally true; Scotchmen are or are not morally persevering, but all Scotchmen are intellectually emphatic. Emphasis, we repeat, intellectual emphasis—the habit of laying stress on certain things rather than coördinating all—in this consists what is essential in the Scottishism of Scotchmen. And, as this observation is empirically verified by the very manner in which Scotchmen enunciate their words in ordinary talk, so it might be deduced scientifically from what we have already said regarding the nature and effects of the feeling of nationality. The habit of thinking emphatically is a necessary result of thinking much in the presence of, and in resistance to, a negative; it is the habit of a people that has been accustomed to act on the defensive, rather than of a people peacefully self-evolved and accustomed to act positively; it is the habit of Protestantism rather than of Catholicism, of Presbyterianism rather than of

Episcopacy, of Dissent rather than of Conformity.

The greatest effects which the Scottish mind has yet produced on the world—and these effects, by the confession of Englishmen themselves, have not been small—have been the results, in part at least, of this national habit of emphasis. Until towards the close of last century, the special department of labor in which Scotchmen had, to any great extent, exerted themselves so as to make a figure in the general intellectual world, was the department of Philosophy—Metaphysical and Dialectic. Their triumphs in this department are historical. What is called the Scottish Philosophy, constitutes, in the eyes of all who know anything of history, a most important stage in the intellectual evolution of modern times. From the time of those old Duncans, and Balfours, and Dalgarnos, mentioned by Sir William Hamilton, who discoursed on philosophy, and wrote dialectical treatises in Latin in all the cities of the continent, down to our own days, we can point to a succession of Scottish thinkers in whom the interest in metaphysical studies was kept alive, and by whose labors new contributions to mental science were continually being made. It was by the Scottish mind, in fact, that the modern philosophy was conducted to that point where Kant and the Germans took it up. The qualifications of the Scottish mind for this task were, doubtless, various. Perhaps there was something in that special combination of the Celtic and the Scandinavian out of which the Scottish nation, for the most part, took its rise, to produce an aptitude for dialectical exercises. Nay, further, it would not be altogether fanciful to suppose that those very national struggles of the Scotch in the course of which they acquired so strong a sense of their national individuality, that is, of the distinction between all that was Scotch, and all that was not Scotch, served, in a rough way, to facilitate to all Scotchmen that fundamental idea of the distinction between the *Ego* and the *Non-Ego*, the clear and rigorous apprehension of which is the first step in philosophy, and the one test of the philosopher. But, in a still more important degree, we hold the success of the Scottish mind in philosophy to have been the result of the national habit of intellectual emphasis. A Scotchman, when he thinks, cannot, so easily and comfortably as the Englishman, repose on an upper level of propositions coördinated for him by tradition, sweet feeling, and pleasant circumstances; that necessity of his nature which leads him to emphasize certain things rather than to take all things together in their established coördination, drives him down and still down in search of certain generalities whereon he may see that all can be built. It was this habit of emphasis, this inability to rest on a level of sweetly-composed experience, that led Hume to scepticism; it was the same habit, the same inability, conjoined, however, with more of faith and reverence, that led Reid to lay down, in the chasm of Hume's scepticism, certain blocks of ultimate propositions or principles, capable of being individually enumerated, and yet, as he thought, forming a sufficient basement for all that men think or believe. And the same tendency is visible among Scotchmen now. It amazes Englishmen to see on what proximate propositions even Englishmen who are celebrated as thinkers can rest, and how little the best of

them, such as Whewell, Maurice, Hare, Henry Taylor, and some others, seem to feel the necessity of persisting towards first principles. The essays of Henry Taylor and of Arthur Helps are, in this respect, most characteristically English. As writings, they are most sweet, solid and soothing; and yet there is many a Scotchman with not half the intellect of either of the writers, to whom, by reason of his native tendency to seek for the emphatic, they would appear almost shallow. So, also, with that much praised old English book, Browne's *Religio Medici*, and with many other old English prose writings. The truth is that, if Scotchmen have, so far, a source of superiority over Englishmen in their habit of dwelling only on the emphatic, they have also in this same habit a source of inferiority. Quietism, mysticism, that soft meditative disposition which takes things for granted in the coördination established by mere life and usage, pouring into the confusion thus externally given the rich oil of an abounding inner joy, interpenetrating all and harmonizing all—these are, for the most part, alien to the Scotchman. No, his walk, as a thinker, is not by the meadows, and the wheat-fields, and the green lanes, and the ivy-clad parish churches where all is gentle, and antique, and fertile, but by the bleak sea-shore which parts the certain from the limitless, where there is doubt in the sea-mew's shriek, and where it is well if, in the advancing tide, he can find footing on a rock among the tangle! But this very tendency of his towards what is intellectually extreme, injures his sense of proportion in what is concrete and actual; and hence it is that when he leaves the field of abstract thought, and betakes himself to creative literature, he produces nothing comparable in fulness, wealth, and harmoniousness to the imaginations of a Chaucer or a Shakespeare. The highest genius, indeed, involves also the capability of the intellectual extreme; and, accordingly, in the writings of those great Englishmen, as well as in those of the living English poet Tennyson, there are strokes in abundance of that pure intellectual emphasis in which the Scotchman delights; but then there is also with them such a genial acceptance of all things, great or small, in their established coördination, that the flashes of emphasis are as if they came not from a battle done on an open moor, but from a battle transacting itself in the depths of a forest. Among Scottish thinkers, Mackintosh is the one that approaches nearest to the English model—a circumstance which may be accounted for by the fact that much of what he did consisted, from the necessities of the object-matter of his speculations, in judicious compromise.

But even in the field of literature we will not abandon the Scotchman. His habit of emphasis has here enabled him to do good service too. His entry on this field, however, was later than his entry on the field of philosophy. True, there had been, contemporary with the Scottish philosophers, or even anterior to them, Scottish poets and general prose writers of note—Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, King James, Buchanan, Sir David Lindsay, Henderson, Sir George Mackenzie, Allan Ramsay, and the like. True, also, in those snatches of popular ballad and song which came down from generation to generation in Scotland, many of them written by no one knew who, and almost all of them overflowing with either humor or melancholy, there was at once a fountain and a promise of an ex-

quisite national literature. We could think of old Nicol Burn, the violer, till our eyes filled with tears.

But minstrel Burn cannot assuage
His woes while time endureth,
To see the changes of this age
Which fleeting time procureth.
Full many a place stands in hard case
Where joy was wont beforrow,
With Humes that dwelt on Leader side,
And Scotts that dwell on Yarrow.

There was literature in the times when such old strains were sung. But the true avatar of the Scottish mind in modern literature, came later than the manifestation of the same mind in philosophy. Were we to fix a precise date for it, we should name the period of Burns' first visit to Edinburgh, and familiar meetings with the men of literary talent and distinction then assembled there. Edinburgh was, indeed, even then, a literary capital, boasting of its Monboddos, and Stewarts, and Robertsons, and Blairs, and Mackenzies, and Gregories—men who had already begun the race of literary rivalry with their contemporaries south of the Tweed. But, so far as the literary excellence of these men did not depend on their participation in that tendency to abstract thinking, which had already produced its special fruit in the Scottish Philosophy, it consisted in little more than a reflection or imitation of what was already common and acknowledged in the prior or contemporary literature of South Britain. To write essays such as those of the *Spectator*; to be master of a style which Englishmen should pronounce pure, and to produce compositions in that style worthy of being ranked with the compositions of English authors—such was the aim and aspiration of Edinburgh literati, between whom and their London cousins there was all the difference that there is between the latitude of Edinburgh and the latitude of London, between the daily use of the broad Scotch dialect, and the daily use of the classic English. For Scotland this mere imitation of English models was but a poor and unsatisfactory vein of literary enterprise. What was necessary was the appearance of some man of genius who should flash through all that, and who, by the application to literature, or the art of universal expression, of that same Scottish habit of emphasis which had already produced such striking and original results in philosophy, should teach the Scottish nation its true power in literature, and show a first example of it. Such a man was Burns. He it was who, uniting emotional fervor with intellectual emphasis, and drawing his inspiration from all those depths of sentiment in the Scottish people which his predecessors, the philosophers, had hardly so much as touched, struck for the first time a new chord, and revealed for the first time what a Scottish writer could do by trusting to the whole wealth of Scottish resources. And from the time of Burns, accordingly, there has been a series of eminent literary Scotchmen quite different from that series of hard logical Scotchmen who had till then been the most conspicuous representatives of their country in the eyes of the reading public of Great Britain—a series of Scotchmen displaying to the world the power of emphatic sentiment and emphatic expression as strikingly as their predecessors had displayed the power of emphatic reasoning. While the old philosophic energy of Scotland still remained unexhausted, the honors of Reid and Hume and Smith and Stewart passing

on to such men as Brown and Mill and Mackintosh and Hamilton (in favor of the last of whom even Germany has resigned her philosophic interregnum), the specially literary energy which had been awakened in the country descended along another line in the persons of Scott, and Jeffrey, and Chalmers, and Campbell, and Wilson, and Carlyle. Considering the amount of influence exerted by such men upon the whole spirit and substance of British literature—considering how disproportionate a share of the whole literary produce of Great Britain in the nineteenth century has come either from them or from other Scotchmen—and considering what a stamp of peculiarity marks all that portion of this produce which is of Scottish origin, it does not seem too much to say, that the rise and growth of Scottish Literature is as notable a historical phenomenon as the rise and growth of the Scottish Philosophy. And considering, moreover, how lately Scotland has entered on this literary field, how little time she has had to display her powers, how recently she was in this respect savage, and how much of her savage vitality yet remains to be articulated in civilized books, may we not hope that her literary avatar is but beginning, and has a goodly course yet to run? From the Solway to Caithness we hear a loud Amen!

From the Edinburgh New Phil. Journal.

*On the Physical Geography, Geology, and Commercial Resources of Lake Superior.** By J. J. BIGSBY, M. D., late British Secretary to the Canadian Boundary Commission, &c. Communicated by the Author.†

1. Physical Geography.

LAKE Superior is included between W. longitude $84^{\circ} 18'$ and $92^{\circ} 19'$ —and N. latitude $46^{\circ} 29'$ — $49^{\circ} 1'$. It is to the east of, and near to, the swell of high land which, stretching from the Rocky Mountains to Lake Superior, in wide undulating plains, divides the waters of the Mexican Gulf from those of Hudson's Bay;—and, then, bifurcating, one fork proceeds on the north side of Lake Superior eastward towards Labrador, in groups of broken hills, while the other fork passes south-east as a rough and high country into the lowlands of the United States. It therefore occupies an oblong crescent-shaped hollow, with a general direction rather to the north of east. It has literally thousands of lakes on its north, and hundreds on its immediate south. It is 1650 miles round, 420 miles long, and 163 in extreme breadth. It is 597 feet above the Atlantic. Its greatest known depth is 792 feet. Soundings of 300, 400, 600 feet are common; but extensive shallows and flats prevail in parts.

The hydrographic basin of Lake Superior is singularly small, particularly on the south shore, where the tributaries of the River Mississippi and Lake Michigan often approach within 5 and 10 miles of the lake. It seems to be its own fountain-head.

The water is clear, greenish, extremely pure,

* The statements in this communication are partly derived from the able reports and charts of Messrs. Bayfield, Logan, Foster, Owen, and others in the service of the governments of Great Britain and the United States, Dr. Bigsby's own researches on the northern shores of the Lake, for 440 miles, having supplied the remainder.

† Read in the Royal Institution.

pleasant to the taste, and soft from the nearly total absence of limestone from these regions. An imperial pint only contains $\frac{1}{5000}$ th part of a grain of mineral matters—carbonates of lime and magnesia, sulphate of lime, peroxide of iron, and the oxide of manganese.

The average annual temperature of the water is 40° F.; being about the same as that of the ocean at certain great depths. In June the lake is often covered with ice; and in the middle of July the surface-water freezes in the morning—with patches of snow in the clefts of the rocks. At this period of the year, or a few days later, the smaller lakes on the north are steadily at 72° and 74° F.

Lake Superior is not undergoing secular drainage. It is lowest in April, and highest by a few feet in September. The great annual variations of rain of these countries produce corresponding changes of level. There are no tides, and no cycle of years for lake-levels.

Barometric changes produce curious local oscillations of level. Thus the furious rapids, called the Falls of St. Mary, on the river of discharge so named, are sometimes left dry. Messrs. Foster and Whitney have seen the oscillation come from the centre of the lake in a wave 20 feet high—curling over like an immense surge, crested with foam, and breaking on the shore, diminishing as it approached it. On this occasion (Aug. 1845) it was the harbinger of a violent storm.*

The amount of water leaving the lake is small; for its outlet is often shallow, and the current weak.

The *Climate* is more arctic than temperate, although the lake is but little to the north of Milan. It is much colder than Sikla, in Russian America, 10° further north; because the latter is screened from polar winds. Winter begins in the middle of October by a succession of gales and snow-storms; and from November till May the ground is covered with close-packed, granular snow; but the earth is not frozen deep, so that, in spring, before all the snow is gone, the forest is in leaf. The annual range of the thermometer is 125° F.; the mean 42° 14' F.; the lower extreme—31°, the higher 94°; all these observations having been made by good observers, with excellent instruments. August is the hottest month.

On a mean of twelve years, the winds blow about equally from all quarters; from the NW. the most frequently—from the south the least frequently.

The scenery of Lake Superior is striking;—its features are large and open (of which an example was shown in a Sketch of the East Coast.) The eye ranges over high lands and shoreless waters. The scanty and dwarfed woods of the north coast, the rocks, isles, and rivers full of cascades, have an impress of their own—not warm, soft and umbrageous, like those of Lake Erie; but rugged, bare, and chill—arctic. The scene is oceanic—the waves are large and high. Some of the plants, the *Lathyrus maritimus* and the *Polygonum maritimum*, for instance, on the beaches, and many of the insects disporting about, are those of the distant Atlantic.

In winter, Lake Superior might be called the

* A violent gale of wind, concurring with a local rise of level, will sometimes throw large stones or logs of wood 150 to 200 yards inland, and 30 to 40 feet above the usual water margin—as in three instances seen by Prof. Agassiz (L. Superior, pp. 95 and 106), and by Dr. Bigsby (Jour. Roy. Inst. xviii. 15).

“Dead Sea;” every living thing is gone, save the shivering inhabitants of some few white settlements. The Indian and the wild animals have retreated to the warm woods far away; and the sun looks down, from a bright blue sky, on the leaden waters, now narrowed by huge fields of ice—a small dark speck on an almost illimitable expanse of snow.

On the south shore, there are in the extreme east, high terraces and treeless plains of blown sand for many miles inland and along shore, succeeded by the high sandstone precipices, called the Pictured Rocks, battered into fanciful shapes by the violence of the waves. Then comes a low rocky coast for 300 miles or more, backed by dense forests, often mountainous, as at the Huron, Bohemian, and Porcupine Mountains. The scene is dark with the verdure of northern evergreens, and is here and there diversified with small clearings, and the smoke of distant mines ascending among the uplands. The bays are often deep, full of little iron-stained streams; and the promontories stretch for miles into the lake.

The eastern and northern shores are different—more naked, steeper, ever abounding in dome-shaped hills, or in ridges, rising by steps, scantily covered with trees either stunted or scorched with fire. (Large sketches were exhibited representing the lofty basaltic country about Fort William, and the softer hill-scenery of Black Bay.)

With the exception of the Fur trading stations, there are no white settlements on the north shore; and this from its general barrenness. At the Peak River, soil was imported in bags with which to raise a few potatoes.

The *Fauna* and *Flora* of Lake Superior are semi-arctic, or subalpine. Professor Agassiz has treated of both in his late valuable publication on this lake. He found twenty-three new species of fish, and states that Lake Superior constitutes a special ichthyological district. The reason of this evidently lies in the coldness and extreme purity of the water, its slow departure towards the ocean, and the absence of weedy bays and of lime rocks.

It would seem that some portion of its animal life are waifs and strays from grand geological periods long passed away—as we see in its herrings, minnows, and the new genus *Percopsis*. Connected with this subject, Prof. Agassiz conjectures that much of North America was dry land when the rest of the world was under water; and that thus its physical condition was less altered than elsewhere. Dr. Bigsby was inclined to believe this; for had Canada been as long under water as other large tracts, we should probably have had, in some part of its vast extent, a member or two, at least, of the mesozoic rocks; but there is no such thing—not a single relic of lias, oolite, or chalk, in the extraordinary heaps of debris which overspread these countries.

II. Geology.

The rocks of Lake Superior have been arranged under three principal heads, as follows:—

1. The *Metamorphic*.—Greenstone, chloritic, talcose, clay, and greenstone slates, gneiss, quartzite, jasper, rock and saccharoid limestone.
2. The *Aqueous*.—Calcareous sandstone, Cambrian sandstone, and conglomerates.
3. The *Igneous*.—Granite, Syenite, Trap in various states.

The place and extent of these rocks having been pointed out on a map, Dr. Bigsby stated that the geological system of Lake Superior is a consistent and closely connected whole, forming a beautiful and easily read example of geological action in moulding the surface of our globe.

The lake may best be presented at once to the mind as a trough or basin of Cambrian (or Silurian) sandstone, surrounded and framed, as it were, by two orders of rocks, in the form of irregular and imperfect zones; the inner consisting of trap, with its conglomerates; and the outer, of metamorphic, flanking igneous rocks.

1. The *Metamorphic* rocks, with the exception of quartzite and jasper, are the oldest in the lake, and support great sheets of the above-mentioned sandstone unconformably; all these rocks being upheaved and altered by the intrusion of igneous rocks in instances innumerable. This group of rocks is entirely destitute of the traces of animal life.

The country they occupy on the south shore, with a general NNW. dip, may be best described as a rough table land of the various slates, out of which short hills of granite, gneiss, trap, &c., emerge in great numbers, with an almost constant east and west direction.

On the east and north shores the metamorphic rocks have a W. and WSW. strike, when visible. The slates of the north side of Michipicoton Bay run WNW., NW., and N.

The jasper and quartzite are merely altered sandstone, and therefore younger than the other rocks of this group.

2. The *Aqueous* Rocks.—The youngest of these is calciferous sandstone. It exists as a broad band on the south-east shore, resting on the sandstone soon to be noticed. It is highly magnesian and siliceous in parts. A patch of it in Grand Island contains shells. (Logan.)

The Cambrian Sandstone seems to be the floor or basement of nearly all the lake, for the following reasons:—

1. Wherever it occurs, whether in immense sheets on the east and south shore, or in smaller areas on the north coast, it invariably dips towards the centre of the lake.
2. It can be recognized, paving the lake for some miles from the main in many places.
3. The soundings of Captain Bayfield exhibit, for large spaces, the uniformity of level to be expected from the presence of horizontal strata.
4. Because it constitutes Caribou Island, 40 miles from the nearest main land.

This sandstone is very ancient; and is supposed by Mr. Logan to be Cambrian on the north shore, and lower Silurian on the south—a supposition, the latter clause of which, though extremely probable, is not yet established.

It has no fossils; but its ripple marks, impressions of rain-drops, and sun-cracks, are plentiful and perfect.

It is more commonly red, and is composed of the debris of granitoid rocks, in nearly horizontal strata, except near intrusive rocks, when it rises to a high angle, hardens, and even passes into true jasper, porphyry, gneiss, or quartzite. There is reason to think that this sandstone is interleaved with trap. (A Landscape was exhibited of the Sandstone Rocks, south shore.)

The conglomerate is of the same age with much

of the sandstone; and is almost invariably placed between it and the trap.

The conglomerates of Keweenaw and Isle Royale consist of rounded boulders of trap, with a few jaspers, cemented by red iron sand; but those of Meminc and Nipigon contain also granites, quartzites, and sandstones; thus indicating a difference of age.

3. *Igneous* Rocks.—Granite everywhere forms the nucleus of an anticlinal axis, in two parallel lines running E. and W. on the south-east side of the lake, flanked by metamorphic and sedimentary rocks. Both it and syenite are plentiful.

Trap Rocks.—The ancient lavas of the lake are in very large quantities, and are well displayed. They are the great depositories of copper. For convenience sake, they may be divided into three principal forms.

- 1st. The highly crystalline mountain masses—sometimes anticlinal and syenitic.
- 2d. The bedded trap, at various angles of inclination.
- 3d. Dikes intersecting igneous and metamorphic rocks.

They are all portions of one long series of volcanic operations.

Trap creates the great headland of Keweenaw, with its lines of stair-like cliffs and hills. (It was shown in a large diagram, and described as typical of the trap of the whole lake.) The trap of Keweenaw is met with in three contiguous and parallel belts, going WSW., and separated by bands of conglomerate, sometimes very thin, often numerous, and prolonged sometimes for 40 or 50 miles. These three belts have been named the outer, northern, and southern; the last being highly crystalline, or syenitic, and abounding in chlorite. It is an anticlinal to the rocks on both sides. The other two belts are bedded traps, and with their interleaved conglomerates dip northerly. They all coalesce at Portage Lake, and, after proceeding to Montreal River, 130 miles in the whole, soon after disappear under horizontal sandstone westwards.

The north belt is the most metalliferous; and contains the celebrated Cliff and other rich mines. In the Keweenaw district it is the cross vein which yields the native copper—either in sheets and blocks or mixed in with the usual crystallizations, such as datholite, prehnite, stilbite, quartz, &c.

On the Ontonagon River the metalliferous veins run with the strike. The copper is pure, and has interspersed through its substance scales of pure silver; but without chemical union.

The copper is confined to the trap, as a universal rule.

The north shore of Lake Superior is eminently trappose; and especially about Fort William, where a region at least 120 miles long consists of basalt, amygdaloid, porphyries, jasper, conglomerate, and sandstone in the same mutual relations as on the south shore.

The trap dikes, traversing granites and other crystalline rocks indifferently, are a singular feature on the north shore, and abound chiefly from Written Rocks to the bottom of Michipicoton Bay. By their dark and undeviating course through the gray, red, or green rocks of the rugged coast, they strike the eye of the most incurious—if only as ruined staircases, crossing bays and headlands, and climbing hills for miles. Their size, number, and direction are irregular. They may be solitary, or twenty in company—sometimes all parallel and close to-

gether. They often run with the general trend of the coast.*

Mr. Logan divides them into three varieties, according as they are homogeneous, syenitic or porphyritic.

Professor Agassiz distributes the dikes of the whole lake into six systems—each with its own mineral character and direction—its own epoch of upheaval; and each he announces to have been an important agent in giving shape and direction to the district in which it occurs. He truly says that the general outline of the lake is the combined effect of many minor geological events taking place at different periods. With some truth in it, this theory does not seem to take into sufficient account the preëxisting metamorphic and granitic rocks, and it overlooks the variety observed in the directions of the dikes in the same neighborhood.

Dr. B. stated that if he might be allowed to hazard an opinion, it would be, that this curious assemblage of dikes—abounding as much in the S. as on the N. coast—pervading all the crystalline rocks indiscriminately, had ascended independently from the unseen, distant mass of trap beneath. They appear in many ways peculiar, and have no visible connection with the traps he had been describing.

Before the emergence of either traps or granites, Lake Superior received its *great* outlines from the metamorphic rocks—thrown into their present position by still earlier upward movements; for, on the eastern half of both shores of the lake, they strike E. and W. with little variation; while on the western half, these far extending rock-masses strike WSW. and SW.—giving thus to the lake a general eastward direction, with a gentle curve to the north, as stated before. This done, Cambrian sandstone slowly took possession of the trough of the lake—just as we see a certain shell marl is doing now. The anticlinal granites, which appeared afterwards, only concurred in the same effect; shaping and elevating the adjacent lands.

In after-geological times important modifications arose in the form of the lake. Promontories were pushed out, and islands raised up by successive outbursts and overflows of trap from separate fissures of great length—those, for example, of Keweenaw, Thunder Mountain, and Isle Royale—all intercalated with conglomerates, formed in agitated seas between eruptions;—at different and most probably *distant* times, judging from the fact that some of the conglomerates are altogether trappose, while others abound in granite and other boulders.

We thus obtain the *general* order of all these events, and little more; but the knowledge is worth having. From the position of the uplifted mural cliffs, we see that the upheaving impulse came from the south-east.

Drift.—The groovings and striæ are almost always northerly here. New proofs are daily accumulating to show more decisively the northerly origin of the foreign drift of Lake Superior. One of these is the fact that the limestone boulders on the north shore are upper Silurian,† and derived from the large calcareous basins some hundreds of miles north of Lake Superior; from whence Dr. B. had

brought characteristic fossils. Another is found in the occurrence of boulders of iron ore, in heaps, on the north side of certain cliffs, but which are absent on the south side—the original site of the ore being to the north of the cliffs, and near Lake Superior.

A sketch was exhibited of a Wisconsin prairie, dotted with northern blocks dropped from icebergs. —From Dr. D. Owen.

III. Commercial Resources.

Agriculture will only be carried on in parts of the south shore. Large quantities of white fish and of furs are annually exported.

The chief staple of Lake Superior is native copper. For ages before the appearance of Europeans in America, this metal was supplied from hence to the Indian nations far and near. The tumuli of the Mississippi, &c., contain the identical copper of this lake. Traces of ancient mining in Keweenaw, Ontonagon, and Isle Royale, are abundant, in the form of deep pits (a ladder in one), rubbish, stone mauls, hammers, wedges, and chisels of hardened copper. In a native excavation, near the river Ontonagon, with trees five hundred years old growing over it, lately lay a mass of pure copper, 81 tons in weight, partly fused, and resting on skids of black oak.

Modern explorers have hitherto only found two centres of metallic riches on the south coast—that of Keweenaw and of Ontonagon. In the first are the valuable mines of the Cliff, North American, North-Western, and other companies. In the Ontonagon centre are the Minnesota and fifteen other mines.

At the Cliff mine three large steam engines are employed (1852); with 250 men;—and at the North American mine, two engines, with 160 men. Most of the other mines, forty in number, are assisted by steam-power. Three thousand miners are in work altogether, and the general population is fast increasing. Native copper is the principal object. Silver is always present, and occasionally in masses of considerable size. According to authentic accounts, dated February, 1852, many new mines have been opened lately; and all are worked more systematically than heretofore—generally by contract.

There are now in the Cliff mine masses of pure copper within view estimated to weigh 700 tons in the whole; and on the lands of the Minnesota Company, one block weighing 250 tons. The copper shipped in 1851 was about 1600 tons, valued at £130,000. This copper is stated to be of great excellence in the manufacture of wire, ordnance, and ship-sheathing.

The large beds of specular and magnetic iron ore, on the south-east side of the lake, are as yet only worked on a small scale.

At this moment the business of mining has ceased on the Canadian side of the lake. There is little doubt, however, but that profitable deposits will, sooner or later, be discovered here.

SELF-INDULGENCE takes many forms, and we should bear in mind that there may be a sullen sensuality as well as a gay one.

RUNNING after happiness is only chasing the horizon.

KNOWNNESS pains more than cruelty when it is given instead of love.

* Vide Quart. Journal of Roy. Inst., vol. xviii., p. 344. Bigsby on Lake Superior.

† Containing Pentamerus, Spirifer, Leptæna (alternata) atrypa, various corals, minute trilobites, orthocæra, and some cythereæ.

From the Quarterly Journal of the Chemical Society.

Chemical Report to the Lords of the Committee of Privy Council for Trade, on the Cause of Fire in the Ship Amazon. By PROFESSOR GRAHAM.

MY LORDS.—In reply to the questions arising out of the disastrous loss of the Amazon by fire, which are proposed to me for a chemical opinion, I beg to submit to your lordships the following statements and conclusions.

The practice of mixing together the various stores of the engineer, consisting of oils, tallow, soft-soap, turpentine, cotton-waste, and tow, and placing them in heated store-rooms contiguous to the boilers, must be looked upon as dangerous in no ordinary degree, for several reasons. Although oil in bulk is not easily ignited, particularly when preserved in iron tanks, still, when spilt upon wood or imbibed by tow and cotton-waste, which expose much surface to air, the oil often oxidates and heats spontaneously, and is allowed to be one of the most frequent causes of accidental fires. The vegetable and drying oils used by painters are most liable to spontaneous ignition, but no kind of animal or vegetable oil or grease appears to be exempted from it; and instances could be given of olive-oil igniting upon saw-dust; of greasy rags from butter, heaped together, taking fire within a period of twenty-four hours; of the spontaneous combustion of tape-measures, which are covered with an oil-varnish, when heaped together, and even of an oil-skin umbrella put aside in a damp state. The ignition of such materials has been often observed to be greatly favored by a slight warmth, such as the heat of the sun. I am also informed by Mr. Braidwood, that the great proportion of fires at railway stations have originated in the lamp-store, and that in coach-works also, when the fire can be traced, it is most frequently to the painter's department, the fire having arisen spontaneously from the ignition of oily matters. Lamp-black and ground charcoal are still more inflammable, when the smallest quantity of oil obtains access to them, and should not be admitted at all among ship's stores.

The stowing metallic cans or stoneware jars of either oil or turpentine in a warm place, is also attended with a danger which is less obvious, namely, the starting of the corks of the vessels, or the actual bursting of them by the great expansion of the liquid oil, which is caused by heat. These liquids expand in volume so much as one upon thirty, by a rise of not more than 60° of temperature, or by such a change as from the ordinary low temperature of 40° to a blood heat; the latter temperature may easily be exceeded in an engine-room. It is remarkable that the burning a few years ago of a large steamer on the American lakes, which even surpassed in its fatality the loss of the Amazon, was occasioned by the bursting, in the manner described, of a jar of turpentine placed upon deck too close to the funnel, by a party of journeymen painters, who were passengers. This steamer was also on her first voyage, and, being newly varnished, the flames spread over her bulwarks and extended the whole length of the vessel in a few minutes.

The bulkheads of coal-holds appear to admit of obtaining considerable security from fire by being constructed double where close to the boiler, with a sheet of air between the two partitions. The tendency of coals to spontaneous ignition is increased by a moderate heat, such as that of the

engine-room, from which they would be protected by the double partition. I have obtained instances where coals took fire in a factory, on two different occasions, by being heaped for a length of time against a heated wall, of which the temperature could be supported by the hand; also of coals igniting after some days upon stone flags covering a flue, of which the temperature was not known to rise above 150°, and of coals showing indications of taking fire by being thrown in bulk over a steam-pipe. These were Lancashire coals, which are highly sulphureous; but the same accident occurred with Wallsend coals, at the Chartered East Company's Works in London, where the coals were twice ignited through a two-feet brick wall, of which the temperature was believed by Mr. Croll not to exceed 120° or 140°.

The surface of deal, in the partition opposed to the boiler, would probably be better protected from fire by impregnating the wood with a saline solution, which diminished combustibility, such as the zinc solution of Sir W. Burnett, rather than by coating the wood on the side next the boiler with sheet-iron. Indeed, this use of iron appears to introduce a new danger. The iron being a good conductor of heat, the wood below is heated nearly as much as if uncovered, and wood in contact with iron appears to be brought by repeated heating to an extraordinary degree of combustibility, and to become peculiarly liable to spontaneous ignition.

Mr. Braidwood, who has been led to that conclusion, gave an instance of wood covered by sheet-iron igniting spontaneously in a wadding manufactory. The numerous occasions, also, on which wood and paper have been ignited by Perkins' heated water-pipes, equally exemplifying the dangerous consequences which may arise from moderately heated iron, in long contact with combustible matter.

The most obvious precautions for guarding against the spontaneous ignition of coal stowed in ships' bunkers, appear to be the taking the coal on board in as dry a condition as possible, and the turning it over, if there be room for doing so, as soon as the first symptom of heating is perceived. An obnoxious vapor is described as always preceding the breaking out of the fire, and affords warning of the danger. The ignition of Newcastle coals in store, is not an unfrequent occurrence at the London gas-works. It appears always to begin at a single spot, and is met by cutting down upon and removing at once the heated coals. Long iron rods are placed upright in the coal heap, which can be pulled out, and indicate by their warmth the exact situation of the fire. Steam can be of little avail for extinguishing the fire among the coals in bulk; and water, although it may extinguish the fire for the time, is too apt to induce a recurrence of the evil.

For extinguishing a fire occurring in berths or cabins in the immediate vicinity of the boiler and engine-room, steam might be more advantageously applied, means of turning on the steam being provided upon the upper deck, or other distant place of safety. Steam, however, can only be said to be efficient in extinguishing flame, or a blaze from light objects, and is not to be relied upon beyond an early stage of a fire. Upon a mass of red-hot cinders the extinguishing effect of steam is insensible.

An essential condition of applying steam with success to the extinction of a fire in the engine-

room, would be to prevent the rapid ingress and circulation of air at the same time, which is occasioned by the draught of the fires. This could only be done completely by valving the chimneys; for the quantity of heated air passing off by the funnels greatly exceeds in volume the steam produced by the boilers in the same time, and would rapidly convey away the steam thrown into the atmosphere of the engine-room, and prevent any possible advantage from it.

The fire in the "Amazon" appeared to the witnesses to take its rise either in the small oil store-room situated over the boiler, or in a narrow space of from three to eleven inches in width between a bulkhead and the side of the boiler, immediately under the same store-room. No substance remarkable for spontaneous ignition, such as oiled cotton-waste, was actually observed in the store-room or the space referred to. The wood itself of the bulkhead, which was within a few inches of the boiler, may have been highly dried and sensibly heated by its proximity to the latter, but is not likely to have acquired any tendency to spontaneous ignition; for when that property results from low heating, it is an effect of time requiring weeks or months to develop it. The same observation applies to the decks in contact with the steam-chest, which encased the base of the funnel.

Nor does it appear probable that the coals in the coal-hold of the vessel gave occasion to the fire by heating of themselves, and then burning through the wooden partition of the oil-store, with which they were in contact.

The coals were from Wales, and are not remarkable for this property. They are also said to have been shipped in a dry and dusty state, and not damp, a month or two previously.

Their ignition would also have been preceded by the strong odor before referred to, which does not appear to have been remarked, although the coal-hold communicated directly with the boiler-room.

Oil was seen to drop from the floor of the store-room upon the top of the boiler, but not in greater quantity than might be accidentally spilt in drawing the oil from the tank for the use of the engineers.

A parcel of twenty-five newly-tarred coal-sacks, which had been thrown upon the boiler, also obtained, it is supposed, some of the same oil. This oil appears to be the matter most liable to the possibility of spontaneous ignition, which was noticed near the spot where the fire commenced.

But the sudden and powerful burst of flame from the store-room, which occurred at the very outset of the conflagration, suggests strongly the intervention of a *volatile* combustible, such as turpentine, although the presence of a tin can of that substance in the store-room appears to be left uncertain. It was stated to be there by two witnesses, but its presence is denied by a third witness. I find, upon trial, that the vapor given off by oil of turpentine is sufficiently dense at a temperature somewhat below 110° to make air explosive upon the approach of a light. Any escape of turpentine from the heated store-room would therefore endanger a spread of flame, by the vapor communicating with the lamps burning at the time in the boiler-room, or even with the fire of the furnaces.

The fire appears not to have begun in the tarred sacks lying upon the boiler; although, from their position, which was close to the store-room, they

must have been very early involved in the conflagration, and contributed materially to its intensity. The sacks appear to have been charged each with about two pounds of tar, thus furnishing together fifty pounds of that substance in a condition the most favorable that can be imagined for rapid combustion. The freshness of the tar, and its high temperature would make it ignite by the least spark of flame, although not prone to spontaneous ignition. The burning of a group of newly-tarred cottages in Deptford, which came under the notice of Mr. Braidwood, arose from their being set on fire by lightning, while the sun was shining upon them, and the tar liquefied by the heat.

The origin of the fire must remain, I believe, a subject of speculation and conjecture; but the extreme intensity, and fearfully rapid spread of the combustion, are circumstances of scarcely inferior interest, which are not involved in the same obscurity.

The timber of the bulkheads and decks near the engine-room is reported to have been of Dantzic red wood, or Riga pine, and such was the character of a portion of the Amazon's timber which was supplied to me for chemical examination. The wood has had its temperature drawn off, and differs in that respect from pitch pine. The Dantzic red wood is, in consequence, less combustible than pitch pine, but more porous and spongy. Oil paint is absorbed, and dries more quickly upon this porous wood than upon oak and other dense woods. After the paint is well dried, pine and other woods certainly acquire from it some protection from the action of feeble and transient flames, which might kindle the naked wood. But the effect of paint—especially of fresh paint—appears to be quite the reverse when the wood is exposed to a strong, although merely passing, burst of flame. The paint melts, and emits an oily vapor which nourishes the flame, and soon fixes it upon the wood. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the timber of the Amazon was in a more inflammable state than ship-timber usually is, from being recently painted, and also, probably, from its newness and comparative dryness.

But the circumstance which appears above all others to give a character to the fire in the Amazon was its occurrence not in a close hold or cabin, but in a compartment of the vessel where a vigorous circulation of air is maintained by the action of the boiler-fires and their chimneys. The air of the engine-room must be renewed, under this influence, every few minutes, and would be so although full of flames rising above deck through the hatchways; for a portion of these flames would always escape by the funnels, and add to their aspirating power instead of diminishing it. The combustion of bulkheads or decks, once commenced in this situation, would, therefore, be fanned into activity, and powerfully supported.

The destruction of the floor of the oil store-room, and the overturning, in consequence, of the oil-tanks and combustibles into the well of the boiler-room, was probably the crisis of the fire. A mass of combustible vapor would speedily be generated, and shot about on all sides, of which the kindling power upon the new and painted timber of the bulkheads and decks would be wholly irresistible.

The burning of the Amazon impresses most emphatically the dangerous and uncontrollable character of a fire arising in the engine or boiler-room, where the combustion is animated by a steady and

powerful circulation of air, and the danger of collecting combustible matter together in such a place. The removal of the oil stores to a safer locality is, fortunately, generally practicable, and is the measure best calculated to prevent the recurrence of any similar catastrophe. I have the honor to remain, sir, &c.,

THOS. GRAHAM.

To the Lords of the Committee of
Privy Council for Trade.

From Chambers' Journal.

WHO SHALL RULE THE WAVES?

A CONTEST of a very remarkable kind is now going on, one which is pregnant with important results in respect to commerce, to naval architecture, to geographical discovery, to colonization, to the spread of intelligence, to the improvement of industrial art, and to the balance of political power among nations. The nature of this contest cannot be better made intelligible than by giving the words of a challenge recently put forth: "The American Navigation Company challenge the ship-builders of Great Britain to a ship-race, with cargo on board, from a port in England to a port in China and back. One ship to be entered by each party, and to be named within a week of the start. The ships to be modelled, commanded, and officered entirely by citizens of the United States and Great Britain respectively; to be entitled to rank 'A 1' either at the American offices or at Lloyd's. The stakes to be £10,000, and satisfactorily secured by both parties; to be paid without regard to accidents, or to any exceptions; the whole amount forfeited by either party not appearing. Judges to be mutually chosen. Reasonable time to be given, after notice of acceptance, to build the ships, if required, and also for discharging and loading cargo in China. The challenged party may name the size of the ships—not under 800 or over 1200 American register tons; the weight and measurement which may be carried each way; and the allowance for short weight or oversize."

There is a boldness, a straightforwardness, an honesty in this challenge, which cannot be mistaken. It is difficult to be interpreted in any other sense than that the challengers mean what they say. Brother Jonathan has fairly thrown down the gauntlet to the Britishers, and it behoves the latter to take it up in a becoming spirit. Our ship-builders, especially on the Dee, the Clyde, the Wear, the Mersey, and the Thames, ought to feel that much is now expected from them; for if once the Yankees obtain a reputation—a European reputation it will then be—for outstripping British ships on the broad seas, our ship-owners will assuredly feel the effects in a commercial sense.

This question of the speed of ships is a very curious one. Empirical rules, rather than scientific principles, have hitherto determined the forms which shall be given to ships. Smith adopts a certain form because Brown's ship sailed well, whereas Jones' differently shaped vessel was a bad sailer; although Smith, Brown, and Jones collectively may be little able to show *why* one of the vessels should sail better than the other.

If opportunity should occur to the reader to visit a large ship-building establishment, such as those on any one of the five rivers named above, he will see something like the following routine of operation going on:—

There is, first, the "ship's draughtsman,"

whose duties are somewhat analogous to those of the architect of a house, or the engineer of a railway, or the scientific cutter at a fashionable tailor's; he has to shape the materials out of which the structure is to be built up, or at least he has to show others how it is to be done. When the ship-builder has received an order, we will say, to construct a ship, and has ascertained for what route, and for what purpose, and of what size it is to be, he and his ship's draughtsman "lay their heads together" to devise such an arrangement of timbers as will meet the requirements of the case. Here it is that a *science* of ship-building would be valuable; the practical rules followed are deductions not so much from general principles as from accumulated facts which are waiting to be systematized; and until this process has been carried further, ship-building will be an *art*, but not a *science*. Well, then; the draughtsman, gathering up all the crumbs of knowledge obtainable from various quarters, puts his wisdom upon paper in the form of drawings and diagrams, to represent not only the dimensions of the vessel, but the sizes and shapes of the principal timbers which are to form it, on the scale, perhaps, of a quarter of an inch to a foot. Then this very responsible personage goes to his "mould-loft," on the wide-spreading floor of which he chalks such a labyrinth of lines as bewilder one even to look at. These lines represent the actual sizes and shapes of the different parts of the ship, with curvatures and taperings of singularly varied character. One floor of one room thus contains full-sized contours of all the timbers for the ship.

So far, then, the draughtsman. Next, under his supervision, thin planks of deal are cut to the contours of all these chalk-lines; and these thin pieces, called *moulds*, are intended to guide the sawyers in cutting the timbers for the ship. A large East Indiaman requires more than a hundred mould-pieces, chalked and marked in every direction.

Another skilful personage, called the "converter," then makes a tour of the timber-yard, and looks about for all the odd, crooked, crabbed trunks of oak and elm which he can find; well knowing that if the natural curvature of a tree accords somewhat with the required curvature of a ship's timber, the timber will be stronger than if cut from a straight trunk. He has the mould-pieces for a guide, and searches until he has ferreted out all the timbers wanted. Then he sets the sawyers to work, who, with the mould-pieces always at hand, shape the large trunks to the required form. And here it may be noted as a remarkable fact, that although we live in such a steam-engine and machine-working age, very few engines or machines afford aid in sawing ships' timbers. The truth seems to be, the curvatures are so numerous and varied, that machine-sawing would scarcely be applicable. Yet attempts are from time to time made to construct such machines. Mr. Cochran has invented one; and it is said that at the Earl of Rosse's first soirée as president of the Royal Society, a model of this timber-cutting machine was exhibited; that Prince Albert cut a miniature timber with it; and that he thus began an apprenticeship to the national art of ship-building.

Leaving the supposed visitor to a ship-yard to trace the timbers through all their stages of progress, we will proceed with that which is more directly the object of the present paper—namely, the relation of *speed to build*. Some sixteen or eighteen years ago, the British Association rightly

conceived that its mechanical section would be worthily occupied in an inquiry concerning the forms of ships, and the effect of form on the speed and steadiness. The inquiry was intrusted to Mr. Scott Russell and Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Robison; and admirably has it been carried out. Mr. Scott Russell, especially, has sought to establish something like a *science* of form in ship-building—precisely the thing which would supply a proper basis for the artificers.

It is interesting to see how, year after year, this committee of two persons narrated the result of their unbought and unpaid labors to the Association. In 1838 and 1839, they showed how a solid moving in the water produced a particular kind of wave; how, at a certain velocity, the solid might ride on the *top* of the wave, without sinking into the hollow; how, if the external form of a vessel bore a certain resemblance to a section of this wave, the ship would encounter less resistance in the water than any other form; and thus originated the *wave principle*—so much talked of in connection with ship-building. A ship built on that principle in that year (1839) was believed to be the fastest ship in Britain. In 1840, the committee stated that they had “consulted the most eminent ship-builders as to the points upon which they most wanted information, and requested them to point out what were the forms of vessel which they would wish to have tried. More than 100 models of vessels of various sizes, from 30 inches to 25 feet in length were constructed,” and an immense mass of experiments were made on them. In 1841, they described how they had experimented on vessels of every size, from models of 30 inches in length to vessels of 1300 tons. In the next following year, the committee presented a report of no fewer than 20,000 experiments on models and ships, some of which afforded remarkable confirmation of the efficiency of the wave principle in ship-building. Thus the committee went on, year after year, detailing to the association the results of their experiments, and pointing out how the ship-builders were by degrees giving practical value to these results.

Now, a country in which a scientific society will spend a thousand pounds on such an inquiry, and in which scientific men will give up days and weeks of their time to it without fee or reward, *ought* not to be beaten on the broad seas by any competitor. It affords an instructive confirmation of the results arrived at by the committee, that when some of our swiftest yachts and clippers came to be carefully examined, it was found that the wave principle had been to a great extent adopted in their form, in cases even where the vessels were built before the labors of the committee had commenced. The *art* had in this case preceded the *science*. And let it not be considered that any absurdity is involved here; farmers manured their fields long before chemists were able to explain the real nature of manuring; and so in other arts, ingenious practical men often discover useful processes before the men of science can give the rationale of those processes.

It may be all very well to assert, that “*Britannia rules the waves*,” and that “*Britons never will be slaves*,” and so forth; only let us prove the assertions to be *true*, or not assert at all. We must appeal to the “*Shipping Intelligence*” which comes to hand from every side, and determine, from actual facts, whether any one country really out-sails another.

Among the facts which thus present themselves

to notice, is one relating to *clippers*. Who first gave the name of clipper to a ship, or what the name means, we do not know; but a clipper is understood to be a vessel so shaped as to sail faster than other vessels of equal tonnage. It is said that these swift sailers originated in the wants of the salmon shippers, and others at our eastern ports. A bulky, slow-moving ship may suffice for the conveyance to London of the minerals and manufactures of Northumberland and Durham; but salmon and other perishable articles become seriously deteriorated by a long voyage; and hence it is profitable in such case to sacrifice bulk to speed. Leith, Dundee, and especially Aberdeen, are distinguished for the speed of their vessels above those of the Tyne and the Wear; and the above facts probably explain the cause of the difference. The Aberdeen clipper is narrow, very keen and penetrating in front, gracefully tapering at the stern, and altogether calculated to “go ahead” through the water in rapid style. As compared with one of the ordinary old-fashioned English coasting brigs of equal tonnage, an Aberdeen clipper will attain nearly double the speed. One of these fine vessels, the *Chrysolite*, in a recent voyage from China, traversed 320 nautical miles (nearly 370 English statute miles) in twenty-four hours; this was a great performance. But it must not be forgotten, that the United States claim to have attained a high ship-speed before England had thought much on the matter; the Baltimore clippers have long been known on the other side of the Atlantic as dashing, rapid little vessels, mostly either single or double-masted.

It is to the opening of the China trade the present wonderful rivalry may in great part be attributed. So long as European vessels were cooped up stagnantly in Canton river, and allowed to trade only under circumstances of great restriction and annoyance, little was effected except by the tea-drinking denizens of Great Britain; but when, by the treaty of Nankin in 1842, Sir Henry Pottinger obtained the opening of the four ports of Amoy, Foo-tchow-foo, Ning-po, and Shang-hae, and stipulated that foreign vessels should be allowed to share with those of England the liberty of trading at those ports, there was a great impetus given to ship-builders and ship-owners; those who had goods to sell, thus found a new market for them; and those who could perform the voyage most quickly, would have a quicker return for their capital. This, following at an interval of seven or eight years the changes made in the India trade by the East India Company's charter of 1834, brought the Americans and the French and others into the Indian seas in great numbers. Then came the wonders of 1847, in the discovery of Californian gold; and those of 1851, in the similar discoveries in Australia.

Now, these four dates—1834, 1842, 1847, 1851—may be considered as four starting-points, each marked by a renewed conquest of man over the waves, and a strengthened but not hostile rivalry on the seas between nation and nation. So many inducements are now afforded to merchants to transact their dealings rapidly, that the ship-builders are beset on all sides with demands for more speed—more speed; and it is significant to observe that, in almost every recent newspaper account of a ship-launch, we are told how many knots an hour she is expected to attain when fitted. Every ship seems to beat every other ship, in the glowing language employed; but after making a

little allowance for local vanity, there is a substratum of correctness which shows strongly how we are advancing in rate of speed.

It will really now become useful to collect and preserve records of speed at sea, in connection with particular ships of particular build, as a guide to future construction. Mr. Henry Wise published a volume, about 1840, containing an analysis of one hundred voyages, made by ships belonging to the East India Company, extracted from the ships' logs preserved by the company. It appears that an average gave 112 days as the duration of a voyage from London to Bombay. Now, within the last few months we have seen that the *Chrysolite*, a small clipper, built at Aberdeen for a Liverpool firm, has made the run from England to China in 104 days; and the *Stornoway*, built at the same place for a London firm, has accomplished the distance in 103 days. Let the reader open his map, and compare the relative distances of Bombay and China from England, and he will then see what a wonderful increase of speed is implied in the above numbers. Three American clippers were sighted during the out and home voyages of the two vessels, and, if newspaper reports tell truly, were distanced by them.

We must not expect that the vast and unprecedented emigration to California and Australia now going on, will be designedly and materially connected with high speed, because most of the emigrants go in roomy ships, at fares as low as are attainable; but goods-traffic, and the higher class of passenger-traffic, are every month coming more and more within the domain of high speed. Let us take two instances which 1852 has afforded, one furnished by England, and one by America—one connected with the Australian trade, and one with the Chinese. The Aberdeen clipper-built barque, *Phœnician*, arrived at Plymouth on February 3, having left Sydney on November 12, and performed the voyage in 83 days! Her previous voyages had varied from 88 to 103 days. The other instance is that of the American clipper, *Witch of the Wave*, a fine vessel of 1400 tons burden, which left Canton on 5th January, and arrived in the Downs on 4th April, a period of 90 days. Her greatest speed is said to have been 338 nautical miles—equivalent to about 389 English miles—in 24 hours.

Thus it is, we find, that in one voyage we beat the Americans—in another, they outstrip us; and there seems at present no reason why either country should fail in making still further advances. The Liverpool and New York packet-trade affords another example of the same principle which we have been considering; gradually these truly noble vessels are acquiring an increased rate of speed. Not only does the general desire for high speed impel their owners to this, but there is a more direct incentive in the increased rivalry of steam-vessels. The American "liners," as the sailing-packets on this route are usually called, have had in past years an average of about 36 days outward passage, and 24 days homeward; but they are now shooting ahead unmistakably. The *Racer*, built at New York in 1851, and placed upon the Liverpool station, is a magnificent clipper of 1700 tons register; it made its first voyage from New York to Liverpool in 14 days—a quickness not only exceeding that of its predecessors, but leaving nearly all of them many days in arrear. Even this, however, was shortly afterwards excelled; for another new clip-

per, the *Washington*, accomplished the distance in a little over 13½ days.

The pleasure-vessels which are so numerous in the south of England, belonging to the several yacht-clubs, are sharing in the modern speed-producing improvements observable in other vessels. Every one has heard of the yacht *America*, which arrived at Cowes from the United States in July, 1851, and of the challenge which her owners threw out against English yacht-owners. Every one knows that the *America* beat the yachts which were fitted against her. This victory has led to an immense activity on the part of yacht-builders in England; they are studying all the peculiarities in the build and the trim of the yachts belonging to the different ports and different countries; and we are justified by every analogy in expecting that good results will spring out of wits thus sharpened.

Although we have not deemed it necessary in the present paper to touch on the national struggle between steam-ships, we must not forget that one of the most promising and valuable features in steam navigation arose as an appendage to sailing. The *auxiliary screw* will deserve the blessings of our colonists, for reasons which may be soon told. When it was yet uncertain what result would mark the contest *Screw v. Paddle*, it was suggested that the screw-propeller might probably be used as an auxiliary power, for occasional use during calms and contrary winds; the vessel to be a sailing-vessel under ordinary circumstances, but to have a marine engine and a screw for exigencies at times when the ship would be brought to a stand-still or even driven backwards. About seven years ago, an American packet-ship, the *Massachusetts*, a complete sailing vessel in other respects, was provided with a screw and a steam-engine powerful enough to keep the ship moving when winds and tides were adverse; the screw was capable of being lifted out of the water when not in use. In her first voyage from Liverpool to America, this ship gained from five to thirteen days as compared with five other ships which sailed either on the same or the following day. This experiment was deemed so far successful, that the Admiralty ordered, in 1846, an auxiliary screw to be fitted to the *Amphion* frigate, then building at Woolwich. Another example was the *Sarah Sands*, an iron ship of 1300 tons; she had engines of 180 horsepower, much below that requisite for an ordinary steamer of the same size. She could carry three classes of passengers, coal for the whole voyage, and 900 tons of merchandise. She made four voyages in 1847, two out and two home; and in 1848 she made five; her average time was about nineteen days out, and seventeen days home, and she usually passed about six liners on the voyage.

The speed here mentioned is not quite equal to that of the truly remarkable clippers noticed above, but it far exceeded that of any liner at work in 1848. The example was followed in other vessels; and then men began to cherish the vision of a propeller screwing its way through the broad ocean to our distant colonies. From this humble beginning as an auxiliary, the screw has obtained a place of more and more dignity, until at length we see the mails for the Cape and for Australia intrusted confidently to its safe-keeping.

The icy regions of the north are braved by the auxiliary screw. The little *Isabel*, fitted out almost entirely at the expense of Lady Franklin to aid in the search for her gallant husband, is a brigantine

of 180 tons, with an auxiliary screw to ship and unship. The *Intrepid* and the *Pioneer*, the two screw-steamers which form part of Sir Edward Belcher's arctic expedition—lately started from England—are to work with or without their auxiliary appendage as circumstances may determine.

The present article, however, will show that sailing is not less alive and busy than steaming; and that the yachts and clippers of both nations are probably destined to a continuous series of improvements. When these improvements—whether by aid of scientific societies and laborious experiments, or by the watchful eye and the shrewd intelligence of ship-builders, or by both combined—have advanced steadily to a point perhaps far beyond that which we have yet attained, then, if at all, may we trouble ourselves about the question—"Who shall rule the waves?"

From the Spectator, 14th August.

CONVOCATION—TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

THE desire for the restoration of the legislative powers of convocation, so loudly expressed of late years by a portion of the clergy, and by some laymen distinguished for their interest in the development of Church action, is taking a practical shape. Pledges are enforced upon the representative members of that venerable formality, to the effect that they will exert themselves to procure in their House the passing of an address to the crown for a reform in the constitution of convocation, as a preliminary step to fit her for the performance of deliberative and legislative functions. Friends and foes of the movement are agreed that the existing status is indefensible, a solemn sham, and in some prominent features a shameless profanity. "Move on, or move off altogether," is the cry of an age that professes itself unable to endure mere pageant institutions, but will have either real things or nothing at all. An age can hardly set itself to nobler work than to making all its institutions, its forms of acting and of speaking, realities, instruments of effectively accomplishing its real wants. Only one condition is absolutely essential to this—that the age should know what it wants, and see how this or the other institution is to effect the thing wanted. To remodel institutions without clear perceptions on these two points, is the idlest day-dreaming of busy idleness, seeking in public excitement to drown its sense of personal unreality—in a show of aggregate strength to compensate its miserable consciousness of personal weakness and want of purpose. Ever since the revival of convocation has been talked of, we have taken occasion now and then to show that the spirit originally shaping itself into that desire has not been beyond the reach of our sympathy; and to ensure a wide sympathy among the public, the promoters of the movement have only to remember and comply with the conditions stated above. The public must be explicitly informed what ends are aimed at by the reinvestment of convocation in a more modern shape with active powers, and how the proposed powers are to effect them. The temper of the country is not favorable to building up the walls of a clerical cockpit, but neither is it averse to granting such powers to the Church as, without being capable of application to purposes of op-

pression or priestly arrogance, tend manifestly to increase her practical usefulness or even her ideal completeness and harmony. The most effectual means, therefore, that can be taken towards securing the end the advocates of convocation have in view, is the clear statement of the purposes for which the legislative instrument is desired, and a demonstration of its fitness to accomplish them. This of course implies, that those purposes must not be the establishment of the domination of a party or of a party theory, but purposes of plain, broad, public utility, such as the public mind can comprehend and the public conscience will approve. Nor is it altogether needless to hint to those who lead this movement, that the public to whom the appeal is ultimately made in this matter is a lay public. The great danger of clergymen is to look both at ends and means through priestly or at least purely theological spectacles.

The settlement of the doctrine and ritual of the Church of England would, we presume, form a main object with most of those who are anxious for the restoration of convocation. The Bishop of Exeter, who may be taken as a type of the wishes and opinions of a large body of zealous clergymen, desires convocation in order that, among other things, it may reconfirm the Catholic doctrine of the sacraments, which he holds to have been impugned by the decision of the Privy Council, and still more by the Archbishop of Canterbury's institution of Mr. Gorham. Here we come at once upon one of the main difficulties which lead so many persons to dread the proceedings of an ecclesiastical parliament. And the difficulty plainly lies in this, that compromise is possible, and the only thing that is possible when the question concerns the joint action of a community; but when the joint belief of a community is concerned, it is imagined that no compromise is allowable, but a decision in one direction implies a separation in another. Convocation, it is said, must either leave disputed questions of belief unsettled as they are at present, in which case it would do no good; or, settling them in one way, it would drive from the communion of the Church those who differ from its decision, in which case it would do harm; and in either case, arguing on questions which ultimately each man decides for himself in accordance with laws of which majorities and minorities are not constituent elements, it would but further demonstrate the hopeless uncertainty of even apparently fundamental theological propositions, and the vast tideway that the ship of St. Peter has made since last she opened her sails, though most on board fancied that she was at anchor and at rest while all around over the waste of waters the unconsecrated barks were drifting on without chart or compass or sense of polar-star. These difficulties it behoves the advocates of convocation to meet and answer. And those who undertake to answer them must bear in mind that the position to be established is this—either that convocation would allow enlarged liberty of teaching on all matters on which experience has demonstrated that competent men cannot be brought to hold opinions expressible under one and the same form of words; or that a National Church can base itself on a system of belief that does not allow adequate expression to the opinions, sentiments, and science of the most cultivated laymen of the country and many of the most learned clergy, and yet safely introduce into its organization

a representative system with free discussion. One of these two propositions seems necessary to be made out—either that convocation will enlarge the basis of church union, and recognize the fact, which European history has unequivocally brought to light, that people of European culture cannot honestly conform to the religious theories of the third and fourth centuries; or, failing this, that its own existence in the shape of a representative organ of a National Church is compatible in the face of such a fact with the continued existence of the National Church. To our apprehension, the latter alternative is simply impossible. The Church can only hope to continue national by at least not narrowing its terms of communion. It may, indeed, in a narrowed form remain the Church in the Ultra-Catholic sense, as possessing the creeds and the sacraments and the Apostolic succession; but the Church of the nation it will not be; and no fancied perfection of the institution, considered as a primitive work of art, will compensate to the sensible moderate portion of our English community for the immense loss of a practical power of civilization, that would ensue upon any great disruption of the existing Church of England, Erastian and prime-minister-ridden as it may be.

From Household Words.

THE CITIES OF TIME.

In a deep and death-like forest,
Where the midnight ever broodeth,
And within whose solemn silence
Man nor beast nor bird obtrudeth—
Wrecks and ruins of great cities,
Crowded once with countless numbers,
Shroud them in the massive branches,
Blackening in their mouldered slumbers.

Spacious were these regal structures,
As their Titan sprawl evinces,
Peopled once by kings with harems,
Priests and soldiers, chiefs and princes;
All the rest were slaves more lowly,
And their fragile habitations
Perished, with the stalls and stables
Of their quadruped relations.

Palace, pyramid, and column,
Temples, idols, and traditions,
Arts and skill, and pomp of tyrants—
Scorning human recognitions:
Such their grandeur of past ages,
Such the end of all their glory;
In barbaric height of power
Darkness hath devoured their story.

Turn thine eye upon the present,
Where the northland swims in rivers,
Itaska and the Rocky Mountains
Are their spring-head's glorious givers.
On they flow to ocean, southward,
Shining, leaping, and expanding;
In a vision I behold them—
'Midst these despot ruins standing.

Leaping rush the foaming rapids
Towards the cataract, eddying, spooming,
O'er the precipice of granite,
Down the gorge with hollow booming!
Thence advance the mighty rivers
Through vast tracts and rolling prairies,
Fields of maize, and rice, and cotton,
Meads and mines for gnomes and fairies.

On the banks are scattered sparsely
Village, log-hut, lone location,
But upon the river's bosom,
Floating towns attest a Nation!
Life and labor, commerce, progress,
Seeds of men and riches sowing,
O'er five thousand miles now witness
Fertile borders—cities growing.

While in Yucatan I ponder
O'er oblivion's crushing paces;
Mississippi, and Missouri,
Oh, love freedom in all races!
In the future I behold ye,
Clad with cities and with glory,
Nobly hold your course—take warning
By these wrecks and ruins hoary.

Last great strong-hold left for Freedom,
Patriots seek thee o'er the ocean,
Since the world's be-soldiered pagods
League once more, and claim devotion.
But thou wilt not, ever passive,
See man for his birth-right struggle;
Ten years—and thy star-lit banner
Shall o'ertop the blood-stained juggle.

Farewell, self-entombing ruins!
Void, majestic, and nameless;
Type of splendors, now so mournful,
Would thine origin were blameless,
Forests clasped thee in embraces,
Now the earth shall fold thee rotten,
Scorning man—to God a stranger—
Pass to dust—and be forgotten!

FROM A HYMN OF TRUE HAPPINESS.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

No, but blest life is this,
With chaste and pure desire,
To turn unto the loadstar of all bliss;
On God the mind to rest,
Burnt up with sacred fire,
Possessing him, to be by him possessed.
When to the balmy east
Sun doth his light impart,
Or when he diveth in the lowly west,
And ravisheth the day,
With spotless hand and heart,
Him cheerfully to praise and to him pray;—
To heed each action so
As ever in his sight,
More fearing doing ill than passive woe;—
Not to seem other thing
Than what ye are aright;
Never to do what may repentance bring;—
Not to be blown with pride,
Nor moved at glory's breath,
Which shadow-like on wings of time doth glide;—
So malice to disarm,
And conquer hasty wrath,
As to do good to those that work you harm;—
To hatch no base desires,
Or gold or land to gain,
Well pleased with that which virtue fair acquires;—
To have the wit and will
Consorting in one strain,
Than what is good to have no higher skill;—
* * * * *
Who such a life doth live
You happy even may call,
Ere ruthless Death a wished end him give;
And after then, when given,
More happy by his fall,
For humans' earth enjoying angels' heaven.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

NINE O'CLOCK !

THE night of the 30th of June, 1793, is memorable, in the prison annals of Paris, as the last night in confinement of the leaders of the famous Girondin party in the first French Revolution. On the morning of the 31st, the twenty-one deputies who represented the department of the Gironde, were guillotined to make way for Robespierre and the Reign of Terror.

With these men fell the last revolutionists of that period who shrank from founding a republic on massacre ; who recoiled from substituting, for a monarchy of corruption, a monarchy of bloodshed. The elements of their defeat lay as much in themselves as in the events of their time. They were not, as a party, true to their own convictions ; they temporized ; they fatally attempted to take a middle course amid the terrible emergencies of a terrible epoch, and they fell—fell before worse men, because those men were in earnest.

Condemned to die, the Girondins submitted nobly to their fate ; their great glory was the glory of their deaths. The speech of one of them, on hearing his sentence pronounced, was a prophecy of the future, fulfilled to the letter.

"I die," he said to the Jacobin judges, the creatures of Robespierre, who tried him, "I die at a time when the people have lost their reason ; you will die on the day when they recover it." Valazé was the only member of the condemned party who displayed a momentary weakness ; he stabbed himself on hearing his sentence pronounced. But the blow was not mortal—he died on the scaffold, and died bravely with the rest.

On the night of the 30th the Girondins held their famous banquet in the prison ; celebrated, with the ferocious stoicism of the time, their last social meeting before the morning on which they were to die. Other men besides the twenty-one, were present at the supper of the condemned. They were prisoners who held Girondin opinions, but whose names were not illustrious enough for history to preserve. Though sentenced to confinement, they were not sentenced to death. Some of their number, who had protested most boldly against the condemnation of the deputies, were ordered to witness the execution on the morrow, as a timely example to terrify them into submission. More than this, Robespierre and his colleagues did not, as yet, venture to attempt ; the Reign of Terror was a cautious reign at starting.

The supper-table of the prison was spread ; the guests, twenty-one of their number stamped already with the seal of death, were congregated at the last Girondin banquet ; toast followed toast ; the *Marseillaise* was sung ; the desperate triumph of the feast was rising fast to its climax, when a new and ominous subject of conversation was started at the lower end of the table, and spread electrically, almost in a moment, to the top.

This subject (by whom originated no one knew) was simply a question as to the hour in the morning at which the execution was to take place. Every one of the prisoners appeared to be in ignorance on this point ; and the gaolers either could not, or would not, enlighten them. Until the cart for the condemned rolled into the prison-yard, not one of the Girondins could tell whether he was to be called out to the guillotine soon after sunrise, or not till near noon.

This uncertainty was made a topic for discussion
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or for jesting on all sides. It was eagerly seized on as a pretext for raising to the highest pitch the ghastly animation and hilarity of the evening. In some quarters, the recognized hour of former executions was quoted as a precedent sure to be followed by the executioners of the morrow ; in others, it was asserted that Robespierre and his party would purposely depart from established customs in this as in previous instances. Dozens of wild schemes were suggested for guessing the hour by fortune-telling rules on the cards ; bets were offered and accepted among the prisoners who were not condemned to death, and witnessed in stoical mockery by the prisoners who were. Jests were exchanged about early rising and hurried toilets ; in short, every man contributed an assertion, a contradiction, or a witticism to keep up the new topic of conversation, with one solitary exception. That exception was the Girondin, Duprat, one of the deputies who was sentenced to die by the guillotine.

He was a younger man than the majority of his brethren, and was personally remarkable by his pale, handsome, melancholy face, and his reserved yet gentle manners. Throughout the evening, he had spoken but rarely ; there was something of the silence and serenity of a martyr in his demeanor. That he feared death as little as any of his companions was plainly visible in his bright, steady eye ; in his unchanging complexion ; in his firm, calm voice, when he occasionally addressed those who happened to be near him. But he was evidently out of place at the banquet ; his temperament was reflective, his disposition serious ; feasts were at no time a sphere in which he was calculated to shine.

His taciturnity, while the hour of the execution was under discussion, had separated him from most of those with whom he sat, at the lower end of the table. They edged up towards the top, where the conversation was most general and most animated. One of his friends, however, still kept his place by Duprat's side, and thus questioned him anxiously, but in low tones, on the cause of his immovable silence :

"Are you the only man of the company, Duprat, who has neither a guess nor a joke to make about the time of the execution ?"

"I never joke, Marigny," was the answer, given with a slight smile which had something of the sarcastic in it ; "and as for guessing at the time of the execution, I never guess at things which I *know*."

"Know ! You know the hour of the execution ! Then why not communicate your knowledge to your friends around you ?"

"Because not one of them would believe what I said."

"But, surely, you could prove it. Somebody must have told you."

"Nobody has told me."

"You have seen some private letter, then ; or you have managed to get sight of the execution-order ; or—"

"Spare your conjectures, Marigny. I have not read, as I have not been told, what is the hour at which we are to die to-morrow."

"Then how on earth can you possibly know it ?"

"I do not know when the execution will begin, or when it will end. I only know that it will be going on at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. Out of the twenty-one who are to suffer death, one will be guillotined exactly at that hour. Whether he

will be the first whose head falls, or the last, I cannot tell."

"And pray who may this man be, who is to die exactly at nine o'clock? Of course, prophetically knowing so much, you know that!"

"I *do* know it. I am the man whose death by the guillotine will take place exactly at the hour I have mentioned."

"You said just now, Duprat, that you never joked. Do you expect me to believe that what you have just spoken is spoken in earnest?"

"I repeat that I never joke; and I answer that I expect you to believe me. I know the hour at which my death will take place to-morrow, just as certainly as I know the fact of my own existence to-night."

"But how! My dear friend, can you really lay claim to supernatural intuition, in this eighteenth century of the world, in this renowned Age of Reason?"

"No two men, Marigny, understand that word, supernatural, exactly in the same sense; you and I differ about its meaning, or, in other words, differ about the real distinction between the doubtful and the true. We will not discuss the subject; I wish to be understood, at the outset, as laying claim to no superior intuitions whatever; but I tell you, at the same time, that even in this Age of Reason, I have reason for what I have said. My father and my brother both died at nine o'clock in the morning, and were both warned very strangely of their deaths. I am the last of my family; I was warned last night, as they were warned; and I shall die by the guillotine, as they died in their beds, at the fatal hour of nine."

"But, Duprat, why have I never heard of this before! As your oldest and, I am sure, your dearest friend, I thought you had long since trusted me with all your secrets."

"And you shall know this secret; I only kept it from you till the time when I could be certain that my death would substantiate my words, to the very letter. Come! you are as bad supper-company as I am; let us slip away from the table unperceived, while our friends are all engaged in conversation. Yonder end of the hall is dark and quiet—we can speak there uninterruptedly, for some hours to come."

He led the way from the supper-table, followed by Marigny. Arrived at one of the darkest and most retired corners of the great hall of the prison, Duprat spoke again:

"I believe, Marigny," he said, "that you are one of those who have been ordered by our tyrants to witness my execution, and the execution of my brethren, as a warning spectacle for an enemy to the Jacobin cause!"

"My dear, dear friend! it is too true; I am ordered to witness the butchery which I cannot prevent—our last awful parting will be at the foot of the scaffold. I am among the victims who are spared—mercilessly spared—for a little while yet."

"Say the martyrs! We die as martyrs, calmly, hopefully, innocently. When I am placed under the guillotine to-morrow morning, listen, my friend, for the striking of the church clocks; listen for the hour while you look your last on me. Until that time, suspend your judgment on the strange chapter of family history which I am now about to relate."

Marigny took his friend's hand, and promised compliance with the request. Duprat then began as follows:

"You knew my brother Alfred, when he was quite a youth, and you knew something of what people flippantly termed, the eccentricities of his character. He was three years my junior; but, from childhood, he showed far less of a child's innate levity and happiness than his elder brother. He was noted for his seriousness and thoughtfulness as a boy; showed little inclination for a boy's usual lessons, and less still for a boy's usual recreations—in short, he was considered by everybody (my father included) as deficient in intellect; as a vacant dreamer, and an inveterate idler, whom it was hopeless to improve. Our tutor tried to lead him to various studies, and tried in vain. It was the same when the cultivation of his mind was given up, and the cultivation of his body was next attempted. The fencing-master could make nothing of him; and the dancing-master, after the first three lessons, resigned in despair. Seeing that it was useless to set others to teach him, my father made a virtue of necessity, and left him, if he chose, to teach himself."

"To the astonishment of every one, he had not been long consigned to his own guidance, when he was discovered in the library, reading every old treatise on astrology which he could lay his hands on. He had rejected all useful knowledge for the most obsolete of obsolete sciences—the old, abandoned delusion of divination by the stars! My father laughed heartily over the strange study to which his idle son had at last applied himself, but made no attempt to oppose his new caprice, and sarcastically presented him with a telescope on his next birthday. I should remind you here, of what you may perhaps have forgotten, that my father was a philosopher of the Voltaire school, who believed that the summit of human wisdom was to arrive at the power of sneering at all enthusiasms, and doubting of all truths. Apart from his philosophy, he was a kind-hearted, easy man, of quick, rather than of profound intelligence. He could see nothing in my brother's new occupation, but the evidence of a new idleness, a fresh caprice which would be abandoned in a few months. My father was not the man to appreciate those yearnings towards the poetical and the spiritual, which were part of Alfred's temperament, and which gave to his peculiar studies of the stars and their influences, a certain charm altogether unconnected with the more practical attraction of scientific investigation."

"This idle caprice of my brother's, as my father insisted on terming it, had lasted more than a twelvemonth, when there occurred the first of a series of mysterious and—as I consider them—supernatural events, with all of which Alfred was very remarkably connected. I was myself a witness of the strange circumstance, which I am now about to relate to you."

"One day—my brother being then sixteen years of age—I happened to go into my father's study, during his absence, and found Alfred there, standing close to a window, which looked into the garden. I walked up to him, and observed a curious expression of vacancy and rigidity in his face, especially in his eyes. Although I knew him to be subject to what are called fits of absence, I still thought it rather extraordinary that he never moved, and never noticed me when I was close to him. I took his hand, and asked if he was unwell. His flesh felt quite cold; neither my touch nor my voice produced the smallest sensation in him. Almost at the same moment when I noticed this, I

happened to be looking accidentally towards the garden. There was my father walking along one of the paths, and there, by his side, walking with him, was *another Alfred!*—Another, yet exactly the same as the Alfred by whose side I was standing, whose hand I still held in mine!

"Thoroughly panic-stricken, I dropped his hand, and uttered a cry of terror. At the loud sound of my voice, the statue-like presence before me immediately began to show signs of animation. I looked around again at the garden. The figure of my brother, which I had beheld there, was gone, and I saw, to my horror, that my father was looking for it—looking in all directions for the companion (spectre, or human being!) of his walk!

"When I turned towards Alfred once more, he had (if I may so express it) come to life again, and was asking, with his usual gentleness of manner and kindness of voice, why I was looking so pale. I evaded the question by making some excuse, and in my turn inquired of him, how long he had been in my father's study.

"Surely you ought to know best," he answered with a laugh, "for you must have been here before me. It is not many minutes ago since I was walking in the garden with—"

"Before he could complete the sentence my father entered the room.

"Oh! here you are, Master Alfred," said he. "May I ask for what purpose you took it into your wise head to vanish in that extraordinary manner! Why you slipped away from me in an instant, while I was picking a flower! On my word, sir, you're a better player at hide-and-seek than your brother—he would only have run into the shrubbery, *you* have managed to run in here, though how you did it in the time passes my poor comprehension. I was not a moment picking the flower, yet in that moment you were gone!"

"Alfred glanced suddenly and searchingly at me; his face became deadly pale, and, without speaking a word, he hurried from the room.

"Can you explain this!" said my father, looking very much astonished.

"I hesitated a moment, and then told him what I had seen. He took a pinch of snuff—a favorite habit with him when he was going to be sarcastic, in imitation of Voltaire.

"One visionary in a family is enough," said he; "I recommend you not to turn yourself into a bad imitation of your brother Alfred! Send your ghost after me, my good boy! I am going back into the garden, and should like to see him again!"

"Ridicule, even much sharper than this, would have had little effect on me. If I was certain of anything in the world, I was certain that I had seen my brother in the study—nay, more, had touched him—and equally certain that I had seen his double—his exact similitude, in the garden. As far as any man could know that he was in possession of his own senses, I knew myself to be in possession of mine. Left alone to think over what I had beheld, I felt a supernatural terror creeping through me—a terror which increased, when I recollected that, on one or two occasions, friends had said they had seen Alfred out of doors, when we all knew him to be at home. These statements, which my father had laughed at, and had taught me to laugh at, either as a trick, or a delusion on the part of others, now recurred to my memory as startling corroborations of what I had just seen

myself. The solitude of the study oppressed me in a manner which I cannot describe. I left the apartment to seek Alfred, determined to question him, with all possible caution, on the subject of his strange trance, and his sensations at the moment when I had awakened him from it.

"I found him in his bed-room, still pale, and now very thoughtful. As the first words in reference to the scene in the study passed my lips, he started violently, and entreated me, with very unusual warmth of speech and manner, never to speak to him on that subject again—never, if I had any love or regard for him! Of course, I complied with his request. The mystery, however, was not destined to end here.

"About two months after the event which I have just related, we had arranged, one evening, to go to the theatre. My father had insisted that Alfred should be of the party, otherwise he would certainly have declined accompanying us; for he had no inclination whatever for public amusements of any kind. However, with his usual docility, he prepared to obey my father's desire, by going up-stairs to put on his evening dress. It was winter-time, so he was obliged to take a candle with him.

"We waited in the drawing-room for his return a very long time, so long, that my father was on the point of sending up-stairs to remind him, of the lateness of the hour, when Alfred reappeared without the candle which he had taken with him from the room. The ghastly alteration that had passed over his face—the hideous death-look that distorted his features I shall never forget—I shall see it to-morrow on the scaffold!

"Before either my father or I could utter a word, my brother said:—"I have been taken suddenly ill; but I am better now. Do you still wish me to go to the theatre?"

"Certainly not, my dear Alfred," answered my father; "we must send for the doctor immediately."

"Pray do not call in the doctor, sir; he would be of no use. I will tell you why, if you will let me speak to you alone."

"My father, looking seriously alarmed, signed to me to leave the room. For more than half an hour I remained absent suffering almost unendurable suspense and anxiety on my brother's account. When I was recalled, I observed that Alfred was quite calm, though still deadly pale. My father's manner displayed an agitation which I had never observed in it before. He arose from his chair when I reentered the room, and left me alone with my brother.

"Promise me," said Alfred, in answer to my entreaties to know what had happened, "promise that you will not ask me to tell you more than my father has permitted me to tell. It is his desire that I should keep it secret from you."

"I gave the required promise, but gave it most unwillingly. Alfred then proceeded.

"When I left you to go and dress for the theatre, I felt a sense of oppression all over me, which I cannot describe. As soon as I was alone, it seemed as if some part of the life within me was slowly wasting away. I could hardly breathe the air around me, big drops of perspiration burst out on my forehead, and then a feeling of terror seized me which I was utterly unable to control. Some of those strange fancies of seeing my mother's spirit, which used to influence me at the time of her death, came back again to my mind. I

ascended the stairs slowly and painfully, not daring to look behind me, for I heard—yes, heard!—something following me. When I had got into my room, and had shut the door, I began to recover my self-possession a little. But the sense of oppression was still as heavy on me as ever, when I approached the wardrobe to get out my clothes. Just as I stretched forth my hand to turn the key, I saw, to my horror, the two doors of the wardrobe opening of themselves, opening slowly and silently. The candle went out at the same moment, and the whole inside of the wardrobe became to me like a great mirror, with a bright light shining in the middle of it. Out of that light there came a figure, the exact counterpart of myself. Over its breast hung an open scroll, and on that I read the warning of my own death, and a revelation of the destinies of my father and his race. Do not ask me what were the words on the scroll; I have given my promise not to tell you. I may only say that, as soon as I had read all, the room grew dark, and the vision disappeared.

"Forgetful of my promise, I entreated Alfred to repeat to me the words on the scroll. He smiled sadly, and refused to speak on the subject any more. I next sought out my father, and begged him to divulge the secret. Still sceptical to the last, he answered that one diseased imagination in the family was enough, and that he would not permit me to run the risk of being infected by Alfred's mental malady. I passed the whole of that day and the next in a state of agitation and alarm which nothing could tranquillize. The sight I had seen in the study gave a terrible significance to the little my brother had told me. I was uneasy if he was a moment out of my sight. There was something in his expression—calm and even cheerful as it was—which made me dread the worst.

"On the morning of the third day after the occurrence I have just related, I rose very early, after a sleepless night, and went into Alfred's bedroom. He was awake, and welcomed me with more than usual affection and kindness. As I drew a chair to his bedside, he asked me to get pen, ink, and paper, and write down something from his dictation. I obeyed, and found, to my terror and distress, that the idea of death was more present to his imagination than ever. He employed me in writing a statement of his wishes in regard to the disposal of all his own little possessions, as keepsakes to be given, after he was no more, to my father, myself, the house-servants, and one or two of his own most intimate friends. Over and over again I entreated him to tell me whether he really believed that his death was near. He invariably replied that I should soon know, and then led the conversation to different topics. As the morning advanced, he asked to see my father, who came, accompanied by the doctor, the latter having been in attendance for the last two days.

"Alfred took my father's hand, and begged his forgiveness of any offence, any disobedience of which he had ever been guilty. Then, reaching out his other hand, and, taking mine, as I stood on the opposite side of the bed, he asked what the time was. A clock was placed on the mantel-piece of the room, but not in a position in which he could see it, as he now lay. I turned round to look at the dial, and answered that it was just on the stroke of nine.

"'Farewell!' said Alfred, calmly; 'in this world, farewell forever!'

"The next instant the clock struck. I felt his fingers tremble in mine, then grow quite still. The doctor seized a hand-mirror that lay on the table, and held it over his lips. He was dead—dead, as the last chime of the hour echoed through the awful silence of the room!

"I pass over the first days of our affliction. You, who have suffered the loss of a beloved sister, can well imagine their misery. I pass over these days, and pause for a moment at the time when we could speak with some calmness and resignation on the subject of our bereavement. On the arrival of that period, I ventured, in conversation with my father, to refer to the vision which had been seen by our dear Alfred in his bedroom, and to the prophecy which he described himself as having read upon the supernatural scroll.

"Even yet my father persisted in his scepticism; but now, as it seemed to me, more because he was afraid, than because he was unwilling to believe. I again recalled to his memory what I myself had seen in the study. I asked him to recollect how certain Alfred had been beforehand, and how fatally right, about the day and hour of his death. Still I could get but one answer; my brother had died of a nervous disorder (the doctor said so); his imagination had been diseased from his childhood; there was only one way of treating the vision which he described himself as having seen, and that was, not to speak of it again between ourselves; never to speak of it at all to our friends.

"We were sitting in the study during this conversation. It was evening. As my father uttered the last words of his reply to me, I saw his eye turn suddenly and uneasily towards the further end of the room. In dead silence, I looked in the same direction, and saw the door opening slowly of itself. The vacant space beyond was filled with a bright, steady glow, which hid all outer objects in the hall, and which I cannot describe to you by likening it to any light that we are accustomed to behold either by day or night. In my terror, I caught my father by the arm, and asked him, in a whisper, whether he did not see something extraordinary in the direction of the doorway.

"'Yes,' he answered, in tones as low as mine, 'I see, or fancy I see, a strange light. The subject on which we have been speaking has impressed our feelings as it should not. Our nerves are still unstrung by the shock of the bereavement we have suffered; our senses are deluding us. Let us look away towards the garden.'

"'But the opening of the door, father; remember the opening of the door!'

"'Ours is not the first door which has accidentally flown open of itself.'

"'Then why not shut it again?'

"'Why not, indeed. I will close it at once.' He rose, advanced a few paces, then stopped, and came back to his place. 'It is a warm evening,' said he, avoiding my eyes, which were eagerly fixed on him, 'the room will be all the cooler, if the door is suffered to remain open.'

"His face grew quite pale as he spoke. The light lasted for a few minutes longer, then suddenly disappeared. For the rest of the evening my father's manner was very much altered. He was silent and thoughtful, and complained of a feeling of oppression and languor, which he tried to per-

made himself was produced by the heat of the weather. At an unusually early hour he retired to his room.

"The next morning, when I got down stairs, I found, to my astonishment, that the servants were engaged in preparations for the departure of somebody from the house. I made inquiries of one of them who was hurriedly packing a trunk. 'My master, sir, starts for Lyons the first thing this morning,' was the reply. I immediately repaired to my father's room, and found him there with an open letter in his hand, which he was reading. His face, as he looked up at me on my entrance, expressed the most violent emotions of apprehension and despair.

"I hardly know whether I am awake or dreaming; whether I am the dupe of a terrible delusion, or the victim of a supernatural reality more terrible still," he said in low, awe-struck tones as I approached him. "One of the prophecies, which Alfred told me in private that he had read upon the scroll, has come true! He predicted the loss of the bulk of my fortune—here is the letter, which informs me that the merchant at Lyons, in whose hands my money was placed, has become a bankrupt. Can the occurrence of this ruinous calamity be the chance fulfilment of a mere guess? Or was the doom of my family really revealed to my dead son? I go to Lyons immediately to know the truth; this letter may have been written under false information; it may be the work of an impostor. And yet, Alfred's prediction—I shudder to think of it!"

"The light, father!" I exclaimed, "the light we saw last night in the study!"

"Hush! don't speak of it!" Alfred said that I should be warned of the truth of the prophecy, and of its immediate fulfilment, by the shining of the same supernatural light that he had seen—I tried to disbelieve what I beheld last night—I hardly know whether I dare believe it even now! This prophecy is not the last; there are others yet to be fulfilled—but let us not speak, let us not think of them! I must start at once for Lyons; I must be on the spot, if this horrible news is true, to save what I can from the wreck. The letter—give me back the letter!—I must go directly!"

"He hurried from the room. I followed him; and, with some difficulty, obtained permission to be the companion of his momentous journey. When we arrived at Lyons, we found that the statement in the letter was true. My father's fortune was gone; a mere pittance, derived from a small estate that had belonged to my mother, was all that was left to us.

"My father's health gave way under this misfortune. He never referred again to Alfred's prediction, and I was afraid to mention the subject; but I saw that it was affecting his mind quite as painfully as the loss of his property. Over and over again he checked himself very strangely when he was on the point of speaking to me about my brother. I saw that there was some secret, pressing heavily on his mind, which he was afraid to disclose to me. It was useless to ask for his confidence. His temper had become irritable under disaster; perhaps, also, under the dread uncertainties which were now evidently tormenting him in secret. My situation was a very sad, and a very dreary one, at that time; I had no remembrances of the past that were not mournful and affrighting remembrances; I had no hopes for the future that were not darkened by a vague presentiment of

troubles and perils to come; and I was expressly forbidden by my father to say a word about the terrible events, which had cast an unnatural gloom over my youthful career, to any of the friends (yourself included) whose counsel and whose sympathy might have guided and sustained me in the day of trial.

"We returned to Paris; sold our house there; and retired to live on the small estate, to which I have referred, as the last possession left us. We had not been many days in our new abode, when my father imprudently exposed himself to a heavy shower of rain, and suffered, in consequence, from a violent attack of cold. This temporary malady was not dreaded by the medical attendant; but it was soon aggravated by a fever, produced as much by the anxiety and distress of mind from which he continued to suffer, as by any other cause. Still the doctor gave hope; but still he grew daily worse—so much worse, that I removed my bed into his room, and never quitted him night nor day.

"One night I had fallen asleep, overpowered by fatigue and anxiety, when I was awakened by a cry from my father. I instantly trimmed the light, and ran to his side. He was sitting up in bed, with his eyes fixed on the door, which had been left ajar to ventilate the room. I saw nothing in that direction, and asked what was the matter. He murmured some expressions of affection towards me, and begged me to sit by his bedside till the morning; but gave no definite answer to my question. Once or twice, I thought he wandered a little; and I observed that he occasionally moved his hand under the pillow, as if searching for something there. However, when the morning came, he appeared to be quite calm and self-possessed. The doctor arrived; and, pronouncing him to be better, retired to the dressing-room to write a prescription. The moment his back was turned, my father laid his weak hand on my arm, and whispered faintly:—"Last night I saw the supernatural light again—the second prediction—true; true—my death this time—the same hour as Alfred's—nine—nine o'clock, this morning." He paused a moment through weakness; then added:—"Take that sealed paper—under the pillow—when I am dead read it—now go into the dressing-room—my watch is there—I have heard the church clock strike eight; let me see how long it is now till nine—go—go quickly!"

"Horror-stricken, moving and acting like a man in a trance, I silently obeyed him. The doctor was still in the dressing-room; despair made me catch eagerly at any chance of saving my father; I told his medical attendant what I had just heard, and entreated advice and assistance without delay.

"He is a little delirious," said the doctor—"don't be alarmed; we can cheat him out of his dangerous idea, and so perhaps save his life. Where is the watch?" (I produced it)—"See; it is ten minutes to nine. I will put back the hands one hour; that will give good time for a composing draught to operate. There! take him the watch, and let him see the false time with his own eyes. He will be comfortably asleep before the hour hand gets round again to nine."

"I went back with the watch to my father's bed-side. 'Too slow,' he murmured, as he looked at the dial—'too slow by an hour—the church clock—I counted eight.'

"Father! dear father! you are mistaken," I cried, "I counted also; it was only seven."

"'Only seven!' he echoed faintly, 'another hour then—another hour to live!' He evidently believed what I had said to him. In spite of the fatal experiences of the past, I now ventured to hope the best from our stratagem, as I resumed my place by his side.

"The doctor came in; but my father never noticed him. He kept his eyes fixed on the watch, which lay between us, on the coverlid. When the minute hand was within a few seconds of indicating the false hour of eight, he looked round at me, murmured very feebly and doubtfully, 'another hour to live!' and then gently closed his eyes. I looked at the watch, and saw that it was just eight o'clock, according to our alteration of the right time. At the same moment, I heard the doctor, whose hand had been on my father's pulse, exclaim, 'My God! it's stopped! He has died at nine o'clock!'

"The fatality, which no human stratagem or human science could turn aside, was accomplished! I was alone in the world!

"In the solitude of our little cottage, on the day of my father's burial, I opened the sealed letter, which he had told me to take from the pillow of his death-bed. In preparing to read it, I knew that I was preparing for the knowledge of my own doom; but I neither trembled nor wept. I was beyond all grief; despair such as mine was then, is calm and self-possessed to the last.

"The letter ran thus:—'After your father and your brother have fallen under the fatality that pursues our house, it is right, my dear son, that you should be warned how you are included in the last of the predictions which still remains unaccomplished. Know, then, that the final lines read by our dear Alfred on the scroll prophesied that you should die, as we have died, at the fatal hour of nine; but by a bloody and violent death, the day of which was not foretold. My beloved boy! you know not, you never will know, what I suffered in the possession of this terrible secret, as the truth of the former prophecies forced itself more and more plainly on my mind! Even now, as I write, I hope against all hope; believe vainly and desperately against all experience, that this last, worst doom may be avoided. Be cautious; be patient; look well before you at each step of your career. The fatality by which you are threatened is terrible: but there is a Power above fatality; and before that Power my spirit and my child's spirit now pray for you. Remember this when your heart is heavy, and your path through life grows dark. Remember that the better world is still before you, the world where we shall all meet! Farewell!'

"When I first read those lines, I read them with the gloomy, immovable resignation of the Eastern fatalists; and that resignation never left me afterwards. Here, in this prison, I feel it, calm as ever. I bowed patiently to my doom, when it was only predicted; I bow to it as patiently now, when it is on the eve of accomplishment. You have often wondered, my friend, at the tranquil, equable sadness of my manner; after what I have just told you, can you wonder any longer?

"But let me return for a moment to the past. Though I had no hope of escaping the fatality which had overtaken my father and my brother, my life, after my double bereavement, was the existence of all others which might seem most likely to evade the accomplishment of my predicted doom. Yourself and one other friend excepted, I

saw no society; my walks were limited to the cottage garden and the neighboring fields, and my every-day unvarying occupation was confined to that hard and resolute course of study, by which alone I could hope to prevent my mind from dwelling on what I had suffered in the past, or on what I might still be condemned to suffer in the future. Never was there a life more quiet and more uneventful than mine.

"You know how I awoke to an ambition, which irresistibly impelled me to change this mode of existence. News from Paris penetrated even to my obscure retreat, and disturbed my self-imposed tranquillity. I heard of the last errors and weaknesses of Louis the Sixteenth; I heard of the assembling of the states-general; and I knew that the French Revolution had begun. The tremendous emergencies of that epoch drew men of all characters from private to public pursuits, and made politics the necessity rather than the choice of every Frenchman's life. The great change preparing for the country acted universally on individuals, even to the humblest, and it acted on me.

"I was elected a deputy, more for the sake of the name I bore, than on account of any little influence which my acquirements and my character might have exercised in the neighborhood of my country abode. I removed to Paris, and took my seat in the Chamber, little thinking at that time of the crime and bloodshed to which our revolution, so moderate in its beginning, would lead; little thinking that I had taken the first irretrievable step towards the bloody and the violent death which was lying in store for me.

"Need I go on? You know how warmly I joined the Girondin party, you know how we have been sacrificed; you know what the death is which I and my brethren are to suffer to-morrow. On now ending, I repeat what I said at the beginning:—Judge not of my narrative till you have seen with your own eyes what really takes place in the morning. I have carefully abstained from all comment, I have simply related events as they happened, forbearing to add my own views of their significance, my own ideas on the explanation of which they admit. You may believe us to have been a family of nervous visionaries, witnesses of certain remarkable contingencies; victims of curious, but not impossible chances, which we have fancifully and falsely interpreted into supernatural events. I leave you undisturbed in this conviction (if you really feel it); to-morrow you will think differently; to-morrow you will be an altered man. In the mean time remember what I now say, as you would remember my dying words:—Last night I saw the supernatural radiance which warned my father and my brother; and which warns me, that, whatever the time when the execution begins, whatever the order in which the twenty-one Girondins are chosen for death, I shall be the man who kneels under the guillotine, as the clock strikes nine!"

It was morning. Of the ghastly festivities of the night no sign remained. The prison-hall wore an altered look, as the twenty-one condemned men (followed by those who were ordered to witness their execution) were marched out to the carts appointed to take them from the dungeon to the scaffold.

The sky was cloudless, the sun warm and brilliant, as the Girondin leaders and their compan-

ions were drawn slowly through the streets to the place of execution. Duprat and Marigny were placed in separate vehicles ; the contrast in their demeanor at that awful moment was strongly marked. The features of the doomed man still preserved their noble and melancholy repose ; his glance was steady ; his color never changed. The face of Marigny, on the contrary, displayed the strongest agitation ; he was pale even to his lips. The terrible narrative he had heard, the anticipation of the final and appalling proof by which its truth was now to be tested, had robbed him, for the first time in his life, of all his self-possession. Duprat had predicted truly ; the morrow had come, and he was an altered man already.

The carts drew up at the foot of the scaffold which was soon to be stained with the blood of twenty-one human beings. The condemned deputies mounted it ; and ranged themselves at the end opposite the guillotine. The prisoners who were to behold the execution remained in their cart. Before Duprat ascended the steps, he took his friend's hand for the last time : " Farewell ! " he said, calmly. " Farewell ! I go to my father, and my brother ! Remember my words of last night. "

With straining eyes, and bloodless cheeks, Ma-

igny saw Duprat take his position in the middle row of his companions, who stood in three ranks of seven each. Then the awful spectacle of the execution began. After the first seven deputies had suffered there was a pause ; the horrible traces of the judicial massacre were being removed. When the execution proceeded, Duprat was the third taken from the middle rank of the condemned. As he came forward, and stood for an instant erect under the guillotine, he looked with a smile on his friend, and repeated in a clear voice the word, " Remember ! "—then bowed himself on the block. The blood stood still at Marigny's heart, as he looked and listened, during the moment of silence that followed. That moment past, the church clocks of Paris struck. He dropped down in the cart, and covered his face with his hands ; for through the heavy beat of the hour he heard the fall of the fatal steel.

" Pray, sir, was it nine or ten that struck just now ! " said one of Marigny's fellow-prisoners to an officer of the guard who stood near the cart.

The person addressed referred to his watch and answered—

" NINE O'CLOCK ! "

From Duffy's Magazine.

THE FALL OF THE FAIRIES.

" The general opinion, at least in Ireland, is, that during the war of Lucifer in heaven, the angels were divided into three classes. The first class consisted of those faithful spirits who, at once and without hesitation, adhered to the standard of the Omnipotent ; the next consisted of those who openly rebelled and followed the great apostate, sharing eternal perdition along with him ; the third and last consisted of those who, during the mighty clash and uproar of the contending hosts, stood timidly aloof, and refused to join either power. These (says the tradition) were expelled from heaven—some sent upon the earth, and some into the waters of the earth, where they are to remain, ignorant of their fate, until the day of judgment. "—*Carleton's Irish Superstitions.*

From the soul of the sky,
When the light-bearer fell
To the grave everlasting—
The space-gorge of hell,
'Mid the firmament's wonder,
His rent crown was torn
From the beautiful brow
That it loved to adorn,
And, shattered, was flung
Down the blue depths of heaven,
Like a big star that leaped
The lit sky at even.
And the hosts that upheld
His stain'd soul in its pride,
Like the wings of his weakness,
Fell down by his side.
Then far off in heaven,
All prostrate and dim,
Farthest off—farthest off,
Like a weak, fading dream,
Was a tribe of lone spirits,
Whom Lucifer awed
When he raised up his eyes
To the presence of God !
They shrunk from the rebel—
They shrunk from the Lord—
They fainted in faith
At the flash of the sword—
They fled at the footfall
And vaunt of the proud :
And aloof and away
Stood the crest-fallen crowd.
But now, since the shadow
That awed them was gone,

They were prostrate in heaven—
Far off and alone.

* * * * *
And a host of bright angels
Approached where they lay,
As cometh the sun's rays
To wake up the day ;
And, with faces averted
And prayerful cry,
Led the fallen ones off
To the gates of the sky.

* * * * *
Now the exiles of heaven—
Sink gently below,
As falls from the white sky
The wandering snow,
Wending mournfully earthward,
And losing in flight,
Mid the mansions of ether,
Their essence and light ;
Till, stript of their splendor,
Their last robing lies
Where the milky way whitens
The blue of the skies.
And now to the cold earth
The fairies have come,
To seek amid mortals
A mystic home ;
And, like leaves of the Autumn,
All withered and sere,
They moan through the air paths,
At droop of the year ;
For they see, in the moonlight,
Around the wide skies,
Through white clouds and star chinks
A host of bless'd eyes,
Looking down on them kindly
With pitying care,
And soothing their exile
With hopes and pray'r.

EPITAPH.

READER, pass on, nor idly waste your time
On bad biography, or coarser rhyme ;
For what I am this mouldering clay assures,
And what I was—is no concern of yours.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE MODERN TARTAR.

THE phrase, "Catching a Tartar," points to a peculiarity in Tartar life, which, however correct historically, is not in keeping with the actual current state of the Mongol character. It implies something impetuous, stern, unyielding, relentless, and cruel; whereas the modern life of the children of the desert exhibits much that is simple, confiding, generous, and even chivalric. It is nothing to our discredit that we should have been so long in discovering these features in the great nomadic class of the day, because European barbarians are absolutely prohibited from visiting the desert places which are the scenes of their wanderings; and but for the enterprise of two Roman Catholic missionaries from France, we should probably have remained in ignorance for a much longer period. These gentlemen, however, have thrown a light on this subject, which is too remarkable to be passed over without notice. Messrs. Gabet and Huc composed this work in 1846, but it has only recently been published in this country,* and its perusal cannot fail to modify many of our preconceived notions regarding Tartar life.

It will, for example, be admitted that, according to the hitherto popular acceptance of the character, Tartars were not exactly the sort of persons on whom practical jokes might be perpetrated with impunity. Read, however, the following anecdote:—While our two travellers were one day in their tents, two Tartar horsemen dashed up to the entrance, and threw themselves on the ground. "Men of prayer," said they, with voices full of emotion, "we come to ask you to draw our horoscope. We have this day had two horses stolen from us. We cannot find the robbers, and we come to you men of learning, to tell us where we shall find our property."

"Brothers," answered the missionaries, "we are not lamas of Buddha, and do not believe in horoscopes. For a man to say that he can discover stolen goods by such means, is falsehood and deception."

The horsemen entreated, but the priests were inflexible, and the disappointed Tartars mounted their steeds, and galloped off. It so happened that Samdadchiemba, the guide of the missionaries—a Christianized Oriental, but withal a very merry fellow—was present during this interview, but he sat drinking his tea without uttering a word. All on a sudden he knitted his brows, rose, and came to the door. The horsemen were at some distance; but the *dchiahour*, by an exertion of his strong lungs, induced them to turn round in their saddles. He motioned to them, and they, thinking that the horoscope was to be given, galloped once more to the tent. "My Mongol brothers," said Samdadchiemba, "in future be more careful; watch your herds well, and you won't be robbed. Retain these words of mine in your memory; they are worth all the horoscopes in the world."

Samdad—the reader will perhaps thank us for the abbreviation—gravely returned to the tent; and the Tartars did not dismount and whip him, as two horsemen of any other nation under the sun would have done, but quietly resumed their journey. It appeared that Samdad had once acted

as diviner on a similar occasion. The missing valuable was a bull, and the sage having called for eleven stones, counted, arranged and rearranged them with great gravity, and then appeared to meditate. "If you would find your bull, go seek him in the north," said the magician; and without querulously inquiring, like Shakspeare's Richard, what Taurus did in that region, the Mongols pursued a northern course, and by mere chance actually discovered the animal. Samdad was entertained for a week, and took his departure laden with butter and tea. He hinted his regret that "his attachment to Mother Church" prevented him from playing the soothsayer to the two horsemen.

A peculiarity in Tartar manners, regarding stolen horses when abstracted near caravans, is likely to prove of more service than casting horoscopes. Some time after the occurrence mentioned, the missionaries lost a horse and mule. "We each mounted a camel, and made a circuit in search of the animals. Our search being futile, we resolved to proceed to the Mongol encampment, and inform them that our loss had taken place near their habitation. *By a law among the Tartars*, when animals are lost from a caravan, the persons occupying the nearest encampment are bound either to find them or replace them. . . . This it is which has contributed to render the Mongols so skilful in tracking. A mere glance at the slightest traces left by an animal on the grass, suffices to inform the Mongol pursuer how long it is since it passed, and whether or not it bore a rider; and the track once found, they follow it throughout all its meanderings, however complicated.

"We had no sooner explained our loss to the Mongol chief, than he said to us cheerfully: 'Sirs Lamas, do not permit sorrow to invade your hearts. Your animals cannot be lost; in these plains there are neither robbers nor associates of robbers. I will send in quest of your horses. If we do not find them, you may select what others you please in their place from our herd. We would have you leave this place as happy as you came to it.' " Eight horses darted off in pursuit; the missionaries were invited to take tea in the interim, and in two hours the strayed cattle were recovered. We should like to know in what other country travellers would be so treated.

Regal personages in these regions observe the characteristic simple manners of the country. Our pilgrims were pursuing their solitary way, when the tramping of many horses and the sound of many voices disturbed the silence of the desert. A large caravan belonging to the queen of Mourguevan overtook them, and a mandarin addressed them.

"Sirs, where is your country?"

"We come from the west."

"Through what districts have your beneficial shadows passed?"

"We have come from Tolon Noor."

"Has peace accompanied your progress?"

"Hitherto we have journeyed in all tranquillity. And you—are you at peace, and what is your country?"

"We are Khalkhas of the kingdom of Mourguevan."

After some other Oriental queries and answers, her majesty comes up. The cavalcade halted, and the camels formed into a semicircle, the centre being occupied by a close four-wheeled carriage.

* Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, during the years 1844-5-6. By M. Huc. Translated by W. Haslitt, London. Republished by D. Appleton & Co.

Two mandarins, "decorated with the blue button," opened the door, and handed out the queen, who was attired in a long silk robe.

"Sirs Lamas," said she, raising her hands, "is this place auspicious for an encampment?"

"Royal pilgrim of Mourguevan," said we, "you may light your fire here in all security. For ourselves, we must proceed on our way, for the sun was already high when we folded our tent."

The Tartars are divided into two grand classes—lamas and laymen. The former act as priests, lawyers, physicians, painters, decorators, &c., and in fact monopolize every learned and liberal art and profession. Of course, they are held in high repute; and our travellers having, like Joseph Wolff, adopted sacerdotal costume, they were everywhere received with the honors and respect awarded to the indigenous clergy. It will duly appear, from subsequent illustrations, that mere ecclesiasticism did not secure the hospitality and kindness which they experienced at all hands; but even after making allowance for the national devotion to the cloth, the attentions showed by the Mongols are often marked by a delicate sense of the hospitable. On one occasion, M. Huc and his companions encountered an unusual storm of rain and wind. After travelling several weary miles, Samdad contrived to erect the tent in a place that, for the locality, was tolerable, but no more. "My spiritual fathers," observed the guide, "I told you we should not die to-day of thirst, but I am not at all sure that we don't run some risk of dying of hunger." In point of fact, there seemed no possibility of making a fire. There was not a tree, not a shrub, not a root to be seen. As to argols, the rain had long since reduced that combustible of the desert to a liquid pulp. The pilgrims were about to partake of the primitive fare of meal steeped in cold water—a cheerless beverage to three men drenched to the skin—when at the critical juncture up came two Tartars.

"Sirs Lamas, this day the heavens have fallen. You doubtless have been unable to make a fire."

"Alas! how should we make a fire? we have no argols."

"Men are all brothers and belong to each other; but laymen should honor and serve the holy ones; therefore it is that we have come to make a fire for you."

The fire soon blazed and crackled, and a hot repast speedily rejoiced the jaded frames of the two priests and the imp Samdad.

The domiciliary hospitalities of the Tartars are frank and artless, forming a marked contrast to the formal reception of strangers among the Chinese. "On entering, you give the word of peace, *amor* or *mendon*, to the company generally. You then seat yourself on the right of the head of the family, whom you find squatting on the floor opposite the entrance. Next, everybody takes from a purse, suspended at his girdle, a little snuff-bottle, and mutual pinches accompany such phrases as these: 'Is the pasturage with you rich and abundant?' 'Are your herds in fine condition?' 'Did you travel in peace?' 'Does tranquillity prevail?' The mistress then silently holds out her hand to the visitor. He as silently takes from his breast-pocket a small wooden bowl, the indispensable *vade mecum* of all Tartars, and presents it to the hostess, who fills it with tea and milk, and returns it." In higher families, a table is spread with butter, oatmeal, millet, cheese, all in small boxes of polished wood; and these luxuries are all mixed

in the everlasting tea. Amongst the uppermost aristocratic classes, fermented milk is preferred; but Europeans would perhaps regard this liquor as more honorable by being set aside than indulged in.

We now proceed to exhibit some traits of Tartar character, as developed in their intercourse with their Asiatic brethren. As usual, a horseman overtakes or meets the travellers; and, after the customary salutations, the missionaries inquired why he and his brethren did not cultivate corn, instead of allowing every field to run to grass.

"We Mongols," replied this stranger, "are formed for living in tents, and pasturing cattle. So long as we kept to that in the kingdom of Gechekten, we were rich and happy. Now, ever since the Mongols have set themselves to cultivating the land, and building houses, they have become poor. The *Kitats* (Chinese) have taken possession of the country; flocks, herds, lands, houses—all have passed into their hands. There remain to us only a few prairies, on which still live under their tents such of the Mongols as have not been forced by utter destitution to emigrate to other lands."

"But if the Chinese are so baneful to you, why did you allow them to penetrate into your country?"

"We took pity on these wicked Kitats, who came to us weeping, to solicit our charity. We allowed them, through pure compassion, to cultivate a few patches of land. The Mongols insensibly followed their example, and abandoned the nomadic life. They drank the wine of the Kitats, and smoked their tobacco on credit; they bought their manufactures on credit, at double the real value. When the day of payment came, there was no money ready, and the Mongols had to yield to the violence of their creditors, houses, lands, flocks, everything."

"But could you not seek justice from the tribunals?"

"Justice from the tribunals! That is out of the question. The Kitats are skilful to talk and to lie. It is impossible for a Mongol to gain a suit against a Kitat. Sirs Lamas, the kingdom of Gechekten is undone!"

After-experience amply corroborated the truth of these statements. "The commercial intercourse between the Tartars and the Chinese is revoltingly iniquitous on the part of the latter. So soon as the Mongols arrive in a trading town, they are snapped up by some Chinese, who carry them off, as it were, by main force to their houses, give them tea for themselves, and forage for their horses, and cajole them in every conceivable way. The Mongols take all they hear to be perfectly genuine, and congratulate themselves—conscious, as they are, of their inaptitude for business—upon their good-fortune in thus meeting with brothers *Ahaton*, as they say, in whom they can place full confidence, and who will undertake to manage their whole business for them. A good dinner, provided in the back-shop, completes the illusion—and when once the Chinese has established his hold, he employs all the resources of a skilful and utterly unprincipled knavery. He keeps his victim in his house, eating, drinking, and smoking one day after another, until his subordinates have sold all the poor man's cattle, or whatever else he has to sell, and bought for him in return the commodities he requires, at prices double and treble the market value. But so plausible is the Chinese,

and so simple is the Tartar, that the latter invariably departs with the most entire confidence in the immense philanthropy of the former, and with a promise to return, when he has other goods to sell, to the establishment where he has been treated so fraternally."

The missionaries were themselves mistaken for Tartars when they visited the "Blue Town," and every kind of imposition was attempted to be practised on them. The hotel scouts assailed them at their first entry, and almost compelled them, by physical force, to become their guests; shop-keepers cozened on all hands; and even bankers condescended to cheat. Messrs. Gabet and Huc wished to exchange silver for Chinese coin current. The Tartars can weigh, but cannot calculate, and accordingly the bank-teller of Blue Town, after gravely consulting his *souan-pan* (exchange-table) announced the value to be about a thousand *sapeks* less than it should have been. The missionaries remonstrated, and a colleague was called in to check the sum, but he, with due gravity declared that the first was right. A bystander interfered, and declared in favor of the strangers. "Sirs Lamas," said the banker, "your mathematics are better than mine." "Oh, not at all," replied we, with a profound bow; "your *souan-pan* is excellent; but who ever heard of a calculator always exempt from error!" These phrases were, it seems, rigorously required, under the circumstances, by Chinese politeness. Whenever any person in China is compromised by any awkward incident, those present always carefully refrain from any observation which may make him blush, or, as the Chinese call it, take away his face. A further proof of Chinese cupidity was afforded by the admission of a gentleman, whom we may take the liberty of denominating an Oriental bagman. This worthy arrived at an inn after our travellers had secured all the accommodation.

"Peace and happiness unto you, Sirs Lamas; do you need the whole of your room, or can you accommodate me?"

"Why not! We are all brothers, and should serve each other."

"Words of excellence! You are Tartars, I am Chinese; yet, comprehending the claims of hospitality, you act upon the truth that all men are brothers."

"Whither are you bound? Are you going to buy up salt or catsup for some Chinese company?"

"No; I represent a great commercial house at Peking, and I am collecting some debts from the Tartars. . . . You, like myself, are Tartar-eaters—you eat them by prayers, I by commerce. And why not! The Mongols are poor simpletons, and we may as well get their money as anybody else. . . . Oh, we devour them; we pick them clean! Whatever they see, when they come into our towns, they want; and when we know who they are, and where we can find them, we let them have goods upon credit of course at a considerable advance upon the price, and upon interest at 30 and 40 per cent., which is quite right and necessary. In China, the emperor's laws do not allow this; it is only done with the Tartars. Well, they don't pay the money, and the interest goes on until there is a good sum owing, worth the coming for. When we come for it, we take all the cattle and sheep and horses we can get hold of for the interest, and leave the capital debt and future interest to be paid next time, and so it goes on from one gener-

ation to another. Oh, a Tartar debt is a gold-mine!"

The yearly settlement of accounts amongst the Chinese furnishes another curious chapter in their commercial life. Bills are made up to the last few days of the year, "and every Chinese being at once debtor and creditor, every Chinese is hunting his debtors and hunted by his creditors. He who returns from his neighbor's house, which he has been throwing into utter confusion by his clamorous demands for what the neighbor owes him, finds his own house turned inside out by an uproarious creditor; and so the thing goes round. The whole town is a scene of vociferation, disputation, and fighting. On the last day of the year, disorder attains its height; people rush in all directions with anything they can scratch together to raise money upon at the broker's or pawnbroker's—the shops of which tradesmen are absolutely besieged throughout the day with proffers of clothes, bedding, furniture, cooking utensils, and movables of every description. Those who have already cleared their houses in this way, and yet have not satisfied the demands upon them, post off to their relations and friends, to borrow something or other, which they vow shall be returned immediately, but which immediately takes its way to the *tany-pon* or pawnbroker's. This species of anarchy continues till midnight, then calm resumes its sway. No one, after the twelfth hour has struck, can claim a debt, or even make the slightest allusion to it. You now only hear the words of peace and good-will; everybody fraternizes with everybody. Those who were just before on the point of twisting their neighbor's neck, now twine their friendly arms about it."

Tartar warriors and Tartar robbers are also peculiar to their kind. The warrior presents a curious combination of the national simplicity with the spirit of the ancient Gascon. Two of those military gentlemen gave a singular account of the war with the *Rebels of the South*, as the English are designated. They belonged to the Eight Banners, or army of reserve, and stated, that when at war the grand-master (the Emperor of China) first sent the Kitats against the enemy; next the banners of the Solon country are set in motion; and if they fail, then "we (the Tchakars) take the field, and the mere sound of our march suffices to reduce the rebels to subjection!" In the English war, the first two classes availed not, and then came the turn of the sacred order. "The Kitats told us everywhere that we were marching upon certain and unavailing death. 'What can you do against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish; when you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl the fire-bombs at you; while the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs.' " The third class was not to be intimidated; the lamas had opened the *Book of Celestial Secrets*, and predicted victory; and on they marched, till met with the intelligence that the rebels, hearing of the approach of this invincible legion, had sued for and obtained peace.

The robbers of this extraordinary territory are also entitled to claim credit for their share of eccentricity. "They are extremely polite; they do not rudely clap a pistol to your ear, and bawl at you, 'Your money or your life!' No; they mildly advance with a courteous salutation; 'Venerable elder brother, I am on foot; pray lend me your horse. I've got no money; be good enough

to lend me your purse. It's quite cold to-day; oblige me with the loan of your coat.' If the venerable elder brother charitably complies, the matter ends with, 'Thanks, brother!' but otherwise, the request is forthwith emphasized with the arguments of a cudgel; and if these do not convince, recourse is had to the sabre."

As a matter of course, Chinese thieves belong in contrast to the species of which the "Artful Dodger" may be regarded as the type. The *modus operandi* of Eastern appropriators is this: "Two of them, associated together for the purpose, hawk about various articles of merchandise—boots, skin-coats, bricks of tea, and what not. They offer these for sale to travellers. While one of them engages the attention of the destined victim by displaying his goods and bargaining, the other ferrets about, and pockets whatever he can lay his hands on. These rascals have inconceivable skill in counting your sapeks for you, in such a way as to finger fifty or one hundred of them without your having the slightest notion as to what is going on. One day, two of these little thieves came to offer for our purchase a pair of leathern boots. Excellent boots, said they—boots such as we would not find in any shop in the whole town; boots that would keep out the rain for days; and, as to cheapness, perfectly unexampled. If we missed this opportunity, we should never have such another. Only just before they had been offered 1200 sapeks for them! As we did not want boots, we replied that we would not have them at any price. Thereupon the acting merchant assumed a lofty tone of generosity. We were foreigners, we should have them for 1000 sapeks, 900, 800, 700. 'Well,' said we, 'we certainly don't want any boots just now; yet, doubtless, as you say, these are very

cheap, and it would be worth while to buy them as a reserve.' The bargain was accordingly concluded; we took our purse and counted out 700 sapeks to the merchant, who counted them over himself, under our very eyes, pronounced the amount correct, and once more laid the coin before us. He then called out to his companion, who was poking about in the court-yard; 'Here, I have sold these capital boots for 700 sapeks.' 'Nonsense,' cried the other; '700 sapeks! I won't hear of such a thing!' 'Very well,' said we; 'come, take your boots and be off with you!' He was off, and so quickly, that we thought it expedient to count our sapeks once more; there were 150 of them gone; and that was not all. While one of these rascals had been pocketing our money under our very nose, the other had bagged two great iron pins that we had driven into the court-yard for the purpose of our camels. Therefore, we took a resolution, better late than never, to admit in future no merchant whatever into our room."

We cannot sufficiently regret, that two travellers, who have furnished us with such interesting accounts of territories comparatively so little unexplored, should, after a brief sojourn, have been compelled to quit the scene of their labors. After eighteen months' travel, Messrs. Huc and Gabet arrived at the Thibetian town of Lha-Sea, where, under the protection of the local authorities, they remained unmolested for several weeks; but their presence excited the jealousy of Ki-Chan, the deputy of the Emperor of China, and at his instigation the nomekhan of Lha-Sea ordered them to quit. They ultimately settled at Macao in 1846, and there compiled the narrative from which we have been quoting.

From the National Era.

PICTURES.

I.

LIGHT, warmth, and sprouting greenness, and o'er all
Blue, stainless, steel-bright ether, raining down
Tranquillity upon the deep-hushed town,
The freshening meadows, and the hill-sides brown;
Voice of the west wind from the hills of pine,
And the brimmed river from its distant fall,
Low hum of bees, and joyous interlude
Of bird-songs in the streamlet-skirting wood—
Heralds and prophecies of sound and sight,
Blessed forerunners of the warmth and light,
Attendant angels to the house of prayer,
With reverent footsteps keeping pace with mine—
Once more, through God's great love, with you I
share
A morn of resurrection sweet and fair
As that which saw, of old, in Palestine,
Immortal Love uprising in fresh bloom,
From the dark night and winter of the tomb!
Fifth month 2d, 1852.

II.

WHITE with its sun-bleached dust the pathway winds
Before me; dust is on the shrunken grass,
And on the trees beneath whose boughs I pass;
Frail screen against the Hunter of the sky,
Who, glaring on me with his lidless eye,
While mounting with his dog-star high and
higher,
Ambushed in light intolerable, unbinds
The burnished quiver of his shafts of fire.

Between me and the hot fields of his South
A tremulous glow, as from a furnace mouth,
Glimmers and swims before my dazzled sight,

As if the burning arrows of his ire
Broke as they fell, and shattered into light!
Yet on my cheek I feel the Western wind,
And hear it telling to the orchard trees,
And to the faint and flower-forsaken bees,
Tales of fair meadows, green with constant streams,
And mountains rising blue and cool behind,
Where in moist dells the purple orchis gleams,
And starred with white the virgin's bower is twined.
So the o'erworn pilgrim, as he fares
Along life's summer waste, at times is fanned,
Even at noontide, by the cool, sweet airs
Of a serener and a holier land,
Fresh as the morn, and as the dewfall bland.
Breath of the blessed Heaven for which we pray,
Blow from the eternal hills!—make glad our earthly
way!
J. G. W.

Eighth month, 1852.

THE loyal elegy which the heroic Marquis of Montrose wrote with the point of his sword, in honor of his master's memory, cannot be too often transcribed:—

Great! Good! and Just! Could I but rate
My grief, and thy too rigid fate,
I'd weep the world to such a strain
As it should deluge once again;
But since the loud-tongued blood demands sup-
plies,
More from Briareus' hands than Argus eyes,
I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds.

From the Tribune.

The History of the United States of America. By RICHARD HILDRETH. Vol. vi. 8vo. pp. 739. Harper & Brothers.

We may congratulate Mr. Hildreth on the successful completion of an important enterprise. He has accomplished his task with singular fidelity to the conception with which it was commenced. Few authors have ever adhered so strictly to the original plan of a voluminous work. Mr. Hildreth undertook to present a rigid narrative of events from the earliest developments of American history, until a period not far remote from our own times. Abstaining from philosophical analysis and generalization, and from the embellishments of rhetoric and poetry, he has aimed to give a coherent and accurate representation of facts. If this is not the highest sphere of historical composition, it still holds an honorable and conspicuous place in that department of literary effort. The service which Mr. Hildreth has thus rendered to the history of his country is of no ordinary character. To have performed it well, is no mean praise. He has thereby earned a genuine title to distinction. His work will form the primary manual for the intelligent student in this branch. As a key to American history, its use cannot be dispensed with. It will be referred to as a standard authority by the statesman and the politician. Every one should read it before the perusal of more elaborate works on the same subject. If, in its prevailing tone, it has somewhat of the dryness of a geometrical demonstration, it has also its clearness and accuracy and unmistakable point. The fascination of a romance, it certainly cannot claim; but no one can deny it the compactness and precision of a legal digest.

The volume before us comprises the period between the meeting of the Tenth Congress in 1807, and the close of the Sixteenth Congress in 1821—one of the most eventful portions of the history of the United States. The British Orders in Council, the Embargo, the War of 1812, the Hartford Convention, the Financial Embarrassments, the Missouri Question, and the Commencement of a New Era, are amongst the topics to which the volume is devoted. The author relates the facts in the case, with but little collateral discussion, and though not without strong political predilections, with prevailing fairness and impartiality.

In this volume, as in the preceding volumes, the narrative is occasionally relieved by portraits of public characters, most of which betray more acuteness of thought than beauty of delineation. The following sketch of Jefferson may be taken as an instance:

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

With the close of the Tenth Congress closed, also, Jefferson's administration. Indeed, he seemed inclined, in his private correspondence, to throw upon the incoming cabinet, to which, no doubt, it entirely belonged, the responsibility of the recent enactments. As the retiring president came into office, so he now left it, with a character very differently estimated by the two great political parties into which the nation was divided. Party animosity, indeed, so far from having been extinguished under his rule, as he had fondly anticipated, had broken out, especially of late, with new fury.

Judging, as the superficial mass of mankind always do, more by professions than by practice, by words than by deeds, the great body of the Democratic party

continued to look up to the retiring president, and all the active party leaders, whatever might be their private opinions, to seek to recommend themselves to party favor and confidence by extolling him—a practice continued by a large class of political demagogues, as well as by many sincere admirers, to this day—as the very personification of republican wisdom and virtue; entitled by his simplicity, his straightforward truth, his clear and candid judgment, no less than by his disinterested and earnest devotion to the rights of man, to implicit confidence; a confidence more that of religious devotees in some favorite saint, than the limited and guarded trust, which alone, according to republican maxims, ought ever to be placed in any political leader. Such, indeed, were the reverential sentiments, very generally expressed, not only in the Democratic newspapers, but in legislative resolutions, on the occasion of Jefferson's retirement from office.

The Federalists, on the other hand, together with a certain number of once leading republicans, did not hesitate to denounce the ex-president as an accomplished political Jesuit, wonderfully adroit to ascend the ladder of democratical power, but whose narrow policy and visionary imagination, the policy of an inland planter, the imagination of a pedant, disqualified him from redeeming, as sometimes happens, by skilful conduct of affairs, the base arts, the flattering of passions and stimulating of prejudices, by which he had risen to power.

Many previous acts of his administration, but especially the whole history of the Embargo, were quoted to prove him a hypocrite and base deceiver: totally forgetting, in practice, all his professed regard for the wisdom of the people; all his pretended reverence for public opinion; all his reiterated objections to stretches of executive authority; all his violently-urged attachment to a strict construction of the Federal constitution; all his anxiety that the general government should not trespass on the reserved rights of the States; all his objections in general, carried often to extremes, against legislative interference with the right of men to exercise their own judgment in the management of their own personal affairs.

Nothing, indeed, could have been less in accordance with Jefferson's political theories than to have thrust upon the country one of the most momentous measures which it was possible to adopt, involving the very livelihood of tens of thousands, without warning, without discussion, without the least opportunity to have the public opinion upon it; employing for that purpose a servile Congress, driven to act hastily in the dark, with no other guide or motive beyond implicit trust in the wisdom of the executive—and such a measure the Embargo, the most remarkable act of Jefferson's administration, unquestionably was. Yet it would be most rash and unjust to charge him or any man with political hypocrisy merely because, when in power, he did not act up to the doctrines which he preached in opposition. It is not in the nature of enthusiasm to hesitate or to doubt; and that very enthusiasm, though it had liberty and equality for its object, with which Jefferson was so strongly imbued, pushed him on, however he might theorize about the equal right of all to be consulted, to the realization of his own ideas with very little regard for opposing opinions. With all his attachment to theoretical equality, he was still one of those born to command, at least to control; brooking no authority but his own; and not easily admitting of opposition or contradiction, which he always ascribed to the worst of motives. In the feeling that he sought not selfish ends, but the good of the community, he found, like so many other zealous men, sanction for his plans, justification of his means, and excuse for disregarding the complaints and even the rights of individuals.

Yet, whatever defects of personal character, whatever amount of human weakness we may ascribe to Jefferson; however low we may rate him as a practi-

cal statesman ; however deficient we may think him even in manliness and truth ; however we may charge him with having failed to act in accordance with his own professed principles ; there remains behind, after all, this undeniable fact : he was—rarity, indeed, among men of affairs—rarity, indeed, among professed democratical leaders—a sincere and enthusiastic believer in the rights of humanity. And, as in so many other like cases, this faith on his part will ever suffice to cover, as with the mantle of charity, a multitude of sins ; nor will there ever be wanting a host of worshippers—living ideas being of vastly more consequence to posterity than dead actions passed and gone—to mythicize him into a political saint, canonized by throbbing wishes for themselves, and exalted, by a passionate imagination, far above the heads of contemporary men, who, if they labored, suffered, and accomplished more for that generation, yet loved and trusted universal humanity less.

As a specimen of Mr. Hildreth's descriptive style, we extract his account of

THE BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER

After a three weeks' occupation at Queenstown, having heard how things stood at the other end of the lake, Brown again fell back behind the Chippewa, there to prepare, so he said, for the wild project of a forced march upon Burlington Heights. But the very next day the alarming news came that General Drummond, with large reinforcements from York, had arrived at Fort George, and that a strong force had crossed at Queenstown, destined against Brown's magazine at Schlosser—the very movement which Ripley had all along foreseen. As his only means of defending those magazines, and in hopes to draw back the enemy, who was supposed to have crossed with his main force, Brown directed an advance on Queens town. He had already been deserted by his Indians, and his effective force was reduced now to less than 3,000 men. Scott led this reëdvance upon Queenstown with his own brigade and Towson's artillery, about 1,000 men ; but he had not proceeded above a mile from the Chippewa, when, about sunset, at Bridgewater, directly adjacent to the Falls of Niagara, he unexpectedly encountered the enemy. A wood concealed them from view, and Scott knew not their numbers. It was, in fact, Riall with his whole army, which had followed close in Brown's rear, with intent to attack him the next morning, and which now occupied a commanding height, crowned with a park of seven pieces. Major Jessup, who commanded one of Scott's regiments, being detached to gain and turn the enemy's left, the rest of the brigade passed the wood and deployed, when they fell under a terrible fire from the enemy's artillery, placed too high for Towson's guns to take much effect upon them. Thus exposed for an hour or more, the ranks of the regiments were broken, and their numbers greatly thinned ; near a third of the men had fallen ; but the enemy did not charge, and Scott still held on, hoping to be relieved by Brown.

Jessup meanwhile, encountering nothing but Canadian militia, who fled before him, had gained and turned the enemy's rear, where he succeeded in making many prisoners, among them General Riall himself, retiring wounded from the front ; also an aid-de-camp of Drummond's sent forward to communicate with Riall, from whom Jessup learned that Drummond, with most of the forces from York, was close behind, advancing to Riall's support. The British general was secured and sent to the American camp ; most of the other prisoners escaped, but not until they had been disarmed.

It being now quite dark, and the fire greatly slackened, Brown came up, with Ripley's brigade, which was ordered to interpose itself between Scott and the enemy. It was seen, in the course of this movement, that the British park of artillery, now

increased to nine pieces, was the key of his position, and Colonel James Millar was ordered to storm it. While the other regiments engaged the enemy in front, leading his battalion, partially covered by the fence of a church-yard, silently up the hill, Millar pushed the artillerists from their guns at point of the bayonet. Soon supported by the 23d regiment, which, though recoiling at first from the enemy's fire, Ripley had rallied and led up to the charge, after a severe but short struggle, the British infantry was driven back, the guns remaining in Ripley's hands. His whole brigade was now drawn up on the hill, supported on the right by Porter's volunteers, and presently joined by Jessup, who, in gradually making his way from the enemy's rear, had just encountered and routed a British battalion.

The British, reinforced by Drummond's arrival, presently rallied, and advanced in the darkness to recover their guns ; but they soon recoiled again before the terrible fire of those who held the hill. In about half an hour they advanced again ; but, after a short though severe conflict, during which Scott took them in flank with the remnants of his brigade, formed now into a single battalion, they were again driven back. Rallying again with desperate energy, a third and more obstinate attack was made, a perfect blaze of fire being kept up for half an hour, and the soldiers in many places crossing bayonets ; but still the Americans held the hill, replenishing their ammunition from the cartridge boxes of their fallen enemies.

It was now midnight. The British having retired for the third time, a profound silence ensued, interrupted only by the groans of the wounded and dying, and the monotonous roar of the great waterfall, moaning, as it were, over this fatal scene of fraternal strife and military glory. The men, utterly exhausted, were almost perishing with thirst. All the regimental officers were severely wounded ; also Brown and Scott, who now retired from the field. After waiting half an hour, with no renewal of attack, Ripley, who had been left in command, gave orders to collect the wounded men, and to withdraw to the camp. Vastly to Brown's vexation, the want of horses and the exhausted state of the men made it impossible to bring off the captured artillery, and, when the officer was sent back for that purpose, it was found that the enemy had reoccupied the hill. Excessively mortified, Brown ordered Ripley to march the next morning to recover the cannon. But not more than 1,600 men could be mustered, and those stiff from yesterday's exertions ; and Brown was at last induced, by Ripley's remonstrances, to recall his orders. Ripley, left again in command by Brown's retirement to be cured of his wounds, destroyed the bridge over the Chippewa, and a part of his stores, and retired to a point opposite Black Rock, whence he sent the wounded to Buffalo, whither Brown had himself gone. According to the official reports, there had been killed and wounded on the American side 748 men, on the British 878.

The judgment of history, according to Mr. Hildreth, rejects the pretensions of Madison to the character of a consistent statesman.

JAMES MADISON.

The political character of the retiring president sprang, naturally enough, from his intellectual temperament and personal and party relations. Phlegmatic in his constitution, moderate in all his feelings and passions, he possessed remarkable acuteness, and ingenuity sufficient to invest with the most persuasive plausibility whichever side of a question he espoused. But he wanted the decision, the energy, the commanding firmness necessary in a leader. More a rhetorician than a ruler, he was made only for second places, and therefore never was but second, even

when he seemed to be first. A Federalist from natural largeness of views, he became a Jeffersonian republican because that became the predominating policy of Virginia. A peace man in his heart and judgment, he became a war man to secure his reelection to the presidency, and because that seemed to be the prevailing bias of the republican party. Having been, in the course of a long career, on both sides of almost every political question, he made friends among all parties, anxious to avail themselves, whenever they could, of his able support; escaping, thereby, much of that searching criticism, so freely applied, with the unmitigated severity of party hatred, to his more decided and consistent compatriots and rivals.

Those ultra-federal democrats, who rose, by his compliance, upon the ruins of the old republican party, subscription to and applause of whose headlong folly in plunging the country into the war with England became, for so many years, the absolute test of political orthodoxy, found it their policy to drop a pious veil over the convenient weaknesses of a man, who, in consenting, against his own better judgment, to become, in their hands, a firebrand of war, was guilty of the greatest political wrong and crime which it is possible for the head of a nation to commit. Could they even fail to load with applause one whose federalism served as an excuse for theirs?

Let us, however, do Madison the justice to add, that, as he was among the first, so he was, all things considered, by far the ablest and most amiable of that large class of our national statesmen, become of late almost the only class, who, instead of devotion to the carrying out of any favorite idea or measure of their own, put up their talents, like mercenary lawyers, as too many of them are, to be sold to the highest bidder; espousing, on every question, that side which, for the moment, seems to offer the surest road to applause and promotion.

From the Examiner.

Journal of a Voyage in Baffin's Bay and Barrow's Straits in the Years 1850-51, performed by H. M.'s Ships Lady Franklin and Sophia, under the command of Mr. William Penny, in Search of the Missing Crews of H. M.'s Ships Erebus and Terror; with a Narrative of Sledge Excursions on the Ice of Wellington Channel; and Observations on the Natural History and Physical Features of the Countries and Frozen Seas visited. By PETER C. SUTHERLAND, M.D., M.R.C.S.E. Surgeon to the Expedition. Two vols., with Maps, Plates, and Wood Engravings. Longman and Co.

THESE are two volumes upon Arctic regions, one of five hundred and the other of six hundred pages in extent, making a work much longer than the writer had designed in the first instance, not on account of any taste for bookmaking, or any verbosity of style, but out of genuine abundance in the matter to be told. Excellent books abound now on the Arctic regions, and it might be thought that there is little left to tell of life near the North Pole with which the public is not perfectly familiar—especially little, one might say, for an observer who has no skill as a literary artist, and generally fails when he attempts, as he does not often attempt, to put his feelings upon paper. The truth, however, is, that by using his eyes well, and seeing everything, and telling all he sees without any struggle to make it lively or interesting by the force of pen, Dr. Sutherland has made his entire book so lively and so interesting by the force of truth, that we doubt whether any single work has

hitherto presented a picture equally minute of the peculiarities of life within the Arctic circle.

Dr. Sutherland was qualified to write as a medical man, observant beyond the average gift of his fraternity, and with a taste for observation of the most enlightened kind. Interest in natural history, and more especially in one of its most neglected branches, meteorology, has enabled the writer to give a great charm as well as a great value to his book. Among other matter, for example, it contains a meteorological journal, recording for every day spent within the Arctic circle the mean of eight readings of the Aneroid barometer, the reading of the barometer in the shade every three hours, and the mean daily temperature; the direction of the winds and their estimated force, together with the daily character of the weather, and of course also the position of the ship. There is, likewise, a register of tides kept in Assistance Harbor, Barrow's Straits, and there are reports in the appendix by competent naturalists on the specimens brought home in illustration of the botany, zoology, and geology of places visited.

In the course of the volume the writer's taste for natural history displays itself in the most agreeable form. Dr. Sutherland is not a man who would have shot the albatrosses.

The Arctic fox is often seen on the ice at a considerable distance from the land. I recollect seeing a poor creature adrift on a detached stream of ice in latitude sixty-eight degrees. He was running from side to side of the stream, appearing to be quite alive to the dangers of his situation, but he never attempted to take the water. The ship, in which I was at the time, was moored to a grounded iceberg, and as the stream came down against it, and was divided by it, I had an opportunity of throwing pieces of whale's krang on the ice, as it passed close by the ship's stern, and I saw the fox devouring a hearty meal, as soon as he had discovered them. It was very gratifying to me to think that my curiosity had led to some mitigation of the sufferings even of a poor fox.

These volumes acquire additional interest from the fact that the voyage which they describe is one of those which has of late years interested the world most, as the most successful of the searching expeditions that have been despatched in hope of sending rescue to our missing countrymen. The voyage of Captain Penny, or Mr. Penny, if we must not promote too high the master of a whaler, and the blue book that has arisen out of the collisions in opinion between Mr. Penny and Captain Austin, the genuine captain of her majesty's service, are still fresh; if anything that has got into a blue book can thereafter remain fresh in the public memory. The public has a strong opinion also that it is very much in debt to Mr. Penny. The public is disposed to think that his discoveries on Beachey Island, his exploration of Wellington Channel, and his longing look up the Queen's Channel over open water, have something in them that might have been fruitful of the best results, if her majesty's government, or her majesty's orthodox officers, could have been content to let such an unorthodox fellow as a whaling master keep the lead that he had taken. Having some notions of this kind the public will receive with interest a full and particular account of Captain or Mr. Penny's voyage, including his own journal of his sledging expedition, and the reports by Dr. Stewart, Mr. Goodsir, and Dr. Sutherland, of the expeditions from the ship in which they severally were concerned.

Such matter includes not only an unravelment to the full extent that is possible of the best existing clue to Sir John Franklin's track, but it includes also the interest that is attached to travels which involve discovery of places that have been unvisited before. For such details Dr. Sutherland's very minute account of the whole voyage will be sought by many readers. By others—naturalists—it will be sought as work that is in its whole extent interesting even when regarded solely from their points of view. Beyond these it has a charm for the most miscellaneous reader through the great abundance of its details and the vividness with which it therefore represents the condition of an Arctic voyager. In this respect a surgeon sailing under a commander who is bound by no rules of etiquette, and tied down to no regulations of the service, is much better placed than anybody who goes out under the fetters of a rigid discipline. We do not mean to find fault with navy discipline; but freedom of action is of course so far impeded by it, routine is so universal and etiquette so rigid, that there is less room for that free play of circumstance, out of the study of which knowledge is obtained.

For example:—

Since coming into winter quarters, and establishing regularity in the amount of labor exacted from the crews, the scale of victualling had undergone a modification, which resulted in a great saving of provisions, without reducing the daily allowance below what would be necessary in such a cold climate. It was always observed that in stormy weather, when the men could not engage in work or gymnastics, the amount of food consumed was considerably less; and since coming into winter quarters, although the temperature of the air had been forty or fifty degrees colder, there was less demand for food than during summer, when the labor which each had to endure was almost intolerable. In serving out provisions, our main object was to have the wants of the men supplied as adequately as possible; and as these depended entirely upon the amount of exercise taken, which varied very much at times, and upon the temperature, which also varied, the absurdity of establishing a scale of victualling for the whole year will be plain. In such a voyage as ours, where the object was to keep up health among the crews, without undue waste of the provisions, which could not be replaced, the plan which had been adopted was based upon the most correct principle, and any inefficiency that might attend its operation would depend entirely upon carelessness in keeping correct accounts of the stores as they might be expended. It is well known that, when seamen know that they are on strict allowance, they will continue to receive it, although it may be much more than they can use; but if they have an idea that their commander is desirous that they should have enough without waste, the person who serves out the stores to the cook receives intimation that their allowance is more than can be used. Perhaps such a system may appear to throw the ship's stores at the mercy of the crew, and without any doubt it does so; but it is on the safe side, and those in the merchant navy who have tried it can testify that there is a saving in it, of which they could have formed no idea. In the article of bread, in our expedition, the weekly allowance was six pounds, and, at that rate, we had enough for three years. It was served out every evening, but not weighed, and the result of the not weighing system was generally a saving of nearly a pound per man per week. Of course, such a system is opposed to the beautiful regulations of the navy, and one who consults order and regularity would never wish to see anything

superadded that might lead to anarchy; but, notwithstanding, it would be well to adopt some "sliding scale," which might have a safety-valve, both for the health of the crew, and the undue consumption of the provisions.

Upon the heating the cabins while in winter quarters, Dr. Sutherland writes:—

The safest temperature for men to live in on board ship during winter is about $+40^{\circ}$ or $+50^{\circ}$; but a range of from $+30^{\circ}$ to $+55^{\circ}$ may suit very well; and with it, in the main cabins, hoar-frost in the beds will never thaw if they are arranged along the ship's sides, where the beds are generally placed. It may appear exaggerated to state that the difference between the two temperatures to which we might be exposed alternately many times in the day throughout the winter, would, even with the above moderate, and in the eyes of some very low range, be greater than the change which a person would experience by being transferred from the severest winter in Great Britain to the hottest part of the intertropical regions. For example, in the cabin of the "Sophia" $+60^{\circ}$ might often be expected, and, in the open air, not unfrequently -40° would doubtless be felt before the end of winter. Between these two extremes there are 100 degrees—fully three times as much as the difference between the mean temperature of Great Britain and that of the tropics. But if the cabin should be heated up to $+72^{\circ}$ or more, and the air cooled down to -50° , which also may be expected, the two extremes would be found 122 degrees apart. Let 122° be added to $+38^{\circ}$, about the mean temperature of our winter months, and the result will be $+160^{\circ}$,—something unheard of, so far as I know, in the hottest tropical climate. This will explain the difference of temperature to which we were alternately exposed; and it will show that two distant extremes of heat and cold can be endured with impunity when there is little or no moisture present, and when those extremes are not owing to undue heating, but to low degrees of cold. It will also be clear, that nothing can hardly be more absurd than to increase the distance between these two extremes by the extravagant use of fuel, which ought to be used moderately, and is one of the most indispensable articles in an expedition in the Arctic Regions.

The following remarks upon the temperature of the ships are exceedingly suggestive, and may be taken as one among a thousand instances of the acute kind of observation in which these volumes abound.

The temperature of the ships varied a little from time to time, according to the force and direction of the wind and its temperature. In the apartment occupied by the crew, fifteen in number, on board the "Sophia," where there was a fire generally burning, it was about $+50^{\circ}$; but frequently it was below $+30^{\circ}$. The beds there, and the chinks of the partition between it and the main deck, often produced large quantities of ice; but this never did any harm, for it always continued in that state. I often observed the temperature of the air which rushed in at the lower part of the entrance of that place so low as -8° ; while that at the top was $+50^{\circ}$, rushing in an opposite direction; and about midway between the top and the bottom, within a space of four feet, that being the height of the entrance, there was a neutral point, in which the candle flame went neither out nor in, the lower part of it appearing to incline inward, while the upward inclined outward. In this there was a simple illustration of the phenomena of winds and typhoons, which rage across and devastate tropical countries. In the cabins of the "Sophia," and in the recesses, such as bed places, and lockers around them, the temperature frequently came down

to $+20^{\circ}$ or $+18^{\circ}$. This, however, was only in the parts "around" the cabins, where great quantities of ice accumulated; but in the two cabins it varied considerably. At the top it was often up to $+70^{\circ}$ or $+80^{\circ}$, while at our feet $+24^{\circ}$ was common. Sitting on the sofa in the small cabin, where there was a fire generally, although not constantly, a thermometer at the height of a person's head was $+50^{\circ}$; at his feet it was $+16^{\circ}$. From observing such differences, and knowing that there were still greater differences when the external air at -39° came into operation, we were very indifferent and careless about ventilation; for so long as the fires were kept up, and the funnels carried away the smoke and the heated air, the air within the ship would undergo renewal with sufficient activity.

Captain Penny's party had abundant experience in the intensity of cold, the temperature they endured falling at one period below the freezing point of mercury. Exercise in what an Arctic voyager would call cold weather produces extreme thirst and abundant exhalation from the skin, which of course freezes in the shape of hoar-frost under the clothes. Upon this subject Dr. Sutherland says:—

I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low. In this state it abstracts a large amount of moisture from the human body. The soft and extensive surface which the lungs expose, twenty-five times or oftener every minute, to nearly two hundred cubic inches of dry air, must yield a quantity of vapor which one can hardly spare with impunity. The human skin throughout its whole extent, even where it is brought to the hardness of horn, as well as the softest and most delicate parts, is continually exhaling vapor, and this exhalation creates in due proportion a demand for water. Let a person but examine the inside of his boots, after a walk in the open air at a low temperature, and the accumulation of condensed vapor which he finds there will convince him of the active state of the skin. I often found my stockings adhering to the soles of my Kilby's boots after a walk of a few hours. The hoar-frost and snow which they contained could not have been there by any other means except exhalation from the skin.

To such thirst, snow in the mouth adds only fresh torments.

The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay their insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used, and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes, but his good sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel, and convey it into his parching mouth; he has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed; at length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity, and in half an hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it has melted away; but his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire; the melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addi-

tion of saliva; he is in despair, but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin.

Here is another note in illustration of the old topic of Polar cold; which might be used with effect by any lecturer in illustration of a fact in natural philosophy:—

The sledge which I commanded had some of the nails in the iron on the runners started; by this our duties on the track-ropes became all the more difficult, and we often fell astern of the other sledges, in spite of our utmost efforts to keep up with them. The perspiration which flowed from us would really astonish a person already possessed of the idea that among ice, and exposed to low temperatures, we ought to feel cold. Thirst became unendurable, and the sledges had to be brought to a stand, to set the cooking vessels to work to prepare water. This was a feature in our travelling, for which no provision had been made in the way of fuel, and it was evident that what had been intended for only two meals a day could not prepare three. The tins which served as kettles required to be very carefully used; two were already thrown away as useless, from carelessness in putting in the snow when over the fire. Snow cannot be put in large quantities into a soldered vessel over the fire, at a temperature of something like -20° , for the water which the snow in contact with the bottom of the vessel produces becomes absorbed by the cold snow above it, and leaves the bottom of the vessel dry, in which state exposure to the heat of a flame, equal in size and heat to that of four or five candles, can hardly fail to melt the solder, and cause a leak.

This scientific habit of observation on the part of Doctor Sutherland causes these volumes in fact to be quite a mine of incident, that might be made richly available by writers or lecturers who desire to enliven and impress upon the mind their scientific theories by apposite anecdotes and illustrations. Of the masses of rock and shingle conveyed by icebergs and deposited upon their passage, Dr. Sutherland, among other matter, gives the following examples:—

At an elevation of from thirty to forty feet, on a comparatively level part of the west side of the island, we observed a block of granite without a single flaw, measuring sixteen feet in length, fourteen in breadth and twelve feet in height, and resting on the hard rock beneath, which presented quite a different structure. How it came there, and at what time, were questions, which could be solved by reference to the period in which the island was still beneath the waters of the ocean, which was then occupied, as it is now, by thousands of icebergs, carrying each, perhaps, thousands of tons of rock, and scattering it over the bottom of the sea, for many hundred miles' distance from the spot whence it had been received. The specific gravity of granite being 2.5, this block would weigh at least 186 tons; it would require a cube of ice, with a side of forty feet, to give it buoyancy in the water, and seven fathoms water to float it along. From this it may be easily conceived what an enormous mass of extraneous material, icebergs several miles in length and breadth, and drawing two to three hundred fathoms water, are capable of transporting from one place to another, without appearing to be in the least encumbered by it. Mr. Petersen told me that he once laid his nets for white whales in the month of October along the land where there were only a few fathoms water, and, having left them quite clear, he returned in a few hours to examine them, and, as may be supposed, was pleased to find that

some of the buoyant parts had disappeared under water ; a sure sign, he thought, that the animals for which they were intended had been entangled in their meshes, and had died, and sunk to the bottom. He proceeded at once to haul them in, but, to his astonishment, they did not contain a white whale, but an enormous boulder, which he found it impossible to move on the bottom, or to disentangle ; and the only way by which he recovered part of his net, was to cut away the portion of it in which the boulder lay. A small berg had been observed in the neighborhood, which, in passing, took the opportunity of dropping one of its jewels into the nets.

The following remarks, again, on the growth by the ships' company of mustard and water-cresses while in their winter quarters, could have come only from an intelligent observer :—

Water-cresses and mustard were reared with great care, and they were very highly prized. Several stems were examined, and found to be four to five inches in length. The proportion of water which the young plants contained was so great, that one could hardly expect to derive great benefit from a few ounces of them every week. A portion was exposed to a temperature of $+90^{\circ}$ to $+100^{\circ}$, until it ceased to lose weight by further exposure ; the remainder, containing all the antiscorbutic and nutritious properties of the plant, amounted to 6.5 per cent., which was not nearly one half the weight of the seed that had been used ; the 93.5 which escaped, unfortunately happened to be water. I tried the same experiment several times with both mustard and cress, so that I might, if possible, receive favorable impressions with respect to the gardening ; but the results were invariably the same, for the water which escaped by evaporation often exceeded 93 per cent. I could hardly credit that a plant grown in the dark, and destitute of every trace of green, containing such a large proportion of water, and almost insipid, with the exception of the acrid principles of the seed and its essential oil, could possess virtues worthy of the slightest confidence. The young plants were less acrid than the seed, and the essential oil had almost all disappeared ; their weight, too, was about half the weight of the seeds which produced them.

From so intelligent a witness, satiated as we are with codfish out of the troubled waters in which Lord Derby and his clumsy men go fishing, we may be willing to hear something of what might be done about the Reefkoll Bank in Davis' Strait :—

In the end of May, and in June and July, cod-fishing can be carried on in this part of the Strait with great advantage. I have known four lines, double-hooked, haul up upwards of six hundred fish in the course of four hours. The lines were many times not permitted to reach the bottom until they had hooked the fish, and required to be hauled in. Halibut (*Hippoglossus vulgaris*) is also very abundant. The cod-fishing vessels, which visit Davis' Strait every season, use the halibut to bait their hooks ; but the half of what is caught cannot be required for that purpose ; so that this fish often comes in for the fishermen's food, while fresh, or it is thrown overboard. We have great reason to regret that it is not in our power to establish curing and drying stations along the coast ; for, were this practicable, the excellent fish, with which those seas abound, could be brought into our markets at a higher remuneration, than fish similarly cured on the coast of Newfoundland. Some of the numerous islands along the coast are particularly well adapted for this purpose ; the sanction of the Danish government would be easily obtained, as it would not at all interfere with the settlements along the west coast of Greenland. It often occurred to me

that the ships, after killing and salting forty thousand, or as many cod-fish as could well be taken, might "seek across" the Strait to its western shore ; this might be reached in a day or two, according to the state of the ice, and in this case they could engage in drying the fish and preparing it for the market, before thorough saturation with salt could possibly have happened. I do not think this plan has ever been tried ; but until some such system be fully carried out, it is very improbable we shall be able fully to appreciate the importance due to Davis' Strait, and the superiority of the fish frequenting its banks.

We have not quoted from these volumes any part of the account of Mr. Penny's discoveries. Their general character is so familiar to the public, and their whole matter so interesting, that having shown how accurate and intelligent a reporter they have found in Dr. Sutherland, we think we do best in leaving him to tell the tale through his own volumes to our readers. There is no new light thrown on the questions previously existing, but Captain Penny's voyage is narrated very faithfully and very ably, so that it will be travelled over again with hearty interest by many readers who sit quietly at home with the journal of Dr. Sutherland before them.

From the Spectator.

SUTHERLAND'S JOURNAL OF PENNY'S VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF FRANKLIN.

Of the four expeditions that started in 1850, in search of Sir John Franklin—the American, the vessel under the command of the veteran Sir James Ross, the squadron of steamers and sailing-vessels, and Mr. Penny's—the last undoubtedly was the most satisfactory in its results, especially when its paucity of means compared with those of the larger government expedition is considered. This was chiefly owing to the long experience of Mr. Penny in command of a whaler, and to his faith. That habitual faculty, which in practical matters supersedes reason and almost seems instinct, enabled him to see and seize opportunities of action among the ice which many men would have lost, and to jump to just conclusions as to the course to be pursued, when even he could give no reason for his decision, except his experience. It was this faculty which sometimes enabled him in ice-fields to beat Captain Austin's vessels in spite of steam, and to penetrate as far as they did. His exploration of Wellington Channel, his discovery and partial examination of the gulf beyond, were mainly owing to a belief, which it seems he could not convey to others, that Franklin had taken that course. This trusting faith of the hardy seaman forms a strong contrast to the more critical conclusion of Captain Austin. That officer appears to have formed an early opinion either that Franklin's ships could not be reached at all, or not from the direction of Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound ; but that, whether they could or could not, it was quite impracticable for any of the vessels then in Barrow's Strait to render them assistance. This opinion was probably the correct one ; Penny himself seems to have entertained it in spite of his wishes. When he first came upon the water beyond Wellington Channel, at a place called from that circumstance Point Surprise, he gave spontaneous utterance to his thoughts. "The moment I passed over Point Surprise, the expression that escaped me was, 'No one will

ever reach Sir John Franklin; here we are, and no traces are to be found; so we returned to the sledges very much disappointed." And a similar feeling arose after he had brought his boat to the water, and was finally compelled to return, from failure of provisions.

Erected a cairn, and took another view of the expanse of water that was before my eyes—Oh, to have been here only with my two little vessels! what could we not have done in the way of search! But I greatly fear, if we had, the missing ships are beyond our reach. That there is a large Arctic sea beyond this channel, in which the ice is constantly in motion, there can be no doubt; for where could all the ice have gone to? where does the comparatively fresh drift-wood come from? It must be from America or Siberia, and that through a body of drifting ice. Had Sir John Franklin left documents, surely he would have done so upon this headland, or Dundas Island. We found none; Mr. Stewart was in the same state; we were all in the same predicament as when winter-quarters were discovered by us in August, 1850. At midnight we turned into our sleeping-bags.

Still, although Captain Austin may have been right in his determination to return, the critical or sceptical faculty is not the faculty for action. More, perhaps, he might not have done by persevering in the direction of Melville Island than his boats had already accomplished; but it is to be regretted that he did not, when the water was clearing in Barrow's Straits, attempt to send his steamers in a westerly direction. It is in taking immediate advantage of temporary openings and calm weather, that steam would seem to be of use in Arctic navigation. It is evident that it is of little permanent avail, since those ships which had no assistance from steam got as far as those which were assisted.

The voyage out through Davis' Strait and the Eastern side of Baffin's Bay—the attempt to penetrate Jones' Sound, and the passage through Lancaster Sound to Assistance Harbor, near the entrance to Wellington Channel—are interesting from Dr. Sutherland's observations upon nature, and his descriptions of the incidents of the voyage, though these resemble other northern voyages. The narrative of the writer's winter sojourn and the return owe their attraction to the same causes. The great feature of the voyage, and that which most fully displays the indomitable endurance and cheerful courage of the British sailor, is the exploration of Wellington Channel, and the water beyond it, now named Queen's Channel. The first was thoroughly explored, and the shores of the Queen's Channel surveyed for some distance by sledge-parties working over the ice; while Penny, as soon as he discovered open water, returned to the ships for a whale-boat to traverse the tempting sea. This gallant effort was to a great extent baffled by the weather. For a month the wind was almost constantly adverse, blowing the loose ice that was floating in Queen's Channel, and the supposed sea beyond it, into the straits formed by several islands that separate Wellington from Queen's Channel, and blocking them up. Here the party remained examining the land when the water was entirely closed, or the sea too dangerous to venture upon, but launching their boat whenever a chance of getting on occurred. In all these explorations, there is a continual exhibition of what men can be trained to undergo, and undergo cheerfully; hard labor in dragging sledges

over surfaces that the landsman would find it difficult to move upon; hardships in wading through slush and water, sleeping upon snow, and faring coarsely; suffering from cold, wet, frost-bites, and snow blindness. Yet, except when a weaker constitution occasionally gave way, all was borne cheerily, and privation or hardship made a joke of.

Of the different narratives of this search, that of Mr. Penny, inserted in a distinct chapter, is the most interesting, from the hopes that are excited, and the mystery hanging over the unexplored waters. It has also a further feature, as bringing out the ardent, unaffected, transparent character of the mariner. We have already quoted his first thoughts touching his power of reaching Franklin, and similar displays are frequent in his journal. But it has matter of deeper interest, both as regards danger and the striking scenes of Arctic nature. It was their custom to empty their boat to sleep in, after hauling it into a place of safety; which, however, was not always secure.

Wednesday, July 2d.—The first few hours of morning we had a partial breeze from the eastward, which brought the ice out of the channel. It came tearing along the land at a fearful rate, turning up immense hummocks in its progress. I felt very restless and could not sleep. The boat began to move a little. I took it into my head that there was a bear outside. My hand was upon my pistol, and all ready for action; I put out my head beneath the lower edge of the covering of the boat, and it was well I did so at the time, for immense hummocks were tumbling over and over, with the pressure, within a few yards of us. No one waited to put on his clothes, for each flew to the provisions, and conveyed them up to the face of the precipice, and then to the boat to attend to its safety. The ice on which it rested was broken into several pieces, and thrown very much from its level, by the pressure among the hummocks around it. In the middle of the channel it was truly fearful, and could be compared to nothing but an earthquake. Some pieces were rising to a height of twenty feet, and tumbled down with tremendous crashing and rending. We again turned in beneath our covering; but little sleep was obtained, for every one was peeping from beneath the housing-cloth.

The observations of Dr. Sutherland on glaciers, icebergs, their transport and dissolution, contain many valuable facts in relation to geology. A scene singular in itself, and showing how soil and its contents may readily be carried to ice, and thence transported seaward, took place in Assistance Harbor, when the warmth of summer assisted by rain had accumulated water and partially melted the snow.

July 6th.—The heavy rain of the preceding night caused an accumulation of water in some of the lakes around Assistance Bay, which the snow in the water-courses leading from them was unable to dam up any longer. There had been some water making its way to the sea from the lakes through the ravines which were full of snow, but it was not in great quantity, for the channel which it had established for itself was not sufficient to carry it off in due proportion to the accumulation in the reservoirs above. Probably there might have been a temporary blocking up of the channel by snow, which would certainly account for the accumulation. At an early hour in the morning we were roused by the sound of an advancing stream. A small lake on the east side of the harbor burst open the barrier of snow which opposed its exit from its tranquil bed, and its contents dashed with impetuous violence to the harbor, carrying masses of snow from the sides of the ravine through

which it had to seek its way. A portion of the harbor was inundated, but a wide crack in the ice permitted the water to pass through without spreading over the whole harbor. At the part where the water issued from the beach, the ice was covered with blocks of snow, five or six feet high. This ought to give an idea of the depth of water which would be necessary to float such huge masses. However, all these blocks did not float down; for their course was of a more destructive character both to themselves and the bottom of the stream. Standing at the border of the roaring stream, which we knew would not continue above a few hours, we could watch the descent of the large cubes of snow as they were hurried along—now coming to a stand and damming up the water as it went foaming over them; now sliding along the bottom, as if they were reluctant to leave the place which had afforded them shelter for so long a time; and now rolling over and over, until they came to a dead stand by the water shallowing as its surface became more extensive. We visited the lake, and found that it was almost dry. Its situation was one favorable to a violent débâcle, such as we had just witnessed. In the evening a similar occurrence took place on the opposite side of the harbor, but of much greater extent. A chain of small lakes beyond Prospect Hill burst open, and, rushing with great violence along the hitherto almost dry water-course, tearing up masses of rock, and bearing down a burden of white mud set free among the rolling stones at the bottom, they spread their contents over the whole of the harbor; for there was no crack in the ice which could transmit such a large body of water into the sea. The sounds of running streams had become so familiar to our ears that no notice was taken of this sudden discharge, until a person went on deck, and exclaimed, that the ice in the harbor had all disappeared, except the hummocks, which were still to be seen above the surface of the water. "Surely," he continued, "the ice must have sunk." A moment's reflection, however, convinced him that it was all a delusion. The white color of the water thus spread over the ice in the harbor appeared in very striking contrast with the blue sea in the offing. On the following day it had all disappeared, and the ice through which it had percolated was covered with a coating of the mud which it had brought down.

The following is a sample of risks in returning from a visit in the Arctic regions :—

Mr. Stewart, who accompanied Captain Ommanney and his party to Griffith's Island, said that they narrowly escaped being drifted down Barrow Straits, after the boat was sent back by them, having reached the floe, over which they intended to travel to the ships. The weather was very thick, and as they thought that a short cut could be made across the ice, which I told them was only four miles in breadth to the ships, they disembarked and commenced their march. After they had been travelling three hours, I believe, in what they thought was the direction of the ships—for they could not see above three hundred yards through the mist, they came to the north edge of the ice, and found a lane of water extending from east to west, about three to five hundred yards in breadth; so broad, indeed, that they could only catch a faint glimpse of the ice on the opposite side. They must have looked into one another's faces, when they were thus arrested in a thick mist on a drifting floe. However, "*nil est desperandum mortalibus*": they looked first at one another, and then up and down for a fragment of ice of sufficient dimensions to ferry them across to the opposite side. In this too they were almost foiled, for the floe on which they stood presented a straight edge, with hardly a single loose fragment. At length, by dint of perseverance, a detached piece was found that appeared suitable; and on this the whole party I think of five persons, embarked, first

stripping to a single covering, that they might be in readiness to save themselves by swimming, if the frail boat to which they intrusted their lives should yield them up to the deep blue water by which it was borne. They used their guns as paddles, and the utmost caution was observed lest a sudden motion should upset them: each took his place, and dared not move from it, although his feet, protected only by stockings, were excruciatingly cold. It would be difficult to know whether they were shivering from cold or fear. Stewart told me that one of the party said, on reaching and landing on the opposite ice, "Thank God! that makes one think of his wife and weak family." They arrived at the squadron in a short time; and so terminated safely, like all the others, one of the visits to Assistance Harbor.

A school was one mode of passing the winter. Dr. Sutherland's remarks upon the scholars have a metaphysical interest, as well as that of a picture of man in strange circumstances.

The school was conducted four nights in the week, and three hours each night, in the half-decks, by the medical officers of both ships; and, generally speaking, the men appeared to be very desirous to improve in the various branches of a common school education. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, were attended to, and occasionally geography was introduced. Some of them were really very ignorant; and those were the persons who were least desirous to learn anything that cost them an effort. It was heartless work for the man of thirty-five, who had been married for fifteen years, to sit for hours together poring over the simplest arithmetical calculations. There were about a dozen in the *Sophia* who gave fair promise that before winter was over they should be able to work a lunar distance or navigate a ship to any part of the world. They all appeared to be interested in geography; and although we were very deficient in geographical books and maps, having only one very old map of the world, and a single copy of that excellent work, "*Johnston's Physical Atlas*," which did not belong to the ship, it was astonishing with what facility a very correct idea of the form of the earth, the distribution of land and water, the sources, directions, and terminations of the rivers, the mountain chains, with their heights, the extent and boundaries of kingdoms, the distribution of heat and cold, of animals, and of the varieties of the human race, was obtained by persons who could hardly sign their names, when practical illustrations of the various subjects were made.

It was found that much good was to be done by bringing geography before them; for generally, after they were left by their teachers, discussions were commenced, whether Cape Horn is an island, or the Chinese are all Romanists like the Mexicans, and whether the crocodiles of the Nile and the alligators of the Mississippi are the same species of animals; and it was often necessary to reply to their interrogations, and to settle disputes, upon which had been exhausted all the experience they could accumulate in the fore-castle, where there were persons who had been in all parts of the world.

This is a striking natural picture—the dissolution of an iceberg in Baffin's Bay.

From four o'clock in the morning till ten, for six hours, our attention was continually attracted by the thundering noise and convulsive motions of an iceberg, which happened to be crumbling to pieces in the act of changing its position in the water. It was of immense size, not less than two hundred and fifty feet above the surface of the water, and half a mile in length and breadth. It could be compared to a cube, each of the sides of which would measure half a mile. The upper surface was perfectly horizontal, but pre-

sented a rough pinnacled appearance, as if a number of rough, irregularly pointed, conical eminences, varying from twenty to thirty feet in height, had been closely planted side by side on it. The sides were perfectly perpendicular, and almost quite straight; but they appeared to be a little fissured, as if the depressions between the pinnacles had been continued a little downwards, in the form of cracks or narrow crevices.

When an immense iceberg begins to tumble to pieces and change its position in the water, the sight is really grand, perhaps one that can vie with an earthquake. Masses inconceivably great, four times the size of St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, are submerged in the still blue waters, to appear again at the surface, rolling and heaving gigantically in the swelling waves. Volumes of spray rise like clouds of white vapor into the air all round, and shut out the beholder from a scene too sacred for eyes not immortal. The sound that is emitted is not second to terrific peals of thunder, or the discharge of whole parks of artillery. The sea, smooth and tranquil, is aroused, and oscillations travel ten or twelve miles in every direction; and if ice should cover its surface in one entire sheet, it becomes broken up into detached pieces, in the same manner as if the swell of an extensive sea or ocean had reached it. And, before a quiescent state is assumed, probably two or three large icebergs occupy its place, the tops of some of which may be at an elevation of upwards of two hundred feet, having in the course of the revolution turned up the blue mud from the bottom at a depth of two to three hundred fathoms.

So many accounts of Arctic Expeditions have been published within the last thirty years, that even their strange and striking scenes have lost something of their novelty. Interest as well as variety, however, are given to Dr. Sutherland's narrative by the pursuits of the author. The profession of medicine and a taste for natural history not only directed his attention to the hygienic circumstances of the voyage and the wintering, as well as to the many rare facts in natural history that such a voyage would produce, but they have colored the work by constant pictures of external nature. This feature continually varies the monotony of a sea-voyage by exhibiting some of the wonders of the deep, and gives animation to the barrenness of the Arctic regions by calling attention to the vegetable, insect, and animal life, with which the most rigorous regions are teeming at times.

From Chambers' Journal.

A DAINTY DISH.

AMONG the variety of curious insects which are common to tropical climates, the groogroo worms of the West Indies may be considered particularly interesting. From the peculiar manner in which they are produced, and from the circumstance of their constituting a choice article of food for man, they become entitled to some attention.

The groogroo worm—so called because it is found in a species of palm vulgarly called the groogroo—is the larva of a large-sized beetle, the *Prionus*, which is peculiar to the warm latitudes of America. With the exception of a slight similarity about the region of the head, the worm bears no resemblance to the parent beetle. When full grown, it is about 3½ inches in length, having the body large and turgid, and increasing in circumference from the head towards the opposite extremity. The head is of a corneous, opaque

substance. It has neither eyes nor the rudiments of the antennæ which distinguish the beetle tribe. It is, however, provided with the mandibles and other oral apparatus of the mandibulate group of insects, and it is only in this feature that any connection with the beetle can be traced. The trunk is precisely that of a worm; it consists of many closely-knitted segments, which are possessed of an extraordinary contractile power. It bears no mark which would indicate a future metamorphosis into a beetle. There is no sign of a future division into thorax and abdomen. There are no rudiments of wings or feet, as the under surface of the body presents exactly the same appearances as the upper. At the posterior extremity of the worm, however, there is a small horny termination, something like the hinder part of a leech. The organs are exceedingly simple, the digestive being the most developed. Albumen is the substance which composes its body, and its blood is of a greenish tint. With a motion similar to that of the earthworm, it perforates with extraordinary rapidity into the substance of the tree in which it is found.

When the moon is at her full, the gatherer of worms enters a neighboring wood, and selects a young *palmiste* tree. This is a tree of the palm order, exceedingly stately and graceful, growing sometimes to the extraordinary height of eighty feet. From the roots upwards, it has not a single branch or shrubby excrescence, but grows beautifully smooth and straight, tapering towards the top. At its top, an abundance of the richest and most beautiful leaves spread out in graceful symmetry, and bend down on all sides, forming a figure like an umbrella; while the young leaf, still firm and compact in its foliar envelope, is seen standing erect in the centre of this foliage, like a lightning-conductor.

When a promising *palmiste* is found, the gatherer makes an incision into it with a cutlass or a hatchet. This incision is generally in the figure of a half-moon, with the base of the semicircle downwards, and the wound increasing in depth in that direction, so as to expose effectually the flesh of the tree. When this is done, the gatherer marks the locality, and leaves the tree, which he does not revisit for a considerable time. When the moon is in her wane, he returns and examines his *palmiste*. If the young leaf, together with the others, begins to show a yellow tinge at its extremity, and if, on application of his ear to the trunk, a hollow, rumbling noise is heard within, he concludes that the worms have attacked the vital parts, and the tree is immediately cut down; but if these symptoms are absent, the tree is left standing until they appear. The gatherer, however, must now visit the tree frequently, because the transition of the insects is so rapid, that almost immediately after the appearance of the yellow tinge the whole would disappear. When the tree is felled, a square portion of the bark is cut out longitudinally from the original incision upwards, and its fibrous texture laid open. Myriads of worms are then seen voraciously devouring their way through the substance. In capturing them some degree of dexterity is necessary, both to protect one's self from the mandibles of the insects, which inflict a painful bite, and also to save time, by preventing them from burrowing out of sight. When the worms are taken, they are placed into a closed vessel, where they continue to retain their activity and vigor.

The number that can be procured from a single tree depends altogether upon the season in which it is wounded. If the moon is at her full, they are generally numerous and good—many thousands being found in an ordinary young tree of 25 feet in height. If a few succeed in eluding the gatherer, they do so only to become a prey of as voracious animals; for the wild hogs, or *quencos*, of the forest relish much the soft substance of the palmiste when in a state of decomposition. It never happens, therefore, that much time passes before they discover any palmiste-tree that has been felled; and, as soon as night sets in, they flock in numbers to the spot and devour the whole substance. A gathering of worms, therefore, brings a hunt of *quencos*; and the gatherer, when his first business is over, chooses a convenient tree, where he places himself in ambush. Seated on a cross branch, he awaits the coming of the animals.

It is difficult to form an idea of the peculiar excitement of this midnight sport in the thick woods of a tropical country. The usual stillness of the night, and the solitude of the wilderness—the croaking of the night-birds, the movement of every leaf, animated as it is by the myriads of nocturnal insects that fill the atmosphere—the brilliant and fleeting fire-flies traversing the gloom—the strange animals wandering in their nightly prowlings—the approach of the grunting hogs, and the incidents of the hunt; all these things, combined with the idea of isolation when a man finds himself alone in the wilds of a scarcely pervious forest, create an inexpressible feeling of mingled fear, pleasure, and anxiety.

Before the worms are cooked, they are, each in its turn, carefully pricked with an orange-thorn, and thrown into a vessel containing a sauce of lime-juice and salt. This is for the purpose of cleansing them from the viscid fluid they may have imbibed from the palmiste. Notwithstanding this discipline, the worms retain their vitality till they are deprived of it by the culinary process. The simpler mode of dressing them is to spit a number together on a piece of stick or a long orange-thorn, and roast them before the fire in their own fat. The general mode, however, is by frying them with or without a sauce, and when dressed in this manner, they form a most savoury dish.

Groogroo worms are considered great delicacies in some parts of the West Indies, chiefly in those whose inhabitants are of French or Spanish origin. The good old planter at his table presents you with a dish of worms, with as much pride as an epicure in England introduces you to cod-sounds, eels, or high venison. Nor does it appear that there is any peculiarity in the taste of those who relish the insects; because it very frequently happens that the stranger, who manifested on his arrival the greatest disgust at the idea of eating worms, becomes immediately converted into an extravagant lover of them.

It may appear strange, that, in the tropics, especially, where nature provides so abundantly for the wants of man, such creatures should be resorted to as articles of consumption; but while we on this side of the Atlantic are shocked at the idea of eating worms, the West Indian consumer in his turn expresses surprise that human beings can use things which resemble snakes so much as eels, and pronounces it to be the height of uncleanness to eat frogs, as some of the continentals do. Indeed, the groogroo worm is by no means more

repulsive in appearance than any of the other unprepossessing creatures which are so highly prized. It would be a difficult matter to decide on the merits of the many extraordinary things which the taste of man, in its morbid cravings, has discovered and converted into luxurious use; and the philosopher finds himself at last driven to take shelter from his own unanswerable inquiries behind the concluding power of that most true, but somewhat musty proverb: "De gustibus non est disputandum."

From the Times, 26th August.

FISHING BOUNTIES.

IN one of the Western States of America, before civilization had entirely conquered nature, considerable annoyance was experienced from the multitude and ferocity of the indigenous bears, and to such a pitch did the evil arise that it was taken under the immediate cognizance of the local government. With the view of accelerating the extinction of this troublesome tribe, these authorities resorted to the ingenious and highly popular machinery of "bounties"—that is to say, they promised to pay from the common treasury a certain sum for every bear's head that was produced. To be sure, it was already the interest of every man to lend his best aid to the extirpation of a plague from which he, as well as all the rest, was suffering, and, if the work properly pertained to the people, it could hardly be requisite to pay the people for doing it. However, the terms were published, and the coffers of the State were pledged to a fixed premium upon slaughtered bears. The new pursuit thus opened was followed with alacrity by a good many woodsmen, but to none did it appear so profitable as to a certain citizen, highly distinguished for his intelligence, but not hitherto remarkable for excellence in sportsmanship. At last the steady and increasing supply of bears' heads from this quarter attracted some close inquiry, when it was discovered that the producer had been privately breeding the animals to a very large extent. The "bounty" awarded by the State was sufficient to render bears a profitable agricultural stock, and was accordingly made instrumental in perpetuating the identical race it was designed to extinguish. On the practice being denounced as unlawful, the premiums being withdrawn from this home manufacture, the proprietor, it is said, at once turned his whole stock into the woods, and thus supplied the neighborhood with rather more bears, upon the whole, than they had enjoyed before the first experiment of "bounties."

Whether this story is either very true, or only very well imagined, we are not much concerned to decide; but if any reader is inclined to dismiss the former supposition as intrinsically unlikely, we can help him to a fact of the present day which is very little behind the American anecdote. The French government pays a "bounty" upon the capture of herrings, not, indeed, with a desire to sweep the sea of these savory little creatures, but with the "higher aim," as it is termed, of fostering a hardy school of mariners. It appears that these prize scholars repair to the British shores to fish, but as the work comes by no means so naturally to them as it does to us, they are in the habit of *purchasing* herrings from our Scarborough and Yarmouth sailors, and presenting them for payment as their own proper and original produce. So notorious has this practice become, that over-

seers are now appointed to secure the government in fair play; and at this very moment a fine French steamer of war, with a couple of tenders, is stationed off Shields—not to protect, as Mr. Webster would express it, "the hook and line, bob and sinker" of these honest fishermen, but to keep a watch over their doings, and see that they perform the part for which they are paid. On the whole bargain, therefore, the French government first pays a gratuitous "bounty" on the take of fish, which are not taken by the alleged takers; next, provides an encouragement extraordinary for the very rivals which it is aiming to surpass; and, finally, in order to stop the cheat, is obliged to find men-of-war to prevent its own traders from defrauding its own exchequer. A more delightful illustration of protection it would be hard to find.

This is the species of favor for which our North American colonies have recently been petitioning. It is said that their fishermen ought to have "bounties;" that is to say, that, over and above the natural inducements to take fish for sale, there should be a special premium on every cod's head and shoulders, payable by the State. Nothing less, it is declared, will put the colonists on a level with the Americans, and maintain that "hardy school of mariners" to which we must resort in the contingency of war. Now, it should be understood—if, indeed, there can be any misconceptions after the late discussion of the subject—that the fisheries lie off our own coasts, and not off the coasts of our neighbors; that three miles' space, measured from the shore, is secured to us absolutely; and that to the more distant grounds of the north we are many leagues nearer than the Americans. The consequence of these advantages is that our fishermen can employ a smaller class of vessels than their rivals, and thereby start with a less expensive outfit. The best fishing-grounds lie at their very doors, and they can use light, manageable nets with great effect. It was urged, too, by Mr. Everett, in his note to Lord Aberdeen, that all the rough materials of the trade—such as timber and iron, canvass and cordage, hooks and lines—were cheaper in the colonies than in the states, and that the former were notoriously favored in all facilities for salting and curing. It was in consideration, indeed, of the superiority thus enjoyed by the colonists that the protective duties of the states were instituted—an arrangement by which the Americans are saddled with a halfpenny a pound on all the fish they consume, for the satisfaction of going out to fetch it themselves instead of having it brought to their doors.

Now, with the views of the United States government in this respect we will not at present concern ourselves. They have made it a duty not only to purvey fish, but to create fishermen, and fishermen have been forthcoming. On the other hand, our colonies, it is said, are being fast excluded from their natural avocations under the operations of the system thus artificially maintained, and it is proposed, accordingly, to set them on their feet again by taking a leaf out of the American book, and protecting our seamen as well as theirs. But, we ask, where is this competition to stop? We may describe the whole rivalry as a race for the working of the fisheries. The fish require men to take them, and there is a struggle between two states which shall supply these men. The British colonies have the precedence of natural superiority, which the Americans encounter

by artificial encouragements on the other side. These encouragements it is proposed again to counterbalance by colonial "bounties," in which event the Americans must either increase their own protection or retire from the field. They are not very likely to adopt the latter alternative, so that the only discernible result is a race of folly which would end in making a dish of salt-fish about as costly as a haunch of New Forest venison—a joint estimated, we believe, all forest charges included, at the value of 130 guineas, or thereabouts. But the experience of commerce is now sufficient to prove that these artificial arrangements are never desirable. If our colonies, with all their inalienable advantages of situation and produce, cannot find encouragement enough in the ordinary way of trade to practise fishing, the conclusion is, not that fishing should be made still more attractive by pecuniary bounties, but that some other calling must supersede it. We need hardly say, however, that such an event is utterly improbable. No doubt the colonists would be glad of a bounty, but they are not likely to fail for want of it. The Yarmouth boatmen would still be the best herring-fishers, even if Holland or Denmark gave a premium of a shilling on every fish.

IRON ARCHITECTURE.—Some years ago, a work appeared developing the theory of an entirely new system of architecture, of which the elements are to be, not stone and timber, bricks and mortar, but iron, slate, glass, porcelain, &c. The author, Mr. W. Vose Pickett, contemplates nothing less than a complete revolution in our present principles and materials of construction; for him there "looms in the future" not merely an isolated "Crystal Palace" here and there, but whole metallic streets and cities. The church, the shop, the mansion, the model lodging-house, the cottage—all equally are to be made of wrought-iron, in conjunction with slate and other materials such as those named above. After Mr. Pickett had, as an architect, conceived and elaborated his theory on grounds of fine art, he became acquainted with a patent taken out by Mr. George for practical purposes of construction in similar materials—providing for all the jointings being made upon the dove-tail principle, and for insuring a pressure of superincumbent weight outwards in lieu of vertical pressure. Both gentlemen are, we understand, now working in combination to bring their plans before the public.

We inspected this week a series of designs, plans, models, &c., in illustration of the system, at No. 58 Jermyn Street; where they will continue visible (by ticket) during the current month and August. More nearly approaching in general aspect the Saracenic than any other style of architecture, Mr. Pickett's designs naturally present an air of peculiar lightness of form, minuteness and multiplicity of detail, and brilliancy of decorative color. Designs for a permanent building of cognate application to that now vanishing from Hyde Park, for dwellings for the working-classes, and for Quadrant-canopy and shelter (proposed when the range of columns was removed), are among the most noticeable in subject; and we may remark that Mr. Pickett exhibits this year at the Royal Academy. We are informed that a granary has already been erected on the new system.

The chief advantages urged in its behalf are those of cheapness, cleanliness, freedom from vermin, durability without the need of repair, movability (allowing special scope for exportation of houses of this construction to the colonies, &c.), and economy of space; the thickness of the walls—although in all cases to be formed of double plates with an interval space between—being but of inches where feet are now sometimes required.—*Spectator*, 20 July.

From Tait's Magazine.

WHAT IS DOING IN GERMANY.

WHAT Prince Metternich has said of Italy, that it was "only a geographical definition," is not much less applicable now to Germany, if we except the police exercised by the "Bundestag" against everything, right or wrong, which betrays a leaning to principles opposed to the divine right of kings. Everywhere else there is a *bellum omnium contra omnes*, a continual and most inveterate warfare of national jealousies, hostile nationalities, and clashing interests. It would be a difficult and ungrateful task to unravel to the eye of foreigners a scene of such confusion; but there are some parts of it connected with the general state of European affairs that deserve to be better understood than may be done from newspaper articles.

The first thing that strikes us is the spectacle of an *entente cordiale* between the monarchs of the two principal German states, Austria and Prussia, and the discord reigning between their nations and governments. We should not have been very much astonished to see his Prussian majesty hastening from the inauguration of the statue of Frederick the Great to Vienna, if he could expect there to be dubbed a knight of the order of the Golden Fleece; and we believe that the latter ceremony would have given him at least as much satisfaction as the former. But then we ought not to forget that these are merely individual views and propensities of royalty, there being probably not a man in the whole Prussian monarchy who would rejoice to see his king in the capacity of "Arch-Steward to the Holy Roman Empire," presenting a silver wash-basin to the successor of Charlemaigne. On the contrary, it is with the deepest regret the people of Prussia see their government not only reversing the whole system on which the greatest genius of his age founded the strength of his young realm a century ago, but also struggling in vain to maintain those positions, selected by the late king, on which to rest his authority in the German union. They were of a twofold character, relating to the two essential foundations of a State; religious and material interests. For the better securing peace in the Protestant Church, and thereby strengthening her power, Frederic William III. had caused the Lutherans and Calvinists of his empire to unite in one common doctrine and liturgy, called, *par excellence*, "*Die Union*" (The Union). And in order to shake off the trammels laid upon traffic and commerce by some forty to fifty different custom-lines, intersecting Germany in the most eccentric directions, he had founded the "Zollverein" (Customs-union), upon the simple principle of a common frontier with regard to customs, embracing the united countries, and a common collection of duties, the amount of which was to be divided among them according to their respective populations. The effect of both these measures was, to cause Prussia to be looked upon as the shield of Protestantism, and as the great promoter of material welfare in Germany, which golden opinions caused the National Assembly of Frankfurt, in April, 1849, to present to the reigning king the crown of the newly constituted German Empire. But here the matter ended.

Such a crown could not be accepted from such hands. Still the honor was too great not to be sought by other means; and a Congress was, in the spring of 1850, invited to Berlin, to make the sovereign German princes and the free cities con-

sent to Prussia's being invested with a sort of liege-lordship, or protectorship, over them. The result was that of all half-measures, making friends distrust the intentions as well as the power of Prussia, alienating others, and encouraging secret enemies in their opposition. Above all, it was the personal disinclination of the king to do anything that might give offence to Austria, which made the whole plan dissolve like snow in April, and led at last to the dismissal of General Radowitz, as minister to the crown, high as he personally stood in the favor of his monarch. But Austria, now aroused to action, was not to be appeased or satisfied by such sacrifices. The days of Olmutz were only part of that system laid down by Prince Schwarzenberg, and so emphatically expressed by him in the words, "*Il faut d'abord avilir la Prusse, et puis la démolir*"—(Prussia must first be made contemptible, and then destroyed)! It was pursued by him from motives of national policy, not less than of personal animosity; and he immediately set to attacking the enemy in his strongest positions, those mentioned above. The Zollverein was to open its embrace to Austria, as a new associate; not *that* Austria being member of the German Union, but the whole Austrian empire, including Hungary, Italy, &c., with a population of about thirty-seven millions, more than two thirds of whom were aliens from German language, customs, and civilization. It was meant thus to take from the Zollverein the character it had most pride in, that of German nationality; consequently, to deprive its head of the charin attached to it, and to give the command into the hands of the most powerful. For the *religious affairs* the Jesuits were called in to assist, and their missionaries let loose over Germany, Protestant as well as Catholic, to encourage the faithful, confirm the doubtful, recall the backward, and convert the heretic. It is difficult to say whether it was more Austrian clearness of foresight, steadiness of purpose, and cleverness of execution, or more the absolute want of all these qualities, perhaps even something worse, on the side of Prussia, which brought matters to their present crisis.

The Zollverein treaties were to be renewed before the 1st January, 1854. But instead of convoking its members to a regular congress, laying down those principles upon which it had to be modified or constructed anew, and proving the necessity of their adoption, in order to accomplish the long-wished-for accession of the states of Northern Germany—those states commanding the sea-coasts and carrying on the foreign commerce of the country—the Prussian ministry secretly concluded a treaty with Hanover, by which they bought her submission to the Zollverein tariff (with some reductions as to colonial produce) for a certain extra sum of money to be yearly paid from the Zollverein's receipts; and, after having surprised their allies with the news, they, without awaiting the stipulated term, gave them notice that the former treaties were to cease with the end of the year 1853. And though they declared their intention not to treat with Austria before the remodelling of the Zollverein should have been accomplished, they did not even fix a time for negotiations to this purpose.

The effect of this manner of proceeding turned against their authors, who were not the men to understand their position, or, though in a *soi-disant* constitutional country, either to maintain it against the inclination of their monarch or to retire from

office. On the one hand, they had irritated the Southern States of Germany by the concessions granted to Hanover; on the other, they had destroyed the principal benefit they could derive from the accession of a maritime country, with a flourishing trade and navigation under the free-trade principle, by making her accept a protectionist tariff, and had thrown away their most powerful weapon for the impending negotiations. For, the system of protection once secured to them, what had Prussia still to offer if Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, &c., jealous and full of animosity as they were, refused to treat otherwise than upon their own conditions? Nor did this consequence long delay to show itself. Austria was beforehand in inviting the German states to a congress at Vienna, holding out the promise of changing her prohibitive system into one of high protection duties; and, though Prussia declined attending, a treaty of commerce, as precursory to a Zollverein, including the Austrian empire, was concluded, and the preliminaries to such a Zollverein were fixed under certain provisos. At the same time a number of the Zollverein states signed a convention at Darmstadt, by which they bound themselves to form a separate Zollverein, in case Prussia should persist in her present refusal to treat with Austria, or a new union with Austria could not be brought about. Thus Prussia was left entirely isolated; and, instead of acting in the only way becoming an independent power and an enlightened government, that of standing upon a solid and comprehensive ground, like that of free-trade, and proclaiming its effective application, by which she would have won numerous new and powerful allies, she tried in vain to combat the effects of a principle she had admitted, till we see her now sending Monsieur de Bismark to Vienna, where a second Olmutz will be prepared for his master.

This much for the material interests; in the church the prospects are not much better. Even if it should not be true that Frederic William IV., through the influence of his royal consort, is leaning to Catholicism, certain it is that all his measures are tending to establish a fixed standard for the uniformity of faith, and to persecute all dissenters. The union between Lutherans and Calvinists is not formally dissolved; but already a supreme ecclesiastical council (Ober-Kirchen-Rath) has been instituted, the first principles of which are opposed to it; all other sects that had constituted themselves under the name of "free communities" are persecuted as political clubs, may they deserve the name ever so little. Thus the seeds of discontent are being sown broadcast, and already we see the Jesuits hard at work, preparing to reap a harvest for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Church and her protector—the *Roman Emperor*. For nothing less than the recovery of this dignity will, it seems, satisfy the enterprising spirit of the young court of Vienna, which is but too well supported, though, perhaps, unconsciously and unwillingly, by the envy of the lesser German kingdoms against Prussia. It is true, the King of Prussia will then have to descend to a level with those of Saxony and Bavaria; there will no longer be a fifth wheel to the grand regulator of European affairs; but, we fear, its disappearance will make the working of the others only the more harsh and grating, till it endangers the safety, and, perhaps, even the existence, of the whole machine.

From the Spectator, 14th August.

ABD-EL-KADER—LONDONDERRY—LOUIS NAPOLÉON.

FURTHER letters from Lord Londonderry to M. Bonaparte appeared in the *Morning Post* of Thursday; but there is no letter to Lord Londonderry from M. Bonaparte. The subject is the release of Abd-el-Kader, who still remains in the Castle of Amboise. As the letters are very characteristic of the writer, whose name may now be added to the long list of M. Bonaparte's dupes, and as Lord Londonderry's literature would be spoilt by condensation, we give the documents entire.

Lord Londonderry to Prince Louis Napoleon.

Holdernes House, May 3, 1852.

Mon Prince—Your Highness cannot be surprised if I again call to your mind the position in which a peculiar fate, under circumstances, has now embarked me: and I must first respectfully represent, that I could not believe my letter of the 1st of February last, officially sent through your minister of war, and by his reply laid before you, should have remained for two months entirely unnoticed. I am convinced, however, that this has arisen from entire forgetfulness, under the immense occupations of the vast empire over which you have been destined to rule with entire dominion; or, otherwise, the usual courtesy between gentleman and gentleman would never have been omitted—more especially when, under your own hand, you have assured me, "que le pouvoir n'a rien changé de votre cœur."

Under the impression, nevertheless, of a seeming oblivion, I hope, with the most perfect respect to the President of the French Republic, and the magnanimous French nation, I may venture, for the last time, to place my petition before your highness for the liberation of the brave warrior at Chateau d'Amboise. I fervently hope that, in the heroic and gallant hearts of all Frenchmen, soldiers as well as citizens, and of all Europe, I shall stand acquitted of impropriety in the measure I am now pursuing.

My letter, February 1st, here annexed in copy No. 1, and the answer of the minister of war, No. 2, will certify as to the cause of regret I have experienced at my late communication being neglected. I come now to your highness' autographs of September, 1851, and May 29, 1851. I need not now make them known to the world; but if your highness refers to them, you will not wonder that I wrote in my last epistle to you that I had a "lettre de change, payable à vue"; and what does this consist in? or what is the value thereof? Your honorable, recorded, never-to-be-blotted out words, "Je veux, tout ou tard, mettre l'Emir en liberté, parceque je crois l'honneur de la France y'est engagé."

Your highness then most sagaciously adds, that it would be more difficult for you to accomplish the object if urged by any foreign power, any influence of the press, or any discussions in our Parliament. For more than one year and a half, sire, undoubtedly from your opinions known, no one has breathed the great captive's name; but this cannot last forever. But then, further, what were your highness' next declared impediments? The Ottoman Porte? No! By the vigorous and praiseworthy efforts of your enlightened ambassador, they were ready to facilitate an arrangement equally honorable to France, Turkey, and humanity.

Your own former ministry and objections, by your own splendid career, are no longer in your way; you are absolute, supreme, omnipotent, accountable to no one but yourself; and between you and your conscience, Abd-el-Kader still lingers.

Beyond all this, and more forcible than all I have urged, as regards your brave army, I hear from au-

thority not to be doubted, that the last remaining tribe of Kabyles have been entirely and signally defeated, and the war in Algeria forever at an end ; thus affording no reasonable, or even politic, ground for further delay.

The time and moment, then, seems at length to have arrived, in the eventful year of 1852, which you proclaimed to me would be a period easy for you to carry the object into effect—to take the bold, glorious, and courageous decision of liberating the fallen chief, your noble prisoner.

Away, then, with all chimeras of difficulties, delicacies, and consequences ; your decrees are final. Announce “ *Le Président le veut*,” and Abd-el-Kader’s prison-doors fly open ! And you will give effect alike, by this proceeding, to your wish and to your will. The unsullied honor of France and the desire of its powerful ruler (the chosen of eight millions) will be accomplished.

I have the honor to remain, with the highest consideration, and most perfect respect and regard, your highness’ constant friend and well-wisher,

VANE LONDONDERRY, Gen.

P. S.—It is right I should add, that, waiting all respectful and due time, if my humble representations receive (as my last) no attention, I shall feel it due to myself, my position, and all the circumstances of the case, to place the whole of our correspondence, which from the first has been official, and in no degree marked as private by one or the other, before the public and Europe ; when the best judgment will be formed of all that has passed on this important affair.

Lord Londonderry to Prince Louis Napoleon.

Wynyard Park, August 9, 1852

Mon Prince—I could not have conceived it possible, after our former intimate relations, and my letter of 3d May last (sent through your ambassador in London), that you should have shown me so little courtesy as again not to vouchsafe any reply. Such a course cannot now be from accident or occupation, but must be from design ; and I have only to leave the world and Europe to judge, by the immediate publicity of our correspondence, between my humble and repeated solicitations and your word of honor, pledged to me that, sooner or later, you would liberate Abd-el-Kader

Mon Prince, if any event could hasten your mind to adopt the Emir’s liberation more than another, it would be the sudden and lamented death of your former intimate friend and boon companion, Alfred D’Orsay. You cannot but know, mon prince, he anxiously aided me in our common and unceasing efforts to bring your conscience to a clear sense of what was promised under your own hand ; and this important letter I now annex in attested copy. I forbear adding the lengthened former details that have been already published ; but I would place on record communications from that highly talented spirit that has flown to that Tribunal before which we must all appear. If, to show his deep sympathy, together with my own, aught can move your highness to act nobly, generously, and bravely, it will be the words of your departed friend. Girardin, your great and gifted writer, has proclaimed, “ *Palaces have only two doors open to truth, the door of friendship and the door of adversity—of friendship, which is to adversity what lightning is to thunder, invisible justice, equal justice for all. The justice of which death holds the scales counts days when it does not measure gifts.*”

Remember, mon prince, there is but one step between us and death. If the Emir languishes and dies in prison, who would be in your imperial robes—who would envy blighted faith and broken promises ?

I remain, mon prince, an Irish soldier, devoted to military honor and well-deserved glory.

VANE LONDONDERRY.

ABD-EL-KADER, HIS CHAMPION, AND HIS GAOLER.

Lord Londonderry is again at Louis Napoleon, to extort from him the release of Abd-el-Kader, detained in France by a violation of pledges. To us the spectacle of the worthy old gentleman persevering in his good enterprise, struggling bravely against evil spirits, even against his own incompetencies, is cheering enough to compensate for the obstinate baseness of the man that now possesses France. Londonderry relies, and justly, on the sympathy of honorable men, to overcome even their sense of the ridiculous. He cannot write a paragraph without violating every rule of artistic or accurate writing ; he calls a departed friend a “ *highly talented spirit flown to that Tribunal*,” &c. ; he puts two nominatives with the singular number of a verb ; he mixes remonstrances against vileness with admiration at the “ *splendid career*,” the bullioned and epauletted success of the recreant ; he spells “ *heroic*” with a *k*, and pours forth good honest feeling in a style of barrack-room emotion, that smacks of a military collar and a swelling bosom padded to the regulation manliness ; but there is the hearty flesh and blood beneath ; there is emotion struggling to utter itself in that general-order dialect ; there is genuine, instinctive conscience inside that farrago ; and when “ *Vane Londonderry, Gen.*” sits down after his right soldierly appeal, we thank God that there is so much unadulterated English stuff amongst our fashionable and ruling classes. Cromwell himself was faulty in syntax, and many a chevalier “ *sans peur et sans reproche*” would get on indifferently among our professed littérateurs. To see the excellent gentleman floundering in a sea of indifferent rhetoric, is like witnessing the struggles of a fat humanitarian rescuing a fellow-creature from active danger, or a broad-brimmed philanthropist parading in an anniversary pageant.

Louis Napoleon cannot answer. Once upon a time, Holderness House was a welcome and splendid asylum, warming the eyes of a prince out of work ; but the man who could evade his friend and fellow-exile, D’Orsay, when struggling not less bravely than Londonderry to release a prisoner dishonorably detained, is not likely to remember the no-longer-wanted hospitalities of a mere English Marquis. Louis Napoleon promised ; but now confesses, by his taciturn non-performance, that his promises were falsehoods. There can be no influence to coerce such a man, until his hour of downfall shall bring him once more to the mire of promises and professions.

But Louis Napoleon’s vice is no more than the enthroned excess of that same vice which saps all public virtue amongst us, and not a little private virtue. He only adds a deeper red to the shame which clings to the previous violators of the same promise ; he is but the most advanced of the trio, which includes Louis Philippe and Lamoricière. It is the same vice which lays France, who sanctioned the breach of faith to Abd-el-Kader, prostrate under the treachery of Louis Napoleon. Nor is the vice exclusively French ; it is the same which makes Englishmen think more of the till than of their country, and estimate nothing that cannot be appraised in pounds, shillings, and pence ; it induces our “ *statesmen*” to alternate in office on transparent pretexts not even decently consistent to their own hypocrisy ; it corrupts the very body to which General Lord Londonderry belongs, with trading colonels, intriguing hangers-on at the com-

mander-in-chief's levees, military milliners, and "snobs" at mess, to whom the national army is a club and the profession of arms a mere peace amusement. The vice is *meanness*. Sterner times may cure it; but at their first onset we shall severely feel the debility of the moral disease.

From the Examiner, 14th August.

THE BRAWL WITH AMERICA.

OUR tory administration, which is on the best of terms with all the despotic governments of Europe, seems anxious to get into a squabble with the only people on earth, ourselves excepted, that are at once great, free, and independent. The quarrel arises out of cod-fish and mackerel, and a "small" squadron has been sent to enforce "our rights." Already an American fishing-smack has been captured for catching cod where she ought not to catch anything, and sent to an Admiralty Court for adjudication.

Now, to take simply the material view of the question—what is the dispute about? It relates exclusively to a fraction of the cod-fishery, as it is carried on within some bays or creeks of North America, parts of that ocean which is the common property of mankind. Moreover, the whole fishery in question, whether British or American, is rather a decaying trade; the most Catholic of the nations of Europe having begun to find out that salt cod and stock fish are not particularly good for the digestion, or even remarkably agreeable to the palate. The very blacks of the Antilles have betaken themselves to better food.

Continuing this view, however, let us remark the value of the trade which we carry on with governments to whom our ministers are but too eager to make all convenient submission, and contrast it with what we owe to the country they appear to be so ready to dispute with. There is nothing whatever in the question now raised that should exclude a consideration of the breeches-pocket. In 1850, the whole value of our export trade to all the despotic countries of Europe—namely, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Rome, and we grieve to be obliged to add, France—was just 5,824,307*l.* in value; while to the United States it was 14,891,961*l.*, or about one-and-a-half fold more than that of the whole five! A week's war with America would cost more than the worth of ten years' produce of the whole cod-fishery of both nations. Why, the common sense of the people of this country will at once put down such a quarrel, and with it the men who would make it. We venture to predict that Lord Derby, his right honorable chairman of Quarter Sessions, and his noble friend who is also the friend of Louis Napoleon, will have to beat a hasty and disgraceful retreat before citizen Fillmore.

We shall be told that there are other than merely material questions involved. No doubt there are. It is a moral question of no small import to us English people that the men before whom our ministers are glad to prostrate themselves should be alien to us in blood, language, manners, and institutions, while those with whom these same ministers show so ready an activity in picking a quarrel, inherit our blood, our language, our laws, and institutions. Let us add that another principle lurks in the dispute against which we have resolutely to be on guard.

Our ministry of broken promises and egregious contradictions, having been beaten and baffled at

home on the question of protection, they are desirous of making a small exhibition of it in a remote corner, and have chosen the bleak shores of North America for their theatre. The late government very justly discouraged the granting of bounties to the colonial fisheries, having on principle discontinued it at home. They knew very well that a bounty paid to fishermen was a tax imposed on the community the fishermen belong to. The Derbyites are all for the bounty, as they are all, if they could carry it, for the 5*s.* duty on bread-corn. The Labrador and Nova Scotia fishermen have not sufficient skill or enterprise to help themselves, and must therefore be helped by a levy on the public. The effect of the bounty will of course be to confirm these colonial fishermen in their indolence, whereas the effect of fair competition would be to stimulate them into skill and activity. Such has been the result in every branch of our manufacturing industry, and already it is plainly felt even in our agricultural market. A bounty to fishermen is even a more aggravated form of protection than a duty on foreign corn to farmers, for the farmers have to run a race with rivals carrying the twelve stone weight of landlords' rent on their backs, whereas the fish of the sea is equally abundant to all nations.

We shall endeavor to state the nature of the squabble about the fishing-grounds as fairly as we can. In the Convention of 1818, there is an express article providing for the rights of fishery to be enjoyed by both nations. In the first section of this article it was agreed that the inhabitants of the United States should have, forever, in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, the "liberty to take fish of every kind" on certain coasts which are named. But the second section of the article has the following provision: "And the United States hereby renounce, forever, any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish, on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbors of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, not included in the above-mentioned limits."

Now for four-and-thirty years, by a liberal construction of this treaty, the Americans have carried on their fisheries, without any interference on the part of the British; that is, for four years longer than is required in this country to establish a right of property in "air or water" by the prescription of occupation. But after the first three-and-twenty of these years had passed, in 1841, the fishermen of Nova Scotia petitioned for protection against the fishermen of Maine and Massachusetts, demanding the enforcement of the strict and literal meaning of the Convention of 1818; and the British government submitted a case for the opinion of its attorney and advocate-general of the day. Whereupon the following opinion was had: "That by the terms of the Convention American citizens were excluded from any right of fishing, within three miles from the coast of British America, and that the prescribed distance of three miles is to be measured from the head-lands, or extreme points of land next the sea, of the coast, or the entrance of bays or indents of the coast, and, consequently, that no right exists, on the part of American citizens, to enter the bays of Nova Scotia, there to take fish, although the fishing being within the bay, may be at a greater distance than three miles from the shore of the bay, as we are of the opinion that the term head-land is used in the

treaty to express the part of the land we have before mentioned including the interior of the bays."

The first remark we have to make on this opinion of the lawyers is, that "the term head-land," said to be "used in the treaty," is not to be found in the convention at all; and is, therefore, only a legal fiction of their own to found an argument on. Then what do the legal sages mean by the "extreme points of land next the sea?" "Next," in the sense in which they use it, is only an awkward synonyme for "nearest;" and no point of land, even if it should jut out as far as Cape Horn, is one bit nearer the sea than any ordinary part of a coast. To make it so, the lawyers must change the character of fluids as well as subvert the laws of grammar.

Strictly to carry out the doctrine of the crown lawyers of 1841, that the three miles from the coast forming the magic line within which the Americans must not catch fish; are to be counted from the extreme head-lands—would practically go very far to exclude the Americans from fishing altogether, as any one may see who glances at a map of the eastern coast of America; for, drawing a line from one extreme salient point to another, it will be remarked that there is hardly a mile of the coast that is not far beyond three miles off the shore, while in some localities the fishermen engaged would be forced to keep fifty miles away from it.

The whole construction of the article of the convention, it will be seen, rests entirely on the meaning we attach to the word "Bay;" one of the vaguest and most indefinite in meaning in the English language. There can be no question whatever but that the Americans are precluded from fishing anywhere on the coast of British North America, within three miles of the coast; and that they are also precluded from fishing within "creeks and harbors," for creeks and harbors are seldom or never above six miles wide. The treaty being so enforced, the American fisherman may, in both instances, carry on his occupation three miles clear of a British coast.

But the case is very different with the word "Bay." The very nature of a harbor implies that it is of very limited extent, or it would be no port; and a creek is but a small harbor or cove. Dr. Johnson defines "a bay" to be "an opening into the land," so that it may be any indentation from one to a thousand miles broad. Harbor, or port, creek, cove, gulf, all come under it. It does not appear to us to be in common sense to suppose that the British and American negotiators ever dreamt of intending by "bay" any other inlet of the sea than small indentations of the coast, resembling the creeks and harbors in the same sentence with which it is grouped. Nevertheless, the crown lawyers, by their interpretation, include in it Hudson's Bay, which has a coast of greater extent, twice told, than all the rest of British North America put together; and they include also the Bay of Fundy, which is 180 miles in length, and from thirty-five to fifty miles in breadth.

Certain it is that geographers have always been much at a loss in applying popular words in cases of a similar kind, for sometimes to large bodies of water we find the words sea, gulf, and bay applied indifferently, and it appears to be a mere matter of accident which word should finally stick—more than one occasionally doing so. Thus, we have the Baltic and the Euxine Seas, but the Gulfs of

Bothnia, Finland, and Persia. We have the Red Sea, or Arabian Gulf; as we have the Bays of Hudson and Fundy; and had the first of these been called a sea and the last a gulf, the right of the Americans to fish three miles from their shores would have been unquestionable. In like manner, we have the Gulf or Bay of Bengal, and the Gulf or Bay of Carpentaria, but the Yellow Sea, or Gulf of Pechili.

It is further to be remarked that the Americans have never admitted the interpretation of our crown lawyers. They have always protested against it, and the question has remained an undetermined one; liberty being meanwhile given to the Americans as though the reasonableness of their protest had been felt by successive English governments, and such liberty having been expressly guaranteed by Lord Aberdeen as a concession to American fishermen in the Bay of Fundy some few years ago, when Lord Derby was colonial minister. Yet to the administration of this same Lord Derby now belongs the exclusive credit of having done their best to raise a shabby and mischievous broil about the meaning of a vague term, which may be equally applied to the Bay of Bengal extending over 16° of latitude and nearly as many of longitude, and a dent in the coast of Newfoundland which may not be a quarter of a mile in breadth. There is little danger, however, that the nation itself will call for any strict or literal construction of a treaty which previous governments have allowed to lie dormant, because the Derby ministry has blunderingly attempted to make a small political and protectionist capital out of it. There can be no use or profit in insisting upon a literal right where justice and common sense are against us. Mr. Webster, in moderate language, foretells what the result of the tory experiment must be. "The immediate effect," he says, "will be the loss of the valuable fall-fishing to American fishermen—a complete interruption of the extensive business of New England, attended by constant collision of the most unpleasant and exciting character, which may end in the destruction of human life, in the involvement of the governments in questions of a very serious nature, threatening the peace of the two countries." Mr. Webster concludes by stating that the American government does not agree in the construction put by the English lawyers on the sense and meaning of the treaty.

But even supposing such a rigorous construction to be the right and proper one—still would remain the question of how the prescription of thirty years is to be got over, and, above all, how the note of Lord Aberdeen, virtually surrendering the question in so far as the Bay of Fundy is concerned, as one not worth contending for, is to be got over? That note was recorded in the Foreign Office, yet Lord Derby and his colleagues know nothing of its existence—Lord Derby who was, himself, as colonial minister, the colleague of Lord Aberdeen, and most nearly concerned in the step so taken. The most prominent figure in the "great indiscretion" appeared at first to be the colonial minister, but this turns out to be not the case after all. The first shot, without waiting for the word of command, came, as might be expected, from the great blunderbuss of foreign affairs, the rest of the raw recruits only following his bad example. But the prime offender is of course their chief. Lord Derby is most to blame, as well for not knowing better himself, as for not having his men in better order.

From the Spectator.

THE "LITTLE CLOUD" ENLARGED.

To put the case in its briefest and most direct shape, it may be said that in the North American fishery question our government has been technically "in the right," but has been very rude to the United States of America. The British government stands upon the letter of the bond, and is justified by the letter of the bond so far as it goes; but the government to which the present has succeeded had suffered the bond in a very great degree to fall into desuetude; and the least that ministers were bound to do was to take the living facts into consideration; instead of which, they have ignored the facts, and have put the question to an impracticable issue.

The additional discussion which the subject has undergone since we last handled it has advanced the question of right not an inch beyond where it stood; indeed, there did not need any enforcement of that point. The "liberty" to fish within a certain distance of the British grounds, whatever that distance may be, was a *concession* to the United States, and the history both of the negotiations and of the practice establishes the fact more and more clearly, that the citizens of the United States entered within these stipulated boundaries, not by their own right, but by distinct concession. In such case, of course, the interpretation of the concession must be strict when it is cited in favor of the conceding party, liberal when it is claimed on the opposite side. England, the conceding party, has *prima facie* the right to say what her concession was intended to be; and the Americans have only the right to claim the minimum of that concession and not its largest interpretation. As a matter of right between lawyers, were it a subject in Chancery, or even in the courts of the United States, there might be very little question as to the issue; but, unhappily for the government which has taken its stand upon the letter of the bond, it is no longer possible to stake the issue upon that mere letter of right.

We do not rely very greatly upon the concession contemplated by Lord Aberdeen under Sir Robert Peel. It does indeed throw some light upon the question of policy, when we find the foreign minister of the most enlightened and independent statesman this country has possessed for a long series of years cheerfully accepting the position of making a liberal and handsome concession according to the facts. But the concession which was contemplated by Lord Aberdeen was not consummated by any actual stipulation. A collateral question has been raised, whether Lord Stanley, who was then colonial secretary, sanctioned that concession, or whether he refused his sanction. There is documentary proof that he did give his sanction; but from his conduct now, it might be *presumed* that he revoked that sanction. The question, however, is of little political importance. The public estimation of Lord Stanley's judgment has sunk so low within the last few years, and still more within the last few months, that his opinion on the subject must be regarded as a matter of chance rather than as a matter of importance. The negotiations proceeding under Lord Aberdeen were broken off by the breaking up of Sir Robert Peel's government, and the subject has remained an open question—like many open questions under the whig government, a pitfall; of which the Derby government has taken full advantage. The

question of right therefore, technically considered, remains untouched by those unconsummated negotiations, and for the purpose of the lawyer the proceedings of 1845 may be stricken out of the record.

But statesmen have to do with something besides records, documents, and bonds; there are such things as facts, people, interests, property; which may be also on a scale precluding slight or aggression. However the letter of the old original stipulation of 1818 may have been kept alive by the diplomatic reservations of official people under the sufferance of the British government, a practice has been strengthened year by year, with great interests founded on that practice. When Americans say that the value of the shipping engaged in the fishery amounts to 12,000,000 dollars—that the value of the shipping of Massachusetts alone is 3,532,000 dollars, and that the annual value of the fish which the shipping of that State takes is nearly as great—when we are told that 30,000 persons are employed in the fisheries, and that many people, influential in society on shore, have invested their whole property in the pursuit—when it is represented that this occupation has been carried on peaceably by our sufferance for thirty-four years—we cannot deny that there is a force in such facts too strong for the petulant hand of any tyro in statesmanship to cast back by a stroke of the pen. The Americans in these large numbers, with that immense mass of property at stake, involving many private rights and social relations, have occupied the ground; and they cannot be suddenly thrust back without a proportionate amount of injury, such as no people will or can endure quietly. The demand of the British government, that the Americans should suddenly draw back from the fisheries, is tantamount to the demand of a pragmatical policeman, that the people in front of a great crowd should suddenly back, regardless of their own safety or of those whom they may crush in their rear; a demand very absurd, still more cruel, still more impracticable to be obeyed.

Such conduct is not statesmanship; it cannot claim to be included in the category even on the lowest estimate. It is ill-breeding of the vulgarest kind. But ill-breeding towards a great nation may become a crime. Ill-breeding exercised by the representative of a nation which has great and extensive interests at stake, exercised against a nation well able to avenge insult and injury, is conduct so sure to excite mischief and to inflict suffering on the widest scale, that it deserves no less a designation than crime.

If we are to regard it as a spirited set-off against the pusillanimity of the Mather case, it is a miserable apology to compensate an act of truckling by an act of mischievous bullying. Or if, as some deep-seeing politicians surmise, it is but a side process to get at reciprocity from the Americans in the colonial trade, it is an act less worthy of a statesman than that of certain disreputable people in great towns who establish nuisances for the purpose of extorting money. A fellow in a country town became the tenant of a number of public-houses, and shut them up for the greater part of the day, in order that the brewers might present him with a donative for the privilege of opening them again; which he obtained. That statesman is the model for our officials. But great and powerful nations like the United States are not to be frightened into concessions like Norfolk brewers; especially when the balance of spirit and

recent success in contest is on the side of such great nation.

Under no interpretation for which we have present materials can the conduct of the British government in raising this demand be regarded as other than a breach of public trust. The only hope for them must lie in some reserved power which they have to disclaim the whole affair; to make good, in short, the astounding intimation of their own organ in the press, that the whole of the present affair is an hallucination, involving alike the American public, the American government, and the public of this country. Such a denouement does not look at present very probable; but in real life truth is not always true-seeming.

Meanwhile, the commercial English nation will want to know what ministers are doing, and will expect to see Parliament summoned without delay, in order that the responsible advisers of the crown may not act without the Great Council of the Nation. Otherwise it may be the worse for those responsible advisers.

From the Examiner, 21st August.

THE RETREAT.

WE said last week that the English Ministry would have to beat a hasty and disgraceful retreat in the American brawl. Already it has done so. The act of cowardice has followed hard on that of bluster and defiance, and the Americans remain not only masters of what they had, but gainers of considerably more.

It is announced by the organs of the ministry that the matter in dispute has been amicably arranged between Lord Malmesbury and Mr. Abbot Lawrence, the former agreeing to throw open to the United States all the British fisheries at greater distances than three miles from our coasts and the latter making the same concession to England of the American fisheries. Thus every point in question is given up on the English side, while at the same time, by what the *Standard* calls "an arrangement of perfect reciprocity," the Americans give up nothing at all, and get a great deal. If there had been any other fisheries worth naming in these American waters except those off our own coasts, the brawl could never have arisen.

The complaints of the English colonists turned upon this fact, that the really valuable fishing grounds were exclusively our own. They begged and entreated to have their American competitors driven out. The convention of 1818, they said, has been violated by Lord Aberdeen's concession of 1845. American fishermen now fish in the Bay of Fundy, and we would have them turned out of the Bay of Fundy. Said Lord Derby, your request is reasonable, and the thing shall be done. Straightway he ordered the British minister at Washington to write, and, on the 5th July, Mr. Crampton did write, to Mr. Webster, to the effect that "urgent representations" having been forwarded to her majesty's government by the governments of the North American provinces in regard to encroachments upon the fishing grounds reserved by the convention of 1818, whereby the colonial fisheries were most seriously prejudiced, directions had been given by the Lords of her Majesty's Admiralty for stationing off New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, such a force of small sailing vessels and steamers as should be deemed sufficient to prevent any further infraction of the treaty. Nothing could be

more clear. But to leave it beyond the possibility of doubt, the "force of small sailing vessels and steamers" had already made sudden appearance in the British American waters on the 10th of the preceding June, and then and there made capture of certain smacks and fishing boats encroaching where the terms of the convention aforesaid did in strictness exclude them.

The complaining colonists were delighted, the Americans in the same proportion amazed; for so admirably was the thing managed, with such finished tact and statesmanlike finesse, that the colonists knew, through Sir John Pakington, that they were to be "protected," some five weeks before the Americans were informed through Lord Malmesbury that protection was to be taken away from them. By a perfect triumph of diplomacy, the transmission of Mr. Crampton's despatch was made nicely contemporaneous with that of the news of the British capture of a Maine fishing smack. It was an opportunity for Mr. Webster, which he displayed no reluctance in making the most of. There is happily now no need to recall the eloquence of that greatest of stump orators. Suffice it that, from Boston, U. S., a portentous din of reclamatory threatenings and warlike defiance still vibrated in everybody's ears, when the softest accents of conciliation and peace stole upon us unexpectedly from Downing Street.

It is now made quite manifest—so clear that nobody in his senses would dream of doubting it—that what Lord Derby meant from the first was to strike up that sort of match for life between England and America which a great match-making authority tells us is best begun with a little aversion. If it's murder mention it, says *Billy Lackaday* in the play. What Lord Derby had to mention was Peace, and by way of duly preparing its victims he sent out a war squadron. He promised to "protect" the colonial fishermen, and has done it by casting them adrift, "hook and line, bob and sinker." In future, there is to be perfect reciprocity. The liberty of fishing in British waters, where the fisheries are highly valuable, is to be reciprocated by equal liberty to fish in American waters, where there are no fisheries worth speaking of. Perfect reciprocity and general disappointment are the characteristics of the affair. The object being to concede everything the Americans wanted, the care at the same time has been not to oblige them a bit. The expressed intention being to save the colonists any further infraction of their treaty, the means taken is to abolish every stipulation of it that they had ever cared to retain. The transaction is complete in all its particulars. It will deserve mention in history as the glory of Derby diplomacy. With all the spirit and excitement of a mortal defiance we have made an unconditional surrender. Bent upon liberal indulgences, we have provoked nothing but bad passions. Everybody is offended, nobody obliged.

What the colonists will next petition the Derby ministry for remains to be seen, but they are greater fools than we think them if they ask for any more "protection." Yet it may be that this word of imposture and deceit lies after all at the bottom of the business. When Lord Aberdeen was making as of favor a concession of the Bay of Fundy seven years ago, he suggested to the American government the propriety of reducing certain duties operating prejudicially to the interests of British colonial fishermen. Now that Lord Derby is conceding as of right not only Fundy Bay, but every

other bay, we hear nothing of the kind suggested. Our friends of Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward's Island should look to it. If it turn out after all that the Americans, backed not only by their duties against British fish but by liberal bounties from their own government, have been let loose into British waters for nothing better than the excuse to try a like system of duties, preferences, and bounties of our own, it will be for our colonial fellow-subjects to say from what source these taxes are to come. Only so long ago as last February one of their own governors, Sir Alexander Bannerman, wrote to Lord Grey—

In regard to Bounties the United States government pay large ones; and, as I stated to the Assembly, we have no business to complain of whatever policy the government may consider most conducive to the interests of their subjects. But I am of the same opinion with your lordship—*averse to impose a tax on the whole community to benefit one particular class*; for a trade requiring a bounty (I mean a continued one) will turn out to be a fictitious one. Our neighbors and the French government will find out this in due time, but that is no business of ours.

In that homely remark lies the philosophy of the matter. It is no business of ours, and what the colonists have to look to is that it is not made their business by the mischief or maladroitness of a ministry professedly eager to protect them. The Governor of Prince Edward's Island continues:

As to the fisheries, about which I have troubled your lordship so much, I have no hesitation in saying that were I the sole proprietor of this island, and looking to the question as one involving my own interests, and not as a national one, I would petition her majesty to *abrogate the Convention of 1848, and graciously ask for permission to invite the American fishermen to visit our shores, to carry on their trade, and to make the best arrangement I could with them*. But this cannot be done at present, and I would fain hope the question may be easily and amicably adjusted; and if that could be accomplished, nothing, I think, would tend more to cement amity and friendship with Great Britain and the United States.

We agree with Sir Alexander Bannerman. The view expressed is substantially what we argued for last week. Though the strict letter of the treaty might be with us, every consideration of justice and policy was against us. We never could have used what we had so strict a right to, and better on all accounts therefore to give it up. It would have been monstrous, even if it had been possible, to make a stand on terms so unreasonable, especially when occasion offered, by abandoning what was not tenable, to obtain what was really worth having. To the Derby ministry belongs the curious merit of having given up everything and got nothing, not even thanks, not even the credit of a concession. On the other hand, the gain on the American side goes infinitely beyond the hook and line, the bob and sinker, which moved Mr. Webster's vigorous anxiety. A "small English squadron" is now making its retreat before very big American bluster. It is well that it should go, but never to have come would have been better. An act of justice done as an act of cowardice cannot fail of mischief; and not the least in this case is the suspicion, which we find it difficult not to entertain, that a good thing has been done ill, with a purpose that ill may come of it. Sorely will the colonists have to rue the day when such a kettle of fish was

cooked for them, if they have to gulp down protection after all at the bottom of the mess.

From the Spectator, 21st August.

THE CLOUD DISPERSED.

THE semi-official announcement that the misunderstanding between our government and that of the United States was cleared up, must have given more genuine satisfaction to millions, both here and across the Atlantic, than most political events in these days are calculated to afford. However monstrous and absurd it may have appeared that two powerful nations, linked by the closest ties of kindred, sympathy, and interest, should make war upon each other for such a cause as was involved in this dispute, yet none who remember how much decisions on questions of foreign policy depend on the good sense, candor, and good temper of the men immediately concerned in their discussion, and how little on the interests or even the real wishes of the nation on either side, can have deemed it impossible that England and America should have fallen to fighting for the right of catching fishes in the Bay of Fundy. The near approach of the presidential election in America, when the vote of every vagabond and adventurer is eagerly sought—and the occupation of office in England by a party with notorious and avowed absolutist sympathies, and with a disposition, the natural sequence of their selfish class principles of commercial policy, to put free-trade to the test of a war with our principal customer—must have increased the uneasiness of every reflecting man.

Nor were reasons more personal wanting to lend importance to a dispute that would otherwise have occasioned little anxiety among us. An accidental glass of claret might have brought on a fit of Lord Derby's gout, and have ruffled his usually gentle and complaisant temper; Lord Malmesbury's historical cook, "with whom so many of your lordships are familiarly acquainted," might have thrown in a dash too much acid into some favorite entremêt, and the destinies of two great nations might have been altered by the morning's irritation succeeding to indigestion and a sleepless night. It is by no means pleasant that the peace of this country should be dependent on the state of the nerves or stomachs of invalids and bon-vivants. Both have their places, their occupations, and their consolations; but the council-board of the empire in these days is more exacting than the library-chair or the dinner-table; and even if a man have all the mental capacities of the statesman, yet strong health and a business-like régime are found essential to the satisfactory discharge of the duties of public life, becoming every year more and more engrossing. At any rate, the people, whose interests are at stake, only feel those interests safe when they are intrusted to men in whose discretion, knowledge, and constant fitness for business, they feel confidence; and just now the reverse of all this is the case, as regards both our foreign and colonial secretary and our prime minister. The cloud has indeed broken and dispersed, with no worse result than a few flashes of summer lightning; but the period during which it has been "looming in the distance" has been one of painful uncertainty, and that uncertainty mainly owing to the characters of the men in whose hands lay the primary decision of the part

England was to take. The feelings of the last fortnight must have made many acutely sensible, perhaps for the first time, how really they are interested in the personnel of a minister, and how far below the acknowledged standard of ability are her majesty's present advisers.

Among other considerations that may be suggested by this transient peril, not the least practical is the illustration thrown by it on the nature of responsible government among us in connection with foreign affairs and colonial affairs. It is a fine phrase, and in matters of taxation and home administration, it approximates to a reality; but as far as our relations with foreign nations are concerned, it is a mere phrase, and the use of it is as mischievous as all unrealities in practical life must be, in proportion to the magnitude of the interest they affect. An incapable foreign or colonial secretary may do a vast amount of mischief; and long before the public knows anything about it the mischief is irrevocable, and perhaps involves the nation in a continuance of it as the lesser of two evils. This might easily have been the case here. Had a single shot been fired between an English and an American man of war, all England would have indignantly reclaimed against the rash despatch and the reckless man who was the cause of the quarrel; but the blood of the two people would have been up, traditional jealousies would have been roused, and the flame which a fool had lighted might not have been extinguished by the united wisdom, moderation, and self-interest of the sober and thoughtful of both countries. And in this case what becomes of the responsibility of the minister! When war is once begun, all parties see that the only way to peace is to conquer it; that feeling absorbs all other considerations, and the nation has something more immediately pressing than to take vengeance on the person who may after all only be guilty of the common crime of occupying a post of dignity and emolument for which he is totally unfit—a crime, besides, in which the electors of the country are to the full participators. The theory of ministerial responsibility is in such cases a pure fiction—has not a shadow of fact corresponding to it. Nor is it easy to devise any machinery by which the acts of the executive can be submitted to the control of the nation before they have produced effects which no after deliberation can efface or materially modify, unless the government were altogether put into the hands of a committee of the House of Commons; for which development of democracy the nation is not yet prepared, though it is impossible to say how soon we might grow ripe even for that under a course of Derby and Malmesbury.

It would not take long to make welcome any means by which the genuine wishes and opinions of the people of England might find expression in our foreign and colonial policy; and it is among the strange anomalies of Lord Derby's position, that he, the St. George who is to combat and slay the dragon of Democracy, has found him just the men who force upon the most conservative the conviction that no development of Democracy could probably throw the fortunes of this country into hands less capable of piloting a bark freighted with so costly a treasure. Let Lord Derby be assured, that if he wishes to establish among us a pure parliamentary government, from which we are far enough at present, he could not do better than continue to fill the most important offices with

gentlemen who, except as statesmen, could not possibly earn three hundred a year in any useful or ornamental function; and the warning to him applies equally to those, whoever they may be, who are to come after him—at least to the few who escape "the Deluge" and repeople the wasted land—that the only way to stave off the extreme limit of Democracy, direct government by popular assemblies, (though nations have got on tolerably in old times even so,) is to seek diligently for able men, and to make ability, knowledge, and uprightness, essential conditions, if not the sole test, for office. If we thought the immediate advent of Democracy in this country a desirable thing at all, we should advise a premier to put a fool into the foreign and a tyro into the colonial office, and to let them embroil the nation in a war with the United States; the rest would follow of its own accord.

From the Spectator, 21st August.

THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

WHILE yet the fishery question occasioned some public apprehension, that feeling was deepened by considerations thrown out respecting the Irish element in the people of the United States; and not altogether without reason. The Irish have, for years, been poured into the Union at the rate of tens of thousands, and lately by hundreds of thousands; and the members of the Union of Irish descent, increasing at that rapid rate, are already estimated at many millions—by some at seven or eight, or even ten. The Irish emigrants mostly leave their own country with feelings of anger, if not hatred, against England; and if the instigation of the priest against Protestant England becomes less potent on the other side of the Atlantic, it is in part supplied by the republican dislike to monarchy; the Irish, it is to be observed, taking kindly to the antagonistic extreme in their new land.

There is, without doubt, considerable truth in such representations; the Irish are increasing very rapidly in the Union. In New York they can muster a formidable body, as they showed in the Native American riots. They are flocking to the further settlements, and the Valley of the Mississippi may be in great part peopled by the Celtic race. In Boston they have multiplied so greatly, that the corporation part of the town, Boston proper, we have been assured, may almost be said to remain in their hands. And they are filled with indignation against England; to whom they ascribe not only the "seven centuries of wrong," but the results of their own shortcomings. This feeling bursts forth in such incidents as the welcome to Francis Meagher, in the riot to rescue Kaine, or in Irish efforts to stimulate the fishery dispute. According to the proportionate increase by population, a few more years will see this element greatly augmented. Indeed, the Yankees proper have already been awakened to that fact, and Anglo-Saxon jealousy created the Native American party, with the special mission of counteracting the Irish in the elections, in obtaining too speedy admission as immigrants to the privileges of citizenship, and if necessary in personal contest.

Recently the Native American party appears to have lost ground, probably because observation mitigated the jealous apprehensions which called

it into being. For various reasons it may be doubted whether the Irish will continue to form so distinctive and powerful an element as might at first be supposed by the rate of increase to the population direct from the Irish stock. In the first place, the future increase can hardly be sufficient to swamp the Anglo-Saxon element. If the whole population of Ireland were now added to the Union, the gross number of pure and derivative Irish would not amount to a majority; and if the Irish are fertile in offspring, Anglo-Saxons are not sterile. In the second place, there is nothing to keep the two races apart; and in the mixture of races, that which possesses the less inherent force will ultimately merge in the other. On the other hand, the strongly-marked characteristics of Protestant Ulster, and of many English families long resident in Ireland, prove how stubborn the Anglo-Saxon element is, even where it forms but a small minority in the midst of the Celts. Morally, the alternate condition of the Irish in America is very plain; although the number of Irish descent is estimated at ten millions, the Roman Catholics in the Union cannot muster a million—they are usually computed at 700,000. In other words, more than nine tenths of them cease to be Romanists. Various causes have been assigned for this vast conversion—more easy material circumstances, with a corresponding robustness in the tone of mind; thorough freedom of religion, with absence of an invidious and wrongous state establishment; more diffused education; the bracing breezes of the Atlantic in the transit; the elevation of the "common Irish" as compared with their priest; greater distance from the Pope. We do not ascribe much to the salt wind, nor distinctively to education; in the latter case, because education is considerably diffused in Ireland itself, and is indeed already telling with very manifest effect on the baser influences of the priest. But whatever the causes may be, the priests themselves are so conscious of the result, that in Ireland they have made it an argument against emigration; pointing to the United States as a wicked place, where the faithful stray from the true faith. They might rather say, that America is a ground on which the Irish are Saxonized.

Although these considerations may well mitigate the fears as to the ultimate subjugation of all America to the Celtic race—to which result very lugubrious prophets have alluded!—and the conversion of that powerful continent into an avenging scourge against England, they do not contravene the very just strictures passed upon successive governments for neglecting to lend that just influence to the stream of emigration which might direct it to dominions still attached to the British crown, rather than to those alienated from it. Such a direction might convert the great outgoing body into a reinforcement of the loyal rather than the hostile population. The Irish, if duly cultivated, naturally incline to loyalty; and the Celts generally are disposed to monarchic institutions. The Scotch Highlander is faithful to his chief; and the Frenchman cannot, to this day, adapt himself to a republic. The direction of the stream might be for the benefit of the Irish themselves. We have heard the remark made by most intelligent and trustworthy observers, that the Irish in the Union do *not* get on so well as their German or Anglo-Saxon fellow-citizens. Not only is it so where they remain in large towns—as in New York, and literally *pig* together after the

true Irish fashion; nor on railways, where they are kept in gangs, and cling to their faction-fights; but it is also the case, to a minor degree, in veritable settlements. The fact contrasts with the undeniable testimony of Mr. Cunard and other witnesses before the commissioners on the Quebec Railway, who testified to the perfect success of Irish emigrants in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island. The grand argument against such direction—and no man has paraded it more than Lord John Russell—has been, that the Irish sent over considerable sums for the passage of their relatives; and that state assistance might dry up that source of spontaneous emigration; but what then? Surely any sum which can be raised among newly-settled emigrants cannot be too great for this imperial state to spend in relieving Ireland by such mode as would cultivate a province to support English constitution and influence, rather than leaving the country to empty itself in recruiting an alien and possibly a hostile population. The argument only shows how much ideas of positive statesmanship and practical government are in abeyance. For the present, then, we must passively witness the process of perverse recruitment, and, instead of hoping to see it better-directed, must console ourselves with hopes that the results will not be so bad as some of us fear.

"WE FORBID THE BANNS!"—Louis Napoleon asks, "Who forbids the banns?" determined upon marrying, and making his bride empress; bone of his bone, and purple of his purple. "Who forbids them?"

"I forbid 'em," growls the Russian bear.

"I forbid 'em—I—I!"—screams the double-headed Austrian Eagle.

"I, too! I, too!"—cries the Eagle of Prussia—"I forbid 'em."

That is, Louis Napoleon may take a wife who shall be Madame Napoleon, even Princesses Napoleon—but not empress. And why? Oh, the Bear and the Eagles have parchment warranty. When Napoleon abdicated at Fontainebleau, he surrendered for himself and all of his blood in direct stream or collateral runnings, all right and title to the imperial throne of France. This is a hard historical fact. So much, too, did Napoleon the Great venerate the act of abdication, that, for what is known to the contrary, he may have headed one of his drums on his return from Elba with his parchment copy of the deed. It is, however, certain that he whistled at his promise: the said whistling being echoed by a few hundred thousands of bullets—whistling not at times to be laughed at.

However the quarrel may turn out, we are at least glad that there is a petticoat in it. For it seems that the president would be permitted—France vehemently insisting—to grow into an emperor; but then he must be Emperor Solus. A crowned and anointed Adam in the gardens of the Tuileries with never an Eve; for the stony-hearted Three Powers, like lodging-house landladies nice in furniture, "object to children."

And so it is the old story over again. To make the hubbub complete and universal, there must be—bless her!—a woman. Napoleon Emperor makes Caroline Empress, and millions of swords flash from their scabbards. Now is n't it hard that Napoleon's wedding-cake must be flavored with gunpowder, stuffed with balls, and moulded in a mortar?—*Punch*.

A REVENGEFUL knave will do more than he will say; a grateful one will say more than he will do.

A PRESENTIMENT of coming gladness is the summit of terrestrial felicity.

From the Journal of Psychological Medicine and Mental Pathology.

THE OVERWORKED MIND.*

THE wider spread of literature and science through society, the greater extent of commercial enterprise which has resulted from recent legislative and social changes, the larger amount of political action, whether municipal or parliamentary, accorded to the people, and the deep interest excited by free religious discussion, are causes sufficiently obvious, for a much higher degree of mental activity than has hitherto characterized the two free nations of the world, the United Kingdom and the United States. Concurrently with this increase of mental activity, there has been a diminution of that amount of corporeal labor which is absolutely necessary to maintain a just balance between the spiritual essence and its organ. The merchant is confined to his counting-house; the student is tempted to push his sedentary habits into the hours required for repose; the politician undergoes every form of mental strain. But, in proportion as the cerebral system is worked, the muscular system is inactive and at last mental labor is preferred to corporeal exertion, so that the man of thought becomes a mere lounge, incapable of any prolonged bodily effort. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, there are manifested the phenomena of the OVERWORKED MIND.

Modern psychologists have not failed to notice the results of this excessive intellectual activity on the mental powers, particularly with reference to the increase in the number of the insane. Amongst the most recent and the most eloquent is Dr. E. Jarvis, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, whose essay "On the Supposed Increase of Insanity," reprinted from the "American Journal of Insanity," is before us. After detailing the statistics of insanity in various nations, and passing in review the prevalence, more or less marked, of the exciting and predisposing causes, Dr. Jarvis observes that "the causes connected with mental labor, in its manifold applications, have increased and are increasing rapidly. . . . The improvements in the education of children and youth have increased their mental labors, and imposed more burdens upon their brains, in the present than in the preceding ages. The proportion of children who are taught in schools increases every year in the United States, and in most civilized nations. There are more and more of those whose love of knowledge, whose sense of duty, whose desire of gratifying friends, and whose ambition, impel them to make their utmost exertions to become good scholars. Thus they task their minds unduly, and sometimes exhaust their cerebral energies, and leave their brains a prey to

other causes which may derange them afterwards. The new science which has been lately discovered, or the old sciences that were formerly confined to the learned, but are now simplified and popularized, and offered to the young as a part of their education, multiply the subjects of study, and increase the mental labor of almost all in schools."

This more widely extended education, as well with reference to the number of subjects for study, as of students, has a large influence on the adult mind. Men, and classes of men, Dr. Jarvis remarks, such as in the last century would have thought of nothing but how they should obtain their bread, are now induced to study subjects, and pursue sciences, and burden their brains with great, and sometimes with excessive, labor. New fields of investigation have been laid open within the last hundred, and especially within the last fifty, years. New inducements are offered, so that a greater variety of tastes is invited to their peculiar feasts of knowledge. Many persons now study phrenology, metaphysics, mathematics, physiology, chemistry, botany, and other branches of natural history, to say nothing of mesmerism, biology, &c. In this multiplication of students and of subjects for study, it is not surprising that some sink under the difficulties with which their weak judgments or enervated mental faculties are unable to grapple. Dr. Jarvis also refers, with great justice, to those public moral questions, which now more than formerly interest men's minds; as diet, temperance, public hygiene, &c.; all of which impose much mental labor on minds but imperfectly trained to endure it.*

Increased insanity is not, however, the only result of this excessive cerebral activity. It exercises an important influence on individuals of great social power, as writers, or statesmen, and upon the general mass of individuals in society. As to the former, the individuals themselves are the greatest sufferers; as to the latter, society. It cannot be doubted, we think, that if any agents, operating generally, so modify the corporeal organization, and the modes of mental action of large numbers of individuals (in virtue of their *general* operation) become imperfect, irregular, and unhealthy, we shall have the results displayed on a large scale in national eccentricities, and bizarre, peculiar, and unusual modes of thought and action, in sections and groups of individuals. And this

* "Marsilius Ficinus," Burton observes, "gives many reasons why students *dote* more than others; the first is their negligence. Other men look to their tools; a painter will wash his pencils; a smith will look to his hammer, anvil, forge; a husbandman will mend his plough-irons, and grind his hatchet if it be dull; a falconer or huntsman will have an especial care of his hawks, hounds, horses, dogs, &c.; a musician will string and unstring his lute, &c.; only scholars neglect that instrument (their brain and spirits, I mean) which they daily use, and by which they range over all the world, which by much study is consumed. The second is contemplation, which dries the brain and extinguishes natural heat; for, whilst the spirits are intent to meditation alone in the head, the stomach and liver are left destitute, and thence come thick and black blood from crudities, and for want of exercise the superfluous vapors cannot exhale."

* On the Supposed Increase of Insanity. By Edward Jarvis, M. D., of Dorchester, Mass. Reprinted from "The American Journal of Insanity."

Life of Sir Walter Scott. By Mr. Lockhart.

Remains of H. K. White.

Memoir of Samuel L. Blanchard. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart., M. P.

proposition being granted, it further follows, that neither the political economist nor the philosophical statesman can be indifferent to the social condition of the people, as regards their intellectual development, and their too great or irregular exercise of the material organ of the mind. The psychologist and theologian will also enter upon the consideration of this matter with special interest, if he be thereby enabled to explain the deviations from a sound judgment on men and things, and the obliquity of moral vision, displayed by men of no obscure or unimportant position in the world of letters and philosophy. Superstitious and unhesitating credulity, and a strange cunning, have not been manifested in the lower or lowest classes exclusively. The national universities and the three learned professions have sent forth men who have adopted and strenuously promulgated dogmas so extraordinary, so irrational, and so utterly unfounded on fact, that their conduct has been referred to a form of monomania, or to wilful falsehood adopted for interested purposes. Yet probably the causes are really more on the surface, and are simply to be found in the corporeal results of an imperfect mental hygiene.

The present social condition of civilized European nations has had its counterpart in all ages, and therefore presents numerous *historical* points of interest. A very cursory consideration of it from this point of view shows that the causes are complex, although obvious. These we have not at present, however, to investigate; as we propose on this occasion rather to consider the pathology and cure of the *overworked mind* in individuals. We cannot, however, pass over a remarkable illustration of the general fact we have stated, presented to us in the quaintly erudite pages of Burton. In his introduction to the "Anatomy of Melancholy," under the title of "Democritus to the Reader," Burton quotes at length from the Hippocratic writings the description of the visit of Hippocrates to Democritus, at the instance of the citizens of Abdera, who thought their philosopher and benefactor had become insane. Burton adds what fits to the present time: "Never so much cause of laughter as now; never so many fools and madmen. 'Tis not one Democritus will serve turn to laugh in these days; we have now need of a *Democritus to laugh at Democritus*, one jester to flout at another, one fool to flout at another—a great stentorian Democritus, as big as that Rhodian colossus; for now, as Salisburyensis said in his time, *totus mundus histrionem agit*—the whole world plays the fool; we have a new theatre, a new scene, a new comedy of errors, a new company of personate actors. . . . He that was a mariner to-day, is an apothecary to-morrow, a smith one while, a philosopher another, *in his volupie ludis*—a king now with his crown, robes, sceptre, attendants, by and by drove a loaded ass before him like a carter; and if Democritus were alive now he should see strange alterations, a new company of counterfeit vizards, whiffers, Cumane asses, maskers, mummers, painted puppets, outsiders, phantastick shadows, guls, monsters, giddy-heads, butterflies. . . .

——— ubique invenies
Stultos avaros, sycophantas prodigos."

Amongst the causes which operate most influentially in exciting these social aberrations, one of the most potent is, undoubtedly, the over-stimulated, over-worked, irregularly developed mind. It is a law of nature that health, ease, and order shall

spring from labor, or from due use of the organs according to their appointed functions. This is universal. The "primal curse" is thus converted into a blessing. In all creation the due and regular performance of the allotted duties is rewarded by pleasing sensations, strength, and beauty, the undue and irregular, by pain, feebleness, deformity. This law holds good of the psychal as well as the physical, of the moral as well as the material. "Through much tribulation ye shall inherit the kingdom," is a profound truth, whether that empire be corporeal power and beauty, or mental power and virtue. Here labor, however, is not thus rewarded. It must be well-directed, in harmony with the needs and powers of the individual—general, as regards the use of the organs, and not partial. Excessive labor in one exclusive direction produces corporeal deformity and mental obliquity. Just as the nursery-maid becomes the subject of spinal curvature and deformity, from the exclusive use of the right arm in carrying her precious burden, so the man of thought, who directs the energies of his powerful intellect to one subject or class of subjects, becomes mentally deformed. His judgment becomes one-sided, to use an expressive Germanism, or even imbecile, his manners bizarre, his conduct eccentric. It is thus that the eccentricities of men of genius are manifested, even to a proverb.

The evils of excessive study generally, and not simply in one exclusive direction, manifest themselves in morbid conditions of the organ of thought, which, reacting on the mind itself, disorder its manifestations. Hence, it has often been observed how narrow the bounds are between great genius and madness; how frequently the organ breaks down under the strain to which it is subjected. Hence it is that many intellectual suns have arisen in brightness, and set in clouds and darkness; have illumined the world by their morning or mid-day glory, and then have been forever eclipsed by suicide, insanity, or idiocy:—

From Marlborough's eyes the tears of dotage flow.
And Swift becomes a driveller and a show.

Intermediately between the states of perfect vigor and complete disorganization, there are various phases of mental disorder, more distressing, perhaps, to the subject than even total extinction. No man feels more acutely than the man of letters, or the subject of prolonged intellectual labor, that state of mind in which every effort of thought is wearisome, and every object of thought is seen through a medium of gloom, anxiety, and dread. To such, existence is really a burden too heavy to be borne, and the endurance of life, under these circumstances, is probably as heroic an effort of fortitude as the endurance of a cruel martyrdom. The biographies of distinguished authors contain many touching instances of this kind.

Another result of mental toil is seen, not in the disorganization of the fibre of the brain so much as in the wearing out of the vascular system. Every effort of thought is accompanied by an expenditure of living material. The supply of this material is through the blood; hence the blood is sent in greater quantity to the brain in thought, and when the increased demand is constant, an increase in the vascular capacity of the brain becomes necessary, and is provided by the adaptive reaction of the organism. During the earlier periods of life this development of the blood-vessels only ministers to the vigor of the intellectual action;

but when the decline of life commences, and the wear and tear of previous years shows itself, the increased vascularity is a source of danger, and lays the foundation for those diseases which depend upon congestion of the brain. Hence it is that apoplexy and palsy so frequently terminate the lives of great thinkers and writers. Hence, also, the proclivity of the literary and intellectual class to suffer fatally from those fevers and other diseases which attack the brain in preference to less important organs; and hence the distressing, sudden, and premature deaths of men of genius from causes and diseases apparently trivial. In some individuals, particularly those with coëxistent disease of the heart and lungs, the vascular system gives way at once, and inflammation or apoplexy, epilepsy or acute mania, supervenes. The prime ministers of Austria and Prussia, during the recent revolutionary period, both succumbed to the overstrain of their material organ. Count Brandenburg, of Prussia, died of inflammation of the brain after only a very short illness; Prince Schwartzburg, of Austria, perished in a moment, of apoplexy.

These various modifications of the mental condition are by no means the absolutely necessary results of mental labor. In the greater majority of studious men there already exists a predisposition to cerebral diseases, or else these are or have been present. This is manifested in various ways. In Scott and Byron the deformity of the foot and leg (talipes) of which they were the subject, indicated that a nervous attack occurred during intra-uterine life, of a paralytic or spasmodic character. Such an occurrence is apt to be accompanied by modifications of the mental characteristics; in some instances, by downright idiocy—this when the spasmodic attack has been severe and the deformity great; in others, by eccentricity, impetuosity of temper, waywardness, genius—and this when there is only a slight deformity, as a slight squint, twist of the foot, &c. Byron had, as a child, a temper sullenly passionate. In his case, the proclivity to irregular action of the nervous system and the peculiarity of temper were derived from his parents. His paternal ancestors were remarkable for their eccentricities, irregular passions, and daring recklessness; and his mother was liable to ungovernable outbursts of temper and feeling. With such parentage, and so constituted, it is not remarkable that Byron fell so early. It is not without a feeling of melancholy that we have perused Moore's account of his last moments; for the gifted biographer himself became subsequently the victim of his ardor, and his own glorious faculties were extinguished by mental, though not corporeal, death. Writing of Byron, he states: "The capricious course which he at all times pursued respecting diet—his long fastings—his expedients for the allayment of hunger—his occasional excesses in the most unwholesome food—and, during the latter part of his residence in Italy, his indulgence in the use of spirituous beverages—all these could not be otherwise than hurtful and undermining to his health. . . . When to all this we add the wasteful wear of spirits and strength from the slow corrosion of sensibility, the warfare of the passions, and the workings of a mind that allowed itself no Sabbath, it is not to be wondered at that the vital principle in him should so soon have burnt out, or that, at the age of thirty-three, he should have had—as he himself drearily expresses it—'an old feel.' To feed the flame, the all-absorbing flame,

of his genius, the whole powers of his nature, physical as well as moral, were sacrificed—to present the grand and costly conflagration to the world's eyes, in which,

Glittering like a palace set on fire,
His glory, while it shone, but ruined him!"

The fever of which Byron died, displayed its fatal effects principally on the cerebrum. Whether the copious bleeding which was practised for his cure was judicious or not, we do not pretend to decide. We can affirm generally, however, that men and women so constituted seldom bear bleeding. The fate of the lamented Malibran comes to our remembrance, as we record Byron's protest against the depletion which was practised in his case. Referring to the opinion, as expressed by Dr. Reid in his essays, to the effect, "that less slaughter is effected by the lance than the lancet," he observed, "Who is nervous, if I am not? And do not those other words of his, too, apply to my case, where he says, that drawing blood from a nervous patient is like loosening the cords of a musical instrument whose tones already fall for want of sufficient tension? Even before this illness, you yourself know how weak and irritable I had become; and, bleeding, by increasing this state, will inevitably kill me." We believe it is now thoroughly established amongst all judicious practitioners, that patients who have great cerebral activity, not only do not bear bleeding well, but have their lives endangered by loss of blood. We could refer to warning examples, if it were not a painful and invidious task to select them. We can assert with great certainty, however, that the *pabulum vite* must not be rashly withdrawn from the *overworked mind*.

Perhaps there is no more touching and instructive psychological history than that which details the phenomena of mental decadence, and bodily decline, amidst which the hand of the mighty magician of the north,

Who rolled back the current of time,

drooped, at last, in helpless paralysis. In this mournful history (which, as detailed by Lockhart, we can never peruse without some wellings of emotion), there is chronicled the special physiology and pathology of the overworked mind. It is the history of a "case,"—too common, alas!—not to be neglected by those who now mount as upon the wings of eagles. At a time when pecuniary difficulties added to his mental labors, Sir Walter had to tug at the literary oar, and paid the first "penalty of his unparalleled toils" on the 15th February, 1830, when he had a slight apoplectic attack, more than two years and a half before his death. Mr. Lockhart justly remarks—"When we recollect that both his father and elder brother died of paralysis, and consider the terrible violence of agitation and exertion to which Sir Walter had been subjected during the four preceding years, the only wonder is, that this blow (which had, I suspect, several distinct harbingers) was deferred so long; there can be none that it was soon followed by others of the same description." Sir Walter was not without sufficient warning, but the long habit of literary labor was too strong for him; and after so distinct a notice of the state of the material organ, he still worked as industriously as ever. During the following winter his state of mind was distressingly shown to his amanuensis. Mr. Lockhart observes—"A more difficult and delicate task never devolved upon any man's friend, than he had

about this time to encounter. He could not watch Scott from hour to hour—above all, he could not write to his dictation—without gradually, slowly, most reluctantly, taking home to his bosom the conviction that the mighty mind, which he had worshipped through more than thirty years of intimacy, had lost something, and was daily losing something more, of its energy. The faculties were there, and each of them was every now and then displaying itself in its full vigor; but the sagacious judgment, the brilliant fancy, the unrivalled memory, were all subject to occasional eclipse.

Along the shords the fingers strayed,
And an uncertain warbling made.

Ever and anon he paused and looked round him, like one half waking from a dream mocked with shadows. The sad bewilderment of his gaze showed a momentary consciousness that, like Samson in the lap of the Philistine, 'his strength was passing from him, and he was becoming weak like unto other men.' Then came the strong effort of aroused will—the clouds dispersed as if before an irresistible current of purer air—all was bright and serene as of old, and then it closed again in yet deeper darkness." Under these circumstances it was no wonder that his medical advisers assured him repeatedly and emphatically that if he persisted in working his brain, nothing could prevent his malady from recurring with redoubled severity. His answer was, "As for bidding me not work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, *now don't boil*. . . . I foresee distinctly that if I were to be idle, I should go mad!" The fate of Swift and Marlborough was also before his eyes; and in his journal there is an entry expressive of his fear lest the anticipated blow should not destroy life, and that he might linger on, a driveller and a show. "I do not think my head is weakened" (this was a subsequent entry)—"yet a strange vacillation makes me suspect. Is it not thus that men begin to fail—becoming, as it were, infirm of purpose?"

That way madness lies—let me shun that.
No more of that —."

And when at the court-house of Jedburgh he faced the rabble populace and braved their hootings, the same idea of impending calamity was still present to his mind, as he greeted them on turning away, in the words of the doomed gladiator, "*Moriturus vos saluto*." "As the plough neared the end of the furrow," to use Scott's own expressive phrase, he was still urged on by his fixed habits of labor. "Under the full consciousness that he had sustained three or four strokes of apoplexy or palsy, or both combined, and tortured by various attendant ailments, cramp, rheumatism in half his joints, daily increasing lameness, and now of late gravel (which was, though last, not least), he retained all the energy of his will, and struggled manfully against this sea of troubles."

Perhaps there is nothing more remarkable in literary men than this enchantment with labor, and hardly anything less distressing when rest is needed. The mind seems as if it were a wild horse, to which the body is helplessly fastened; or as if it were an imperious tyrant, demanding incessant toil. Hardly is one literary undertaking completed—often before the finishing touches are put to the work—and the "maker" is casting about for another undertaking. This peculiarity

in literary men is one of the most obvious, most strongly marked, and most fatal.

Leland was the Sir Walter Scott of his day. Beloved by his king and devoted to the history and antiquities of his country, like Scott, he was a more accomplished scholar: for his ample mind embraced the languages of Greece and Italy, of modern times, and of those out of which English arose. He was a great traveller on the European continent, and he cultivated poetry with ardor. As the "king's antiquary," he spent six years in the survey and study of our national antiquities. He travelled over every county; surveyed towns, cities, and rivers, examined castles, cathedrals, monasteries, tumuli; investigated coins, and copied manuscripts and inscriptions, "*yn so much that*," (as he writes, in his 'New Year's Gift to Henry VIII.') "*al my other Occupations intermitted*, I have so traveled yn yowr Dominions booth by the Se Costes and the midle Partes, sparing nother Labor nor Costes, by the space of these vi Yeres paste, that there is almoste nother Cape, nor Bay, Haven, Creke or Peere, River, or Confluence of Rivers, Breches, Waschis, Lakes, Meres, Fenny Waters, Montaynes, Vallies, Mores, Hethes, Forestes, Chases, Wooddes, Cities, Burges, Castelles, principale Manor Placis, Monasteries, and Colleges, but I have seene them; and notid yn so doing a hole worlde of Things, very memorable." The vast accumulations of materials which resulted from this industry, occupied him another six years to shape and polish. And his bibliographical were as great as his itinerant labors. He was learned in "Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, British, Saxon, Welsh, and Scottish" literature. Like Sir Walter Scott, he was an ardent patriot, and the great end and aim of all his toils was the renown of his native land. He trusted so to write its ancient history, that the old glory of renowned Britain should "*reflorisch thorough the worlde*." But the mighty intellect succumbed to the overwhelming struggle. His conceptions were too great for his frame; so that when about to complete his undertaking he became maniacal, and died in his fortieth year; or, in the words of honest William Burton, the antiquary, "*Sed cum hoc rude chaos et pergrandis acervus digerendus et in ordinem methodicum redigendus esset, nam vel sui diffidentia non perficiendi hæc magna quæ pollicitus est laborans, vel terrore immensitatis tantæ et tam vastæ molis devictus, confuso et vitiatò cerebro è potestate mentis suæ decidit et phrenetica mania (quod lugendum sane) expiravit*." The melancholy that cherishes genius may also destroy it, is the sound remark of the author of "The Curiosities of Literature." "Leland, brooding over his voluminous labors, seemed to love and to dread them; sometimes to pursue them with rapture, and sometimes to shrink from them with despair." He feared, to use his own language,

— ne pereant brevi vel horâ
Mularum mihi nocturni labores
Omnes, et patriæ simul decora
Ornamenta cadant.

Insanity, in its various forms, is by no means an unfrequent result of an overworked mind. A painfully interesting illustration is afforded to us by a little episode in Miss Mitford's "Recollections," respecting Clare, as the insanity was rather that of the imagination than the instinct or feelings. Miss Mitford remarks: "A few years ago he was visited by a friend of mine, who gave me a

most interesting account of the then state of his intellect. His delusions were at that time very singular in their character; whatever he read, whatever recurred to him from his former reading, or happened to be mentioned in conversation, became impressed on his mind, as a thing that he had witnessed and acted in. My friend was struck with the narrative of the execution of Charles I., recounted by Clare as a transaction that had occurred yesterday, and of which he was an eye-witness; a narrative the most graphic and minute; with an accuracy as to costume and manners far exceeding what would probably have been at his command if seen. It is such a lucidity as the disciples of Mesmer claim for clairvoyance. Or he would relate the battle of the Nile and the death of Nelson with the same perfect keeping, especially as to seamanship, fancying himself one of the sailors who had been in the action, and dealing out nautical phrases with admirable exactness and accuracy, although it is doubtful if he ever saw the sea in his life."

But, perhaps, of all the ills to which excessive mental labor gives rise, *melancholia* and the *suicidal monomania* are the most distressing. The insane hand has thus stolen away many a valuable life, which might with the most ordinary precaution have been saved. The lamented death of the late Marquis of Londonderry, supervened upon excessive devotion to those toils of state, which, for some few days at least before his death, manifested the ravages they were committing on the organ of intellect. Often the attack is sudden, oftener it is preceded by a predisposition to lowness of spirits, and by thoughts of the most depressing kind. Sir Walter Scott remarks upon this state of feeling when he would have thrown away his life, as a child a broken toy: "Imagination renders us liable to be the victims of occasional low spirits. All belonging to this gifted, as it is called, but often unhappy class, must have felt that but for the dictates of religion, or the natural recoil of the mind from the idea of dissolution, there have been times when they would have been willing to throw away life as a child does a broken toy. I am sure I know one who has felt so. O God! What are we!—Lords of nature!—Why, a tile drops from a house-top, which an elephant would not feel more than the fall of a sheet of pasteboard, and there lies his lordship. Or something of inconceivably minute origin, the pressure of a bone, or the inflammation of a particle of the brain takes place, and the emblem of the Deity destroys himself or some one else." The narrative of the poet Cowper, in which he describes his mental condition during one of his paroxysms of suicidal melancholia, is as touching as it is instructive. The intolerable anguish—the impulse of self-destruction—the ruin struggle to resist, or bravely endure:

O wretched state! O bosom! black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, Angels, make assay!*

Perhaps amongst the modern victims of overwork who thus perished, Samuel Laman Blanchard merits special notice. His memoir, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, prefixed to his "Sketches from Life," is a touching biographical sketch. "Few men had experienced more to sour them than Laman Blanchard, or had gone more resolutely through the author's hardening ordeal, of narrow

circumstance, of daily labor, and of that disappointment in the higher aims of resolution, which must almost inevitably befall those who retain ideal standards of excellence, to be reached but by time and leisure, and who are yet condemned to draw hourly upon unmatured resources for the practical wants of life. To have been engaged from boyhood in such struggles, and to have preserved, undiminished, generous admiration for those more fortunate, and untiring love for his own noble yet thankless calling; and this with a constitution singularly finely strung, and with all the nervous irritability which usually accompanies the indulgence of the imagination, is a proof of the rarest kind of strength, dependent less upon a power purely intellectual, than upon the higher and more beautiful heroism which woman, and such men alone as have the best feelings of a woman's nature, take from instinctive enthusiasm for what is great, and uncalculating faith in what is good." Like Byron, Laman Blanchard had a predisposition to cerebral disorder. At an early age he experienced a paroxysm of suicidal excitement; in the earlier part of his life he abstained wholly from animal food—an undoubted mark of eccentricity to the eye of the physician, whatever vegetarians may say or think; and it was during an acute attack of cerebral irritation that he perished. It was ushered in, however, with the usual warnings. When eking out his income by "a constant waste of intellect and strength," his wife was seized with paralysis and became subject to fits. His vivacity now failed him, and he became subject to deep depression of spirits. "His friends, on calling suddenly at his house, have found him giving way to tears and vehement grief, without apparent cause. In mixed society he would strive to rally; sometimes with success—sometimes utterly in vain. He has been obliged to quit the room to give way to emotions which seemed to arise spontaneously, unexcited by what passed around him, except as it jarred, undetected by others, upon the irritable chords within. In short, the nerves, so long overtaken, were giving way. In the long and gallant struggle with circumstances, the work of toil told when the hour of grief came." Amidst all this, his constant thought was of fresh literary enterprises; a "limed soul" he was, yet not struggling to be free. So long had he toiled that the image of toil literally dogged him. He chalked out schemes, more numerous, and even more ambitious than any in which he had before indulged. Amongst the rest he meditated "a work upon the boyhood and youth of eminent men;" (we quote his biographer) "on which he wrote to consult me, and for which I ransacked my memory to supply him with anecdotes and illustrations. He passed whole days—even weeks—without stirring abroad, writing and grieving as it were together."

In this short sketch, how clearly the psychiatric practitioner recognizes the premonitory symptoms of cerebral congestion—how deeply he grieves that no warning voice was raised—no helping hand stretched forth to snatch him from the abyss, upon the verge of which he evidently stood. The rest followed quickly. Intolerance of light—an attack of hemiplegia—imperfect vision—spectral illusions—terrible forebodings of some undefined calamity—violent delirium—suicidal impulse—and then the act itself.

We once more quote his biographer—because some apology is due to our readers for this

* Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, act iii., sc. 3.

harrowing history—for the moral. “Thus, at the early age of forty-one, broken in mind and body, perished this industrious, versatile, and distinguished Man of Letters. And if excuse be needful for dwelling so long upon details of a painful nature, it may be found in the deep interest which science takes in the pathology of such sufferers, and in the warnings they may suggest to the laborers of the brain when the first ominous symptoms of over-toil come on, and while yet repose is not prescribed too late.”

Laman Blanchard was the biographer of a kindred sufferer—L. E. L. Her history, also, is not without an emphatic warning; but we forbear to dwell longer upon this painful subject. There is one other result of mental labor which, however, deserves notice—namely, that in which the horrors of confirmed *hypochondriasis* afflict the toiler. This shows itself, not merely in the common form of weak fancies as to the bodily health, or in unaccountable gloom, but also in a less understood form, in which the judgment is weakened, and the individual gets committed to some intellectual folly in science and literature, religion or politics. The man is not actually insane, or, if insane, there is method in his madness; but his feelings are easily acted upon, his credulity is unbounded, and his actions consequently unworthy his reputation or his intellect. We feel that this is delicate ground, and we therefore avoid specifying particular instances, not desiring to hurt conscientious convictions, whether in science or religion, although they are only held and expressed after (as we think) the mind is weakened by overwork. We may, however, quote here a medical review of high authority, without risk of offence. The remarks are made in reference to the disease termed “cerebropathy” by some, by others “nervousness,” and by others “brain-fag,” treated very successfully by certain empirics:—“A disease of literary, political, and professional men—of men who have changed night into day, either in the pursuit of science, literature, or pleasure, and robbed the brain of the repose necessary to its vigorous action. In such, a hypochondriacal condition verging upon insanity is the real state; the brain is enfeebled, the mind is in a degree imbecile, the imagination predominant. It is with this disease upon them, that men of refinement, of genius, of learning, of high station in their respective walks, fall a prey to quacks, religious and medical, and become the subjects of homœopathic, hydropathic, and mesmeric treatment; or, still worse, abandon friends and the healthy, useful employments of vigorous manhood, for the pursuit of ecclesiastical phantoms or the rigor of an ascetic ‘retreat.’”

Although we have hitherto illustrated the history of the overworked mind by examples drawn from literature, we do not by any means wish it to be understood that it is peculiar to this class of intellectual toilers. The bar, the parliament, the exchange, the universities, and the numerous minor channels in which energetic mental labor predominates, all supply ample illustrations. Still, in the literary class of men we have presented to us the type of the whole, and whatever is applicable to them is applicable also to the others. There are varieties, however, determined more or less by the sedentary, or gregarious, or active habits, of the individual; and there is one important class of overworkers, in whom the brain is worked before it has attained its full development

and capacity for labor. This class includes *young* persons of all kinds, to whom academical emulation, or the *res angustæ domi*, acts as a stimulus to excessive mental toil.

Perhaps the *overworked student* is as familiar an instance of the fearful results which follow on excessive mental culture, as the overworked literary man. The universities and colleges afford numerous examples, and it is somewhat difficult to select one from the number. It is of importance to remember that the glaring instances (such as that of Henry Kirke White) are not the most instructive or the most frequent. For one victim who sinks down in the heat of the battle, amidst the sympathies of an admiring public, two or three are doomed to a life of dull mediocrity or intellectual imbecility. The violent effort may not have induced insanity, or any obvious disease of the intellect, yet, from the time that it was accomplished, the student ceases to labor as was his wont, and the early promise of talent and usefulness is effectually defeated. It was the fate of Southey to suffer at the close of his career from the same causes which arrested the course of the two brother poets whose sufferings he related, namely, Chatterton and Kirke White. Chatterton was an illustration of the indigent *littérateur* perishing by his own hand; White of the student ambitious for academical honors, perishing at the moment of victory. White overworked himself before he went to Cambridge, and had doubtless thereby enfeebled a cerebral fibre never strong. While still an articled clerk at the age of eighteen, we are informed by his biographer that, after the ordinary duties of the day, he “allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o’clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber. Many nights he never lay down at all. It was in vain that his mother used every possible means to dissuade him from this destructive application.” His health soon sunk under these habits; and his constitution experienced a shock which it never recovered. During his first term at Cambridge he had to try for a university scholarship, as well as to pass the general examination. “Once more he exerted himself [for the latter] beyond what his shattered health would bear, and he went to his tutor, Mr. Catton, with tears in his eyes, and told him that he could not go into the hall to be examined. Mr. Catton, however, thought his success here of so much importance, that he exhorted him with all possible earnestness to hold out the six days of the examination. Strong medicines were given him, to enable him to support it; and he was pronounced the first man of his year. But life was the price which he was to pay for such honors as this; and Henry is not the first young man to whom such honors have proved fatal. He said to his intimate friend, almost the last time he saw him, that were he to paint a picture of Fame crowning a distinguished under-graduate after the senate-house examination, he would represent her as concealing a death’s head under a mask of beauty.” In his letters, Kirke White gives sad glimpses of the state of his mind while at Cambridge. He was overwhelmed, previously to his examination, with melancholy. “I wandered up and down,” he writes at the close of 1805, “from one man’s room to another, and from one

college to another, imploring society, a little conversation, and a little relief of the burthen which pressed upon my spirits." In February following (1806), he says, "The state of my health is really miserable; I am well and lively in the morning, and overwhelmed with nervous horrors in the evening. I do not know how to proceed with regard to my studies—a very slight overstretch of the mind in the day-time occasions me not only a sleepless night, but a night of *gloom* and horror. The systole and diastole of my heart seem to be playing at ball—the stake my life." How significant these premonitory phenomena—how vivid the warnings to him who could read them aright! The next stage (of congestion) our readers will be prepared for. "Last Saturday morning" (we quote again from one of his letters, dated July, 1806), "I rose early, and got up some rather abstruse problems in mechanics for my tutor, spent an hour with him, between eight and nine got my breakfast, and read the Greek history (*at breakfast*) till ten, then sat down to decipher some logarithm tables. I think I had not done anything at them when I lost myself. At a quarter past eleven my laundress found me bleeding in four different places in my face and head, and insensible. I got up and staggered about the room, and she, being frightened, ran away and told my Gyp to fetch a surgeon. Before he came, I was sallying out with my flannel gown on, and my academical gown over it," &c. A few weeks after this he went to London to relax—"the worst place," as Southey very correctly remarks, "to which he could have gone; the variety of stimulating objects there hurried and agitated him, and when he returned to college he was so completely ill that no power of medicine could save him. His mind was worn out; and it was the opinion of his medical attendant, that, if he had recovered, his intellect would have been affected." He first became delirious, then sunk into stupor, and so died. How pregnant a warning is this history to ambitious tutors and parents! What a lesson against aiming for "the bubble reputation" instead of a fitness for solid usefulness through a prolonged life! A sad disappointment, indeed, it is—to quote White's own lines—

————— to find,
When life itself is sinking in the strife,
'Tis but an airy bubble and a cheat!

Having so fully illustrated the consequences of unnatural toil of the mind, it is incumbent on us to point out the remedy. This has been long understood, and is obvious. In one word, it is REST. It is the removal of the cause—the first step in the cure of all diseases. But it is not so easy to apply this remedy to the special cases under consideration, partly because in by far the larger proportion the toil is almost imperatively demanded by circumstances, partly because, as we have seen, the habit for labor of the kind has so fixed itself, that it is all but irresistible. It is of far greater importance that the laborer shall so labor that he shall gather strength, and not weakness, from his toil, in accordance with the order of Divine Providence. To this end there is only one way, namely, to labor in humble subjection to the laws of our mental and corporeal well-being. Intellectual labor need not necessarily induce the frightful ills we have described or catalogued; on the contrary, it is that by which the progressive development of mankind as a created being can alone be secured.

It is therefore not merely the privilege, but the duty, of every man to work his intellectual faculties to the utmost limit consistent with sound health, so that he may thereby not only add to the general stock of wisdom and knowledge, but also so act upon himself corporeally, that some part of that improvement in his mental powers with which mental labor rewards him, may be transmitted to a vigorous offspring.

In analyzing the histories of many victims to intellectual toil, we cannot but be struck with the general fact, that a total disregard of their *bodily* health was as much a moving cause of their disasters as their prolonged mental efforts. The man who neglects the ordinary appliances of health, and the ordinary rules of existence, cannot fail to suffer. Nervousness, and melancholy, and low spirits, are as much the lot of the luxurious, the indolent, and the dissipated, as of the man of letters, the statesman, or the merchant. The prevention of the morbid results we have alluded to is comprised in the word SELF-DENIAL. A voluminous writer of the last century lived to be 87 years of age. He not only was a great commentator, a philosopher, an encyclopædist, a divine, but he had upon his mind the care of the whole body of "the people called Methodists," and who now bear his name. It was only by his sound common sense, his self-denial, and his sense of duty, that he was enabled to be "in labor more abundant." As an amusing instance of John Wesley's practical common sense, we extract the following from his advice to his preachers, whom he ruled as a preceptor as well as a father. Some of them were complaining, at a "Conference" held at Leeds in the year 1778, of being "nervous," and suffering from nervous disorders. As to these, he observes, (we quote from the published minutes)—

Q. What advice would you give to those that are nervous?

A. Advice is made for them that will take it. But who are they? One in ten, or twenty?

Then I advise:—

1. Touch no dram, tea, tobacco, or snuff.

2. Eat very light, if any supper.

3. Breakfast on nettle or orange-peel tea.

4. Lie down before ten;—rise before six.

5. Every day use as much exercise as you can bear; or,

6. MURDER YOURSELF BY INCHES!*

We do not know that much can be added to this quaint but sound advice. Daily exercise, early rising, the total abnegation of spirits, fermented drinks, tobacco in any form, and tea, dinner in the middle of the day, are rules which any intelligent man must see are particularly applicable to those who work the nervous system exclusively. Daily exercise must be taken to balance cerebral with muscular activity. Stimulants to the nervous system must be avoided, because it is already over-stimulated by thought. Repose for the brain and sensorial nerves must be secured by going early to rest, because nature has ordained that repose is necessary for their healthy action, and because the hours of darkness after sunset, are universally the hours of repose of those animals that are not nocturnal in their habits. Abstinence from gross living is requisite, because the waste of the system is not in the muscles, but in the

* Minutes of the Methodist Conference. Ed. 1812. Vol. I., p. 136.

minor agent, as regards material extent—the cerebrum.

It is, perhaps, as to the mode in which these habits can be practised that there will be the greatest difference of opinion. It is very easy to prescribe daily exercise to the hard-working statesman, or man of letters, or professional man; but how is he to secure it amidst the hurry of metropolitan life, and in the wilderness of baked clay and granite of metropolitan streets? Early to rest may be most wholesome, but how is it practicable with the present arrangements of daily life in the larger towns? Strong tea may be “bad for the nerves,” but without it the jaded student truly says, “I should have no nerves at all! and as for avoiding tobacco, how could I exist without my delicious Havana, the sole solace of my studies?” Thus, secondary circumstances, as well as the primary necessity, bind the intellectual laborer to a wearisome, health-destroying cycle of influences to which he is helplessly subject, and from which it is only by efforts almost superhuman that he can escape.

The prevention of disease, under circumstances like these, can only be attained by a united effort and a combination of all those interested. Thus made it is not surely quite an impossibility. The stimulus of emulation might excite to athletic exercises; and steady advocacy through the press of more rational hours for social enjoyment, might do much in modifying the late hours of fashionable life; an earlier dinner hour, morning operas, &c., would not be altogether useless. It is, however, quite in the power of the individual to do much for himself. Thorough ablution of the head once or twice a day with cold water, or even a slight shower bath, will do much service to the material organ. Extreme temperance in diet would also keep the head clear; but, above all, cessation from mental effort, so soon as the premonitory symptoms of over-work show themselves. Hot eyes, flushed face, irritable temper, despondency, uneasy slumbers, slight vertigo, or, during sleep, something like somnambulism instead of dreams, should be attended to instantly. If any of these supervene, a cessation from labor is strenuously indicated. From that moment, all head-work is out of the capital stock of strength; it is true wear and tear, and the loss thus incurred must either be speedily replaced, or disorder and disease will result. Physiological laws, it cannot be too well remembered, are as inexorable as the physical. The rest is comprised in two things;—GENTLE BODILY EXERCISE, SLEEP.

No man who works his brain actively should work all the year round. Of all organs of the body it is that which the most enjoys a holiday. The most practicable and the most useful is a pedestrian excursion, and upon this point we would again quote from the “British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review.” “In this class of cases there is a more legitimate remedy than these empirical [the hydropathic] appliances, and that is, a pedestrian tour, such as Dr. Forbes enjoyed, and has described in his pleasant ‘Physician’s Holiday.’ Let the man of refinement and imagination, who is pestered with thick-coming fancies, especially after reading ‘The Fathers,’ and feels that he has lost the healthy, noble feeling of self-reliance, which characterizes the true man, flee to the mountains for solace, rather than to an ascetic, enthusiastic priest. Let him defer the performance of what he thinks to be a duty, and the practice

of what he yearns for, as a refuge from his gloom, until he has strengthened the organ of thought and enjoys a *mens sana in corpore sano*. Without this, his sacrifices and martyrdom are but the self-imposed evils of a foolish hypochondriac, and of no religious value whatever. If, after breaking away from all his engrossing studies, and holding converse with nature in her sublimest aspects—drinking nothing more potent than water—walking twenty miles a-day, and every evening taking a warm bath—if, after a three months’ pedestrian tour in the Tyrol, Switzerland, or Scotland, so conducted, he returns to the world and finds its aspect towards him unchanged, and he has no desire to do his duty—solid duties—actively and earnestly, then there is nothing for him but to ‘retreat,’ and live amidst the phantoms and chimeras which are to his taste. ‘Hellebore,’ will not cure him; Bath, the Brünnen, and Malvern will be alike useless; and even the false miracles of Mesmerism will ‘pale their ineffectual ray,’ before those of another class, which to his morbid imagination appear real.”*

There is still another class of head-workers—those to whom no holiday comes, to whom a pedestrian excursion is too great a luxury to be even dreamed of, and who must work at all hazards. These may ward off many evils by a strict diet and regimen, and by varying from time to time the subject of their studies. This is the great secret of safe continued head-work. It is a species of cerebral gymnastics, by which all parts of the organ of thought are equally worked. With this and a sedulous attention to the bodily health, by the simple means which common sense dictates, many have been enabled to work long and strenuously with comparative impunity, and, although the evil day must come at last, it is long deferred.

We have offered to the man of mind few other than what may appear selfish motives to induce him to guard well the powers God has given him. We have not forgotten, however, that from him to whom much is given much also will be required. Unless this higher motive of duty direct the laborer in the field of intellect; unless he guard his gifts as things held only in trust, and use them as one who must render an account—he will spend his days in labor, and late take rest in vain. Too late he will learn by bitter experience that, in his case,

Life’s but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

THE Long Island grasshoppers were drowned by millions in the late profuse rains. Turkeys are among the most effectual exterminators of this insect. We have heard a story of a flock of turkeys which, not long since, were turned into a field of grass, and cleared it of grasshoppers in a very short time. They walked from one end of the field to the other in a row of twenty or more, nearly abreast, snapping up the grasshoppers as they went. When they had cleared a strip of considerable breadth in this manner, they walked back again on that portion of the field next to the space already cleared, repeating the same process. Grasshoppers, it is said, are as easily driven as geese. At Snarlington, a place east of Jericho, a farmer cleared a field of them by driving them into a sort of pen, where he secured three pecks of them, which were given to his turkeys.

* Opere Citato. Vol. vii., p. 452.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MRS. TROLLOPE.

GOETHE complained that modern poets put too much water in their ink. Of many modern novel-wrights, we may similarly, or inversely, complain that they put too little ink in their water. No wonder, then, that the manuscript so soon becomes *fade*, colorless, illegible, and survives not the "first reading." Even a large piece of bullion will only supply a certain amount of gold-leaf, and cover a limited surface. Genius, too, has its boundaries. If it pass them, it must pay the penalty, and that is sometimes a heavy toll. Genius has no infinite mood. In trying to prove that it has, it becomes an irregular verb. Mrs. Trollope is one of those who, by over-writing, refuse to do themselves justice. At least, she writes too fast, and gives way too indulgently to the rash speed of her gray-goose quill, so that it sometimes, in the nature of things, leads her a wild-goose chase. Her gold-leaf is beaten too thin; her ink, though abounding in gall, is diluted with too much water. Not that we hold the impossibility of a prolific author being a great author, confronted as such a theory is by ancient and mediæval literature, belied as such an *unwise* saw is by so many modern instances. But there are cases in which the fecundity proves the weakness of the offspring, as well as the vigor of the parent. The talent is too widely diffused, instead of being wisely concentrated. Three or four of Mrs. Trollope's works are marked by a more terse and compact habit of thought, and show, by their superiority to the rest of the family, what she can produce when she likes. Assuredly this lady's industry and exuberance of invention entitle her to the proverbial name she enjoys, or endures, for prolific authorship. With Virgil's rustic we may admirably exclaim:—

O quoties, et quæ nobis Galatæa locuta est ! *

In vain have reviewers tried to keep up with her. A blue-stocking who travels in seven-leagued boots may well run critics and criticasters out of breath—she triumphantly ascending the hill difficulty, as fresh as a daisy, while they wallow, and struggle, and give up the race (and almost the ghost) in the Slough of Despond. Pant and puff as they will to run her home, she is in a trice miles out of sight, over the hills and far away, and wondering what those sluggish lameters are doing in the rear. It was once suggested by Tom Moore,† as an expedient to keep pace with the *celeritas incredibilis* of certain literary Cæsars, that they should each have a reviewer appointed expressly, *auprès de sa personne*, to give the earliest intelligence of his movements, and do justice to his multifarious enterprises. But would one such officer suffice in the case of Mrs. Trollope? We trow not. Poor wight, he would "strike" ere the first year was out; and his successor, however able-bodied and conscientious a man-of-all-work, would find the accumulated arrears too much for him, protest that the place was too hard for him, and go off at a month's warning. What a Lady Bountiful bath Mrs. Trollope been to printers, Marlborough-street puff-factors, Wellington-street advertising columns, provincial paper-makers, and eke, we fear, to universal trunk-makers! The prosiest of utilitarians must be sensible to the weight of her claims in this economical aspect, and must reverence (in spite of

his *nil admirari* temperament) the colossal scale on which she has employed national capital and labor. Nor is she ever weary in this well-doing, nor does she ever betray symptoms of fatigue. Again and again are novel-readers on the wrong scent, and have quite lost the trail, when asking one another, "Have you read Mrs. Trollope's last?" finding that what they supposed her most recent venture has been superseded by two or three others, and that the hypothetical "last" is neither the ultimate, nor penultimate, nor even antepenultimate, but quite an old story in the *rationale* of circulating libraries. And we have a profound conviction that so inveterate is this *kalo* or *kakothês scribendi* in her constitution—and so impressed is she with the resolution not to suffer the cold oblivion implied in the adage, "Out of sight, out of mind"—that she will be found to have taken measures for many a year to come, by which her perpetual reappearance shall be ensured. Depend upon it, her literary executors will be entrusted with the supervision of a few bales of "copy," containing work for generations of compositors and readers yet unborn; so that novels of the approved Trollope fabric may, by a judiciously frugal rate of publication (say two or three per annum) be made to last some half-way into the next century. If, however, our prognostications should be disproved by the event, we shall console ourselves with the reflection that it was only because the novelist's will was wanting; and if we chance to survive her, we shall battle as stoutly as ever in behalf of her power to have worked out this *paulo-post-futurum*. Our faith in her potentiality is illimitable. But there are such things as "foiled potentialities," as Mr. Carlyle so graphically shows*—and that fact must be our apology, if Time, the Avenger, should call us false prophets, or other bad names. But we must leave to the *New Monthly* critic of A. D. 1950 the duty of defending our hallowed memory on this score.

Satire is, perhaps, the characteristic of Mrs. Trollope's writings—satire of a hard, poignant, per-severing sort, which is little akin to the more graceful raillery of Mrs. Gore, or to Thackeray's good-natured irony. It wears an almost vicious look—goes about seeking whom it may devour—snaps at strangers—bites as well as barks, and, when it does bite, makes its teeth meet. There is nothing reserved or indefinite in its vocabularies; it carries no trace of "equivocal generation;" it beats about no bush, nor strives to break the fall of its victims, nor meditates excuse for its own hostility. To "damn with faint praise," it knows not; to "hesitate dislike," it scornfully repudiates. It is alien from all these refined equivoques and dissembling sarcasms which, to compass their ends,

assent with civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.†

Its lines are deeply indented and coarsely grained, and do not fall on pleasant places. In anatomizing her subjects, Mrs. Trollope shows no profound psychological science; in fact, her incisions are often but skin-deep; but then she gashes to and fro after a terrible sort, and produces jagged wounds, and leaves unsightly scars, and seems to revel in diagrams of morbid pathology. Her illustrations are generally lively, not always truthful, and frequently

* Bucol. III., 72.

† In his "Edinburgh Review" of Lord Thurlow's Poems, September, 1814.

* "Latter Day Pamphlets."

† Pope (Prologue to the Satires).

farfetched. The absurdities and abuses of social life have had few sharper inquisitors, but many of abler discrimination and more practical judgment. Fools and villains are not to be shamed and reformed, or their ugliness to be made a warning, by unqualified expositions of their actual or their ideal excesses. Satire, by being too broad, too unconditional, too straightforward, defeats its being's end and aim. Its acute angles become obtuse, and its parallel lines never meet their object. According to Sir Walter Scott, the nicest art of satire lies in a skilful mixture of applause and blame; there must be an appearance of candor, and just so much merit allowed, even to the object of censure, as to make the picture natural.* But in no case is Mrs. Trollope a friend to the *media via*. If she scolds, it must be vehemently; if she admires, it must be sweepingly—like the duke, with whom

Railing and praising were the usual themes,
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.

In the same manner, her humorists are too often buffoons; her wit trenches on caricature; her romance goes Surrey melodramatic lengths; her comedy merges in farce. A blackguard à la Trollope is all black. In reading her fictions we are consciously *en rapport* with a clear-seeing and clever woman, who surprises us with the extent, the variety, and the lucidity of her visions; but we feel the while that truth and nature are sacrificed or forgotten—that the clairvoyance is a skilful delusion, the performance a make-believe, the performer a professional artiste. Sometimes, indeed, Mrs. Trollope draws from life, and supplies the finishing touches as well as the outline from the same source. But, as a rule, she overdoes nature, or contrives to do without it—*novis saltem judicibus*.

The celebrity of that literary *scandalum* to the taste of Uncle Sam, "Domestic Manners of the Americans," which he reckons to "whip creation" in the article of *scan. mag.*, was not rivalled by the accompanying novel, "The Refugee in America," with which Mrs. Trollope clenched her argument. The former was fiction enough, on American showing—it was all "tarnation romance" from beginning to end; and to follow it up by a professed work of fancy or unreality, was adding insult to injury. From the vulgarity and utilitarianism of this prosaic theme, she turned in the following year (1833) to Italy and the sixteenth century, producing "The Abbess," a romance rich in convent characteristic, love intrigues, and Inquisition unpleasantness. The same strong and pointed lance that had just run-a-muck against Yankeedom, was now couched, in the same martial and uncompromising spirit, against old abuses of ultramontaniam. There is ingenuity, but no great grasp of passion or power, in this tale; some of the characters are spirited, but they are superficially drawn, and, when we close the book, they leave hardly a trace behind to recall and perpetuate the circumstances under which we "were first acquant." The author's *penchant* for political agitation and polemical romance, of which later years produced notable proofs in the career of Michael Armstrong and Jessie Phillips, declared itself in 1836 by the pub-

lication of the "Life and Adventures of Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw"—an atrocious rascal, who plays pranks to make angels weep and gentlemen swear, upon slave-hordes of what old Fuller called "God's images cut in ebony," on the banks of the Mississippi. For depicting an unmitigated scoundrel of the A 1 force—one of those male excrescences of human nature which now and then appear in paper and print—commend us to *female* novelists in general and Mrs. Trollope in particular. To adopt a fastidious paraphrase, she goes the entire animal. Othello peered downwards to see whether Iago had not cloven feet.* The feet of Mrs. Trollope's splendid sinners reveal the theft—almost as deep as a well, and as wide as a church door—through patent leather and all. Wondrous is her arithmetical mastery of these impossible quantities. A good hater herself, she indoctrinates us with her principles, until the force of hating can no further go, and the sense of our incapacity to wreak summary vengeance on the objects of it becomes intolerable, and makes us scream for the police, or frantically devise other retaliatory measures. The prosperity of Mr. Whitlaw increases our repugnance to his malpractices; and the savage relief we feel when he is at last checkmated in the game of life, by that grim old Obi crone, is positively unchristian in its ebullitions. Yet Jonathan is ably represented; and other characters there are in the book which attest the writer's vigor and comprehensive skill—as Lotte Steinmark, the winsome German *Fräulein*, and Lucy Blight, and Aunt Clio—(great is Mrs. Trollope in the matter of aunts). In the following years "The Vicar of Wrexhill" made his celebrated *début*; and to this hour that clerical notoriety is considered by many—taking him and his history together—the masterpiece of his race. As usual, the story bristles with satire of the roughest, and, as usual, it excited a stormy outcry from those whom it assailed. That the Doctor Cantwell, or Tartuffe, of this work, is an exaggerated piece of moral deformity we should be sorry to doubt; and that the acrimony and heat of Mrs. Trollope's strictures *en masse* are offensive and immoderate we are constrained to hint. But we fancy she did the state some service by this *exposé* of Jesuitism in social life—this onslaught upon the morbid phases of the "Evangelical" school. So far we view it with a degree of approval similar to that we award to Sydney Smith's crusade against the Methodists,† when he laughed at the accounts of Providence destroying an in-keeper at Garstang, for appointing a cockfight near the Tabernacle, and of a man who was cured of scrofula by a single sermon, and of the poor Leather-lungs who, when he rode into Piccadilly in a thunderstorm, imagined that all the uproar of the elements was a mere hint to him not to preach at Mr. Romaine's chapel. We incline to hold with a distinguished clerical poet, that

he only is the Evangelical
Who holds in equal scorn dogmas and dreams,
The Shibboleth of saintly magazines,
Decked with most grim and godly visages;
The cobweb sophistry, or the dark code
Of commentators, who, with loathsome track,
Crawl o'er a text, or on the lucid page

* Thus Dryden's Portraiture of Shaftesbury ("Absalom and Achitophel") qualifies the censure so artfully with praise of his talents, as to render his faults even more conspicuous and more hateful.—Scott's "Life of Dryden," § 5.

* Oth. I look down towards his feet; but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

Othello, Act V., Scene 2.

† Works of Rev. S. Smith, vol. i.

Beaming with heavenly love and God's own light,
Sit like a nightmare !*

This, and not the accomplished spouter who turns out on a Sunday morning, "with looks saddening the very sunshine, to instruct the parish poor in evangelic lore," and teach them to cast off all good works as filthy rags, and to fly morality as the gates of hell. What sort of world would that school substitute for the world they bid us forsake and *in toto* abandon ! A dark, narrow world, indeed—so Christopher North has answered that question—yet narrow as it is, haunted by thoughts that can, and too often do, debase and terrify into idiocy or madness ; for nature thwarted, must dwindle into decay or distortion—the very shape of the soul becomes deformed, its lineaments ghastly, as with premature age ; the spring is struck out of life ; the gracious law of her seasons is disobeyed ; and on the tree of knowledge we are to look for fruits before blossoms. Bad philosophy and worse religion !† Hence our sympathy with the "high-and-dry" bard's apostrophe :—

Oh, shallow, and oh senseless ! in a world
Where rank offences turn the good man pale,
Who leave the Christian's sternest code, to vent
Their petty ire on petty trespasses—
If trespasses they are—when the wild world
Groans with the burden of offences—‡

who swallow camels, straining at a gnat ; who deem the Almighty frowns upon his throne, because two pair of harmless dowagers,

Whose life has lapsed without a stain, beguile
An evening hour with cards ; who deem that Hell
Burns fiercer for a Saraband.

In its tendency, therefore, to "show up" a sham system and a sham professor of sanctity, we recognize something healthy and seasonable in the "Vicar of Wrexhill." The effect of this beneficial tendency was, however, as in so many other instances of Mrs. Trollope's polemical ventures, warped and disabled by the bitterness of the medium employed for its "exhibition," as doctors say. The character of the Vicar has been not unjustly pronounced, by a favorable as well as competent reviewer, "not merely a libel on the sect, but a libel on humanity." Painful as this novel is in tone and in details, and overwrought though it be in glare of coloring and in the drawing of the central figure, it is the one of its author's thousand-and-one productions which most completely and pointedly illustrates the individuality of her art—its disagreeableness of course included.

The subject of "Michael Armstrong" trenches upon the debatable ground of art. The province of fiction has its limits. "Child-torturers," says Currer Bell, "slave-masters, and drivers, I consign to the hands of gaolers ; the novelist may be excused from sully his page with the record of their deeds."§ Whether the novelist may be excused for depicting those deeds in extravagant form and lurid coloring, is another question, and one which touches Mrs. Trollope a little closely. For she has here detailed a very revolting, and, as we think (albeit no devotees to the cause of cotton lords and millocracy), a very *ex parte* sort of history—whereof neither the fiction interests, nor the logic convinces, nor the rhetoric subdues us. The titled

Vampire of the tale, Sir Matthew Dowling, is an impossible creature—happily for human nature, though unhappily for the success of the novelist ; she represents him as a brute of incomparable coarseness, an atrocious scoundrel whose very name excites kicking propensities in every male reader's *pedis pollex*, and at the same time a man of ambitious and refined intellect, aspiring to the credit of a literary and accomplished gentleman, a speaker of modern languages, a critical French scholar, a playful votary of the Muses himself, and a universal Mæcenas to all who wield a pen in their service—valuing himself chiefly upon his reputation for the lighter graces of wit and gallantry, for being a delightful something between Killigrew and Count de Grammont—so that there is no receptacle of wit from Joe Miller downwards, no gallant memoir in an unintelligible tongue, which Sir Matthew does not study with assiduity and perseverance of the highest order. Such is Mrs. Trollope's Manchester model man—the representative in her parliament of the cotton interest—the *ex uno disce omnes* pattern of mill-owners and manufacturers. And this vulgar oppressor has a familiar worthy of him, in the person of Mr. Joseph Parsons—a parasite who contracts to do his principal's dirty work wholesale, and does it beautifully—breaking the hearts and the bones of the factory folks after a magnificent system of his own. Such a couple of ogres can be had to order, to any amount, from the staff of dramatists at our minor theatres, or the "Able Editors" of our red republications. They are unworthy of the ingenuity and toryism of Mrs. Trollope. Not much more to our taste, in point of draughtsmanship at least, are Dr. Crockley, whose sportive malice is so repulsive—and the Lady Clarissa, a sentimentalist *minus* a heart ; and even the good people have more goodness than godness about them—the little hero wanting individuality, his mother wanting nature, and his lady friends wanting ease and relief. The incidents of the tale are carelessly wrought ; the descriptions are of the forcible feeble type ; the conversations are improbable and stilted. On the whole, we submit that this volume of political agitation was a mistake. It sought to do in one social department what "Oliver Twist" had just been doing in another ; but it had no support *ab intra*—no corps dramatique of Bumbles, and Claypoles, and Fagins, and Sykeses, and Artful Dodgers, and Nancys, to clench the argument and drive the nail home.

About the same time, however, Mrs. Trollope played the literary chaperon to a lady of real character and definite idiosyncrasy—one who stands out as a distinct and living form among the accepted celebrities of the English novel. And this is the Widow Barnaby. Her adventures are traced with more of unctuous humor than is usual with the author, and, excepting the hurry-skurry of the finale, with more equable respect to truth. Miss Martha Compton's matrimonial tactics make up a rich piece of comedy—and the widowed career of the same adventurer maintains the fun to the fifth act. Showy, strong-willed, supple-tongued, audacious, garrulous, affected, tawdry, lynx-eyed, indomitable in her scheming, and colossal in her selfishness—*was für eine Frau* is the Widow Barnaby !—Then she is ably played up to by the other characters, in whose portraiture unwonted skill is apparent ; Agnes Willoughby, for instance—whose artlessness shows delightfully beside her guardian's systematic art ; and Aunt Betsy, a

* Rev. W. Lisle Bowles ; "Banwill Hill ; or, Days Departed."

† See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxvii. p. 300.

‡ Bowles.

§ Shirley, vol. i. p. 85.

worthy old soul, in excellent keeping; and my Lord Mucklebury, whose flirtation with the "fat, fair, and forty" matron is wound up so snarltly. Like all, or nearly all continuations, "The Widow Married" suggested invidious comparisons, and made admirers wish that "let well alone" had been the order of the day. It is perilous for an author to tamper with what has become public property, and in the disposal of which the public will have a voice.

To the same period belongs "One Fault"—a novel to which we should be happy to apply its own title, if we could; but which, we fear, has more than one, or two, defects incident to its constitution. It is a story of a persecuted wife, whose trials are elaborated with abundant minuteness and frequent pathos; but it is deficient, to a marked degree, in action, in probability, in character, and in finish. Read piecemeal, or in the elegant extracts of a Review, it tells very well, and testifies to the nervous energy of the hand which indited it; but when conscientiously perused (in the grammatical sense) as a "matter" of three volumes, it drags, and droops, and would dwindle away but for the intervals of irregular vehemence which relieve the tedium. Its moral is good—to wit, the evils of morbid sensitiveness, illustrated in the "ways and means," of Wentworth; but the development of this principle is sufficiently eccentric and overdrawn to mar the purpose it involves. It seems too far removed from the level of actual life to make its didactic import available within that region.

"Charles Chesterfield; or, the Adventures of a Youth of Genius," is one of those novels of literary life—its double-double toil and trouble, its contradictions and absurdities, its hopes and fears—of which so many writers have made significant use, as Balzac and George Borrow, Thackeray and G. H. Lewis. The Byronial hero and his gradual disenchantment pertain to a twice twenty-times told tale; but of course there is amusement and spirit in Mrs. Trollope's version, and even more than her average outlay of caricaturing skill and sarcastic commentary. The London coteries are quizzed *ad libitum*, and almost *ultra licitum*—and to the same sharp fire of satirical artillery are exposed whigs and Yankees, and sentimentalists alike of the German silver type and of Brummagem ware. Literary life furnished another theme in the instance of her next work, "The Blue Belles of England," whereof the title is its own interpreter. With higher claims to nature than its predecessor, it is its inferior in smartness and caustic power; on which grounds it is less acceptable to those who read the author for her distinctive characteristics, and more so to those who are thankful for repose from the constant din of satirical sallies.

An improbable but somewhat exciting tale followed, in the shape of "Hargrave; or, the Adventures of a Man of Fashion," the Pelham or Cecil of the work being a disreputable *roué*, whose type is to be found rather in Robert Macaire than in either of the aforesaid London coxcombs. The conduct of the incidents is reckless, and the elaboration of characters null. About the same time appeared "Jessie Phillips," a pendant to the "Factory-Boy," already mishandled by us. The New Poor Law is the object of this assault, as the Factory System was of that. Enough to say, that on a subject which she herself pronounces "one of such enormous difficulty and such stupen-

dous importance," she fails as signally as in the preceding one. Right pleasant was it to meet her in a more congenial element, when engaged in showing up "The Laurringtons; or, Superior People"—a cluster of artificial flowers *not* born to blush unseen, or to blush at all, of which the natural history is hero detailed with the keen "knowingness" of one acquainted with the entire process by which such things are made. We miss, however, something of the early vigor of the satirist. Still she is greatly preferable on topics of this order, however they may savor of the *crambe repetita*, than on a delineation of "Young Love," to which she subsequently turned her attention, working up a rather complicated story with ingenuity, but without marked success. A month or two's breathing-space, and she reappeared in full feather as exhibitor of the "Attractive Man," Mr. Theodore Vidal, *alias* Luke Squabs. This worthy is just one of the clever, bland, impossible rascals whom she takes to pieces with such dissecting-room gusto. He is a man of strong feelings and considerable powers of mind—completely devoted to the pleasures of life, but with method in his madness—an Epicurean *sui generis*—living luxuriously upon his friends, a Mr. Affable Hawk doing the agreeable in a dovecot, and now in middle life, looking out for an eligible spouse. A perennial flow of impudence there is in him, springing up like the strong jet of a well-supplied fountain, and blinding the eyes of any audacious mortal who ventures within splashing distance. The portrait is strongly drawn, but wants relief. The same with Lucy Dalton, a beautiful and gifted creature, without heart, principle, or decency—one of those happily unreal characters whom Mrs. Trollope, unhappily seeks to endow with a local habitation and a name, but which human nature will never accept, and the circulating libraries only *pro tempore*. One or two personages in this novel are, however, excellent; as Squire Clementson, the comely, stout-hearted, and sweet-blooded (to use Jeffrey's pet phrase) old English gentleman; and the shy geological bachelor Mr. Norman; and the gin-loving widow, Dalton, that hard-featured and fluent-tongued virago, repulsive as she is. With occasional displays of such graphic ability, it is tantalizing to find so many inequalities, and such intervals of dreary platitude, as detract from the merit of nearly all Mrs. Trollope's fictions.

During the last five or six years her dashing, mocking pen—dipping deeply as ever in the gall of her ink, and flitting recklessly as ever over her paper (not always of the satin-wove or cream-laid fabric)—has instructed the world in the sayings and doings, the foolish sayings and misdoings, of other concentric circles of artificial life. Though she, perchance,

is vicious in her guess,
As, we confess, it is her nature's plague
To spy into abuses; and, oft, her jealousy
Shapes faults that are not.*

and though it is objected, with reason, that her satire is directed against the mere superficialities of life, and is little calculated to check vice or encourage virtue; and though there may be in her lightest mirth a bitter and virulent spirit, which is "as misplaced as it is unfeminine," still do we owe her something for her persevering war against hypocrisies and shams, and her merciless railery

* "Othello," Act III., Scene 3.

of frippery and pretence in a thousand Protean guises. Among the fictions of this last epoch are her "Robertses on their Travels," "Father Eustace," "The Three Cousins," "Town and Country; or, the Days of the Regency," "The Young Countess," "The Lottery of Marriage," "Petticoat Government," "Second Love; or, Beauty and Intellect," and "Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries." Tory as she is, and prejudiced as she so frequently shows herself, it is unjust to accuse her of exclusiveness or sectarianism in the use of her sarcasms. No one class appropriates her irony. No one pariah society is the recipient of her hard words. Wherever, high or low, she discerns what she honestly believes to be weak points or vicious abuses, she as honestly proclaims war, and incontinently fires a broadside. She is, in fact, one of the most catholic of satirists—a very Ishmaelite in the impartiality of her pugilism—one who looks out for squalls on every coast and in every latitude, plying her craft in mid-seas as well as in creeks and shallows, in tropic and arctic zones, in waters salt and fresh, for prey large and small, and treating all as fish that comes to her net. What a capacious net! what a prodigious take of the "finny tribes!" and what a marvel that not yet is the net broken! How dear to this enterprising voyager the "blue above and the blue below—the blue, the fresh, the ever free—without a mark and without a bound!"*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean,

may exclaim Mr. Colburn and the libraries of the United Kingdom; for it is this lady's joy "on thy breast to be borne, like a bubble outwards," reflecting thy profoundest azure, and rivaling thy unrestful energy and varying aspects; thee she loveth

in all time

Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime!†

From the United Service Magazine.

A SOLDIER'S SEA ADVENTURE.

SAILORS are, undoubtedly, the most rural-hearted people in the world. Their fancies, though rarely realized, have, depend upon it, all of them inland and rural homesteads. What like long sea voyages—a long privation of land, can give yearning towards our dear mother earth! How many landscapes spring up at sea! and what is city life to a sailor—he sees that at every port, on every coast—compared with the pictures his imagination dallies with of rustic scenes and occupations! Seamen are pretty nigh as freshly primitive too, in spite of civilization, as they were when the Argonauts sailed in search of the golden fleece. Is not a genuine British tar still as genuine a bit of unfashioned nature as even a Phœnician fleet, whose cry also was "*arva beata petimus arva*," could have turned out? And, as for fishermen, they may be called "Sea Shepherds," though I cannot recollect that they ever were so called, except on the single occasion when Proteus "*egit omne pecus viscere montes*." Any one who has ever visited any of the coast settlements of this class apart (I am thinking especially of one in the neighborhood of Boulogne-sur-mer) cannot fail to have been struck

with their rude, hard, happy, and abundantly supplied life; genuine peril and toil, and genuine rest and enjoyment. Pastorals are as insipid as the refined innocence they feign; but a piscatorial poem might be full of stirring incidents, of excitement, of terror, and of pathos. Of the primitives of humanity, however, so little remains, that there is hardly enough left to sympathize with what does remain. Having, nevertheless, on a long sea-voyage, visited a little island, remote from civilization, and redolent of all Arcadian rusticities—a scene of enchantment and of disenchantment in the course of a single day—I purpose here to record the rather singular adventures and experience of this day, and have set down the above remarks as a sort of *capriccio* preface, to what sailors may perhaps call, I hope with a relish, a haymaking sea article.

We were sailing from India, from Bombay—homeward bound. The vessel was neither a man-of-war, nor an East Indiaman, but a merchantman. The passengers on board were all of them officers of the 65th Regiment, several having their wives with them. The Medina (that was the vessel's name) had been chartered as a transport ship to carry us to England; our regiment (which consisted solely of officers, the men having been drafted into other corps), having been recalled home after a twenty years' service in India.

Our captain, or skipper, as the sequel will show, requires a few words to be said about him at starting. He had the look and character of a drunken smuggler. I am sure he was never seen by any on board thoroughly sober, and it would be perhaps rather hazardous to say that he was ever seen not thoroughly drunk. There must have been some mystery of iniquity in such a fellow ever having been placed in any responsible position. With his drunkenness begins and ends my adventure.

Drunkards have often bright hallucinations; obstacles, dangers, impossibilities vanish; and they do heroic things and insane things in a state of partial insanity. A delirium of joy, at some tantalus temptation, often takes possession of them; and attempt to realize it they must, without a moment's delay, lest that which must vanish on the attempt should vanish even before the attempt is made. Some such delirium as this seems to have seized on our skipper. We were flapping about in a dead calm, the sea like a mirror of molten glass, as unruffled and passive as the hot cloudless sky it reflected. An island, which we afterwards learnt was called Rodriguez, lay about four or five miles on our lee. Through our telescope we could discern its green woods, and our souls longed for their refreshing shelter, when one morning our skipper, who had been hitherto an object of aversion and avoidance to us all, made himself suddenly popular by proposing that, as the calm was likely to last, we should all go on shore, and enjoy ourselves at least for one day. This announcement was delightful; we were soon ready, ladies and all. The boats were lowered, and we were presently a joyous company, four boats full and the gig, rowing lustily away on the pleasantest pleasure party that ever, by sea or land, the sun had shone upon. It was not till the evening was a good deal advanced that we reached the island.

Rodriguez is about fifty miles in circumference. It was formerly a French possession, but fell into our hands on our conquest of the Isle of France.

* Barry Cornwall.

† Byron—"Childe Harold," c. IV.

At the time I allude to it was still inhabited by three French families, who, with their slaves, constituted its whole population. Being surrounded by the most dangerous reefs of coral rocks, and having no safe harborage, it had been always almost a desert island, and had become so infamous as a refuge and resort of smugglers, that our government had stationed a marine officer on the coast to detect and frustrate the operations of those gentry. It is probable that with this amiable class of industrials our skipper had formerly had intimate connections, and that he could not resist the drunken temptation to revisit once more his old haunts; or, who knows? he might have been carrying out some smuggling enterprise on this very occasion, though his vessel was chartered by the government, and had king's officers on board. But this conjecture came later.

As we approached the shore we expected to see some signs of life and habitation, but none appeared till we got quite close to the beach, when we perceived one man only coming to meet us. This was the marine officer above alluded to. The extraordinary apparition of almost a fleet of boats, directing their course towards the island, in open day, had excited his curiosity, so he came to meet us *alone*, simply because there was no other human being, save his own black female cook, within five miles' distance. His delight on finding the whole party to be English cannot be described. It transported him beyond the bounds of hospitality into the most intimate cordiality at once. He shook hands with all of us more than once all round, and exhibited so many other signs of joy that we began to think the only visible inhabitant of the island was rather frail in the upper story. He, however, soon recovered himself and apologized for his familiarity, without explaining its cause. He invited and conducted us all to his abode—a very pretty cottage, commanding a fine sea view. We soon found, however, somewhat to our disappointment, that the means of entertainment at our host's command were by no means equal to the sudden demand made upon them; neither was his cottage at all ample enough to give accommodation to the one-half of our party. In this dilemma all our unmarried men, with one exception, resolved, under the guidance of the captain, to push up through the woods, and over the hills into the interior, where they were told they would find, at five and at six miles' distance, two families who would be prepared to supply all their wants. As for the ladies and their husbands, the marine officer undertook to provide for them; and this duty he fulfilled greatly to their contentment and his own, for, I suppose, the pleasant meal and the pleasant talk, the good wine and the excellent coffee, seasoning and animating both—this *al fresco* repast in the open air, in so novel a position, must have left as delicious reminiscences on the minds of all those who partook of it as it has on mine.

Being the only bachelor of the party left behind, my bed, as well as my board, was *al fresco*. This I had foreseen, and had consequently refused to go up the hills; for nothing to my taste is so exquisite as complete solitude under the open sky (climate permitting) on a fine night, in any new scene of beauty or sublimity. When I first visited Mont Blanc, I remained the whole night on Mont Flegere, taking nominally a bed at the station-house on its summit, watching, free from the babble of a Babel of tourists, the tremendous

scenery about me. At present, though very beautiful, the scenic environment was by no means of so absorbing a character. Yet the excitement of the day and of the scene was sufficient to keep me wakeful; and with the only companions I coveted, cigars, of which I had a plentiful supply, I gave myself up to the high enjoyment of mere existence—the purest sensuality, for it precludes entirely all distinct thought. I then understood, for the first time, Rousseau's meaning when he says "*L'homme qui pense est un être deprave.*" To have thought to have had any plan, or proposition, or wish in my mind, would have been like the fall from original purity into sin. When, at last fatigued, I found the trunk of a small tree which had been felled a very convenient pillow, and that my boat-cloak was quite a sufficient covering to protect me from the dews. The sun streaming on my face awoke me in the morning quite refreshed, and all alert for the adventures of the opening day.

Islands far out at sea have got, somehow or other, associated in our minds with pictures of the profusest magnificence of nature. The Edens set in the main which the first discoverers of America lit upon, are no doubt partly the cause of this. Yet no anticipation could have come up to the scenes of enchantment we now passed through. Woods, savannas, groves of the lime and orange tree, whose fruit we absolutely trod under our feet, bays indenting the coast, all of the rudest and the softest, the wildest freaks, and most virgin fancies of nature, were intermingled together. The whole island seemed to belong to nobody, to be its own proprietor, and to be happy, as multitudes of birds of strange and brilliant plumage proclaimed—happy "beyond rule or art, enormous bliss," as it had been from the beginning of time. This was its particular charm that wafted a balmy health into our lungs, though we did occasionally see large patches of cultivated ground, sown with wheat, Indian corn, and paddy (rice), in a flourishing condition, which showed the soil to be particularly fat and fertile. The climate, however, is as tempestuous as a beautiful passionate woman. We saw chasms rent in several places through the forests, by hurricanes that had ripped their way through them. Of these timely notice is always given, by the bellowsings and furious gambols of the wild bulls, numerous on the island, who feel the greatest terror at their approach. We were told, also, of one of the forests having a short time before caught fire, which spread considerably, terrifying the cattle to a frantic pitch, and greatly alarming the inhabitants, though the grand ignition—a forest in flames, seen far out at sea, has something portentous—was very distant from their settlements. It was extinguished, after having raged for nearly a whole day, by a violent descent of rain. The external scenery occupied us agreeably, and formed the main subject of our talk till we arrived at the residence of the first family we were to visit.

Here we entered a large square court, reclaimed completely from the wildness of the country about it. Fronting us stood a large, handsomely built cottage. On one side were cow and cattle houses, and on the other sides were about a dozen of the neatest huts, built of mud and laths, or stakes, I had ever seen. Each hut had a rather largish garden, kept in the trimmest order, behind it; and behind the cottage was as fine a kitchen garden as belongs to any private gentleman's country house

in England. The cottage was the abode of the proprietor, and the huts lodged the slaves. I never saw a more jolly picture of abundance than this court and its environments presented. Domestic animals of almost all kinds, particularly the feathered bipeds—turkeys, geese, ducks, and guinea fowls, made a very pleasant clattering; and there was that sort of confusion which is not disorder, in which all practical cleanliness is observed, that makes a well-conducted farm establishment, in all parts of the world, so agreeable a sight. We had now the very satisfactory conviction that our stomachs would be kept in fine tone for the indulgence of the imagination in its unsubstantial fare; and it was owing, perhaps, to the anticipation of the good things to be partaken of after our long walk, that even the sight of slavery did not disturb our good-humor. But, to say the truth, this first glance at it was quite the reverse of revolting. The slaves were evidently well lodged, well fed, and well taken care of—much more so than the free peasant usually is, in any part of the world. They looked alert and merry, a grin almost always on their faces; and as for the young brood of them, rolling and playing and gambolling about, *in puris naturalibus*, among the other live stock, they were the very picture of animal contentment and enjoyment.

The inmates of the large cottage consisted only of an old bed-ridden woman and her daughter, Mademoiselle Seraphine, of about twenty-five years of age. Though not, as her name seemed to imply, very seraphic, Mademoiselle was very amiable, and rather pretty. Our visit caused great delight to our entertainers. Such an event, they said, had not happened to them during the twenty years they had inhabited the island. A bountiful *dejeuner à la fourchette* was prepared for us. We were served with silver forks and napkins, importations from France five-and-twenty years before. When we spoke of France, we found that these kind people had been dreaming of it for the last quarter of a century; but they were dreaming out their dream in such a delightful dreamland, that we could not pity them for very envy at their happy lot. Neither did we see in them any signs of sadness or repining. On the contrary, their French politeness and gayety, far from being impaired, retained all its pristine amenity and sparkle. The young lady coquetted with our young officers, as only French damsels know how to coquet. She had rarely such an opportunity, though she had been once or twice to the Isle of France, for exercising her talents in this line, and she made the most of it; whilst the old dame from her couch kept up an incessant fire of compliments, *bon-mots*, and French anecdotes, upon us. There were just sixteen of us; upon which she observed that, counting each for one year, our visit was the compensation Providence had sent her for her sixteen years' confinement to her bed. On taking leave, in order to visit another family about a mile further up the country, we were invited to return to dinner; and, as we perceived that our refusal to do so would be a severe disappointment to our kind hostess, it did not require much pressing to induce us to accept of the invitation.

If the romance of this visit was a little tempered, and very piquantly so, by just a touch of the foppery of old French civilization, we found that of the next at least quite pure. The family here was a grandfather and his two granddaughters; old

age in its serenest guise, and youth in its rosiest bloom, sequestered in the most retired nook of beauty I have ever yet seen, though it has been my lot, in various travel, to search out and enjoy such spots as much as any man. The site of the cottage, which required no cultivation or gardening about it to set it off, was on a brilliantly green tongue of land, something between a wide gorge and a valley, for neither of these names exactly describes it. Feathering woods above surrounded it, not closely, rather spaciouly, singing, by their rustling leaves, a lullaby over its seclusion, and here and there were breaks that let in views of the sea. As it was a little apart from the farm establishment, which was entirely out of sight, its stillness, and the charm of its loneliness, was quite unbroken.

It is no wonder, therefore, that when an old gentleman, uncovering his white head, with a beautiful girl on each side of him, advanced to meet us, we exclaimed almost all of us simultaneously, "A Prospero and two Mirandas!" Indeed, the girls, one of seventeen and the other of eighteen, were remarkably beautiful—one of them peerlessly so. They were dressed as French peasants of the south of France. Their little white caps, running up into peaks, and bordered with antique lace, we thought, however, very bad substitutes for the beautiful brown locks that, in spite of this confinement, strayed here and there over their necks. But their dark blue bodices, and short scarlet petticoats, met our entire approbation, especially as the latter discovered pretty little feet and ankles, which, as Burns says, "would make a saint forget the sky." These little feet were invested in blue stockings, which were only worn, we were told, on holiday occasions; and certainly we should have been much better pleased to have seen them without them. As Dulcineas bathing their ankles in a stream, the two girls would have been seen to perfection. In brief, they were beautiful enough to have turned any sane man into a Don Quixote for the rest of his life—during the age of chivalry that is. Their father and mother had died in the island, leaving them in charge of their grandfather, who appeared to be devotedly attached to them, and was so afraid of their meeting with any accident, that they had never, during their lives, been so far from their homes as the sea beach. A visit now and then to Mademoiselle Seraphine, a very rare occurrence, summed up all their experience of the world and its concerns. They could neither read nor write—knew nothing; yet so much had nature done for them, that they were neither gross, nor stupid, nor awkward, but, like other rustics one sometimes meets with, had an innate, instinctive gracefulness, beyond the reach of art, which it is the perfection of art well to imitate. If we were delighted with them, how much more so must they have been with us? I can imagine them exclaiming internally with Miranda, "What a brave world that hath such creatures in it!" They soon became familiar with our ladies, and paid the most particular and curious attention to the various mysteries of their toilette. But when any of our younger officers addressed them, they showed the greatest timidity, and, by their perpetual blushes, reddened most charmingly their brunette complexions, tanned, and just a little freckled by the sun. We regretted that we could give but little more than an hour to this visit. After partaking of some refreshment, wine and fruits, the watermelon, the pomegranate, the guava, the plantain, and the pine-apple, which the climate produces in

abundance, we took our leave in a state of rapture at what we had seen, leaving behind us, no doubt, many thrilling and tingling disturbances in the bosoms of the two nymphs, to whom we must have seemed but as an apparition from another and a brighter world.

A really not only most plenteous but luxurious repast awaited us on our return to the first settlement. The old lady had boasted that she had not forgotten her culinary lore by her long absence from France; and of this she gave proof, for, under her directions, her daughter had provided for us a banquet that would have done honor to a Paris gastronomer. Soup and bouilli, two roast turkeys, fowls fricaseed and curried, a matelle of fish, and a whole roasted kid, stuffed with chestnuts, which are as good for the purpose as the pistacio nuts Turks and Greeks are so fond of, were the appetizing *plats* and *morceaux de resistance* that were spread before us. Our drink was at first an ordinary wine, from the Isle of France, but, on the removal of the good things I have mentioned, a *friture* of small fish, served up on several skewers, made their appearance, and with them some half dozen bottles of beaune and of champagne, which the old lady informed us were taken from a little store reserved for her husband on his annual visits to the island. Soe recommended the *friture* as giving a particular fine relish to the wine, and seemed to enjoy it all immensely, though she herself ate and drank nothing. Coffee and a *petit verre* of real cognac finished our regale. Laden with baskets of fruit, we departed to reëmbark, for a breeze had sprung up within the last few hours, that made us impatient to be on board.

Should an enthusiastic young school-boy, on first seeing a play, believing all to be a true representation of life, be suddenly introduced behind the scenes, thus having the whole delusion turned suddenly inside out, he could not be so completely disenchanting as we were, or have so vivid a conception of the difference between the ideal and the real, as we had before we reached the beach. One or two of our young ensigns were so far gone in romance and nympholepsy, that they emphatically announced their intention of selling out, as soon as they reached England, and returning to the island, to marry and be happy, far away from all toil, care, anxiety, and vice, in abundance gained by healthful, pleasurable exercise, farming, hunting, fishing, and in the companionship of love only, from year's end to year's end. Hearing these rhapsodies, our guide thought it high time to break the charm we were all more or less under; and he soon brought us down from altitudes which some few of us had indulged in wantonly, with a kind of credulous incredulity, but others with more than a touch of genuine faith, to *terra firma*, by a very prosaic statement of a few plain matters of fact.

But these matters of fact I have not really the heart to relate as I had intended to do when I commenced this paper. I cannot sketch a picture only for the sake of daubing it out. Suffice it to say, the island was completely stripped of all romance, of all moral decency, in our eyes, before we left it. Its natural beauty alone remained to make, by the contrast, the lot of its inhabitants the more saddening and disconsolate. Well we understood now the joy of the marine officer, when he first shook us by the hand. What a refreshment a day's society of English ladies and gentlemen must have been to him! Much greater than was

ours, more transitory still, in the enjoyment of a mere *mirage* Arcadia. Seged Emperor of Ethiopia's ten days' attempt at happiness was not so full of pointed lessons as was our one day's experience; for that was fiction, this was fact. Nevertheless, let our sailors continue to hay-make at sea, and our landmen to make adventurous sea voyages on land, and let our politicians and lawyers, if possible, refresh their battered and deadened sensibilities in the like reveries; for, after all, enchantment is better than disenchantment, and delusion is better than reality, as I feel by the insuperable aversion I feel to narrate the sequel of my story.

Having, however, made particular allusion to our skipper, I must say a few additional words about him. We got very satisfactory evidence that he had been, and probably still was, a smuggler, and had carried on, on the island, aided by the inhabitants, a thriving contraband traffic, which they had engaged themselves to our government to assist the marine officer in putting down. He had passed his day with the third proprietor at Rodriguez, an old bachelor, whom I have not before mentioned. After nearly twenty-four hours' carouse he arrived on board at about two o'clock in the morning. He had narrowly escaped, in his drunken state, the wreck of his boat among the rocks, for the sea had got up under a stiffish gale, and the passage to the ship had become extremely dangerous. As soon as he was within sight the heaving up of the anchor began. On putting his foot on board, he shouted out, "Well, thanks be to blazes, here I am, my lads, for half an hour ago I expected to be in Davy's locker before this time." Hardly had he uttered these words, when the capstan bars flew violently out on the capstan, one of which struck him on the forehead, and he fell down on the deck a corpse. The anchor had caught in one of the rocks which caused the sudden jerk that threw out the bars. The blow he received was so violent that his temples were almost smashed into the back of his head. Thus he went, to use his own fearful expression, "to blazes and to Davy's locker!" and thus was a black pall thrown over our day's adventure that no one would wish to lift.

THE DESTINY OF EGYPT.—There is no doubt but that Egypt must become the possession of a civilized European power; it must sooner or later become the connecting link between England and the East Indies. European dominion naturally supports science and literature, together with the rights of humanity, and to prevent the destruction of a barbarous power would be an act of high treason against intellectual culture and humanity. When that shall have been accomplished, new treasures will be brought to light, and Egyptian antiquity will be laid open before our eyes; we stand at the very threshold of a new era in the history of antiquity. In Nineveh, Babylon, and Persia, centuries long past will come to light again, and the ancient times will present themselves clearly and distinctly in all their detail. It is true that all those nations are deficient in individuality, and in that which constitutes the idea of humanity, and which we find among the Greeks, Romans and moderns; but their conditions and changes will become clear. In all its details, the ancient world will acquire a fresh reality, and fifty years hence essays will appear on the history of those nations, compared with which our present knowledge is like the chemistry, such as it was a hundred years before the time of Berzelius.

Niebuhr.

BOOK XII.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

"AGAIN," quoth my father—"Again behold us! We who greeted the commencement of your narrative, who absented ourselves in the mid-course when we could but obstruct the current of events, and jostle personages more important—we now gather round the close. Still, as the chorus to the drama, we circle round the altar with the solemn but dubious chant which prepares the audience for the completion of the appointed destinies; though still, ourselves, unaware how the skein is to be unravelled, and where the shears are to descend."

So there they stood, the Family of Caxton—all grouping around me—all eager officiously to question—some over-anxious prematurely to criticize.

"Violante can't have voluntarily gone off with that horrid count," said my mother; "but perhaps she was deceived, like Eugenia by Mr. Belamy, in the novel of 'Camilla.'"

"Ha!" said my father, "and in that case it is time yet to steal a hint from Clarissa Harlowe, and make Violante die less of a broken heart than a sullied honor. She is one of those girls who ought to be killed! *Ostendent omnia letum*—all things about her forebode an early tomb!"

"Dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Caxton, "I hope not—poor thing!"

"Pooh, brother," said the captain, "we have had enough of the tomb in the history of poor Nora. The whole story grows out of a grave, and to a grave it must return:—if, Pisistratus, you must kill somebody, kill Levy."

"Or the count," said my mother, with unusual truculence.

"Or Randal Leslie," said Squills. "I should like to have a *post-mortem* cast of his head—it would be an instructive study."

Here there was a general confusion of tongues, all present conspiring to bewilder the unfortunate author with their various and discordant counsels how to wind up his story and dispose of his characters.

"Silence!" cried Pisistratus, clapping his hands to both ears. "I can no more alter the fate allotted to each of the personages whom you honor with your interest, than I can change your own; like you, they must go where events lead them, urged on by their own characters and the agencies of others. Providence so pervadingly governs the universe, that you cannot strike it even out of a book. The author may beget a character, but the moment the character comes into action, it escapes from his hands—plays its own part, and fulfils its own inevitable doom."

"Besides," said Mr. Squills, "it is easy to see, from the phrenological development of the organs in those several heads which Pisistratus has allowed us to examine, that we have seen no creations of mere fiction, but living persons, whose true history has set in movement their various bumps of Amativeness, Constructiveness, Acquisitiveness, Ideality, Wonder, Comparison, &c. They must act, and they must end, according to the influences of their crania. Thus we find in Randal Leslie the predominant organs of Constructiveness, Secretiveness, Comparison, and Eventuality—while Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Adhesiveness, are utterly *nil*. Now, to divine how such a man must end, we must first see what is the general composition of the society

in which he moves—in short, what other gases are brought into contact with his phlogiston. As to Leonard, and Harley, and Audley Egerton, surveying them phrenologically, I should say that

"Hush!" said my father, "Pisistratus has dipped his pen in the ink, and it seems to me easier for the wisest man that ever lived to account for what others have done, than to predict what they should do. Phrenologists discovered that Mr. Thurtell had a very fine organ of Conscientiousness, yet, somehow or other, that erring personage contrived to knock the brains out of his friend's organ of Individuality. Therefore I rise to propose a resolution—that this meeting be adjourned till Pisistratus has completed his narrative; and we shall then have the satisfaction of knowing that it ought, according to every principle of nature, science, and art, to have been completed differently. Why should we deprive ourselves of that pleasure?"

"I second the motion," said the captain; "but if Levy be not hanged, I shall say that there is an end of all poetical justice."

"Take care of poor Helen," said Blanche, tenderly; "not that I would have you forget Violante."

"Pish! and sit down, or they shall both die old maids."

Frightened at that threat, Blanche, with a deprecating look, drew her stool quietly near me, as if to place her two protegées in an atmosphere mesmerized to matrimonial attractions; and my mother set hard to work—at a new frock for the baby. Unsoftened by these undue female influences, Pisistratus wrote on at the dictation of the relentless Fates. His pen was of iron, and his heart was of granite. He was as insensible to the existence of wife and baby as if he had never paid a house bill, nor rushed from a nursery at the sound of an infant squall. O blessed privilege of Authorship!

O testudinis aureae
Dulcem quas strepitum, Pieri, temperas!
O mutis quoque piscibus
Donatura eyeni, si libeat, sonum!

CHAPTER II.

It is necessary to go somewhat back in the course of this narrative, and account to the reader for the disappearance of Violante.

It may be remembered that Peschiera, scared by the sudden approach of Lord L'Estrange, had little time for farther words to the young Italian, than those which expressed his intention to renew the conference, and press for her decision. But, the next day, when he reentered the garden, secretly and stealthily as before, Violante did not appear. And after watching round the precincts till dusk, the count retreated with an indignant conviction that his arts had failed to enlist on his side either the heart or the imagination of his intended victim. He began now to revolve, and to discuss with Levy, the possibilities of one of those bold and violent measures, which were favored by his reckless daring, and desperate condition. But Levy treated with such just ridicule any suggestion to abstract Violante by force from Lord Lansmere's house—so scouted the notions of nocturnal assault, with the devices of scaling windows and rope-ladders—that the count reluctantly abandoned that romance of villany so unsuited to

our sober capital, and which would no doubt have terminated in his capture by the police, with the prospect of committal to the House of Correction.

Levy himself found his invention at fault, and Randal Leslie was called into consultation. The usurer had contrived that Randal's schemes of fortune and advancement were so based upon Levy's aid and connivance, that the young man, with all his desire rather to make instruments of other men, than to be himself their instrument, found his superior intellect as completely a slave to Levy's more experienced craft, as ever subtle Genius of air was subject to the vulgar Sorcerer of earth.

His acquisition of the ancestral acres—his anticipated seat in Parliament—his chance of ousting Frank from the heritage of Hazeldean—were all as strings that pulled him to and fro, like a puppet in the sleek filbert-nailed fingers of the smiling showman, who could exhibit him to the admiration of a crowd, or cast him away into dust and lumber.

Randal gnawed his lip in the sullen wrath of a man who bides his hour of future emancipation, and lent his brain to the hire of the present servitude, in mechanical acquiescence. The inherent superiority of the profound young schemer became instantly apparent over the courage of Peschiera and the practised wit of the baron.

"Your sister," said Randal to the former, "must be the active agent in the first and most difficult part of your enterprise. Violante cannot be taken by force from Lord Lansmere's—she must be induced to leave it with her own consent. A female is needed here. Woman can best decoy woman."

"Admirably said," quoth the count; "but Beatrice has grown restive, and though her dowry, and therefore her very marriage with that excellent young Hazeldean, depend on my own alliance with my fair kinswoman, she has grown so indifferent to my success that I dare not reckon on her aid. Between you and me, though she was once very eager to be married, she now seems to shrink from the notion; and I have no other hold over her."

"Has she not seen some one, and lately, whom she prefers to poor Frank?"

"I suspect that she has; but I know not whom, unless it be that detested L'Estrange."

"Ah—well, well. Interfere with her no farther yourself, but have all in readiness to quit England, as you had before proposed, as soon as Violante be in your power."

"All is in readiness," said the count. "Levy has agreed to purchase a famous sailing vessel of one of his clients. I have engaged a score or so of determined outcasts, accustomed to the sea—Genoese, Corsicans, Sardinians—ex-Carbonari of the best sort—no silly patriots, but liberal cosmopolitans, who have iron at the disposal of any man's gold. I have a priest to perform the nuptial service, and deaf to any fair lady's 'No.' Once at sea, and whenever I land, Violante will lean on my arm as Countess of Peschiera."

"But Violante," said Randal doggedly, determined not to yield to the disgust with which the count's audacious cynicism filled even him—"but Violante cannot be removed in broad daylight at once to such a vessel, nor from a quarter so populous as that in which your sister resides."

"I have thought of that too," said the count; "my emissaries have found me a house close by

the river, and safe for our purpose as the dungeons of Venice."

"I wish not to know all this," answered Randal quickly; "you will instruct Madame di Negra where to take Violante—my task limits itself to the fair inventions that belong to intellect; what belongs to force is not in my province. I will go at once to your sister, whom I think I can influence more effectually than you can; though later, I may give you a hint to guard against the chance of her remorse. Meanwhile as, the moment Violante disappears, suspicion would fall upon you, show yourself constantly in public surrounded by your friends. Be able to account for every hour of your time—"

"An *alibi*?" interrupted the *ci-devant* solicitor.

"Exactly so, baron. Complete the purchase of the vessel, and let the count man it as he proposes. I will communicate with you both as soon as I can put you into action. To-day I shall have much to do; it will be done."

As Randal left the room, Levy followed him.

"What you propose to do will be well done, no doubt," quoth the usurer, linking his arm in Randal's; "but take care that you don't get yourself into a scrape, so as to damage your character. I have great hopes of you in public life; and in public life character is necessary—that is, so far as honor is concerned."

"I damage my character! and for a Count Peschiera!" said Randal, opening his eyes. "I! What do you take me for?"

The baron let go his hold.

"This boy ought to rise very high," said he to himself, as he turned back to the count.

CHAPTER III.

RANDAL'S acute faculty of comprehension had long since surmised the truth that Beatrice's views and temper of mind had been strangely and suddenly altered by some such revolution as passion only can effect; that pique or disappointment had mingled with the motive which had induced her to accept the hand of his rash young kinsman; and that instead of the resigned indifference with which she might at one time have contemplated any marriage that could free her from a position that perpetually galled her pride, it was now with a repugnance, visible to Randal's keen eye, that she shrank from the performance of that pledge which Frank had so dearly bought. The temptations which the count could hold out to her, to become his accomplice in designs of which the fraud and perfidy would revolt her better nature, had ceased to be of avail. A dowry had grown valueless, since it would but hasten the nuptials from which she recoiled. Randal felt that he could not secure her aid, except by working on a passion so turbulent as to confound her judgment. Such a passion he recognized in jealousy. He had once doubted if Harley were the object of her love; yet, after all, was it not probable? He knew, at least, of no one else to suspect. If so, he had but to whisper, "Violante is your rival. Violante removed, your beauty may find its natural effect; if not, you are an Italian, and you will be at least avenged." He saw still more reason to suppose that Lord L'Estrange was indeed the one by whom he could rule Beatrice, since, the last time he had seen her, she had questioned him with much eagerness as to the family of Lord Lansmere, especially as to the female part of it. Randal had then judged it pru-

dent to avoid speaking of Violante, and feigned ignorance ; but promised to ascertain all particulars by the time he next saw the marchesa. It was the warmth with which she had thanked him that had set his busy mind at work to conjecture the cause of her curiosity so earnestly aroused, and to ascribe that cause to jealousy. If Harley loved Violante (as Randal himself had before supposed), the little of passion that the young man admitted to himself was enlisted in aid of Peschiera's schemes. For though Randal did not love Violante, he cordially disliked L'Estrange, and would have gone as far to render that dislike vindictive, as a cold reasoner, intent upon worldly fortunes, will ever suffer mere hate to influence him.

"At the worst," thought Randal, "if it be not Harley, touch the chord of jealousy, and its vibration will direct me right."

Thus soliloquizing, he arrived at Madame di Negra's.

Now in reality the marchesa's inquiries as to Lord Lansmere's family had their source in the misguided, restless, despairing interest with which she still clung to the image of the young poet, whom Randal had no reason to suspect. That interest had become yet more keen from the impatient misery she had felt ever since she had plighted herself to another. A wild hope that she might yet escape—a vague, regretful thought that she had been too hasty in dismissing Leonard from her presence—that she ought rather to have courted his friendship, and contended against her unknown rival, at times drew her wayward mind wholly from the future to which she had consigned herself. And, to do her justice, though her sense of duty was so defective, and the principles which should have guided her conduct were so lost to her sight, still her feelings towards the generous Hazeldean were not so hard and blunted, but what her own ingratitude added to her torment ; and it seemed as if the sole atonement she could make to him was to find an excuse to withdraw her promise, and save him from herself. She had caused Leonard's steps to be watched ; she had found that he visited at Lord Lansmere's ; that he had gone there often, and staid there long. She had learned in the neighborhood that Lady Lansmere had one or two young female guests staying with her. Surely this was the attraction—here was the rival !

Randal found Beatrice in a state of mind that favored his purpose. And first turning his conversation on Harley, and noting that her countenance did not change, by little and little he drew forth her secret.

Then, said Randal gravely, "If one whom you honor with a tender thought visits at Lord Lansmere's house, you have, indeed, cause to fear for yourself, to hope for your brother's success in the object which has brought him to England—for a girl of surpassing beauty is a guest in Lord Lansmere's house ; and I will now tell you that that girl is she whom Count Peschiera would make his bride."

As Randal thus spoke, and saw how his listener's brow darkened and her eye flashed, he felt that his accomplice was secured. Violante ! Had not Leonard spoken of Violante, and with such praise ! Had not his boyhood been passed under her eyes ! Who but Violante could be the rival ! Beatrice's abrupt exclamations, after a moment's pause, revealed to Randal the advantage he had gained. And partly by rousing her jealousy into

revenge—partly by flattering her love with assurances that, if Violante were fairly removed from England, were the wife of Count Peschiera—it would be impossible that Leonard could remain insensible to her own attractions—that he, Randal, would undertake to free her honorably from her engagement to Frank Hazeldean, and obtain from her brother the acquittal of the debt which had first fettered her hand to that confiding suitor—he did not quit the marchesa until she had not only promised to do all that Randal might suggest, but impetuously urged him to mature his plans, and hasten the hour to accomplish them. Randal then walked some minutes musing and slow along the streets, revolving the next meshes in his elaborate and most subtle web. And here his craft luminously devised its masterpiece.

It was necessary, during any interval that might elapse between Violante's disappearance and her departure from England, in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who might otherwise be detained), that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable ;—it was still more necessary that Randal himself should stand wholly clear from any surmise that he could have connived at the count's designs, even should their actual perpetrator be discovered or conjectured. To effect these objects, Randal hastened to Norwood, and obtained an interview with Riccabocca. In seeming agitation and alarm, he informed the exile that he had reason to know that Peschiera had succeeded in obtaining a secret interview with Violante, and he feared had made a certain favorable impression on her mind ; and, speaking as if with the jealousy of a lover, he entreated Riccabocca to authorize Randal's direct proposals to Violante, and to require her consent to their immediate nuptials.

The poor Italian was confounded with the intelligence conveyed to him ; and his almost superstitious fears of his brilliant enemy, conjoined with his opinion of the susceptibility to outward attractions common to all the female sex, made him not only implicitly credit, but even exaggerate, the dangers that Randal intimated. The idea of his daughter's marriage with Randal, towards which he had lately cooled, he now gratefully welcomed. But his first natural suggestion was to go, or send, for Violante, and bring her to his own house. This, however, Randal artfully opposed.

"Alas ! I know," said he, "that Peschiera has discovered your retreat ; and surely she would be far less safe here than where she is now !"

"But, diavolo ! you say the man has seen her where she is now, in spite of all Lady Lansmere's promises and Harley's precautions."

"True. Of this Peschiera boasted to me. He effected it not, of course, openly, but in some disguise. I am sufficiently, however, in his confidence—(any man may be that with so audacious a braggart)—to deter him from renewing his attempt for some days. Meanwhile, I or yourself will have discovered some surer home than this, to which you can remove, and then will be the proper time to take back your daughter. Meanwhile, if you will send by me a letter to enjoin her to receive me as her future bridegroom, it will necessarily divert all thought at once from the count ; I shall be able to detect, by the manner in which she receives me, how far the count has overstated the effect he pretends to have produced. You can give me also a letter to Lady Lansmere to prevent your daughter coming hither. O, sir, do

not reason with me. Have indulgence for my lover's fears. Believe that I advise for the best. Have I not the keenest interest to do so?"

Like many a man who is wise enough with pen and paper before him, and plenty of time wherewith to get up his wisdom, Riccabocca was flurried, nervous, and confused when that wisdom was called upon for any ready exertion. From the tree of knowledge he had taken grafts enough to serve for a forest; but the whole forest could not spare him a handy walking-stick. That great folio of the dead Machiavel lay useless before him—the living Machiavel of daily life stood all puissant by his side. The Sage was as supple to the Schemer as the Clairvoyant is to the Mesmerist. And the lean, slight fingers of Randal actually dictated almost the very words that Riccabocca wrote to his child and her hostess.

The philosopher would have liked to consult his wife; but he was ashamed to confess that weakness. Suddenly he remembered Harley, and said as Randal took up the letters which Riccabocca had indited—

"There—that will give us time; and I will send to Lord L'Estrange and talk to him."

"My noble friend," replied Randal mournfully, "may I intreat you not to see Lord L'Estrange until at least I have pleaded my cause to your daughter—until, indeed, she is no longer under his father's roof."

"And why?"

"Because I presume that you are sincere when you deign to receive me as a son-in-law, and because I am sure that Lord L'Estrange would hear with distaste of your disposition in my favor. Am I not right?"

Riccabocca was silent.

"And, though his arguments would fail with a man of your honor and discernment, they might have more effect on the young mind of your child. Think, I beseech you, the more she is set against me, the more accessible she may be to the arts of Peschiera. Speak not, therefore, I implore you, to Lord L'Estrange till Violante has accepted my hand, or, at least, until she is again under your charge; otherwise, take back your letter—it would be of no avail."

"Perhaps you are right. Certainly Lord L'Estrange is prejudiced against you; or, rather, he thinks too much of what I have been—too little of what I am."

"Who can see you, and not do so! I pardon him." After kissing the hand which the exile modestly sought to withdraw from that act of homage, Randal pocketed the letters; and, as if struggling with emotion, rushed from the house.

Now, O curious reader, if thou wilt heedfully observe to what uses Randal Leslie put those letters—what speedy and direct results he drew forth from devices which would seem to an honest, simple understanding the most roundabout, wire-drawn wastes of invention—I almost fear that in thine admiration for his cleverness, thou mayest half forget thy contempt for his knavery.

But when the head is very full, it does not do to have the heart very empty; there is such a thing as being topheavy!

CHAPTER IV.

HELEN and Violante had been conversing together, and Helen had obeyed her guardian's

injunction, and spoken, though briefly, of her positive engagement to Harley. However much Violante had been prepared for the confidence, however clearly she had divined that engagement, however before persuaded that the dream of her childhood was fled forever, still the positive truth, coming from Helen's own lips, was attended with that anguish which proves how impossible it is to prepare the human heart for the final verdict which slays its future. She did not, however, betray her emotion to Helen's artless eyes: sorrow, deep-seated, is seldom self-betrayed. But, after a little while, she crept away; and, forgetful of Peschiera, of all things that could threaten danger (what danger could harm her more!), she glided from the house, and went her desolate way under the leafless wintry trees. Ever and anon she paused—ever and anon she murmured the same words: "If she loved him, I could be consoled; but she does not! or how could she have spoken to me so calmly! how could her very looks have been so sad! Heartless—heartless."

Then there came on her a vehement resentment against poor Helen, that almost took the character of scorn or hate—its excess startled herself. "Am I grown so mean?" she said; and tears, that humbled her, rushed to her eyes. "Can so short a time alter one thus! Impossible!"

Randal Leslie rang at the front gate, inquired for Violante, and, catching sight of her form as he walked towards the house, advanced boldly and openly. His voice startled her as she leant against one of the dreary trees, still muttering to herself—*forlorn*. "I have a letter to you from your father, Signorina," said Randal. "But, before I give it to your hands, some explanation is necessary. Condescend, then, to hear me." Violante shook her head impatiently, and stretched forth her hand for the letter. Randal observed her countenance with his keen, cold, searching eye; but he still withheld the letter, and continued, after a pause—

"I know that you were born to princely fortunes; and the excuse for my addressing you now is, that your birthright is lost to you, at least unless you can consent to a union with the man who has despoiled you of your heritage—a union which your father would deem dishonor to yourself and him. Signorina, I might have presumed to love you; but I should not have named that love, had your father not encouraged me by his assent to my suit."

Violante turned to the speaker, her face eloquent with haughty surprise. Randal met the gaze unmoved. He continued, without warmth, and in the tone of one who reasons calmly, rather than of one who feels acutely—

"The man of whom I spoke is in pursuit of you. I have cause to believe that this person has already intruded himself upon you. Ah! your countenance owns it; you have seen Peschiera! This house is, then, less safe than your father deemed it. No house is safe for you but a husband's. I offer to you my name—it is a gentleman's; my fortune, which is small; the participation in my hopes of the future, which are large. I place now your father's letter in your hand, and await your answer." Randal bowed slightly, gave the letter to Violante, and retired a few paces.

It was not his object to conciliate Violante's affection, but rather to excite her repugnance, or at least her terror—we must wait to discover why;

so he stood apart, seemingly in a kind of self-confident indifference, while the girl read the following letter :—

"My child, receive with favor Mr. Leslie. He has my consent to address you as a suitor. Circumstances, of which it is needless now to inform you, render it essential to my very peace and happiness that your marriage should be immediate. In a word, I have given my promise to Mr. Leslie, and I confidently leave it to the daughter of my house to redeem the pledge of her anxious and tender father."

The letter dropped from Violante's hand. Randal approached, and restored it to her. Their eyes met. Violante recoiled.

"I cannot marry you," said she, passively.

"Indeed!" answered Randal drily. "Is it because you cannot love me?"

"Yes."

"I did not expect that you would, and I still persist in my suit. I have promised to your father that I would not recede before your first unconsidered refusal."

"I will go to my father at once."

"Does he request you to do so in his letter? Look again. Pardon me, but he foresaw your impetuosity; and I have another note for Lady Lansmere, in which he begs her ladyship not to sanction your return to him (should you so wish) until he come or send for you himself. He will do so whenever your word has redeemed his own."

"And do you dare to talk to me thus, and yet pretend to love me?"

Randal smiled ironically.

"I pretend but to wed you. Love is a subject on which I might have spoken formerly, or may speak hereafter. I give you some little time to consider. When I next call, it will be to fix the day for our wedding."

"Never!"

"You will be, then, the first daughter of your house who disobeyed a father; and you will have this additional crime, that you disobeyed him in his sorrow, his exile, and his fall."

Violante wrung her hands.

"Is there no chance—no escape?"

"I see none for either. Listen to me. I might have loved you, it is true; but it is not for my happiness to marry one who dislikes me, nor for my ambition to connect myself with one whose poverty is greater than my own. I marry but to keep my plighted faith with your father, and to save you from a villain you would hate more than myself, and from whom no walls are a barrier, no laws a defence. One person, indeed, might, perhaps, have preserved you from the misery you seem to anticipate with me; that person might defeat the plans of your father's foe—effect, it might be, terms which could revoke his banishment and restore his honors; that person is—"

"Lord L'Estrange?"

"Lord L'Estrange!" repeated Randal sharply, and watching her pale, parted lips and her changing color; "Lord L'Estrange! What could he do? Why did you name him?"

Violante turned aside. "He saved my father once," said she feelingly.

"And has interfered, and trifled, and promised, Heaven knows what, ever since—yet to what end? Pooh! The person I speak of your father would not consent to see—would not believe if he saw her; yet she is generous, noble—could sympathize

with you both. She is the sister of your father's enemy—the Marchesa di Negra. I am convinced that she has great influence with her brother—that she has known enough of his secrets to awe him into renouncing all designs on yourself; but it is idle now to speak of her."

"No, no," exclaimed Violante. "Tell me where she lives—I will see her."

"Pardon me, I cannot obey you; and, indeed, her own pride is now aroused by your father's unfortunate prejudices against her. It is too late to count upon her aid. You turn from me—my presence is unwelcome. I rid you of it now. But welcome or unwelcome, later you must endure it—and for life."

Randal again bowed with formal ceremony, walked towards the house, and asked for Lady Lansmere. The countess was at home. Randal delivered Riccabocca's note, which was very short, implying that he feared Peschiera had discovered his retreat—and requesting Lady Lansmere to retain Violante, whatever her own desire, till her ladyship heard from him again.

The countess read, and her lip curled in disdain.

"Strange!" said she, half to herself.

"Strange!" said Randal, "that a man like your correspondent should fear one like the Count di Peschiera. Is that it?"

"Sir," said the countess, a little surprised—"strange that any man should fear another in a country like ours!"

"I don't know," said Randal, with his low soft laugh; "I fear many men, and I know many who ought to fear me; yet at every turn of the street one meets a policeman!"

"Yes," said Lady Lansmere. "But to suppose that this profligate foreigner could carry a girl like Violante against her will—a man she has never seen, and whom she must have been taught to hate!"

"Be on your guard, nevertheless, I pray you, madam; where there's a will there's a way."

Randal took his leave, and returned to Madame di Negra's. He staid with her an hour, revisited the count, and then strolled to Limmer's.

"Randal," said the squire, who looked pale and worn, but who scorned to confess the weakness with which he still grieved and yearned for his rebellious son—"Randal, you have nothing to do in London; can you come and stay with me, and take to farming? I remember that you showed a good deal of sound knowledge about thin sowing."

"My dear sir, I will come to you as soon as the general election is over."

"What the deuce have you got to do with the general election?"

"Mr. Egerton has some wish that I should enter Parliament; indeed, negotiations for that purpose are now on foot."

The squire shook his head. "I don't like my half-brother's politics."

"I shall be quite independent of them," cried Randal loftily; "that independence is the condition for which I stipulate."

"Glad to hear it; and if you do come into Parliament, I hope you'll not turn your back on the land!"

"Turn my back on the land!" cried Randal, with devout horror. "Oh, sir! I am not so unnatural!"

"That's the right way to put it," quoth the credulous squire; "it is unnatural! It is turning

one's back on one's own mother! The land is a mother—"

"To those who live by her, certainly—a mother," said Randal gravely. "And though, indeed, my father starves by her rather than lives, and Rood Hall is not like Hazeldean, still—I—"

"Hold your tongue," interrupted the squire; "I want to talk to you. Your grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Her picture is in the drawing-room at Rood. People think me very like her!"

"Indeed!" said the squire. "The Hazeldeans are generally inclined to be stout and rosy, which you are certainly not. But no fault of yours. We are all as Heaven made us! However, to the point. I am going to alter my will—(said with a choking gulp.) This is the rough draft for the lawyers to work upon."

"Pray—pray sir, do not speak to me on such a subject. I cannot bear to contemplate even the possibility of—of—"

"My death! Ha, ha! Nonsense. My own son calculated on the date of it by the insurance tables. Ha, ha, ha. A very fashionable son—Eh! Ha, ha!"

"Poor Frank, do not let him suffer for a momentary forgetfulness of right feeling. When he comes to be married to that foreign lady, and be a father himself, he—"

"Father himself!" burst forth the squire. Father to a swarm of sallow-faced Popish tadpoles! No foreign frogs shall hop about my grave in Hazeldean churchyard. No, no. But you need not look so reproachful—I'm not going to disinherit Frank."

"Of course not," said Randal, with a bitter curve in the lip that rebelled against the joyous smile which he sought to impose on it.

"No—I shall leave him the life-interest in the greater part of the property; but if he marry a foreigner, her children will not succeed—you will stand after him in that case. But—(now, don't interrupt me)—but Frank looks as if he would live longer than you—so small thanks to me for my good intentions, you may say. I mean to do more for you than a mere barren place in the entail. What do you say to marrying?"

"Just as you please," said Randal meekly.

"Good. There's Miss Stick-to-rights disengaged—great heiress. Her lands run on to Rood. At one time I thought of her for that graceless puppy of mine. But I can manage more easily to make up the match for you. There's a mortgage on the property; Old Stick-to-rights would be very glad to pay it off. I'll pay it out of the Hazeldean estate, and give up the Right of Way into the bargain. You understand. So come down as soon as you can, and court the young lady yourself."

Randal expressed his thanks with much grateful eloquence; and he then delicately insinuated, that if the squire ever did mean to bestow upon him any pecuniary favors (always without injury to Frank), it would gratify him more to win back some portions of the old estate at Rood, than to have all the acres of the Stick-to-rights, however free from any other encumbrance than the amiable heiress.

The squire listened to Randal with benignant attention. This wish the country gentleman could well understand and sympathize with. He promised to inquire into the matter, and to see what could be done with old Thornhill.

Randal here let out that Mr. Thornhill was about to dispose of a large slice of the ancient Leslie estate through Levy, and that he, Randal, could thus get it at a more moderate price than would be natural if Mr. Thornhill knew that his neighbor the squire would bid for the purchase.

"Better say nothing about it either to Levy or Thornhill."

"Right," said the squire; "no proprietor likes to sell to another proprietor, in the same shire, as largely aced as himself; it spoils the balance of power. See to the business yourself; and if I can help you with the purchase—(after that boy is married—I can attend to nothing before)—why, I will."

Randal now went to Egerton's. The statesman was in his parlor, settling the accounts of his house-steward, and giving brief orders for the reduction of his establishment to that of an ordinary private gentleman.

"I may go abroad if I lose my election," said Egerton, condescending to assign to his servant a reason for his economy; "and, if I do not lose it, still, now I am out of office, I shall live much in private."

"Do I disturb you, sir?" said Randal, entering.

"No, I have just done." The house steward withdrew, much surprised and disgusted, and meditating the resignation of his own office—in order, not like Egerton to save, but to spend. The house-steward had private dealings with Baron Levy, and was in fact the veritable X Y of the *Times*, for whom Dick Avenel had been mistaken. He invested his wages and perquisites in the discount of bills; and it was part of his own money that had (though unknown to himself) swelled the last £5000 which Egerton had borrowed from Levy.

"I have settled with our committee; and, with Lord Lansmere's consent," said Egerton briefly, "you will stand for the borough as we proposed, in conjunction with myself. And should any accident happen to me—that is, should I vacate this seat from any cause, you may succeed to it—very shortly perhaps. Ingratiate yourself with the electors, and speak at the public houses for both of us. I shall stand on my dignity, and leave the work of the election to you. No thanks—you know how I hate thanks. Good night."

"I never stood so near to fortune and to power," said Randal as he slowly undressed. "And I owe it but to knowledge—knowledge of men—life—of all that books can teach us."

So his slight thin fingers dropped the extinguisher on the candle, and the prosperous Schemer laid himself down to rest in the dark. Shutters closed, curtains down—never was rest more quiet, never was room more dark!

That evening, Harley had dined at his father's. He spoke much to Helen—scarcely at all to Violante. But it so happened that when later, and but a little while before he took his leave, Helen, at his request, was playing a favorite air of his; Lady Lansmere, who had been seated between him and Violante, left the room, and Violante turned quickly towards Harley.

"Do you know the Marchesa di Negra?" she asked, in a hurried voice.

"A little. Why do you ask?"

"That is my secret," answered Violante, trying to smile with her old frank, childlike archness. "But, tell me, do you think better of her than of her brother?"

"Certainly. I believe her heart to be good, and that she is not without generous qualities."

"Can you not induce my father to see her? Would you not counsel him to do so?"

"Any wish of yours is law to me," answered Harley gallantly. "You wish your father to see her? I will try and persuade him to do so. Now, in return, confide to me your secret. What is your object?"

"Leave to return to my Italy. I care not for honors—for rank; and even my father has ceased to regret their loss. But the land, the native land—Oh, to see it once more! Oh, to die there!"

"Die! You children have so lately left heaven, that ye talk as if ye could return there without passing through the gates of sorrow, infirmity, and age! But I thought you were content with England. Why so eager to leave it? Violante, you are unkind to us!—to Helen, who already loves you so well!"

As Harley spoke, Helen rose from the piano, and, approaching Violante, placed her hand caressingly on the Italian's shoulder. Violante shivered, and shrank away. The eyes both of Harley and Helen followed her. Harley's eyes were very grave and thoughtful.

"Is she not changed—your friend?" said he, looking down.

"Yes, lately—much changed. I fear there is something on her mind—I know not what."

"Ah!" muttered Harley, "it may be so; but at your age and hers, nothing rests on the mind long. Observe, I say the mind—the heart is more tenacious."

Helen sighed softly, but deeply.

"And therefore," continued Harley, half to himself, "we can detect when something is on the mind—some care, some fear, some trouble. But when the heart closes over its own more passionate sorrow, who can discover! who conjecture! Yet you at least, my pure, candid Helen—you might subject mind and heart alike to the fabled window of glass."

"O, no!" cried Helen involuntarily.

"O, yes! Do not let me think that you have one secret I may not know, or one sorrow I may not share. For, in our relationship—that would be deceit."

He pressed her hand with more than usual tenderness as he spoke, and shortly afterwards left the house.

And all that night Helen felt like a guilty thing—more wretched even than Violante.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY the next morning, while Violante was still in her room, a letter addressed to her came by the post. The direction was in a strange hand. She opened it, and read in Italian what is thus translated:—

"I would gladly see you, but I cannot call openly at the house in which you live. Perhaps I may have it in my power to arrange family dissensions—to repair any wrongs your father may have sustained. Perhaps I may be enabled to render yourself an essential service. But for all this, it is necessary that we should meet, and confer frankly. Meanwhile time presses—delay is forbidden. Will you meet me, an hour after noon, in the lane, just outside the private gate of your gardens? I shall be alone; and you cannot fear

to meet one of your own sex, and a kinswoman. Ah, I so desire to see you! Come, I beseech you.
BEATRICE."

Violante read, and her decision was taken. She was naturally fearless, and there was little that she would not have braved for the chance of serving her father. And now all peril seemed slight in comparison with that which awaited her in Randal's suit, backed by her father's approval. Randal had said that Madame di Negra alone could aid her in escape from himself. Harley had said that Madame di Negra had generous qualities; and who but Madame di Negra would write herself a kinswoman, and sign herself "Beatrice?"

A little before the appointed hour, she stole unobserved through the trees, opened the little gate, and found herself in the quiet solitary lane. In a few minutes, a female figure came up, with a quick light step; and, throwing aside her veil, said, with a sort of wild, suppressed energy, "It is you! I was truly told. Beautiful!—beautiful! And, oh! what youth and what bloom!"

The voice dropped mournfully; and Violante, surprised by the tone, and, blushing under the praise, remained a moment silent; then she said, with some hesitation—

"You are, I presume, the Marchesa di Negra? And I have heard of you enough to induce me to trust you."

"Of me! From whom?" asked Beatrice, almost fiercely.

"From Mr. Leslie, and—and—"

"Go on—why falter?"

"From Lord L'Estrange."

"From no one else?"

"Not that I remember."

Beatrice sighed heavily, and let fall her veil. Some foot-passengers now came up the lane; and seeing two ladies, of mien so remarkable, turned round, and gazed curiously.

"We cannot talk here," said Beatrice impatiently; "and I have so much to say—so much to know. Trust me yet more; it is for yourself I speak. My carriage waits yonder. Come home with me—I will not detain you an hour; and I will bring you back."

This proposition startled Violante. She retreated towards the gate, with a gesture of dissent. Beatrice laid her hand on the girl's arm, and again lifting her veil, gazed at her with a look, half of scorn, half of admiration.

"I, too, would once have recoiled from one step beyond the formal line by which the world divides liberty from woman. Now—see how bold I am. Child, child, do not trifle with your destiny. You may never again have the same occasion offered to you. It is not only to meet you that I am here; I must know something of you—something of your heart. Why shrink!—is not the heart pure?"

Violante made no answer; but her smile, so sweet and so lofty, humbled the questioner it rebuked.

"I may restore to Italy your father," said Beatrice, with an altered voice. "Come!"

Violante approached, but still hesitatingly.

"Not by union with your brother?"

"You dread that so much, then?"

"Dread it? No! Why should I dread what is in my power to reject. But if you can really restore my father, and by nobler means, you may save me for—"

Violante stopped abruptly; the marchesa's eyes sparkled.

"Save you for—ah! I can guess what you leave unsaid. But come, come—more strangers—see; you shall tell me all at my own house. And if you can make one sacrifice, why, I will save you all else. Come, or farewell forever!"

Violante placed her hand in Beatrice's with a frank confidence that brought the accusing blood into the marchesa's cheek.

"We are women both," said Violante; "we descended from the same noble house; we have knelt alike to the same Virgin Mother; why should I not believe and trust you?"

"Why not?" muttered Beatrice feebly; and she moved on, with her head bowed on her breast, and all the pride of her step was gone.

They reached a carriage that stood by the angle of the road. Beatrice spake a word apart to the driver, who was an Italian, in the pay of the count; the man nodded, and opened the carriage door. The ladies entered. Beatrice pulled down the blinds; the man remounted his box, and drove on rapidly.

Beatrice, leaning back, groaned aloud. Violante drew nearer to her side. "Are you in pain?" said she, with her tender, melodious voice; "or can I serve you as you would serve me?"

"Child, give me your hand, and be silent while I look at you. Was I ever so fair as this? Never! And what deeps—what deeps roll between her and me!"

She said this as of some one absent, and again sank into silence; but continued still to gaze on Violante, whose eyes, veiled by their long fringes, drooped beneath the gaze.

Suddenly Beatrice started, exclaiming, "No, it shall not be!" and placed her hand on the check-string.

"What shall not be?" asked Violante, surprised by the cry and the action. Beatrice paused—her breast heaved visibly under her dress.

"Stay," she said slowly. "As you say, we are both women of the same noble house; you would reject the suit of my brother, yet you have seen him; his form to please the eye—his the arts that allure the fancy. He offers to you rank, wealth, your father's pardon and recall. If I could remove the objections which your father entertains—prove that the count has less wronged him than he deems, would you still reject the rank, and the wealth, and the hand of Giulio Franzini?"

"Oh yes, yes, were his hand a king's!"

"Still, then, as woman to woman—both, as you say, akin, and sprung from the same lineage—still, then, answer me—answer me, for you speak to one who has loved—Is it not that you love another? Speak."

"I do not know. Nay, not love—it was a romance; it is a thing impossible. Do not question—I cannot answer." And the broken words were choked by sudden tears.

Beatrice's face grew hard and pitiless. Again she lowered her veil, and withdrew her hand from the check-string; but the coachman had felt the touch, and halted. "Drive on," said Beatrice, "as you were directed."

Both were now long silent—Violante with great difficulty recovering from her emotion, Beatrice breathing hard, and her arms folded firmly across her breast.

Meanwhile the carriage had entered London—it passed the quarter in which Madame di Negra's

house was situated—it rolled fast over a bridge—it whirled through a broad thoroughfare, then through defiles of lanes, with tall, blank, dreary houses on either side. On it went, and on, till Violante suddenly took alarm. "Do you live so far?" she said, drawing up the blind, and gazing in dismay on the strange ignoble suburb. "I shall be missed already. Oh, let us turn back, I beseech you!"

"We are nearly there now. The driver has taken this road in order to avoid those streets in which we might have been seen together—perhaps by my brother himself. Listen to me, and talk of—of the lover whom you rightly associate with a vain romance. 'Impossible,'—yes, it is impossible!"

Violante clasped her hands before her eyes, and bowed down her head. "Why are you so cruel?" said she. "This is not what you promised! How are you to serve my father—how restore him to his country! This is what you promised."

"If you consent to one sacrifice, I will fulfil that promise. We are arrived."

The carriage stopped before a tall, dull house, divided from other houses by a high wall that appeared to enclose a yard, and standing at the end of a narrow lane, which was bounded on the one side by the Thames. In that quarter the river was crowded with gloomy, dark-looking vessels and craft, all lying lifeless under the wintry sky.

The driver dismounted, and rang the bell. Two swarthy Italian faces presented themselves at the threshold.

Beatrice now descended lightly, and gave her hand to Violante. "Now, here we shall be secure," said she; "and here a few minutes may suffice to decide your fate."

As the door closed on Violante—who, now waking to suspicion, to alarm, looked fearfully round the dark and dismal hall—Beatrice turned: "Let the carriage wait."

The Italian who received the order bowed and smiled; but when the two ladies had ascended the stairs, he reopened the street-door and said to the driver, "Back to the count, and say, all is safe."

The carriage drove off. The man who had given this order barred and locked the door, and, taking with him the huge key, plunged into the mystic recesses of the basement and disappeared. The hall, thus left solitary, had the grim aspect of a prison; the strong door sheathed with iron—the rugged stone stairs, lighted by a high window grimed with the dust of years, jealously barred—and the walls themselves abutting out rudely here and there, as if against violence even from within.

CHAPTER VI.

It was, as we have seen, without taking counsel of the faithful Jemima that the sage recluse of Norwood had yielded to his own fears, and Randal's subtle suggestions, in the concise and arbitrary letter which he had written to Violante; but at night, when churchyards give up the dead, and conjugal hearts the secrets hid by day from each other, the wise man informed his wife of the step he had taken. And Jemima then—who held English notions, very different from those which prevail in Italy, as to the right of fathers to dispose of their daughters without reference to inclination or repugnance, and who had an instinctive antipathy to Randal—so sensibly, yet

so mildly, represented to the pupil of Machiavel that he had not gone exactly the right way to work, if he feared that the handsome count had made some impression on Violante, and if he wished to turn with favor to the suitor he recommended—that so abrupt a command could only chill the heart, revolt the will, and even give to the audacious Peschiera some romantic attraction which he had not before possessed—as effectually to destroy Riccabocca's sleep that night. And the next day he sent Giacomo to Lady Lansmere's with a very kind letter to Violante, and a note to the hostess, praying the latter to bring his daughter to Norwood for a few hours, as he much wished to converse with both. It was on Giacomo's arrival at Knightsbridge that Violante's absence was discovered. Lady Lansmere, ever proudly careful of the world and its gossip, kept Giacomo from betraying his excitement to her servants, and stated throughout the decorous household that the young lady had informed her she was going to visit some friends that morning, and had no doubt gone through the garden-gate, since it was found open; the way was more quiet there than by the high-road, and her friends might have therefore walked to meet her by the lane. Lady Lansmere observed that her only surprise was that Violante had gone earlier than she had expected. Having said this with a composure that compelled belief, Lady Lansmere ordered the carriage, and, taking Giacomo with her, drove at once to consult her son.

Harley's quick intellect had scarcely recovered from the shock upon his emotions, before Randal Leslie was announced.

"Ah," said Lady Lansmere, "Mr. Leslie may know something. He came to her yesterday with a note from her father. Pray let him enter."

The Austrian prince approached Harley. "I will wait in the next room," he whispered. "You may want me, if you have cause to suspect Peschiera in all this."

Lady Lansmere was pleased with the prince's delicacy, and, glancing at Leonard, said, "Perhaps you too, sir, may kindly aid us, if you would retire with the prince. Mr. Leslie may be disinclined to speak of affairs like these, except to Harley and myself."

"True, madam; but beware of Mr. Leslie."

As the door at one end of the room closed on the prince and Leonard, Randal entered at the other, seemingly much agitated.

"I have just been to your house, Lady Lansmere. I heard you were here; pardon me if I have followed you. I had called at Knightsbridge to see Violante—learned that she had left you. I implore you to tell me how or wherefore. I have the right to ask; her father has promised me her hand."

Harley's falcon glance had brightened up at Randal's entrance. It watched steadily the young man's face. It was clouded for a moment by his knitted brows at Randal's closing words. But he left it to Lady Lansmere to reply and explain. This the countess did briefly.

Randal clasped his hands. "And she not gone to her father's? Are you sure of that?"

"Her father's servant has just come from Norwood."

"Oh, I am to blame for this! It is my rash suit—her fear of it—her aversion. I see it all!" Randal's voice was hollow with remorse and despair. "To save her from Peschiera, her father

insisted on her immediate marriage with myself. His orders were too abrupt, my own wooing too unwelcome. I know her high spirit; she has fled to escape from me. But whither, if not to Norwood!—oh, whither? What other friends has she—what relations?"

"You throw a new light on this mystery," said Lady Lansmere; "perhaps she may have gone to her father's, after all, and the servant may have crossed, but missed her on the way. I will drive to Norwood at once."

"Do so—do; but if she be not there, be careful not to alarm Riccabocca with the news of her disappearance. Caution Giacomo not to do so. He would only suspect Peschiera, and be hurried to some act of violence."

"Do not you, then, suspect Peschiera, Mr. Leslie?" asked Harley suddenly.

"Ha! is it possible? Yet, no. I called on him this morning with Frank Hazeldean, who is to marry his sister. I was with him till I went on to Knightsbridge, at the very time of Violante's disappearance. He could not then have been a party to it."

"You saw Violante yesterday. Did you speak to her of Madame di Negra?" asked Harley, suddenly recalling the questions respecting the marchesa which Violante had addressed to him.

In spite of himself, Randal felt that he changed countenance. "Of Madame di Negra? I do not think so. Yet I might. Oh, yes, I remember now. She asked me the marchesa's address; I would not give it."

"The address is easily found. Can she have gone to the marchesa's house?"

"I will run there, and see," cried Randal, starting up.

"And I with you. Stay, my dear mother. Proceed, as you propose, to Norwood, and take Mr. Leslie's advice. Spare our friend the news of his daughter's loss—if lost she be—till she is restored to him. He can be of no use meanwhile. Let Giacomo rest here; I may want him."

Harley then passed into the next room, and entertained the prince and Leonard to await his return, and allow Giacomo to stay in the same room.

He then went quickly back to Randal. Whatever might be his fears or emotions, Harley felt that he had need of all his coolness of judgment and presence of mind. The occasion made abrupt demand upon powers which had slept since boyhood, but which now woke with a vigor that would have made even Randal tremble, could he have detected the wit, the courage, the electric energies, masked under that tranquil self-possession. Lord L'Estrange and Randal soon reached the marchesa's house, and learned that she had been out since morning in one of Count Peschiera's carriages. Randal stole an alarmed glance at Harley's face. Harley did not seem to notice it.

"Now, Mr. Leslie, what do you advise next?"

"I am at a loss. Ah, perhaps, afraid of her father—knowing how despotic is his belief in paternal rights, and how tenacious he is of his word once passed, as it has been to me, she may have resolved to take refuge in the country—perhaps at the Casino, or at Mrs. Dale's or Mrs. Hazeldean's. I will hasten to inquire at the coach-office. Meanwhile, you—"

"Never mind me, Mr. Leslie. Do as you please. But, if your surmises be just, you must have been a very rude wooer to the high-born lady you aspire to win."

"Not so; but perhaps an unwelcome one. If she has indeed fled from me, need I say that my suit will be withdrawn at once? I am not a selfish lover, Lord L'Estrange."

"Nor I a vindictive man. Yet, could I discover who has conspired against this lady, a guest under my father's roof, I would crush him into the mire as easily as I set my foot upon this glove. Good-day to you, Mr. Leslie."

Randal stood still for a few moments as Harley strided on; then his lip sneered as it muttered—"Insolent! He loves her. Well, I am avenged already."

CHAPTER VII.

HARLEY went straight to Peschiera's hotel. He was told that the count had walked out with Mr. Frank Hazeldean and some other gentlemen who had breakfasted with him. He had left word, in case any one called, that he had gone to Tattersall's to look at some horses that were for sale. To Tattersall's went Harley. The count was in the yard leaning against a pillar, and surrounded by fashionable friends. Lord L'Estrange paused, and, with a heroic effort at self-mastery, repressed his rage. "I may lose all if I show that I suspect him; and yet I must insult and fight him rather than leave his movements free. Ah, is that young Hazeldean? A thought strikes me!" Frank was standing apart from the group around the count, and looking very absent and very sad. Harley touched him on the shoulder, and drew him aside unobserved by the count.

"Mr. Hazeldean, your uncle Egerton is my dearest friend. Will you be a friend to me? I want you."

"My lord—"

"Follow me. Do not let Count Peschiera see us talking together."

Harley quitted the yard, and entered St. James' Park by the little gate close by. In a very few words he informed Frank of Violante's disappearance, and of his reasons for suspecting the count. Frank's first sentiment was that of indignant disbelief that the brother to Beatrice could be so vile; but as he gradually called to mind the cynical and corrupt vein of the count's familiar conversation—the hints of Peschiera's prejudice that had been dropped by Beatrice herself—and the general character for brilliant and daring profligacy which even the admirers of the count ascribed to him—Frank was compelled to reluctant acquiescence in Harley's suspicions; and he said, with an earnest gravity very rare to him—"Believe me, Lord L'Estrange, if I can assist you in defeating a base and mercenary design against this poor young lady, you have but to show me how. One thing is clear—Peschiera was not personally engaged in this abduction, since I have been with him all day; and—now I think of it—I begin to hope that you wrong him; for he has invited a large party of us to make an excursion with him to Boulogne next week; in order to try his yacht; which he could scarcely do, if—"

"Yacht, at this time of the year! a man who habitually resides at Vienna—a yacht!"

"Spendquick sells it a bargain, on account of the time of year and other reasons; and the count proposes to spend next summer in cruising about the Ionian Isles. He has some property on those Isles, which he has never yet visited."

"How long is it since he bought this yacht?"

"Why, I am not sure that it is already bought—that is, paid for. Levy was to meet Spendquick this very morning to arrange the matter. Spendquick complains that Levy screws him."

"My dear Mr. Hazeldean, you are guiding me through the maze. Where shall I find Lord Spendquick?"

"At this hour, probably, in bed. Here is his card."

"Thanks. And where lies the vessel?"

"It was off Blackwall the other day. I went to see it—'The Flying Dutchman'—a fine vessel, and carries guns."

"Enough. Now, heed me. There can be no immediate danger to Violante, so long as Peschiera does not meet her—so long as we know his movements. You are about to marry his sister. Avail yourself of that privilege to keep close by his side. Refuse to be shaken off. Make what excuses for the present your invention suggests. I will give you an excuse. Be anxious and uneasy to know where you can find Madame di Negra."

"Madame di Negra!" cried Frank. "What of her? Is she not in Curzon Street?"

"No; she has gone out in one of the count's carriages. In all probability the driver of that carriage, or some servant in attendance on it, will come to the count in the course of the day; and, in order to get rid of you, the count will tell you to see this servant, and ascertain yourself that his sister is safe. Pretend to believe what the man says, but make him come to your lodgings on pretence of writing there a letter to the marchesa. Once at your lodgings, and he will be safe; for I shall see that the officers of justice secure him. The moment he is there, send an express for me to my hotel."

"But," said Frank, a little bewildered, "if I go to my lodgings, how can I watch the count?"

"It will not then be necessary. Only get him to accompany you to your lodgings, and part with him at the door."

"Stop, stop—you cannot suspect Madame di Negra of connivance in a scheme so infamous. Pardon me, Lord L'Estrange; I cannot act in this matter—cannot even hear you, except as your foe, if you insinuate a word against the honor of the woman I love."

"Brave gentleman, your hand. It is Madame di Negra I would save, as well as my friend's young child. Think but of her, while you act as I entreat, and all will go well. I confide in you. Now, return to the count."

Frank walked back to join Peschiera, and his brow was thoughtful, and his lips closed firmly. Harley had that gift which belongs to the genius of Action. He inspired others with the light of his own spirit and the force of his own will. Harley then hastened to Lord Spendquick, remained with that young gentleman some minutes, then repaired to his hotel, where Leonard, the prince, and Giacomo still awaited him.

"Come with me, both of you. You, too, Giacomo. I must now see the police. We may then divide upon separate missions."

"Oh, my dear lord," cried Leonard, "you must have had good news. You seem cheerful and sanguine."

"Seem! Nay, I *am* so! If I once paused to despond—even to doubt—I should go mad. A foe to baffle, and an angel to save! Whose spirits would not rise high—whose wits would not move quick to the warm pulse of his heart!"

CHAPTER VIII.

TWILIGHT was dark in the room to which Beatrice had conducted Violante. A great change had come over Beatrice. Humble and weeping, she knelt beside Violante, hiding her face, and imploring pardon. And Violante, striving to resist the terror for which she now saw such cause as no woman-heart can defy, still sought to soothe, and still sweetly assured forgiveness.

Beatrice had learned—after quick and fierce questions, that at last compelled the answer that cleared away every doubt—that her jealousy had been groundless—that she had no rival in Violante. From that moment, the passions that had made her the tool of guilt abruptly vanished, and her conscience startled her with the magnitude of her treachery. Perhaps had Violante's heart been wholly free, or she had been of that mere commonplace, girlish character which women like Beatrice are apt to despise, the marchesa's affection for Peschiera, and her dread of him, might have made her try to persuade her young kinswoman at least to receive the count's visit—at least to suffer him to make his own excuses, and plead his own cause. But there had been a loftiness of spirit in which Violante had first defied the marchesa's questions, followed by such generous, exquisite sweetness, when the girl perceived how that wild heart was stung and maddened, and such purity of mournful candor when she had overcome her own virgin bashfulness sufficiently to undeceive the error she detected, and confess where her own affections were placed, that Beatrice bowed before her as mariner of old to some fair saint that had allayed the storm.

"I have deceived you!" she cried through her sobs; "but I will now save you at any cost. Had you been as I deemed—the rival who had despoiled all the hopes of my future life—I would, without remorse, have been the accomplice I am pledged to be. But *now*, you!—oh, you—so good and so noble—you can never be the bride of Peschiera. Nay, start not; he shall renounce his design forever, or I will go myself to our emperor, and expose the dark secrets of his life. Return with me quick to the home from which I ensnared you."

Beatrice's hand was on the door while she spoke. Suddenly her face fell—her lips grew white; the door was locked from without. She called—no one answered; the bell-pull in the room gave no sound; the windows were high and barred—they did not look on the river, nor the street, but on a close, gloomy, silent yard—high blank walls all around it—no one to hear the cry of distress, rang it ever so loud and sharp.

Beatrice divined that she herself had been no less ensnared than her companion; that Peschiera, distrustful of her firmness in evil, had precluded her from the power of reparation. She was in a house only tenanted by his hirelings. Not a hope to save Violante from a fate that now appalled her, seemed to remain. Thus, in incoherent self-reproaches and frenzied tears, Beatrice knelt beside her victim, communicating more and more the terrors that she felt, as the hours rolled on, and the room darkened, till it was only by the dull lamp which gleamed through the grimy windows from the yard without, that each saw the face of the other.

Night came on; they heard a clock from some distant church strike the hours. The dim fire

had long since burnt out, and the air became intensely cold. No one broke upon their solitude—not a voice was heard in the house. They felt neither cold nor hunger—they felt but the solitude, and the silence, and the dread of something that was to come.

At length, about midnight, a bell rang at the street door; then there was the quick sound of steps—of sullen bolts withdrawn—of low, murmured voices. Light streamed through the chinks of the door to the apartment—the door itself opened. Two Italians bearing tapers entered, and the Count di Peschiera followed.

Beatrice sprang up, and rushed towards her brother. He placed his hand gently on her lip, and motioned to the Italians to withdraw. They placed the lights on the table, and vanished without a word.

Peschiera then putting aside his sister, approached Violante.

"Fair kinswoman," said he, with an air of easy but resolute assurance, "there are things which no man can excuse, and no woman can pardon, unless that love, which is beyond all laws, suggests excuse for the one, and obtains pardon for the other. In a word, I have sworn to win you, and I have had no opportunities to woo. Fear not; the worst that can befall you is to be my bride. Stand aside, my sister, stand aside."

"Giulio, no! Giulio Franzini, I stand between you and her; you shall strike me to the earth before you can touch even the hem of her robe."

"What, my sister!—you turn against me?"

"And unless you instantly retire and leave her free, I will unmask you to the emperor."

"Too late, *mon enfant*! You will sail with us. The effects you may need for the voyage are already on board. You will be witness to our marriage, and by a holy son of the church. Then tell the emperor what you will."

With a light and sudden exertion of his strength, the count put away Beatrice, and fell on his knee before Violante, who, drawn to her full height, death-like pale, but untrembling, regarded him with unutterable disdain.

"You scorn me now," said he, throwing into his features an expression of humility and admiration, "and I cannot wonder at it. But, believe me, that until the scorn yield to a kinder sentiment, I will take no advantage of the power I have gained over your fate."

"Power!" said Violante haughtily. "You have ensnared me into this house—you have gained the power of a day; but the power over my fate—no!"

"You mean that your friends have discovered your disappearance, and are on your track. Fair one, I provide against your friends, and I defy all the laws and police of England. The vessel that will bear you from these shores waits in the river hard by. Beatrice, I warn you—be still—unhand me. In that vessel will be a priest who shall join our hands, but not before you will recognize the truth, that she who flies with Giulio Peschiera must become his wife, or quit him as the disgrace of her house, and the scorn of her sex."

"Oh, villain! villain!" cried Beatrice.

"Peste, my sister, gentler words. You, too, would marry. I tell no tales of you. Signorina, I grieve to threaten force. Give me your hand; we must be gone."

Violante eluded the clasp that would have fastened her, and, darting across the room, opened the

door, and closed it hastily behind her. Beatrice clung firmly to the count to detain him from pursuit. But just without the door, close, as if listening to what passed within, stood a man wrapped from head to foot in a large boat-cloak. The ray of the lamp that beamed on the man, gleamed on the barrel of a pistol which he held in his right hand.

"Hist!" whispered the man in English; and passing his arm around her—"in this house you are in that ruffian's power; out of it, safe. Ah! I am by your side—I, Violante!"

The voice thrilled to Violante's heart. She started—looked up, but nothing was seen of the man's face, what with the hat and cloak, save a mass of raven curls and a beard of the same hue.

The count now threw open the door, dragging after him his sister, who still clung around him.

"Ha—that is well!" he cried to the man in Italian. "Bear the lady after me, gently; but if she attempt to cry out—why, force enough to silence her, not more. As for you, Beatrice, traitress that you are, I could strike you to the earth—but—no, this suffices." He caught his sister in his arms, as he spoke, and, regardless of her cries and struggles, sprang down the stairs.

The hall was crowded with fierce swarthy men. The count turned to one of them, and whispered; in an instant the marchesa was seized and gagged. The count cast a look over his shoulder; Violante was close behind, supported by the man to whom Peschiera had consigned her, and who was pointing to Beatrice, and appeared warning Violante against resistance. Violante was silent, and seemed resigned. Peschiera smiled cynically, and, preceded by some of his hirelings, who held torches, descended a few steps that led to an abrupt landing-place between the hall and the basement story. There, a small door stood open, and the river flowed close by. A boat was moored on the bank, round which grouped four men, who had the air of foreign sailors. At the appearance of Peschiera, three of these men sprang into the boat and got ready their oars. The fourth carefully readjusted a plank thrown from the boat to the wharf, and offered his arm obsequiously to Peschiera. The count was the first to enter, and, humming a gay opera air, took his place by the helm. The two females were next lifted in, and Violante felt her hand pressed almost convulsively by the man who stood by the plank. The rest followed, and in another minute the boat bounded swiftly over the waves towards a vessel that lay several furlongs adown the river, and apart from all the meaner craft that crowded the stream. The stars struggled pale through the foggy atmosphere; not a word was heard within the boat—no sound save the regular splash of the oars. The count paused from his lively tune, and, gathering round him the ample folds of his fur pelisse, seemed absorbed in thought. Even by the imperfect light of the stars, Peschiera's face wore an air of sovereign triumph. The result had justified that careless and insolent confidence in himself and in fortune, which was the most prominent feature in the character of the man who, both brave and gamester, had played against the world, with his rapier in one hand, and clogged dice in the other. Violante, once in a vessel filled by his own men, was irretrievably in his power. Even her father must feel grateful to learn that the captive of Pes-

chiera had saved name and repute in becoming Peschiera's wife. Even the pride of sex in Violante herself must induce her to confirm what Peschiera, of course, intended to state, viz., that she was a willing partner in a bridegroom's schemes of flight towards the altar, rather than the poor victim of a betrayer, and receiving his hand but from his mercy. He saw his fortune secured, his success envied, his very character rehabilitated by his splendid nuptials. Ambition began to mingle with his dreams of pleasure and pomp. What post in the court or the state too high for the aspirations of one who had evinced the most incontestable talent for active life—the talent to succeed in all that the will had undertaken! Thus mused the count, half forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the golden future, till he was aroused by a loud hail from the vessel, and the bustle on board the boat, as the sailors caught at the rope flung forth to them. He then rose and moved towards Violante. But the man who was still in charge of her passed the count lightly, half leading, half carrying his passive prisoner. "Pardon, excellency," said the man in Italian, "but the boat is crowded, and rocks so much that your aid would but disturb our footing." Before Peschiera could reply, Violante was already on the steps of the vessel, and the count paused till, with elated smile, he saw her safely standing on the deck. Beatrice followed, and then Peschiera himself; but when the Italians in his train also thronged towards the sides of the boat, two of the sailors got before them, and let go the rope, while the other two plied their oars vigorously, and pulled back towards shore. The Italians burst into an amazed and indignant volley of execrations. "Silence," said the sailor who had stood by the plank, "we obey orders. If you are not quiet, we shall upon the boat. We can swim; Heaven and Monsignore San Giacomo pity you if you cannot."

Meanwhile, as Peschiera leapt upon deck, a flood of light poured upon him from lifted torches. That light streamed full on the face and form of a man of commanding stature, whose arm was around Violante, and whose dark eyes flashed upon the count more luminously than the torches. On one side of this man stood the Austrian prince; on the other side (a cloak, and a profusion of false dark locks, at his feet) stood Lord L'Estrange, his arms folded, and his lips curved by a smile, in which the ironical humor native to the man was tempered with a calm and supreme disdain. The count strove to speak, but his voice faltered. All around him looked ominous and hostile. He saw many Italian faces, but they scowled at him with vindictive hate; in the rear were English mariners, peering curiously over the shoulders of the foreigners, and with a broad grin on their open countenances. Suddenly, as the count thus stood perplexed, cowering, stupefied, there burst from all the Italians present a hoot of unutterable scorn—"Il traditore! il traditore!"—(the traitor! the traitor!)

The count was brave, and at the cry he lifted his head with a certain majesty.

At that moment Harley, raising his hand as if to silence the hoot, came forth from the group by which he had been hitherto standing, and towards him the count advanced with a bold stride.

"What trick is this?" he said in French, fiercely. "I divine that it is you whom I can single out for explanation and atonement."

"*Pardieu Monsieur le Comte*," answered Harley

in the same language, which lends itself so well to polished sarcasm and high-bred enmity—"let us distinguish. Explanation should come from me, I allow; but atonement I have the honor to resign to yourself. This vessel!"—

"Is mine!" cried the count. "Those men, who insult me, should be in my pay."

"The men in your pay, *Monsieur le Comte*, are on shore, drinking success to your voyage. But, anxious still to procure you the gratification of being amongst your own countrymen, those whom I have taken into my pay are still better Italians than the pirates whose place they supply; perhaps not such good sailors; but then I have taken the liberty to add to the equipment of a vessel, which has cost me too much to risk lightly, some stout English seamen, who are mariners more practised than even your pirates. Your grand mistake, *Monsieur le Comte*, is in thinking that the 'Flying Dutchman' is yours. With many apologies for interfering with your intention to purchase it, I beg to inform you that Lord Spendquick has kindly sold it to me. Nevertheless, *Monsieur le Comte*, for the next few weeks I place it—men and all—at your service."

Peschiera smiled scornfully.

"I thank your lordship; but since I presume that I shall no longer have the travelling companion who alone could make the voyage attractive, I shall return to shore, and will simply request you to inform me at what hour you can receive the friend whom I shall depute to discuss that part of the question yet untouched, and to arrange that the atonement, whether it be due from me or yourself, may be rendered as satisfactory as you have condescended to make the explanation."

"Let not that vex you, *Monsieur le Comte*—the atonement is, in much, made already; so anxious have I been to forestall all that your nice sense of honor would induce so complete a gentleman to desire. You have ensnared a young heiress, it is true; but you see that it was only to restore her to the arms of her father. You have juggled an illustrious kinsman out of his heritage; but you have voluntarily come on board this vessel, first, to enable his highness the Prince * * *, of whose rank at the Austrian court you are fully aware, to state to your emperor that he himself has been witness of the manner in which you interpreted his imperial majesty's assent to your nuptials with a child of one of the first subjects in his Italian realm; and, next, to commence, by a penitential excursion to the seas of the Baltic, the sentence of banishment which I have no doubt will accompany the same act that restores to the chief of your house his lands and his honors."

The count started.

"That restoration," said the Austrian prince, who had advanced to Harley's side, "I already guarantee. Disgrace that you are, Giulio Franzini, to the nobles of the empire, I will not leave my royal master till his hand strike your name from the roll. I have here your own letters, to prove that your kinsman was duped by yourself into the revolt which you would have headed as a Catiline, if it had not better suited your nature to betray it as a Judas. In ten days from this time, these letters will be laid before the emperor and his council."

"Are you satisfied, *Monsieur le Comte*," said Harley, "with your atonement so far? if not I have procured you the occasion to render it yet more complete. Before you stands the kinsman you have wronged. He knows now, that though,

for a while, you ruined his fortunes, you failed to sully his hearth. His heart can grant you pardon, and hereafter his hand may give you alms. Kneel, then, Giulio Franzini—kneel, baffled bravo—kneel, ruined gamester—kneel, miserable outcast—at the feet of Alphonso, Prince of Monteleone and Duke of Serrano."

The above dialogue had been in French, which only a few of the Italians present understood, and that imperfectly; but at the name with which Harley concluded his address to the count, a simultaneous cry from those Italians broke forth.

"Alphonso the Good!—Alphonso the Good! Viva—viva—the good Duke of Serrano!"

And, forgetful even of the count, they crowded round the tall form of Riccabocca, striving who should first kiss his hand—the very hem of his garments.

Riccabocca's eyes overflowed. The gaunt exile seemed transfigured into another and more kingly man. An inexpressible dignity invested him. He stretched forth his arms, as if to bless his countrymen. Even that rude cry, from humble men, exiles like himself, consoled him for years of banishment and penury.

"Thanks, thanks," he continued; "thanks. Some day or other you will all perhaps return with me to the beloved land!"

The Austrian prince bowed his head as if in assent to the prayer.

"Giulio Franzini," said the Duke of Serrano—for so we may now call the threadbare recluse of the Casino—"had this last villanous design of yours been allowed by Providence, think you that there is one spot on earth on which the ravisher could have been saved from a father's arm? But now Heaven has been more kind. In this hour let me imitate its mercy;" and with relaxing brow the duke mildly drew near to his guilty kinsman.

From the moment the Austrian prince had addressed him, the count had preserved a profound silence showing neither repentance nor shame. Gathering himself up, he had stood firm, glaring round him like one at bay. But as the prince now approached, he waved his hand, and exclaimed, "Back, pedant, back; you have not triumphed yet. And you, prating German, tell your tales to our emperor. I shall be by his throne to answer—if, indeed, you escape from the meeting to which I will force you by the way." He spoke and made a rush towards the side of the vessel. But Harley's quick wit had foreseen the count's intention, and Harley's quick eye had given the signal by which it was frustrated. Seized in the gripe of his own watchful and indignant countrymen, just as he was about to plunge into the stream, Peschiera was dragged back—pinioned down. Then the expression of his whole countenance changed; the desperate violence of the inborn gladiator broke forth. His great strength enabled him to break loose more than once, to dash more than one man to the floor of the deck; but at length, overpowered by numbers, though still struggling—all dignity, all attempt at presence of mind gone, uttering curses the most plebeian, gnashing his teeth, and foaming at the mouth, nothing seemed left of the brilliant Lothario but the coarse fury of the fierce natural man.

Then still preserving that air and tone of exquisite imperturbable irony which might have graced the marquis of the old French regime, and which the highest comedian might have sighed to imitate in vain, Harley bowed low to the storming count.

"*Adieu, Monsieur le Comte—adieu!* I am rejoiced to see that you are so well provided with furs. You will need them for your voyage; it is a very cold one at this time of the year. The vessel which you have honored me by entering is bound to Norway. The Italians who accompany you were sent by yourself into exile, and in return, they now kindly promise to enliven you with their society, whenever you feel somewhat tired of your own. Conduct the count to his cabin. Gently there, gently. *Adieu, Monsieur le Comte, adieu! et bon voyage.*"

Harley turned lightly on his heel, as Peschiera, in spite of his struggles, was now fairly carried down to the cabin.

"A trick for the trickster," said L'Estrange to the Austrian prince. "The revenge of a farce on the would-be tragedian."

"More than that—he is ruined."

"And ridiculous," quoth Harley. "I should like to see his look when they land him in Norway." Harley then passed towards the centre of the vessel, by which, hitherto partially concealed by the sailors, who were now busily occupied, stood Beatrice; Frank Hazelden, who had first received her on entering the vessel, standing by her side; and Leonard, a little apart from the two, in quiet observation of all that had passed around him. Beatrice appeared but little to heed Frank; her dark eyes were lifted to the dim starry skies, and her lips were moving as if in prayer; yet her young lover was speaking to her in great emotion, low and rapidly.

"No, no—do not think for a moment that we suspect you, Beatrice. I will answer for your honor with my life. Oh, why will you turn from me—why will you not speak?"

"A moment later," said Beatrice softly. "Give me one moment yet." She passed slowly and falteringly towards Leonard—placed her hand, that trembled, on his arm—and led him aside, to the verge of the vessel. Frank, startled by her movement, made a step as if to follow, and then stopped short, and looked on, but with a clouded and doubtful countenance. Harley's smile had gone, and his eye was also watchful.

It was but a few words that Beatrice spoke—it was but by a sentence or so that Leonard answered; and then Beatrice extended her hand which the young poet bent over, and kissed in silence. She lingered an instant; and, even by the starlight, Harley noted the blush that overspread her face. The blush faded as Beatrice returned to Frank. Lord L'Estrange would have retired—she signed to him to stay.

"My lord," she said very firmly, "I cannot accuse you of harshness to my sinful and unhappy brother. His offence might perhaps deserve a heavier punishment than that which you inflict with such playful scorn. But whatever his penance, contempt now, or poverty later, I feel that his sister should be by his side to share it. I am not innocent, if he be guilty; and, wreck though he be, nothing else on this dark sea of life is now left to me to cling to. Hush, my lord! I shall not leave this vessel. All that I entreat of you is, to order your men to respect my brother, since a woman will be by his side."

"But, marchesa, this cannot be; and—"

"Beatrice, Beatrice—and me!—our betrothal! Do you forget me?" cried Frank, in reproachful agony.

"No, young and too noble lover; I shall remember you ever in my prayers. But listen. I

have been deceived—hurried on, I might say—by others, but also, and far more, by my own mad and blinded heart—deceived, hurried on, to wrong you and to belie myself. My shame burns into me when I think that I could have inflicted on you the just anger of your family—linked you to my own ruined fortunes, my own tarnished name—my own—"

"Your own generous, loving heart!—that is all I asked!" cried Frank. "Cease, cease—that heart is mine still!"

Tears gushed from the Italian's eyes.

"Englishman, I never loved you; this heart was dead to you, and it will be dead to all else forever. Farewell. You will forget me sooner than you think for—sooner than I shall forget you—as a friend, as a brother—if brothers had natures as tender and as kind as yours! Now, my lord, will you give me your arm? I would join the count."

"Stay—one word, madam," said Frank, very pale, and through his set teeth, but calmly, and with a pride on his brow which had never before dignified its careless open expression—"one word. I may not be worthy of you in anything else—but an honest love, that never doubted, never suspected—that would have clung to you though all the world were against; such a love makes the meanest man of worth. One word, frank and open. By all that you hold most sacred in your creed, did you speak the truth when you said that you never loved me?"

Beatrice bent down her head; she was abashed before this manly nature that she had so deceived, and perhaps till then undervalued.

"Pardon, pardon," she said, in reluctant accents, half-choked by the rising of a sob.

At her hesitation Frank's face lighted as if with sudden hope. She raised her eyes, and saw the change in him, then glanced where Leonard stood, mournful and motionless. She shivered, and added firmly—

"Yes—pardon; for I spoke the truth; and I had no heart to give. It might have been as wax to another—it was of granite to you." She paused, and muttered inly—"Granite, and—broken!"

Frank said not a word more. He stood rooted to the spot, not even gazing after Beatrice as she passed away leaning on the arm of Lord L'Estrange. He then walked resolutely away, and watched the boat that the men were now lowering from the side of the vessel. Beatrice stopped when she came near the place where Violante stood, answering in agitated whispers her father's anxious questions. As she stopped, she leaned more heavily upon Harley. "It is your arm that trembles now, Lord L'Estrange," said she, with a mournful smile and, quitting him before he could answer, she bowed down her head meekly before Violante. "You have pardoned me already," she said, in a tone that reached only the girl's ear, "and my last words shall not be of the past. I see your future spread bright before me under those steadfast stars. Love still; hope and trust. These are the last words of her who will soon die to the world. Fair maid, they are prophetic!"

Violante shrank back to her father's breast, and there hid her glowing face, resigning her hand to Beatrice, who pressed it to her bosom. The marchesa then came back to Harley, and disappeared with him in the interior of the vessel.

When Harley reappeared on deck, he seemed much flurried and disturbed. He kept aloof from the duke and Violante, and was the last to enter the boat, that was now lowered into the water.

As he and his companions reached the land, they saw the vessel in movement, and gliding slowly down the river.

"Courage, Leonard, courage!" murmured Harley. "You grieve, and nobly. But you have shunned the worst and most vulgar deceit in civilized life; you have not simulated love. Better that you poor lady should be, awhile, the sufferer from a harsh truth, than the eternal martyr of a flattering lie! Alas! my Leonard! with the love of the poet's dream are linked only the graces;

with the love of the human heart come the awful Fates!"

"My lord, poets do not dream when they love. You will learn how the feelings are deep in proportion as the fancies are vivid, when you read that confession of genius and woe which I have left in your hands."

Leonard turned away. Harley's gaze followed him with inquiring interest, and suddenly encountered the soft, dark, grateful eyes of Violante. "The Fates, the Fates!" murmured Harley.

From the British Journal.

THE GOLD-FINDERS.

THE blithe midsummer time, brother,
The prime of all the year,
Is shining on our Irish hills,
And you are watching here;
Watching beside me night and day
On this wild southern wold,
Where my grave will lie so far away,
And we came to find the gold.

We have been brave to strive, brother,
We have been strong to toil;
For I have served the stranger, dear,
And you have dived the soil;
And they would call us rich at home,
But oh, the sea is wide,
Or I might see my mother's face,
And die at her fireside.

Alas! that we should part, brother,
Who were so kind and true;
That this poor hut by night and morn
Should be so lone for you;
That our father and our mother sit
By a distant hearth and cold,
But you know 't was for their sakes, dear,
That we came to find the gold.

Our own old cottage home, brother,
That stood so warm and low,
On the farm, beside the river, they
Took from us long ago.
I have dreamt of all its meadow springs,
Of all its harvest cheer,
But the stranger owns it many a day,
And I am dying here.

Don't mind my foolish words, dear,
God's blessed will be done;
But when you buy it back, with what
These poor hands helped to win,
Oh! never think it was for that
Your sister's life was sold,
Though the heart broke down at last, dear,
Where we went to find the gold.

You see that withered bud, brother,
Plucked from a wild rose-tree;
'T was kept but for the sake of one
That dealt not well with me.
If I have never named him since,
It was not all for pride;
And maybe, brother, he was right
To choose a richer bride.

That long sore fret has passed, dear;
We will speak of better things.
What signifies the loss or gain
This poor world's journey brings?
There's nothing poor or false in heaven,
No hopes that lose their hold,
And the way is short from this wild plain
Where we came to find the gold.

Don't let my mother miss me,
When you and Mary wed,
But mind how we have worked and lived,
And cheer the gray old head;
And plant a cross upon my grave,
For some poor soul to see.
And, brother, keep the good straight way,
It will bring you safe to me.
FRANCES BROWN.

From Punch.

THE HERO OF THE HUSTINGS.

THE honorable gentleman upon the Hustings stood
For two hours of a summer's day—a feat of lusti-
hood—
And shouted forth, and saw'd the air with all his
force and might,
The temperature higher than a hundred, Fahrenheit.

The sun above him blazing from a blue unclouded sky,
He frying like a sausage that could feel itself to fry;
It rained upon him cats and dogs; and likewise, it is
true,
However strange the circumstance, that he was drip-
ping, too.

The undeveloped offspring of the gallinaceous tribe,
The free and independent men, with many a taunt
and gibe,
Launched also at the candidate's unvenerated head,
And frequently advised him to go home and go to bed.

Not only did this hero spout thus long upon his legs,
And brave the sun, the puppy-dogs, the kittens, and
the eggs;
Not only he incurred the execrations of the mob,
But lost above a thousand pounds, moreover, by the
job.

Such lots of money, fortitude, exertion, pluck, and
nerve,
It costs to gain the privilege those gentlemen to serve,
Who yell at you, and pelt you with all sorts of nasty
things;
Surely a seat in Parliament some vast enjoyment
brings!

EPITAPH.

SHE.

"Grieve not for me, my dearest dear,
I am not dead, but sleeping here;
In patience wait, prepare to die,
For thou must shortly come to I."

HE.

"I do not grieve, my dearest life—
Sleep on—I've got another wife;
I therefore cannot come to thee,
For I must stay to comfort she."

From the Times, 27th August.

ATLANTIC RACING.

Most readers will recollect that during the recent debates in the American Congress the stormy discussions upon national rights were varied by the introduction of a very different proposition. A commercial company charging itself with the navigation of the Atlantic between Liverpool and New York, and subsidized expressly by the State in aid of its performances, applied to have its premium increased. As the augmentation demanded amounted to 100 per cent. on the original grant, the petition created some little consternation, but in the end it was granted, and the American line of Atlantic steamers will henceforth receive twice the subsidy before given. This circumstance has been made the subject of allusion by a correspondent whose communication, with the signature of "FAIR PLAY," will be found in another part of our impression. That the writer is strangely mistaken in his reference of the question to that of Free Trade will be very easily discovered; but the general train of thought suggested by the letter, may be turned, we conceive, to some profitable account. It is by no means clear that these matters are rightly understood either on one side of the ocean or the other.

Between Liverpool and New York there are running two lines of steamers, one British and one American, encouraged in each case by large grants of money from their respective governments to perform the voyage in the shortest possible time. The subsidy contributed to the British line amounts to a quarter of a million sterling; that enjoyed by the American Company was till lately about the same. It is understood that, in consideration of these special allowances, the stipendiary companies are to disregard certain ordinary views of mercantile enterprise. The vessels are built for speed only, and carry no heavier cargoes than mails and passengers, their otherwise enormous tonnage being absorbed in engine and coal room. They differ, in fact, from vulgar merchantmen little less widely than ships of war, being constructed not, indeed, for fighting, but for running, to the prejudice of all more productive capacities. Under these circumstances the passage across the Atlantic has been reduced from weeks to days, and is now literally a question of hours. The American steamers, though not excelling our own in their average performances, have succeeded in winning one race by about half a neck; that is to say, the very quickest transit on record—being four hours shorter than that next to it—has been executed by an American vessel. As the passage may be set at about 250 hours, there, of course, seems margin enough to make up the odd four, and it is evident that favorable circumstances of work or weather might any day turn the scale in favor of the English. The competition, indeed, is to be prosecuted more vigorously than before, and it is upon this assumption, coupled with the credit of "victory," that the American Company has succeeded in obtaining the large increase of subsidy mentioned above.

Between the two governments, therefore, a bounty amounting to something like three-quarters of a million annually will be paid upon ocean racing. Now there can be no doubt that it is of the very highest importance to bring two such countries as Great Britain and America as close as possible to each other. It may be conceded, also,

that the great principle at stake is not damaged by the smallness of the gain apparently procurable. Four hours is not a large proportion of 250, but, if hours and even minutes had not been closely reckoned, that very average of 250 would never have been reached. A chronometer obtains the prize over another by the difference of thirty seconds in a year. This difference in itself may be inappreciable, but it is owing to this competition for seconds that our ordinary timepieces go so well to minutes. In a good race the actual difference will always be small; otherwise, indeed, the race would not be a good one. But, granting all this, is it worth while, upon sound views of policy, to purchase the improvements still possibly obtainable at so high a premium, and, if so, is this premium offered in the most advisable shape and manner?

Considering the relative position of the two countries, their commercial relations and their natural advantages, it is perfectly certain that the traffic across the ocean which divides them would not only be performed without the aid of bounties, but would be performed under the stimulus of strong competition. This competition would not indeed legitimately be pushed to the extent of trading without profit. Remuneration would always be looked to as a fair condition of a voyage; but what, it may be asked, would be the probable difference between voyages thus executed under the ordinary incentives of trade, and those performed under the artificial encouragement of bounties? It is for this difference, and nothing more, that our state premiums are now paid; and if 11½ miles an hour could be done at a profit, is it desirable to do 11½ at a loss? Perhaps it may be said that four or five hours' difference in the delivery of a mail may make the difference of peace or war between the two countries, and that we need hardly look beyond the recent crisis for an illustration of the contingency. But would even the mails, on the whole, be carried less expeditiously than at present if the duty were left to the unaided energies of British and American mariners? For it is not to be forgotten that if bounties provide us with one swift line of steamships, they entirely drive all others from the field. If the stimulus of fixed premiums is gained, the stimulus of free competition is lost. No vessel will attempt to run against another which starts with the advantage of a subsidy.

The reader will easily observe that there is a great distinction between bounties thus allotted and the encouragements commonly offered to mechanical or scientific excellence. When premiums were proposed for the best chronometers, we did not contract beforehand to pay an annual stipend to some manufacturing house, but adjudged the reward to the best performance after free competition. In the same way with race-horses and with yachts, there are substantial incentives to excellence, but they do not include special bounties to breeders or builders, although the ordinary stimulus of competition is much weaker in these cases than in that of seagoing steamers. It is hardly clear therefore that our policy in this respect is sound, although, on the other hand, it may be said, perhaps, that more is at stake than mere superiority of speed. The steamers ultimately triumphant, whether British or American, will monopolize the whole traffic of the ocean to and fro, and this traffic it is well worth securing by a bounty to the conquerors. Just as no private speculator could contend with a

salaried company, so no unsubsidized British line could compete with a subsidized American line. The Americans, indeed, say that we were getting the Atlantic to ourselves when a good premium evoked competition on their side of the water, and they now expect that a still better premium will put them in our place. But what is to be the end of such a struggle? Four hours' advantage, more or less, will certainly not decide such a championship, and if, as has been plainly confessed, these four hours have cost an extra quarter of a million a year, what will be the expense of a genuine or permanent victory?

We have thrown out these remarks for public consideration, because it appears to us that experience is going very near towards convicting the country of error in the case before us, and that the two states are approaching the predicament of rival railway companies. At the very period when the room for improvement has become smallest we are rendering ourselves liable to the largest demands. As things now stand, it is scarcely possible, in the absence of any remarkable invention, that the speed of our Atlantic voyages can be materially increased. We may work up our four hours' arrearage, or the Americans, perhaps, may turn this surplus into five, but we hardly see how much more is to be expected. Meantime, the free course of competition is entirely suspended, and, after giving away a quarter of a million a year, we shall be reduced to the necessity of either spending as much more, or submitting in this respect to a disadvantage which will neutralize our bounty altogether.

From the Spectator, 28th August.

PROGRESS OF THE CHOLERA.

ON that memorable morning, in March, 1712, when our esteemed namesake, Mr. Spectator, attended Sir Roger de Coverley, at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, to accompany the worthy Knight on a visit to the tombs at Westminster Abbey, he found him undergoing the process of shaving at the hands of his butler. Sir Roger was "no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of Widow Trueby's Water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad;" adding, that "he looked upon it to be very good for a Man whilst he staid in Town, to keep off Infection; and that he got together a great Quantity of it upon the first News of the Sickness being at Dantzick." This notable anti-infection fluid was a distillation of poppies; invented, we presume, by the wealthy Widow Trueby.

It is not a little remarkable that the "Sickness" of last century came by way of Dantzic, even as the cholera comes from that quarter in this our own time; and also that the quack specific spoken of as a counteracting agent should be a weak tincture of opium. The Sickness, like the cholera, came from the dirty parts of the world; and Sir Roger found, no doubt from experience, that the infection required to be repelled far more in the vitiated atmosphere of the town than in the pure air of the country.

Cholera is again threatening Europe, through Poland and West Prussia. The progress of the disease is steady and assured. It appears to decimate one population and pass on to another with a fatal regularity; but its advance, though in certain specific directions, seems to be unaccountable and capricious, unless we hold that it depends upon the sanitary state of the invaded

districts. We first hear of it in the inferior towns of Poland; then it reaches Warsaw, slaying one day 244 and another 207 persons. The latter number died on the 18th of August, when there were 550 persons severely attacked and 1474 under treatment. In the Duchy of Posen, the epidemic has appeared at Pletschen, Jarocin, Newstadt, Dobrzyca, Klonowo, Philadelphia, where, up to the 18th instant, great numbers had fallen. It is remarkable that in none of the three last-named localities was there any medical man, and that generally the insufficient medical attendance throughout the district had aggravated the evil. Since the 18th, cholera has appeared in various villages on the frontier district of Posen and Poland. It has also entered Silesia, and killed off a contingent in the district of Landsberg; and, to crown all, we find it by the latest accounts at Dirschau, Dantzic, Elbing, and Marienburg.

Detailed observation confirms the inference, therefore, that "the Sickness" of our day is on its way, by the accustomed routes, to the Western parts of Europe and these islands.

Whether cholera is "contagious" or not, is a question which can well afford to wait for the decision of the scientific. It is not very important so far as practical effort in meeting the evil is concerned. For even if it is contagious, and a special morbid agent is portable and capable of transfer from person to person, as the *Globe* is contending at these presents, still cholera patients must be attended, for the withholding of medical attendance would be not only inhuman but impolitic; and belief in contagion should only dictate greater care and the adoption of precautionary measures. It is an incontestable fact, that local impurities and atmospheric corruption at least aggravate the severity of the disease, predispose the frame to it, and are indeed far wider causes than personal contagion. The practical question, therefore, is not whether we may apprehend losses from the contagion of an epidemic, but whether the conditions of our physical social existence are not such as to heighten its severity when it appears. It is evident enough that cholera is not necessarily contagious; and as we improve the conditions of life, so we diminish the probabilities of the spread of the disease.

The cholera is coming—and now is our latest time for preparation. It is already the tenth if not the eleventh hour. An insignificant-looking sentence in the last weekly report of the Registrar-General on the health of London is therefore peculiarly well-timed—

While cholera is in Warsaw, those measures should be carried out which experience has shown cannot be attempted when the epidemic is in London.

"Those measures" are drainage and other hygienic arrangements. Any student of the Registrar's weekly reports must see that an immense proportion of deaths by summer cholera and diarrhoea were directly caused by the foulness of the conditions under which the sufferers lived and breathed. We cannot rebuild London before "the Sickness" shall be reported to have arrived at Mivart's; but we may do something to cleanse it even in that time; and we may prepare to undergo this next visitation with a healthier and more intelligent patience, to be followed, not by talking and pretences of sanitary reform, but by great practical repentance for not having sufficiently obeyed the laws of life in our town polity.

From the Examiner.

The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By WILLIAM HAZLITT. Second Edition. Revised by his Son. 4 vols. Office of Illustrated London Library, 227 Strand.

If poor Hazlitt could have lived till now he would have seen the error of his Napoleon worship. He was the most eloquent and original as well as the most honest of all the contemporary upholders of the imperial system in France. The magnitude of the evils it had overthrown blinded him to the enormities of those it had substituted in their place. Hazlitt saw in Napoleon, and refused to see anything else, the highest representation and embodiment of a revolutionary force to which the older dynasties of kings and emperors were then sinking and succumbing on all sides. It was the hope of a new world without the errors and extravagances of the old which his ardent fancy seemed to see extinguished at Waterloo by the combined governments of Europe. For it was only as a despotism over despots that he admired and honored Napoleon's. Could he have seen the fruit which it has since borne, in facilities offered to the meanest to play the despot over the noblest, he would have thought far differently of it. The shabby caricature set up the other day at the Tuileries, resembling it as a monkey might a man, would have brought him to his senses indeed!

We have need of some such reflections as these to be able to read patiently occasional passages of the book before us. For example, it contains perhaps the first and only account of the battle of Waterloo by an Englishman, in which every sympathy and aspiration of the writer is against the success of his own countrymen on that memorable field. Hear what Hazlitt says at the critical turning of the day—when, in his belief, the victory might be said to have been “gained” by the French!

Bulow having been repulsed and the cavalry still maintaining itself on the flat, whence its adversaries were driven, the victory might be said to be gained. Joy was in every countenance, and hope in every heart. This sentiment was the more powerful from succeeding the apprehensions which had been felt during the flank attack of a whole army, and that had endangered their retreat for above an hour. At this moment a cannonade was distinctly heard; it came in the direction of Wavres; it was Blucher, and not Grouchy.

The latter, between twelve and one o'clock, was half way between Gembloux and Wayres, where he heard the terrible cannonade of Waterloo, and must know that two great armies were engaged. General Excelmas came up, and addressing the Marshal said, “The emperor is in action with the English army; there can be no doubt of it; a fire so terrible cannot be a skirmish. We ought to march to the scene of action. I am an old soldier of the army of Italy, and have heard General Bonaparte promulgate this principle a hundred times. If we turn to the left, we shall be on the field of battle in two hours.” He hesitated, but pleaded his orders to follow Blucher, which he ought to have done the preceding day, and though he did not now know where he was. Count Gerard joined them, and urged the same advice. Still nothing could move him; he remained as if spell-bound. The very fear of what might happen, the magnitude of the occasion, took away the power to avert it. He saw the sun shining above his head, that was no more to behold his country's independence, or the face of freedom; he saw the triumphs, the strug-

gles, the sacrifices of the last five-and-twenty years about to be annulled and made of no account, which it required but one more effort to sanction and confirm forever; the blood that had flowed turned into laughter and scorn; an imbecile monarch forced back on an hereditary throne, like some foul Eastern idol, borne in defiance over the bleeding bodies and the prostrate necks of an abused people; liberty bound hand and foot, afraid to breathe or move, its name henceforth to become a reproach, reviled, suspected, hunted down, and trod into the earth under the hoofs of kings; he saw this done by an English general, vaunting the rights, the glory, and the generosity of his own country; he saw the greatest reputation in modern times about to become a prey to the most shallow and worthless;—

—Saw where an eagle in his pride of place
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed;—

He saw or should have seen all this, and could not be prevailed upon to stir a step to prevent it. The very weight and damning sense of consequences, which should out short all hesitation and compunction, seems, in minds not strong enough to cope with it, to seek relief in idle forms, or in some hollow subterfuge.

We must also quote a characteristic passage in which Hazlitt speaks of Sir Hudson Lowe's meanness, and Napoleon's fears of assassination.

It is a national disease—strong will and want of feeling, which makes us incapable of conceiving how any one can oppose what we think right, or object to the vexations we inflict upon them. An Englishman is a bundle of muscles without nerves. The emperor was however wrong in supposing, as he at one time did, that there was any apprehension of assassination. This would be at once against positive law and natural instinct. We only go as far as extreme obstinacy and extreme infatuation can blind us to the result. But like all obstinate and stupid people, we have strong prejudices which hang by words; and an English government must manage these as well as it can. Lord Castlereagh probably owed his death to the consciousness of having over-stepped this line in one or two instances, and of having made the British public look askance at him in consequence. In our most aggravated wrongs, we ask for a dull, round-about pretext for being in the right. We may bruise or hunt a victim to death—it is consonant to our habits and feelings—but poison or the dagger are not among our ways and means of morality and the public good. We get rid of our greatest enemies by chronic, not by acute remedies.

How like Hazlitt are these little hits interpolated—

In 1801, an old woman, living servant with a celebrated poet in Cumberland, had never heard of the French Revolution. The poet himself and his friends seem to have since forgotten that such an event had ever taken place.

Our last extract shall be one which shows what an honest and truthful spirit, what a “hate of hate,” and scorn of everything contemptible or mean, formed after all the base of Hazlitt's passionate and paradoxical support of Napoleon. He is speaking of the Hundred Days.

The people saw well enough that the question was, whether the country should be conquered or free, whether governments came of divine or human origin; and that if they wanted the one, they must have Bonaparte; if the other, the Bourbons. The leaders of the people saw this, but fifty other distinctions with it, which perplexed and distracted their attention from the main question and vital principle, covering

it over like cobwebs, or eating up its sap and pith like the ivy. The Faubourgs saw no alternative between the new and the old government; the drawing-rooms and coffee-houses, that is, the talkers and critics, saw something else between the two (and they had it), namely, their own opinion, whatever it might be. When folly arrives at a certain height, it has its root in equal baseness and want of principle. These high-flown aspirations after Utopian perfection were leagued (almost inseparably) with rank treachery and ranker cowardice. The Parisian speculators and sceptics were not afraid of Bonaparte—they were afraid of the allies. Had he been once more at the head of conquering armies, in possession of absolute power, they would (as they did before) have crouched to him and hailed him as a god; it was because he wanted their assistance and zeal to defend them against the enemy, that they were determined to do nothing to commit themselves irrevocably in the struggle; and that they did everything to thwart, annoy, and discountenance him, that they might have an excuse, in case of their being called upon for any painful sacrifices or exertions, to deliver up both him and themselves with ignominy to the enemy. Every one, therefore, thought this a fit opportunity to give Bonaparte his advice; to cavil, to object, to criticize, to revive old grievances, instead of meeting present exigencies, or warding off future and indelible disgrace. All their resistance to Napoleon really meant that they would not make any very violent resistance to the allies, so that this Roman sternness and independent deportment was only a cover (in case of reverses) for the undisguised and unqualified display of French volatility and national abjectness. It must be confessed that this is in part also the misfortune of the cause. Men in a savage and rude state of society are slaves, because they do not know what liberty is; in a state of civilization and knowledge, they want the courage to defend it. Liberty and independence are also nearly another name for disunion and party-spirit. Those who wish to learn the history of revolutions and reform, have only to read the account of the battle of Bothwell Bridge, in *Old Mortality*; where, while the tory cavalry were charging their ranks, the Covenanters were debating about left and right-hand defections. So it was and so it will be, while the nature of things lasts. Three hundred men, willing to be slaves, put implicit faith in and follow their leader, and carry all before them. Three hundred men, determined to think and act for themselves, to give way in nothing, and sacrifice no jot of their opinion as to what is right, while they are disputing and refining, are split into as many different factions as there are persons, and are set upon and bound hand and foot by their adversaries, who will allow them no freedom of opinion at all. This, it should seem, they think a less evil than the other, because men's self-love is sooner brought to submit to a barefaced wrong than voluntarily to sanction the slightest difference of sentiment, which might compromise their own, or by being the next thing to the truth, require all their tenaciousness of principle and purpose to keep the separation clear. The proximity of the one staggers and makes them uneasy; the other their reason despises. The lovers of liberty and reform are the natural victims and the dupes of the slaves of power. For the latter think only of what *is*, or of what *is* for their advantage, and cling to it with equal servility and fury; the former are thinking of what *is* best, though it may be quite hopeless, and their hold of this is less sure and fixed. Reformers, lovers of improvement and innovation, are those in whom the ideal faculty prevails over sense and habit; and this being the case, they will be apt to be satisfied too easily with their own imaginations and opinions; and, provided they can indulge in these, care little about having them realized, of which there is in general small chance. If a certain degree of

good is within their possession or reach, they grow indifferent to it; raise their standard of perfection still higher; become extravagant and fastidious in their ends, to the neglect of all practical means to enforce them; and, like the dog in the fable (the type of this class of philosophers and politicians), constantly lose the substance for the shadow. These persons are, doubtless, useful in their generation; but they are the worst marplots and stumbling-blocks in the way of the accomplishment of their own schemes. They also often play the part of the dog in the manger; and envy and try to supplant those who have shown more practical ability than themselves; and would sooner see the object of their whole lives mangled and made a mockery of, than that it should be guarded by other hands than theirs, or by other means than they approve of.

In conclusion we have only to say that this new and carefully printed edition of a book full of striking passages, eloquent descriptions, and original thoughts, deserves a place in every well-furnished library. It was the last great labor of Hazlitt's life, and could not have been reproduced at a time more apt or opportune than the present.

A WORD in season has been spoken by Archbishop Whately. In the charge addressed to the clergy of the diocese of Dublin, at his annual visitation, the archbishop directed their attention principally to what has been called "papal aggression." Dr. Whately's views are characterized alike by profound philosophical truth and a pure spiritual devotion. He showed of how little avail the Ecclesiastical Titles Act had been, except as a source of irritation; and pointed out that the evil against which it was directed, however formidable as a symptom, was of little consequence in itself. He enforced the important truth that it is not to legislative enactments that men are to look for securities for their faith, but to their own earnest and unremitting vigilance. He attributed the stationary or receding condition of the Reformation for nearly three centuries less to the efforts of the Church of Rome than to the remissness of Protestants. From these topics he proceeded to expatiate on the compatibility of mutual tolerance with earnest assertion of individual convictions, and upon true Christian unity, springing not from external laws or compacts, but from an internal spirit of truthfulness and charity. The whole address is instinct with an elevated and affectionate spirit. It is, indeed, the voice of a reformer that we hear—of one who aims at making men wiser and better, and relies upon the sole agency of simple veracity and Christian love. At this time of renewed sectarian tumult it is like oil poured on the stormy waves. It contrasts beautifully with the Wiseman petulancies on the one side, and with the spleenetic trickiness of the Durham Letter on the other.—*Spectator*, 31 July.

CATERPILLAR FUNGUS.—On the subject of fungi; of all the strange fungi that I ever met with—not excepting the luminous toadstool of Australia, by which you may see to shave yourself at midnight!—the vegetable caterpillar, whereof I saw several specimens, found in this district, is the most strange. I believe the insect is, at one stage of its existence, a large gray moth; at another, it becomes a caterpillar. When tired of a somewhat dull life, it buries itself in the earth, and after death assumes a fungous form, or at least there springs from its skeleton a fungous excrescence like a bulrush, which pierces and rises several inches above the ground.—*Our Antipodes*, by Colonel Mundy.

From Tait's Magazine.

A DAY WITH A LION.

A few years ago, while residing at the Cape, I became acquainted with several of those enterprising traders who are engaged in the lucrative, but rather hazardous traffic with the natives north of the Orange river. These traders are sometimes absent for more than two years from the colony, moving about with their wagons and servants, from one tribe to another, until their goods are all disposed of, when they return to Graham's Town or Cape Town with the cattle, hides, ivory, ostrich feathers, and other valuables, into which their original merchandise has been converted, usually at a profit of some four or five hundred per cent. Most of those traders whom I knew in Cape Town confined their operations to the country lying along the western coast of the continent, and stretching from the Orange river towards the Portuguese possessions in Benguela. Some of them had advanced on that side nearly to the great lake which has since been discovered by travellers proceeding from another quarter. The existence of this lake is well known to the natives inhabiting the western coast, who have often spoken of it to their English visitors.

One of the boldest and most successful of these adventurous traders, was a Mr. Hutton, a respectable English colonist, who had accumulated a small fortune by his excursions among the Namaquas and the Dammaras, and was talking of retiring from the business. I had heard of him not only as a lucky dealer and a daring hunter, but also as being one of the most intelligent explorers of South Africa; and, having been able on one occasion to render him a slight service, I obtained from him in return a good deal of information concerning those parts of the interior with which he was familiar. Some of his own adventures which he occasionally related, in illustration of the facts thus communicated, seemed to me to be curious and interesting enough to be worth preserving. One of them I will endeavor to repeat as nearly as possible in the words in which he told it.

It may be as well, before proceeding with the narrative, to mention briefly the circumstances which drew from Mr. Hutton the account of this singular adventure. The service which I had rendered to him consisted merely in obtaining from the authorities, by proper representations, the liberation of a Namaqua servant, whom he had brought to town with him from the country beyond the Orange river. This dusky youth was in appearance and in character a genuine Hottentot. He had the small stature, the tawny complexion, the deep-set eyes, the diminutive nose, the wide and prominent cheek-bones, and the curiously tufted hair which distinguish that peculiar race. He was usually silent, grave, and somewhat sullen in mood, except when he was excited by strong liquor, of which, like most of his compatriots, he was immoderately fond. In this state Apollo (as he was preposterously named) became not only lively and boisterous, but excessively pugnacious. The latter quality brought him frequently into collision with some of the saucy and knowing blacks of Cape Town, who found the same malicious pleasure in teasing the poor Namaqua, that town-bred youngsters in a London school evince in annoying any rustic new-comer. It was in consequence of an affair of this sort, that poor, half-muddled Apollo, after a desperate combat with a gigantic Mozambique "ap-

prentice," had one day been bundled off by the police to the lock-up house; and his master, who was hardly more familiar than Apollo himself with the ways of the town, came to me to ask my advice and assistance towards getting the unlucky Namaqua released. There was little difficulty in accomplishing this, when the circumstances were properly explained to the presiding functionary; and Apollo, after a few hours' detention in the "trunk" (or city jail), was restored to his master in a sober and very penitent condition.

I was somewhat surprised by the evidences of strong anxiety and even affection displayed by Mr. Hutton for his uncouth *protégé* in this affair. The latter had certainly nothing in his appearance or ways which could be considered prepossessing. He had indeed the grace to evince some attachment for his master; but otherwise his mental and moral traits did not appear to be more attractive than his physiognomy. I had heard that Mr. Hutton, in spite of his reputation as a keen trader and an ardent hunter, was an upright and kind-hearted man; and I concluded that Master Apollo had probably been entrusted by his parents to the trader, with a solemn promise that their precious treasures should be restored to them unscathed; and no doubt Mr. Hutton's solicitude proceeded from his conscientious anxiety to keep his engagement.

He called upon me that evening, to thank me for my attention to his wishes. In the course of our conversation, I casually remarked that Apollo must be a good servant to have inspired his master with such a feeling of regard for him.

"I ought to care for him," answered Mr. Hutton, "since he saved my life."

This reply led, of course, to further questioning, and finally elicited from the trader the narrative which struck me as so remarkable.

"I picked up Apollo about ten years ago," he said, "on the north bank of the Orange river. He was then a child, not more, I should say, than ten or twelve years old; though you never can judge accurately of the ages of these natives. I found him all alone, and half dead with fever, under a little shelter of boughs and grass, where his people had left him when he was taken ill. They almost always desert their sick people and decrepit relations in that way. It is a shocking custom, and I think it is about the worst part of their character; for, in other respects, I must say, they are not altogether so bad as some travellers would make them out to be. I put the little fellow in one of my wagons, and doctored him with quinine and other medicines; and in a few days he was running about as well and lively as ever. He told me that his name was Tkuetkue, or some other such crack-jaw affair, with two or three clucks in it, that I would not attempt to pronounce. So, thinking it best to give him a *Christian* name, I called him Apollo in compliment to his good looks. He has remained with me ever since, and has always shown himself attached to me in his own way. He is a real savage still. No one but myself can control him; and he generally obeys my orders as long as he can remember them, which is seldom more than a day. But I cannot make him a teetotaler or a man of peace, although I believe I have set him a fair example in both those lines. He will drink whenever he can get the liquor; and when he is excited by drink or provocation he will fight like a mad tiger. Otherwise he is an honest, faithful fellow, and the best after-rider I ever had. An after-rider, you know, is the name

given to the Hottentot or black boy who rides with you, and carries your spare gun and ammunition, and sometimes heads off the game, or assists you in any other way, as you order him."

I knew what an after-rider was, but I was curious to hear how Apollo had been able to render his master the great service spoken of. It seemed that in the first instance he had owed his own life to Mr. Hutton's kindness.

"Probably he did," answered Hutton, "although if I had not found him he might have recovered. These Namaquas and Hottentots have wonderfully tough constitutions; it takes a deal of sickness or starvation to kill them. But the other affair took place about four years ago, and if you care to hear the story, I have no objection to repeat it. I have told it often for the credit of my friend Apollo.

"I was on my way to Dammaraland with two wagons and about a dozen people. Two of them were Mozambique blacks, whom I had brought with me from Cape Town, and the remainder were Hottentots and Namaquas that I had picked up on the way. Most of them I got at old Schmelen's missionary station, on this side the Orange river. The two negroes were tolerably good servants; they had gained some knowledge of civilized habits in Cape Town. The others could do little besides helping to drive the wagons; though sometimes they were of service in following 'spoor'—traces of game, you know. They knew the country well, and by keeping a pretty sharp eye upon them I was able to make them useful. In tracking game, as I said, they sometimes rendered good service; but they were great cowards, and though some of them could handle fire-arms tolerably well, I never could get them to face any dangerous animal, such as a buffalo or a rhinoceros, and least of all a lion, with any steadiness. I shot two or three rhinoceroses with little support from any of them, except Apollo, who always stood by me like a Trojan, though his teeth sometimes chattered, and his eyes became like saucers, as we approached the enemy.

"One afternoon," continued Hutton, "I outspanned near a pool, where many animals of different sorts came at night to drink. We could see their tracks all about the margin. The Namaquas knew the place well, and urged me to encamp at a little distance off, saying that the lions were 'al te kwaad,' or very angry, in that region; and that if we rested near the water we should be very likely to lose some of our oxen, and might perhaps be ourselves attacked. For it is a curious fact that when a lion has once tasted human flesh, he seems to acquire a curious relish for it, and will leave all other game untouched if he has a chance of seizing upon a man. I did not wish to run any risk, so far as my people, or my oxen either, were concerned; and so, after making them all drink heartily, I drove off to a distance of about two miles, and outspanned in a small valley, out of sight from the pool. We kindled a large fire to keep off any wild beasts that might be prowling about, and then turned the oxen loose to pick up what little herbage they could find among the rocks about us. For myself, I felt a strong desire to have a shot at a lion. I had not bagged one for more than three years. In fact, I had been unlucky in two or three long shots, and began to fear that I should get out of practice in that sort of sport, which requires good nerves and experience

more than anything else. I asked four or five of my best men, including Apollo, if they would watch with me at the pool, that night, for lions. Three of them consented, and we left the others with the wagons, with strict injunctions to keep the fire burning, and not to let the oxen stray to a distance. We reached the water just at sunset, and set to work at once, with the spades and hoes which we had brought with us, to dig a hole in the sand three or four feet deep, about twenty yards from the pool. In about an hour we finished our hiding-place, throwing up the earth about it so as to conceal us still better from the sight of the wild animals. We then settled ourselves comfortably in the trench, and lay there with our guns in readiness, waiting for the lions.

"We stayed there all night to no purpose. A good many animals came down to drink, but no lions. There were springboks, gemsboks, zebras, quaggas, and some other creatures, but we did not waste our ammunition upon them, as we were in no want of meat; and, besides, a single shot would have alarmed the lions, and prevented them from approaching the water. However, as it happened, we fared no better for keeping quiet; and soon after dawn we came out of our grave, stiff, sleepy, and sulky, without having had a glimpse of a lion, though we had heard them roaring in the distance. They had probably been attracted by our wagons and oxen; for they were prowling about them all night, as we afterwards learned. The people whom we had left with them were in mortal terror, but had sense enough to keep up a good blaze. The oxen, in their fright, crowded almost into the fire, and by good luck the lions did not venture to attack them.

"I now gave up all hope of meeting the game I had come out for; but I was determined not to return to the wagons without something to show for our night's watching. We had gone but a few rods from the pool when a small herd of springboks came bounding through a thicket of thorn-trees just in front of us. They ran and leaped as though something had frightened them; but without waiting to see what it was, I fired both barrels in among them, and knocked over one of the largest. My men all blazed away at the same time, and without the smallest effect. I had just taken my gun from my shoulder, when an enormous lion walked out of the thicket, and came slowly towards us. He was not more than thirty yards off, and there was no time to reload. I was taken so completely by surprise that for the first few seconds I stood quite motionless, and uncertain what to do. But I then saw that there was but one course for us. When a party of natives go out with their assagais and knives to take a lion, as they sometimes do, their custom is, when they see the lion approaching, to sit down on the ground in a cluster. The lion, if he is in a fighting mood, singles out one of them, and pounces upon him. Sometimes the unlucky man is killed at once by the first grip of the lion's teeth and claws; but more often he only receives severe hurt. Then the other natives throw themselves altogether upon the animal; some seize his tail and lift him up, which prevents him from turning upon them, while others stab him with their assagais, and cut him with their knives; and frequently they manage to kill him without any loss of life in their party. But sometimes the victory is on the other side; the lion kills two or three of the natives, and the rest take to their heels. It seemed

to me just possible that by sitting down together, and showing a bold front, we might intimidate the lion, and prevent him from attacking us until I had time to reload. I called out loudly, 'Sit! sit!' and knelt down myself on one knee at the same moment, preparing to reload, if there should be time. But casting a hasty glance around, I saw that all three of my men had taken themselves off at full speed as soon as the lion appeared, and were already half way to the hill, which was just on this side of the wagons. Apollo had started with the rest; but he told me afterwards, and I have no doubt with truth, that he thought I was running also; only, not being so light-footed as they were, I could not be expected to keep up with them. As the poor fellow did not dare to look round, he did not discover his mistake until they reached the wagons.

"In this way I was left alone, to face the lion. It was useless then for me to run. If I had started with the Namaquas he would have had one of us, and most probably myself, before we had gone fifty yards. My gun was discharged; and, while we were digging the trench, I had given my hunting-knife, which incommoded me, to Apollo; so that I was at that moment completely disarmed. I gave myself up for lost, as a matter of course; and, as I was kneeling there, I just said, 'God help my poor wife and children,' and waited for the lion to spring. But the fellow did not seem to be in any hurry. He came slowly up, slackening his pace by degrees; and at last, when he was about twelve feet off, he stopped and sat down on the ground like a cat, looking me full in the face. I sat down also, and looked at him in return; fixing my eyes upon his, and staring as hard as I could. When I was at school, I had read that the lower animals could not endure the steady gaze of a man; and although I cannot say that my own experience had ever confirmed this opinion, it occurred to me to make the trial with the lion. But I really don't think it had much effect upon him. Now-and-then he would shut his eyes, or look round to one side or the other, but that was all. Presently he lay down, with his paws drawn up under him, and his head resting on the ground, exactly like a cat watching a mouse. At the same time he kept occasionally licking his lips, as though he had just finished a meal. I saw at once what the rascal's intention was. He had just been feasting on some animal he had killed, very likely a springbok, and was not hungry. But he had made up his mind to have me for his next meal; and as lions like their food fresh killed, the scoundrel was keeping me until he had digested his breakfast. Wasn't that an agreeable predicament for a Christian man, as the boers say!"

There was no denying that it was a terrible situation indeed. But I had read, in some missionary work, of a Hottentot who was kept prisoner by a lion in a similar way, and was watched steadily by him for a whole day; but at night, if I remembered rightly, the Hottentot was overcome by exhaustion and went to sleep, and when he awoke the lion was gone.

"Yes," replied the trader, "I have heard of the story. The Hottentot was a lucky fellow. You see, a lion, in his disposition and habits, is nothing more or less than a great cat. Some people speak of the lion's magnanimity, and ascribe some noble qualities to the beast; but that is all nonsense. When a lion is not hungry, if he meets with game he will frequently pass it by

without notice. He will seldom kill it out of mere wantonness and cruelty; but neither will a cat, unless it has been taught to do so. A cat, when it is not hungry, will sometimes play with a mouse; that, you would think, must be from a cruel disposition; but, in reality, it is only keeping the creature alive for its next meal. Now, this is exactly what the lion sometimes does, and particularly one that has tasted human flesh; so the natives, at least, will tell you. The natives say that, in such a case, the lion usually waits for the man to go to sleep, and then watches him till he begins to move and shows signs of awaking, when he pounces upon him. In the case of the Hottentot, the lion must have been frightened away by something that occurred while the man was asleep. For myself, I did not doubt that the creature was watching me with the intention of waiting until I should fall asleep from exhaustion, and then springing upon me at the first movement I made. I was safe, I thought, so long as I could keep my eyes open; but if I went to sleep, I should certainly awake in the lion's jaws."

There was something so peculiarly frightful, as well as unexpected, in the picture thus conveyed, that I could not restrain a shudder and an exclamation of horror.

"Oh don't be alarmed on my account," said Hutton, with a laugh. "You see I am here all alive and whole. I only want you to understand what the danger really was before I tell you how I escaped. You know I had been up all night, and was tolerably hungry and tired. I had brought a flask full of water with me, and had just emptied it that morning; so that, by good luck, I was not at all thirsty. But for that, I do not know how I should have been able to hold out through the day. The sun came up bright and clear, as it usually is in those deserts, with a blaze of heat, which was reflected from the sand about me until it seemed to burn my skin. I had a broad-brimmed felt hat, with ostrich-feathers round it, which warded off the direct rays; but still I think I never felt the sun more oppressive; perhaps it was because I was weak from fasting and want of rest. Still, I kept my self-possession, and was constantly on the watch to take advantage of any opportunity for escape. There was just a chance that my men might muster courage enough to come down in a body to my relief; but I believed them to be too chicken-hearted to approach within a quarter of a mile of a lion, and besides, there was the probability that the brute, if he should see them approaching, would spring upon me, and put me out of suspense at once."

I asked if he did not try to load his gun.

"Of course I did," he answered; "but, at the first motion I made, the old scoundrel lifted his head and growled, as much as to say, 'None of that, my boy, or if you do—!' If I had persisted it is clear that he would have been upon me before the powder was in the barrel. He was a huge old fellow—I think the largest lion I ever saw; with a long grizzled mane, and very knowing look. These experienced old lions are amazingly cunning. He knew perfectly well that my gun was a weapon of some kind or other; and I have no doubt he knew, too, of my people being in the neighborhood; for every now and then he would look sharply in the direction of the wagons. On such occasions I could feel my heart beat violently, and the perspiration would start to my skin."

And no wonder! But did the lion, I asked, remain perfectly quiet through the whole day?

"No; unluckily he did not," answered the trader. "His restlessness kept me in constant anxiety. Once a troop of zebras came suddenly by us. When they saw the lion they wheeled quickly about, snorted, and dashed off furiously in another direction. The lion rose to his feet in an instant, turned half round, and looked hard at them. Lions are particularly fond of the flesh of the zebra, and I had strong hopes that he would leave me, and go off after them. But I suppose the cunning rascal reflected that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush; for he turned back and lay down again, grumbling, and staring harder than ever at me, as though he meant to say, 'You see, my fine fellow, I have lost a zebra through you; and now I mean to make sure of you.' You may believe that in my heart I bestowed a few witch's blessings on the beast; but I thought it best to keep silence.

The next alarm came from the direction of my wagons. I saw the lion look earnestly in that direction, as he had done once or twice before, and then rise to his feet, and utter an angry growl, drawing back his lips and showing his teeth, as though he saw something that did not please him. I learned afterwards that my men, urged on by Apollo, had armed themselves to the teeth, and advanced to the top of the hill. Standing there, with their wonderfully keen sight, they could perceive the lion keeping guard over me; but no sooner did they see the brute rise and turn towards them than they all scampered back to the wagons, and jumped into them, frightened almost out of their wits. After a little while, the lion crouched down again before me, stretched out his paws, yawned and winked, and I thought seemed to be growing tired of his watch. But it was clear that he had made up his mind to remain there till night, otherwise he would have settled my account without further delay."

I may observe, that the calm indifference with which Mr. Hutton had thus far told this singular story was calculated to make a very peculiar impression upon a listener—half of wonder and half of amusement. He spoke, in fact, in the same quaint and cool manner in which an old soldier relates the history of a battle, or a mariner tells of the shipwrecks which he has experienced.

"Towards evening," he continued, "I heard a low roaring, which seemed to be at a great distance. It appeared to disturb my lion a good deal. From the sound I knew it to be the roar of a lioness; and I thought it likely that the old fellow's mate was looking about for him. He got up and lay down again, two or three times, moving about uneasily, and sniffing the ground, as though he was troubled in his mind; but he remained silent, and at last the voice of the lioness passed gradually out of hearing. This, I think, was the most anxious moment of the whole day to me. For if the lion had answered his mate, and called her to him, she would most likely have been hungry, and in that case would not have delayed an instant in seizing the nice supper which her husband was keeping for himself. I dare say the cunning old rascal was of the same opinion, and so thought it best to keep his own counsel.

"At last the night came. The stars were bright, but there was no moon. I could see objects indistinctly at a little distance, and could just discern the outlines of the hills to the eastward.

The lion lay quiet, in a shaggy mass, a few yards from me. I knew that he was wide awake, and that he saw distinctly every motion I made. Occasionally I could see his eyes turned towards me, shining like two coals of fire. My last hope now was that, by remaining perfectly silent and motionless, I might tire him out, or keep him from attacking me until something happened, as in the case of the Hottentot we were speaking of, to draw him off. For this purpose it was necessary that I should remain awake, and this was really a matter of the greatest difficulty to me. I was completely worn out, as you may imagine, after being forty-eight hours without food or sleep, and my mind most of the time wrought up to the highest pitch of anxiety. The night was chilly, which alone would have caused me to feel sleepy. Everything about me was as silent as the grave, and I had to make continual efforts to keep my eyelids open. Every now and then I caught myself nodding, and would awaken with a sudden start of terror, at the thought that the lion might be just preparing to spring upon me. That was really a horrid time. I hardly like to think of it even now. I was like a condemned prisoner who awakes from a nightmare to remember that he is to be executed in a few hours. I don't think I could have held out in that condition through the night. It was too much for human nature."

Here the trader paused for a moment, looking serious and absorbed, like a man who has painful recollections recalled to his mind. But he presently roused himself, and proceeded with his story.

"Two or three hours after the darkness had set in, I could hear the animals coming to the water to drink. Some of them passed at a little distance from me, but I did not get a sight of any. The lion saw them plainly, but he only moved his head a little as they trotted by. There was no chance of his leaving me and going after them, as I had hoped. All at once, he lifted his head, looked towards me, and began to growl. 'Now,' I thought, 'the time is come!' He rose on his feet, and growled louder, all the while looking hard at me, as I thought. I braced myself up for a struggle, with my gun in my left hand and my handkerchief in my right. I had a notion of endeavoring to thrust the gun crosswise into his mouth, and then getting my right hand down his throat. It was a very poor chance, but the only one left, and I meant to die game. In fact, I had given up all hope. But in a few minutes the lion, to my surprise, became quiet again, and sat down; he did not lie down as before, but kept his head stretched forward towards me, like a cat intently examining some object. At last he lay down again, as though he was satisfied about the matter that had disturbed him. But, in another ten minutes or so, he rose up once more to his feet, and growled more ferociously than ever. It struck me then that another lion might be cautiously approaching me behind, and that my particular friend was objecting to any division of the spoil. If this were the case, my fate would soon be settled. Then I thought it just possible that my men might be making some attempt to save me, under cover of the darkness; but there was little likelihood of their mustering courage enough to do anything effectual. I was now fully awake, as you may suppose. The lion was standing up, growling continually, and moving from side to side, as if he felt uncertain what to do. At last he crouched,

and I saw clearly that he was getting ready for a spring. At that moment I heard a loud yell behind me, and saw everything around lighted up by a blaze of fire. The yell was kept up constantly for a minute or two, and all at once somebody, looking as though his head and shoulders were all in a blaze, came running in between me and the lion. The brute gave a tremendous roar, more in fright than in anger, and went bounding off into the darkness. I then saw that the person with the fire was Apollo himself. The blaze had gone out, but the little fellow had two or three lighted brands in each hand, and was flourishing them about his head, and dancing and whirling round, in a frantic way, like a little demon—though to me, just then, he seemed more like an angel of light. The poor little creature was in such a state of terror that he could hardly speak, and did not hear a word that I said. 'Load the gun! load the gun!' he kept screaming. 'The great beast will come back! Load the gun!'

"This was good advice, and I followed it as quickly as I could. At first, on rising, I found myself so stiff that I could hardly move my limbs. But the blood soon began to circulate again, and when I had loaded up, we moved off towards the wagons. Apollo ran before me all the way, still in a terrible fright, with a frying-pan on his head, and a firebrand in his right hand, jumping and screaming like a madman, to scare the wild beasts. We got safely to the outspan place, and when I had something to stay my hunger, I made Apollo tell me how he had managed the affair, which was still a mystery to me. I found that the poor fellow had tried hard all day to induce the other men to join him in going to my relief. They made one attempt in the morning, as I mentioned, but their hearts failed them. At night Apollo made up his mind to undertake the business by himself, and he set about it in a really ingenious manner. He took one of my large frying-pans, and covered the inside with a thin coating of gunpowder, just enough moistened to make it burn slowly; over this he placed some straw which I used for packing, and sprinkled dry powder upon it; and on the top of all he raised a little heap of brushwood and dry sticks. With this on his head, he started from the wagons after dark. When he had come about half way, he lay down and crawled towards me so slowly and cautiously that the lion did not observe him until he was

within about a hundred yards of us. Then it was that the brute first rose up and began growling. Apollo said that when he heard it his heart became as cold as ice, and he almost went into a fit. He lay perfectly still, until the lion became quiet, and he then began again to creep forward, dragging himself along on the ground, inch by inch, and resting for a minute or two at every yard he made. At last, when he thought he was near enough, he took out a lucifer-match from a box which he had brought from the wagon, and lighted it. He touched the straw, which blazed up immediately. It was while he was doing this that the lion became so much excited; but Apollo left him no time to act, for he dashed in upon us, as I have told you, with the frying-pan on his head, and a burning stick in his hand, and routed the enemy at once. So now you know the reason why I feel such a particular regard for the little Namaqua. I really believe he showed more ingenuity and courage in saving my life than he could have mustered to preserve his own."

Apollo had certainly behaved in a most creditable manner, and I was ready to admit that he deserved all the good that his master could do for him. As for the lion, I supposed nothing more was seen or heard of him.

"You are mistaken there," said Hutton. "I have the best part of him now at my house. I had an account to settle with the rascal for the horrid torture I had suffered through him. Besides, as he was evidently a 'man-eater,' it would not have done to leave him at large, if I could help it. I was sure he would not quit the pool so long as the oxen remained near it; and as I knew that two other traders, Johnson and Le Roux, were only a day or two behind me, I waited till they came up, and we all went out together, with our people and dogs. We hunted for two days before we could manage to turn the old cannibal out of his den, among some rocks and bushes. Johnson happened to be nearest to him, and bowled him over at a long shot. A capital shot it was too; the ball went in behind the right shoulder and came out under the left flank. I gave Johnson five pounds for the skin, which I mean to have stuffed and set up at home, in memory of the day I passed with the living owner, and the day after. The first I consider to have been the most miserable day, and the other the happiest, that I have ever spent in all my life."

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The overweening ambition of the French president appears to shoot beyond the setting up of a mere temporal kingdom for himself, to the establishment of a theocracy. Louis Napoleon ordains that the great national holyday of the year shall be the saint's-day of his uncle; and in solemnizing it, on Sunday last, along with other imposing agencies, he availed himself of the gorgeous superstitions of the Romish Church; military displays, illuminations and fireworks, and the ceremonies of high mass, were so skilfully blended, that spectators, dazzled with light and drunken with frankincense, lost the power of discriminating between Napoleon the saint and Napoleon the emperor. Their imaginations began to manufacture one mythical personage out of those two dissimilar characters, and to attribute a share in their sanctity to all members of the family. This attempted apotheosis of the emperor has been compared to the

deification of Julius Cæsar by Augustus; it more resembles the attribution of a sacred as well as a royal character to the reigning families of Russia and China. This retrograde movement towards the hierarchical juggling of barbarous ages, is passing strange in the land—we will not say of Voltaire, but of Pascal. The spectacle, however, is not without its uses. As in the missionary operations in the Pacific, we may see in a manner with our own eyes the living presentment of the first dissemination of Christianity among our barbarous ancestors, so in the fêtes of Louis Napoleon we may see how hierarchical dynasties were founded in old Egypt and Babylon. In particular, we may see of what unworthy materials the human gods of old times might be made. The reflex glories of the composite warrior and saint Napoleon are made to gild the hero of Boulogne and Strasbourg and rousé of London.—*Spectator*, 21 Aug.

From the Times, 25 Aug.

THE LOBOS ISLANDS.

A FEW months ago, application was made to the Foreign Office, on the part of certain merchants of this country, for information respecting the territorial sovereignty of the Lobos Islands. These desolate and uninhabitable rocks, rising from the South Pacific at a distance in one case of 15, and in the other of 40, miles from the coast of Peru, became suddenly invested with an extraordinary value by the increasing use of guano. Their otherwise unproductive surface was found to be covered with thick layers of this precious manure, and, as no vestiges of human occupation were discernible on their shores, it was naturally inquired whether the rights of possession were vested by the principles of public law in any particular State, or whether the deposits were not the common property of all who chose to seek them. The rights in question were claimed by the Republic of Peru on the grounds of contiguity, recognized dominion, and such a species of occupancy as circumstances permitted. These grounds will be found exemplified more plainly as we proceed, but the foreign secretary, after due consideration of the case, returned for answer to the applicants aforesaid that the Peruvian title appeared *primâ facie* to be valid, and that consequently, "however advantageous it might be to Great Britain to appropriate these islands or declare them common property, it was impossible for her majesty's government to violate international law for national interest."

About the same time, or a little later, a similar application was made in the United States by James C. Jewett, captain of a trading vessel, who, on behalf of his fellow-citizens of New York, requested Mr. Webster to furnish him with similar information, in satisfaction of similar curiosity. Mr. Webster replied to Captain Jewett by a communication which, for "important," though unspecified, reasons, he desired should be kept private, but which, either in the American view of confidential intercourse or from some relaxation of the conditions originally imposed, has been published at full length in the New York journals. In this letter the secretary states that "his department was not aware that the Lobos Islands were either discovered or occupied by Spain or Peru, or that the guano on them had ever been used for manure on the adjacent coast or elsewhere. Their distance," he adds, "from the continent is five or six times greater than is necessary to make them a dependency thereof pursuant to the public law;" and he proceeds to suggest that, "on the other hand, it is *quite probable* that Benjamin Morell, junr., who, as master of the schooner Wasp, of New York, visited these islands in September, 1822, *may justly claim to have been their discoverer*." "Under these circumstances," continues Mr. Webster, "it *may be the duty* of this government to protect citizens of the United States who may visit the Lobos Islands for the sake of obtaining guano;" which "duty," he observes, "will be the more apparent when it is considered that the consumers in this country might probably obtain it for half the price they now pay, were it not for the charges of the Peruvian government."

The reader will hardly fail to remark how accurately this concluding "consideration" coincides with that which induced the same statesman to defend the encroachments of New England fishermen upon waters not their own; but the whole

communication is characterized by such laxity of political argument, that it would have been more conducive to Mr. Webster's reputation if the privacy originally bespoken for it had been more rigorously observed. Two grounds are notified by the American Secretary as warranting the traders of the United States in taking guano from the Lobos Islands without paying for it. One of these—that of prior discovery—we may very briefly dismiss; for, not to dwell on the ludicrous assumption that lands within 40 miles of a well-known coast, in a well-frequented sea, should have remained undetected till the days of George IV., it is very clear that "Benjamin Morell, junr." can have little credit for introducing the world to islands which were set down in common maps under their Spanish names for many years before he was born. Nor is the other argument much stronger. Mr. Webster simply remarks in depreciation of the Peruvian claim, that his department was "not aware" of any circumstances constituting its validity. Perhaps not; but, as few departments have the advantage of omniscience, it would surely not have been injudicious to have instituted some inquiries before proceeding on this negative evidence to demolish the property of an independent State in its own alleged possessions. There was incontestably a *primâ facie* case in favor of the Peruvian government, as inheritor of the Spanish dominion. These islands lay off its own coasts, they were called by descriptive Spanish names (Lobos de Tierra and Lobos Afuera,—the Illther and the Further Lobos), they had never been claimed by any other State, and they had experienced precisely that amount of occupation which the nature of things suggested, being neglected while their contents were unknown, and guarded when the time came for appreciation. In point of fact, the Peruvians had exercised indisputable acts of sovereignty many years ago. They had warned off foreign vessels as early as 1833, and had taken careful surveys and admeasurements of their animal treasures in 1847. In the interval, more than one British vessel had been seized for trespass, and the seizure had been allowed.

At this moment, however, a strange elucidation has been offered in the United States of the contrast thus furnished between American and British policy. It has been plainly declared that, in forbearing to substitute might for right on the Lobos Islets, England has been only circuitously promoting her own pecuniary interests. Englishmen, it is said, are Peruvian bondholders to a large extent; the proceeds of the guano exports are assigned in liquidation of these bonds; and thus, under pretensions of disinterested respect for national rights, England has secured her own indemnification in an ill-looking bargain, and has increased the resources of her own paymasters by aiding them in the creation of a lucrative monopoly. In this charitable view of the transaction, the claims of Peru to the territory in question are described as an "unlawful usurpation," and the acknowledgment of our government as a "selfish connivance;" Mr. Webster's communication to Captain Jewett is termed "clear and conclusive" as to the availability of the Lobos guano deposits; England is quietly identified with Peru, and the whole proceedings are considered as presenting "another speck of war."

We really did not imagine that any writers, not being true-born British Protectionists, would ever have ventured to insinuate that the agriculturists

of the United Kingdom had been remorselessly sacrificed in their very dearest interests to a knot of "bullionists" in the shape of Peruvian bondholders. The assertion that, for the sake of sending up South American scrip, we have foregone a gratuitous supply of the most precious article of modern commerce, is so prodigiously perverse, that, if it had not been directed against the farmers' own administration, we should have searched for its origin in the columns of an eccentric contemporary. This ingenious conception, however, we remit to its owners, observing simply, on the present occasion, that the "speck of war" discernible to American eyes has certainly no reference to this country in particular. The claims of the Peruvian government are, at any rate, so far conformable to apparent facts as to have hitherto obtained from foreign States a recognition suspending all interference on the part of their subjects. If the United States, on no better ground than that of confessed ignorance, set aside these claims with the strong hand, the occurrence will, of course, suggest its own reflections to all who are interested in the maintenance of national rights and public law; but those who remember the measure dealt out to Spanish bondholders will not expect the sword to be drawn for the creditors of Peru. The question is not one of concerted monopolies or reciprocal engagements, but of ascertainable right and international honesty. We cannot regret that one South American State out of a dozen has at length put itself in a way of liquidating its just debts; but it must be plain to all, except the wilfully blind, that no country would gain as much as Great Britain from the opening of the guano islands to the world.

From the Times, 19 Aug.

THE FISHERY QUESTION.

ACCORDING to the communications imparted to the public through the medium of ministerial journals, we are to understand, it appears, that the question of the fisheries has been satisfactorily disposed of by negotiation and agreement. The terms of the new convention provide, it seems, for what is termed "absolute reciprocity," or, in other words, British waters are to be open to American fishermen, and American waters to British fishermen, with no further reserve than that of the three miles coast-border, which neither of the contracting parties could with any prudence forego. These stipulations are characterized by the organs of the government as both "simple" and "equitable." We are not much concerned to gainsay the description, but we think the public will coincide with us in opinion that an arrangement of such liberality must have been conducted with extraordinary unskillfulness to have produced a menace of embroilment. In point of fact, we have been verging on something like a rupture with the United States in the very process of conceding the point of dispute between us.

The only subject of discussion suggested by the treaty which has hitherto regulated our proceedings was supplied, as the reader knows, by the variety of interpretation given to the word "bay." The Americans never asserted that they possessed or were entitled to possess the right of fishing within three miles of our shores. They stipulated only for the liberty of entering such bays as contained fishing-grounds more than three miles distant from any point of the coast, and, if this liberty had been formally, as it was practically,

admitted, there would have been no dispute whatever respecting the convention of 1818. We do not say that the British government was otherwise than justified in its interpretation of the article in question; on the contrary, we have shown sufficient reason for maintaining such to be the only true and literal construction of the agreement. There existed, however, many and obvious motives for relaxing in favor of the American remonstrants a right which was somewhat invidiously derived, and which was productive of more risk than advantage; but, when it had been once decided to make this concession, it does appear remarkably strange that measures should have been so arranged as to bring at least the opinion of the two States into temporary collision. The Americans, it seems, are to be indulged in their own interpretation of the word "bays;" that is to say, the only point in dispute is to be given entirely in their favor, and yet we know that observations of the most unfriendly character have been made in Congress, and ships-of-war despatched to a certain rendezvous, with general misgivings of a possible rupture.

On an impartial review of these proceedings, though we are disposed to suspect Mr. Webster of considerable insincerity, we cannot acquit Her Majesty's government of very false statesmanship. The decision which is now announced must either have been originally contemplated, or induced by circumstances transpiring in the course of the transaction. The former supposition would be the more charitable of the two, but we find it hard to be reconciled either with the presumptive policy of the administration or with the tenor of documentary evidence. It certainly could never have been expected that a government committed to at least the theory of colonial protection should promptly concede to a foreign State, against the notorious demands of our colonies, a point which even Free-trade Administration had never definitely surrendered. Still less could it be conceived, when Sir John Pakington announced his intention of removing *all* ground of colonial complaint, that his views included the abandonment of the privilege for the maintenance of which the colonists had successfully petitioned Lord Stanley seven short years ago. That such abandonment, broadly speaking, might be a judicious stroke of policy we do not deny; but, considering what were the known desires of our North American fellow-subjects, and what the professed disposition of Lord Derby's government towards them, we do not see how a movement declared to be made in their interests could ever have been expected to result in a surrender of the very point which they were eager to defend. The colonists had always entreated that the fishermen of the States might not only be kept at a distance from their shores, but excluded from their bays. A new colonial secretary advertises his intention of at length removing all their grounds of complaint, despatches a naval force for this purpose, incenses the people of the Union, and then brings the question to what is called a simple, equitable, and satisfactory termination, by agreeing that the Americans shall be at liberty to enter the said bays, according to their claim. If this is "statesmanship," there are evidently some faculties of administration ranking a good deal higher.

If at the date of Sir John Pakington's first despatch it had been determined that the question of the bay fishing should be resolved in favor of the Americans, it was scarcely competent to the government to take such credit with the colonies for its protective disposition, and surely not a little in-

judicious to employ such expressions as permitted the Americans to assume and improve the very conclusion which it had been resolved to forego. Our pretensions to an exclusive property in the colonial bays, however justified by letter or tradition, were so obnoxious in character, and so indefinite in practice, that an intimation of enforcing them was liable to be very invidiously represented in the States of the Union. Use and sufferance had created, if not legal rights, at least such considerable interests that the facts could not be overlooked, and, though we were not perhaps called upon to tender a gratuitous relinquishment of our claims, we might at least have so ordered matters that the American government should have had no opportunity of charging us with intentions which we never entertained. The transaction, however, was so conducted that for some weeks together it was the universal impression in America that Great Britain contemplated the enforcement of the treaty of 1818 in respect to the fishing-grounds of the bays. The misconception was clearly not confined to Mr. Webster, nor to those whom he addressed. It prevailed in every State, in Congress, and even in the cabinet of Washington; for, although President Fillmore may not have participated in the whole policy of his Secretary of State, it is plain, from the despatch of vessels to the fishing-grounds, and from the activity of the dockyards, that the Supreme Government of the Union foresees the possibility of difficulties from this strangely managed concession. Surely, if the Americans were to be indulged in the only point they could dispute, the favor might have been so bestowed as to improve, rather than disturb, our relations, and enable us without trouble to place in somewhat better security rights which had never been contested, though sometimes infringed.

The original error resided in the complexion given to the despatches by which the intentions of government were conveyed to those concerned. The colonists were addressed as if active measures were at length to be adopted for the preservation of their privileges, and the American government received information of the facts in a note which gave not the slightest intimation that our interference would be limited to those points only which were not and never had been disputed. A demonstration was made in favor of Protection, and credit was taken with the colonists for such unwonted attention to their interests; but the consequence was, that we have been exposed to serious misrepresentations, though all the while the propositions imputed to us were never entertained. The Americans have received all that they asked, without acquiring any sense of obligation, and the colonists will be disappointed of support which they had been induced to anticipate. As to the "reciprocity," it exists merely in name. The British waters are of vast value to the Americans, but the American waters are of no use to the British. The real fishing-grounds, as all parties well know, are those off our own coasts. That this very circumstance should have disposed us to liberality may be true enough, but it is unsatisfactory to reflect that, in making generous terms with a friendly State at some sacrifice to ourselves, we have not only gained no favor, but have incurred the chance of actual hostility.

From the Times, Aug. 20.

WHEN the question of the north-eastern fisheries was reopened in the United States, the American

Senate, with the first sensation of excitement, applied to the President for proper information on the subject. Unfortunately, the incompetence acknowledged in this reasonable application did not prevent the members of that respectable assembly from prejudging the case before them by intemperate invectives against Great Britain and her policy. If these expressions of opinion had been reserved until the facts were ascertained a large amount of vituperation might have been avoided, and some little discredit escaped, for the measures of the British government are now shown to have been uniformly characterized by liberality and concession. The President replied to the resolution of the Senate by transmitting copies of all correspondence between the English and American governments respecting the rights and liberties in dispute. A list of these documents, with extracts of the more important notes, appeared in our columns of yesterday; and if to these papers are added the despatches of the last few weeks, with which most readers are now familiar, a complete history will be obtained of the whole case between the two countries. Without desiring to take extraordinary credit for conduct which sound views of even British interests must have suggested, we may fairly say that the policy of this country, as regards the colonial fisheries, has been regulated throughout its entire course by a spirit of consideration and kindliness. From the very date of the convention which defined the respective privileges of the contracting parties, we have permitted the Americans to take by practical sufferance what we felt to be our own by law. The very magnitude of the capital now alleged to be invested in the New England fisheries shows both the extent of our concessions and the value of the rights surrendered. The correspondence between Mr. Everett and Lord Aberdeen, which forms the chief incident of the sequel, terminated in a decision on the part of the British government which the American minister himself "received with great satisfaction" as an "act of liberality," evincing the "friendly motives" and "amicable disposition" of her majesty's advisers. From that time to this the question has slumbered, and it has only been resuscitated on the present occasion for the purpose of extending and consolidating the concessions which the Americans had experienced already. The British government claimed as its literal right an exclusive property in the waters of the colonial bays, but it gradually relaxed its pretensions until they were wholly foregone, and tacitly connived in the interval at a continuous act of trespass. It is difficult to see how any nation could have acted more liberally.

With regard to the President's communication, it will be observed at once that it has been rendered nugatory by the negotiations now said to have been brought to a conclusion in London. As her majesty's government has decided upon opening the colonial bays to American fishermen, it becomes wholly superfluous to inquire further into the interpretation of a superseded agreement. Otherwise, we might take convenient occasion to point out that the very note of the American diplomatist in which the claims of his countrymen are recorded contains a substantial and sufficient admission of all that Great Britain contended for. Mr. Everett openly acknowledges that whereas the Bay of Fundy must needs be pronounced a bay, there was "some reason" for shutting out the Americans from its waters, according to "the letter of one expression of the instrument." In plainer

words, the "instrument" enumerated *bays* as among those portions of water from which the Americans, by their own consent and renunciation, were to stand excluded, and, though the expression might be only a single one, there could be no denying the import of a geographical term, or the sense of the English language. In defence of his own construction of the treaty, Mr. Everett could appeal to nothing but what he termed "the known design" of the whole arrangement—a point, as everybody can discern, of impossible certification. The "design" of an instrument when the contracting parties differ in views can only be ascertained from the written expressions of meaning to which both of them assented.

This question, however, is now set aside, and great reason have the Americans to be thankful for that sudden impulse which induced Lord Derby's government to bestir itself for the "protection" of the colonists. Free Trade cabinets were content to keep the American trespassers upon sufferance still, but a Protectionist administration declares that the colonies have been shamefully disregarded, and forthwith makes a formal surrender of the identical right which the said colonies had labored so strenuously to maintain. But, though we anticipate some little disappointment in our Transatlantic dependencies at this remarkable exemplification of active "protection," we have no wish to impeach the substantial policy of the act. It was unwise in many respects to leave a question in a state which exposed us to continual embarrassments while it reserved to us scarcely any effective power. The Americans were virtually obtaining their own desires by fishing in the forbidden waters almost at discretion, while the present embroilment is a sufficient indication of what might have been anticipated upon any real enforcement of our dormant rights. Incontestable as those rights are, it is little less than certain that they could only have been insisted on at the risk of immediate war, so that we were retaining what we could never use, and losing the credit of timely and amicable concession. Even, however, if no reciprocal advantages could have been acquired by a bargain, we might fairly have expected that what was meant as a surrender should not have been so managed as to be taken for a defiance. A contemplated indulgence need surely not have been shaped in the form of a provocation. The British government announced its intentions in terms which admitted, if they did not suggest, an interpretation exactly opposite to the truth. It proclaimed its design of at length "enforcing observance" of a disputed convention, though all the while it entertained not the smallest project of enforcing the only point which was in dispute. As we have before remarked, we cannot exonerate the American secretary from a certain wilfulness of misconception. It appears but too plain that he pounced upon the opportunity of creating an unnecessary excitement for political purposes, and of precipitately charging the British government with intentions which he was certainly not bound to assume.

But, we may ask, if the designs of the Derby ministry were so definitely arranged that Mr. Crampton could at once correct Mr. Webster on the very morning after the issue of his proclamation, and assure him that her majesty's government did not contemplate enforcing its own construction of the treaty in opposition to that of the Americans, why was not the original communication to

the government of the Union so framed as to preclude the possibility of a misunderstanding? Why, if it was resolved to leave the bay question untouched, was the ministerial resolution so expressed as to enable Mr. Webster to represent this very point as in jeopardy, and to describe this question as revived in earnest, to the alarm and prejudice of the States? Why did the British government take credit with the colonists on the one hand for respecting their claims, and embroil themselves on the other with the conflicting interests of the Americans, if they had decided to gratify the Americans and leave the colonists behind? Nobody can pretend to doubt, that if a negotiation on the terms now announced had been offered to the United States in place of Mr. Crampton's communication, it would have been received as a friendly and favorable proposal. But, from want either of political sincerity or administrative skill, the whole advantage of the concession has been lost, and what ought to have been set down to the credit of this country in its dealings with America has been very nearly carried in portentous figures to the other side of the account. Great Britain has foregone its privileges, and wisely so too, but its concession has been so ungraciously managed that every party has been offended, and none obliged.

From the Times, 23d August.

By this time we hope our dispute with the United States of America is over, and we trust that all parties will return without delay to those amicable feelings and friendly relations which our own government has so needlessly disturbed. It is not, however, of the obvious and glaring errors of the government of England, or the wild and precipitate proceedings of the American Legislature, that we wish now to speak. Our desire is to make the danger we have just escaped the subject of a few practical reflections, which we submit to the good sense of the English nation.

We have been on the verge of a war with a nation, which, from its identity in race and language with ourselves, would have proved a truly formidable enemy—a maritime and commercial people, who would have met us with our own arms, on our own element, and visited our commerce with mischiefs similar to those which we should have inflicted upon theirs. So closely are the two countries united, that every injury which we might inflict on our enemy would have been almost as injurious to our merchants as bombarding our own towns, or sinking our own ships. And yet it is no exaggeration to say that with this people we were on the very verge of war, for, had we persevered in carrying out with a high hand, by seizure and confiscation, our own interpretation of the treaty, a collision with the American commodore was unavoidable; and such a collision must almost necessarily have been followed by a formal declaration of hostilities. Now, what is the question which has so nearly led to such serious results? It is simply whether a certain quantity of the salt fish consumed in these islands shall be caught by citizens of the United States or natives of our own colonies. The question whether American fishermen shall be allowed to spread their nets in the Bay of Fundy is one in which the people of this country have no imaginable interest; they will neither be richer nor poorer, stronger nor weaker, more admired or more feared, should they secure the monopoly of fishing in these northern waters to the inhabitants of the sea-coast of our North

American colonies. On these colonies we now impose no restrictions whatever; we have given up the old doctrines of commercial monopoly, and are content to compete with every nation in the world for the supply of their markets. The patronage which once made colonial appointments so fertile a source of parliamentary corruption has been, at least in North America, entirely surrendered. The affairs of each colony are administered by a cabinet responsible to, and removable by, the majority of the members of the Legislative Assembly. The North American provinces owe us little more than a nominal dependence, and almost the only mark of subordination which we exact is the power—very seldom employed—of withholding the royal assent from the acts of the local Parliament. But, if we have little to do with the internal government of our colonies in North America, they have absolutely nothing to say in the deliberations of the Imperial Parliament, and do not feel at all bound to adopt for their guidance the principles which have triumphed there. Thus we find in this very matter that at the time when the English nation has decided against protection in any shape, the colonial assemblies are willing to adopt that principle in its coarsest and most repulsive form, by protecting, through bounties, those fishermen whom they call upon us to protect with the sword. Another consideration well worthy of the serious attention of the nation is, that had we gone to war for the sake of these colonial fisheries, it is upon ourselves, to whom the matter is indifferent, and not upon the colonists, to whom it may be of some importance, that it would have devolved to find the troops and treasure requisite for carrying on the war. Our fleets must have encountered the American ships of war. Our commerce would be exposed to the ravages of their privateers, and our troops must defend these very colonies against an invading force infinitely superior in number. Parliament has no power to compel the colonies to raise a single shilling towards the expense of such a contest. It entirely depends upon the friendly spirit of the colonies whether they would raise a single man to aid us in fighting their battle. On the other hand, any assistance in men or money derived from these colonies would have been regarded by them and treated by us as a free and generous concession, for which we were bound to be suitably grateful; yet these dependencies form the most vulnerable parts of our empire, and the first idea which occurs to our warlike contemporaries on the other side of the Atlantic, in case of a conflict, is an invasion of them by three hundred thousand American citizens. Removed ourselves by the interposition of a mighty ocean from all points of contact with the great American republic, it is from our colonies alone that we have to fear any serious ground of quarrel. Their vicinity, the similarity of their pursuits, and a spirit of natural and laudable rivalry provoke the occasion of constant collision. Formerly this danger was diminished, because the Colonial Office, reserving to itself almost all the substantial powers of government, left the local legislatures little more than the semblance of authority, and was therefore able to establish a complete harmony between colonial and imperial policy. The surrender of these rights to the legislatures of the North American provinces, while it has been productive of much good by diminishing the causes of dispute between them and the mother country, carries with it also this evil, that greater freedom of action

renders it more easy for the colony to exercise a disturbing influence on our relations with foreign governments. We are, in fact, in this disagreeable position, that, according to the present compact between the mother country and her colonies, she is obliged to take up quarrels in which her interests are in no way involved, and is bound over as surety for the good behavior of governments and legislatures actuated by feelings, principles, and interests totally different from her own, and over whose actions she has renounced all efficient control.

Public attention has been repeatedly drawn of late years to the relation between the colonies and the mother country, and it has now come to be admitted as a political axiom, that the colonies flourish best without the interference of England. This is the colonial side of the question; the view which we are now submitting is the imperial one. If England divests herself of almost all the power, which she has hitherto exercised over her colonies, is it just and reasonable that, her power of influencing their action being gone, her responsibilities should remain the same? Must not the one change almost necessarily draw after it the other? Old principles are abandoned, old relations broken up. Centralization is replaced by local government, and responsible ministers take the place of irresponsible officials, nominated by the crown. The only things which do not change are those cast-iron maxims and unbending traditions of government which are handed down in public offices from one generation of ministers to another, and remain the prescriptive policy of the empire till some unforeseen conjuncture demonstrates that they have survived the state of things which gave them birth, and are ripe for alteration and abolition. The true lesson to be learnt from recent transactions is, that we have introduced and raised up within the empire a power in these colonial governments which we are not able wholly to control, which is day by day increasing in importance, and assuming greater prominence in the affairs of the world. We have either too much or too little "solidarity" with our colonies. If we cannot make them integral parts of the empire we ought to reconsider the extent of our responsibility for their acts; and if we are to continue responsible for their acts, we are entitled to a power which will make that responsibility safe. The problem is a new and interesting one, and would be all the more likely to receive a proper solution if it were investigated with leisure and calmness, instead of being put off to a period of anxiety, trepidation, and embarrassment.

AUSTRALIAN REMITTANCES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.—Sir: Your correspondent having drawn attention to the contents of the first remittance-roll sent to me by my husband, Captain Chisholm, which is, in fact, a kind of invoice of the sums placed in his hands by gold-diggers and other emigrants at Port Philip for their relations in this country, you will perhaps permit me to offer a few explanations on this novel, important, and interesting subject.

This is the first organized attempt of enabling the English emigrants in Australia to imitate the generous devotion of the Irish settled in the United States. While contemplating with admiration the laborious devotion proved by the remittance of

millions sterling from the American Irish to remove their relations from a land of low wages and famine, I have always had a firm belief that the English emigrants in Australia only required the opportunity to imitate the noble example, and the "remittance-roll" is evidence of the correctness of my opinion.

Until very recently there have been no channels through which the Australian settler could safely and cheaply remit small sums to England.

When I was resident in Sydney many emigrants were anxious to send small sums to their friends "at home," and came to me with money for that purpose, but I found that the banks charged as much for 15*l.* as for 50*l.*, and that they altogether declined to take the trouble of remitting small amounts. On making a representation of this fact to his Excellency Sir George Gipps, he communicated with the banks through the colonial secretary, and they consented to receive small remittances from laboring people if I personally accompanied the depositor; but, with my other engagements, it was impossible for me to spare many hours in the week to introducing shepherds and stockmen, with their 5*l.* or 10*l.*, to the cashiers of the banks. Many a man, within my knowledge, has gone away on finding that he could not remit his intended present to his relations, and spent the amount in a drunken "spree." I therefore determined that on my return to England I would endeavor to organize some plan which should render laborers remitting their little tributes of affection to their friends nearly as easy as posting a letter.

As soon as the Family Colonization Society was organized, Messrs. Coutts and Co. consented to appoint agents and receive the remittances due to the society. But, in order to teach and encourage the laboring colonists to take advantage of the power of remitting to England, my husband saw that it was necessary that some one devoted to the work should proceed to the colonies. The society was not rich enough to pay an agent, or even to pay the expenses of an agent who would work without salary; therefore we determined to divide our income and separate. My husband proceeded to the colony to collect and remit the loans of the society's emigrants, and the savings of those emigrants who wished to be joined by parents, wives, children, brothers, sisters, or other relations. I remained here to assist such relations to emigrate in an economical, safe, and decent manner, as well as to carry on the correspondence needful for discovering the relatives of long separated emigrants—often a difficult task. We determined to work thus until the laborers' remittances should swell to such an amount as would render it worth the attention of bankers as a matter of business, if the society were not inclined to continue the trouble and responsibility.

I am happy to say my faith in the generous and honest dispositions of British emigrants, English, Scotch, and Irish, has not been shaken, and that I may look forward with confidence to a very early date when the remittance-connexion of the Australian emigrants will be eagerly competed for by the most respectable firms.

My husband writes me that the people are filled with joy at finding that they can safely send their earnings, and secure the passage of their friends. In seven weeks he received 3,000*l.* in gold dust or cash, and confidently expects to remit 15,000*l.* within 12 months, and could collect double that sum, if he were able to visit the diggings. These remittances are not only from the emigrants sent

out by the society, but from various persons of the humbler class who desire to be joined by their relatives, and wish them to come out under my ship arrangements.

It is my intention to return to Australia in the early part of next year, and there endeavor to still further promote the reunion of families. I have addressed this letter to your widely-spread and influential columns, in order to call the attention of the commercial world to the profits which may be obtained by ministering to a demand which is arising among a humble class—in order to call the attention of statesmen and philanthropists to a new element of peace, order, and civilization, more powerful than soldiers—to a golden chain of domestic feeling, which is bridging the seas between England and Australia. Many parents, wives, children, and brothers and sisters, have received remittances for passages.

The rise in the price of ships has disappointed some aged persons, by rendering the sums they have received insufficient for their passage and outfit. I am sure those who have sent part will faithfully pay the rest.

In the mean time, I shall be prepared to receive the contributions of any person who generously will lend the gold-diggers and money-getting laborers of Australia the means of being reunited to their families before the winter sets in and dooms many of the aged parents on the "roll" to another Christmas dinner in an union.

I remain, faithfully yours,
CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

From the Times, 21st August.

STATE OF FRANCE.

It would seem as if it were impossible for a nation to do without some kind of public life. The business of elections, of public meetings, and discussions is useful, not only for the results which it produces, but as a vent for that superabundant activity which, if not so employed, is sure to find itself occupation in mischief or frivolity. After sixty years of feverish agitation and Titanic effort, the French nation has ceased to act, and has become the mere spectator of acts done in its name by men who have appropriated to themselves every power of the community. No longer the heroes of a tragedy of real life whose catastrophe shook, not the mimic scene where it was represented, but the solid framework of European society—no longer engaged in the stern conflicts of parliamentary life—no longer contending through their periodical literature with the errors and aggressions of their government, Frenchmen must now sit idly by and see the game of war, of politics, and of statesmanship, played out by others. The feelings with which men watch the autocratic course of Louis Napoleon must closely resemble those of the Roman citizen who had survived the days of Cicero and Hortensius to sit in the mute and servile senate of Augustus. Nothing was left to the Roman nation to console it for the loss of its liberties and the annihilation of its political life but to court oblivion and to stifle regret in the ceaseless whirl of public amusement. Genius drooped, eloquence languished, courage grew cold, and honor dim; but to replace all these things there still remained to the degenerate multitude, in the midst of military tyranny and social degradation, the maddening sports of the circus and the cruel orgies of the amphitheatre. Public games and costly entertain-

ments, paid for with their own money, were all that the Cæsars had to offer to the Roman people in exchange for their laws, their liberty, and their republic; and the Roman people accepted the equivalent, and thus clearly showed that decay of public spirit without which no nation can fall under a despotism imposed upon it from within.

France also has lost her liberty. France also has bowed in the dust before the nephew of her great general, and received the yoke of a new Octavius from the hand of Louis Napoleon. Like her classical prototype, she has nothing left her of her ancient political life; and, like her also, she seeks for distraction in public spectacles and frivolous amusements. The nation has nothing to do in public except to attend a *fête*, and on that one act is concentrated the energy of the liveliest and most energetic people in Europe. In proportion as liberty is destroyed and public spirit decays, do we find the nation flocking with more avidity, and crowding with more absorbing interest to spectacles of fireworks, to tawdry reviews, and to unmeaning processions. In proportion as everything worth taking interest in decays, do we find the interest in matters utterly worthless and frivolous increase. France has lost her liberties, but she has got in exchange a pasteboard effigy of Mount St. Bernard to exhibit to the gaping populace, and an architectural illumination of the column in the Place Vendôme. The last generation scaled the Alps, and raised the column; the present is content to look on and applaud at the tame rehearsal of its fathers' exploits. To provide its people with such amusements gratuitously as may be seen for half a crown by any visitor to Vauxhall-gardens, is the policy and statecraft of the present French government; and, strange to say, the people find in such diversions an equivalent for the loss of their independence. The number of *fêtes* which the present government is forced to give is no inadequate measure of its want of popular qualities and estrangement from popular sympathies. Did it do more for the people it might exhibit less, but those who are so facile in matters of government and liberty are inexorable in demanding the full tale of their childish sports. We often wonder with what countenance a nation that only a year ago was free can meet together for such purposes, and how men so situated can look in each other's faces without a burning blush of shame on their cheeks. We believe, however, we may save ourselves the trouble of such speculations. Condemned to an eternal childishness, the French nation has flung away the liberty of yesterday for the spectacles of to-day with the same levity as a child exchanges one toy for another. Fooled by their own matchless dramatic skill, our thoughtless and excitable neighbors transfer to the most flimsy and garish of the arts—those of the scene-painter and pyrotechnist—all that is left them of admiration and enthusiasm. Content to be the greatest getters-up of historic scenes and allegorical processions in the world, they fling the cares of government and the responsibilities of power into the lap of the first adventurer who will, in consideration of these weightier duties, undertake the office of stage-manager for the nation. He may enact what tragedies he will if he be only able to call up before the public eye a vivid and telling impersonation of stirring incidents and important events. There is no circumstance in the miserable history of France for the last eight months so degrading to her people and so dis-

heartening to the friends of liberty and progress, as the keen and hearty relish with which a nation weighed down under an enormous load of debt, threatened by a yearly increasing deficit, and bereft of every association which can make the retrospect into past history endurable, witnesses a series of childish mummeries played off at an enormous expense out of its own defective funds. It was once the pride of France that her miseries and excesses were forced upon her by external causes. To the advance and proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick were traced the massacres of the Abbaye and the Terrorism of 1793; to the invasion of the allied armies, the abandonment by the country of her great emperor, and the profitless restoration of the Bourbons. But it is only too plain that every blow now aimed against her honor and safety has been levelled by her own hand. It was her own sword which cut the cord that bound the nation to the tribune and the press. It was her own suffrage that handed over her liberties to be disposed of as his own private property by a single citizen. Her voice applauds the destroyer of her constitution wherever he goes, and the nation crowds to every *fête* to which it is invited as his guest, and is never weary of enjoying under his auspices the most frivolous and degrading amusement.

What are we to hope for the future of such a nation? To what quarter are we to look for the quickening breath which is to breathe anew into these careless revellers and busy sight-seers the breath of political life? Alas! we cannot tell. Many indications show that the present government is not firmly or durably established, and no mistake would be greater than to confound the love of holiday-making, or the childish delight in squibs and crackers, with deep devotion or firm attachment to the present state of things. But, grant the present government overthrown, and another, no matter what, raised in its place, we are still as far as ever from the elements of stability and permanence. It may also squander the public resources in childish festivals, dazzle the eyes of the multitude with splendid processions, and bewilder their ears with the din of military music; but how can it obtain any permanent hold of the feelings of a nation to which these things are life and enjoyment, and which is ready to fall prostrate before any ruler who has the will and the power to get up in artistic style half a dozen gorgeous *fêtes* in a year? The French public stipulates to receive this bribe, paid out of its own money, from each succeeding government, and, so long as it is paid, is indifferent as to what becomes of the rest of its revenue and of its policy in other respects. It was thus the Roman people learnt to be so indifferent to the choice of their emperors as to suffer the Pretorians to put the crown up to auction, perfectly satisfied that whoever became the purchaser must supply them with the sports of the circus and the amphitheatre, and perfectly indifferent how, in other matters, he wielded his ill-gotten power. Then in Rome, as now in France, sport and religion, the priest and the actor, went hand and hand; and we cannot better describe the recent *fêtes* at Paris than in the words of the stately historian of the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*:—"The magnificence of shows and entertainments dazzled the eyes of the multitude. The devout were employed in the rites of superstition, whilst the reflecting few revolved in their anxious minds the past history and the future fate of the empire."

POETRY BY PRAED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST :

Mr. Griswold, by his recent enlarged edition of the poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, has done a service which entitles him to the thanks of every one who can appreciate the writings of that rare and true genius. Still, this collection does not contain all his published poems. I have a few, not thus included, which I have rescued and preserved as waifs; one of the best of which I herewith send you. It was first published in 1836, when Praed was at the University, three or four years before the death of George IV., to whom it refers throughout. The monarch's occupations, as depicted in the fifth and sixth stanzas, remind one of Tom Moore's sketch of him—

His table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the *Morning Post*.

Sir Walter Scott says that he once heard the king laughingly quote these lines of Moore's; but it is not very probable that, if he ever read Praed's "Epitaph," he took copies or circulated them amongst his friends.

C. P.

Moravia, N. Y., Aug. 30.

EPITAPH ON THE LATE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

[Translated from the original of Crassee Ratsoe, his majesty's
Poet Laureate.]

BY W. M. PRAED.

Beneath the marble, mud or moss,
Whiche'er his subjects shall determine,
Entombed in eulogies and dross,
The Island King is food for vermin;
Prisoned by scribblers and by salt,
From Lethe and sepulchral vapors,
His body fills his father's vault,
His character the daily papers.

Well was he framed for royal seat;
Kind to the *meanest* of his creatures,
With tender heart and tender feet,
And open purse, and open features:
The ladies say who laid him out,
And earned thereby the usual pensions,
They never wreathed a shroud about
A corpse of more genteel dimensions.

He warred with half a score of foes,
And shone—by proxy—in the quarrel;
Enjoyed hard fights and soft repose,
And deathless debt, and deathless laurel:
His enemies were scalped and flayed,
Whene'er his soldiers were victorious;
And widows wept and paupers paid,
To make their sovereign ruler glorious.

And days were set apart for thanks,
And prayers were said by pious readers;
And laurel was lavished on the ranks,
And laud was lavished on their leaders;
Events are writ by History's pen;
Though causes are too much to care for;—
Fame talks about the where and when,
While folly asks the why and wherefore.

In peace he was immensely gay,
And indefatigably busy;
Preparing gew-gaws every day,
And shows to make his subjects dizzy;
And hearing the report of guns,
And signing the reports of jailers,
And making up receipts for buns,
And patterns for the army tailors;

And building carriages and boats,
And streets, and chapels and pavilions,
And regulating all the coats,
And all the principles of millions;
And drinking homilies and gin,
And chewing pork and adulation,
And looking backwards upon sin,
And looking forwards to salvation.

The people, in his happy reign,
Were blest beyond all other nations;
Unharm'd by foreign axe or chain,
Unhealed by civil innovations;
They served the usual logs and stones,
With all the usual rites and terrors;
And swallowed all their fathers' bones,
And swallowed all their fathers' errors.*

When the fierce mob, with clubs and knives,
All vowed that nothing should content them,
But that their representatives
Should actually represent them;
He interposed the proper checks,
By sending troops with drums and banners,
To cut short their speeches, and their necks,
And break their heads, to mend their manners

And when Dissension flung her stain
Upon the light of Hymen's altar,
And Destiny made Cupid's chain
As galling as the hangman's halter,
He passed a most domestic life,
By many mistresses befriended,
And did not put away his wife
For fear the priest should be offended.†

And thus at last he sunk to rest
Amid the blessings of his people;
And sighs were heard from every breast,
And bells were tolled from every steeple,
And loud was every public throng
His brilliant character adorning,
And poets raised a mourning song,
And clothiers raised the price of mourning.

His funeral was very grand;
Followed by many robes and maces,
And all the great ones of the land,
Struggling as heretofore for places;
And every loyal minister
Was there with signs of purse-felt sorrow,
Save Pozzy, his lord chancellor,
Who promised to attend to-morrow.

Peace to his dust! his fostering care
By grateful hearts shall long be cherished,
And all his subjects shall declare
They lost a grinder when he perished.‡
They who shall look upon the lead,
In which a people's love hath shrined him,
Shall say, when all the worst is said,
Perhaps he leaves a worse behind him!

EPITAPH.

Secure from storms, here rests a tender flower,
Early removed from black misfortune's power;
Short though its bloom, the opening bud began
To promise fair when ripened into man;
Yet lovelier far 't will to perfection rise,
Unfold its charms, and flourish in the skies.

* In the Sandwich Islands, no greater mark of respect can be paid to the parent, by the son, than the swallowing of part of his mortal remains. More civilized nations are content with the prejudices.

† When a native of the Sandwich Islands is weary of his first spouse he may bring home another, but he may not divorce his original chosen consort.

‡ When the sovereign of the Sandwich Island dies, each of his subjects shows his respect for the deceased prince, by extracting a valuable tooth from his head.

From the Times, 1st Sept.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.*

TWENTY thousand copies of this book, according to its title-page, are circulating among the American people, but three times as many thousands more have probably issued from the American press since the title-page was written. According to the *Boston Traveller*, the authoress has already received from her publishers the sum of "\$10,300 as her copy-right premium on three months' sale of the work—we believe the largest sum of money ever received by any author, either American or European, from the sales of a single work in so short a period of time." *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is at every railway book-stall in England, and in every third traveller's hand. The book is a decided hit. It takes its place with "Pickwick," with Louis Napoleon, with the mendicant who suddenly discovers himself heir to 20,000*l.* a-year, and, in fact, with every man whose good fortune it has been to fall asleep Nobody, and to awake in the morning an institution in the land. It is impossible not to feel respect for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The object of the work is revealed in the pictorial frontispiece. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is an abolitionist, and her book is a vehement and unrestrained argument in favor of her creed. She does not preach a sermon, for men are accustomed to nap and nod under the pulpit; she does not indite a philosophical discourse, for philosophy is exacting, is solicitous for truth, and scorns exaggeration. Nor does the lady condescend to survey her intricate subject in the capacity of a judge, for the judicial seat is fixed high above human passion, and she is in no temper to mount it. With the instinct of her sex, the clever authoress takes the shortest road to her purpose, and strikes at the conviction of her readers by assailing their hearts. She cannot hold the scales of justice with a steady hand, but she has learnt to perfection the craft of the advocate. *Euclid*, she well knows, is no child for effecting social revolutions, but an impassioned song may set a world in conflagration. Who shall deny to a true woman the use of her true weapons! We are content to warn the unsuspecting reader of their actual presence!

Perhaps there is, after all, but one method of carrying on a crusade, and that unscrupulous fighting is the rightful warfare of the crusader. Mrs. Stowe, having made up her mind that slavery is an abomination in the sight of God and man, thinks of nothing but the annihilation of the pernicious system. From the first page of her narrative to the last this idea is paramount in her mind, and colors all her drawings. That she will secure proselytes we take for granted; for it is in the nature of enthusiasm to inoculate with passionate zeal the strong-hearted as well as the feeble-minded. That she will convince the world of the purity of her own motives and of the hatefulness of the sin she denounces is equally clear;

* *Uncle Tom's Cabin, or Life among the Lowly*, by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Twentieth Thousand. Boston: Jewett & Co. 1852.

but that she will help in the slightest degree towards the removal of the gigantic evil that afflicts her soul is a point upon which we may express the greatest doubt; nay, is a matter upon which, unfortunately, we have very little doubt at all, inasmuch as we are certain that the very readiest way to rivet the fetters of slavery in these critical times is to direct against all slaveholders in America the opprobrium and indignation which such works as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* are sure to excite.

It is scarcely necessary to give in this place and in detail the plot of Mrs. Stowe's striking production; for striking and meritorious it undoubtedly is. The lady has great skill in the delineation of character; her hand is vigorous and firm, her mastery over human feeling is unquestionable, and her humorous efforts are unimpeachable. We know of no book in which the negro character finds such successful interpretation, and appears so life-like and so fresh. The scenes in which the negroes are represented at their domestic labors or conversing with each other reveal a familiar acquaintance with negro life, and a capacity for displaying it that cannot be mistaken. The slang of "Ethiopian serenaders" for once gives place to thoughts and language racy of the soil, and we need not say how refreshing it is to be separated for a season from the conventional Sambo of the modern stage. But even as an artist Mrs. Stowe is not faultless. She exhibits but ordinary ability in the construction of her story. Her narrative is rather a succession of detached scenes than a compact, well-jointed whole; and many of the scenes are tedious from their similarity and repetition. The reader is interested in the fate of two heroes, but their streams of adventure never blend. The scene closes upon Uncle Tom to open upon George Harris, and it closes upon George Harris, to open upon Uncle Tom—a style of proceeding well understood at the Adelphi Theatre, where the *facetiæ* of Wright must duly relieve the *diablerie* of O. Smith—but certainly not yet recognized in the classic realms of art.

Uncle Tom is the slave of Mr. Shelby, the proprietor of a certain estate in Kentucky, which has fallen into disorder in consequence of the speculative habits of its owner, who, at the opening of the tale, is forced to part not only with Uncle Tom, but with a young quadroon woman named Eliza, the servant of Mrs. Shelby, and the wife of George Harris, a slave upon a neighboring estate. Uncle Tom is carried off Mr. Shelby's estate by the new purchaser, one Mr. Haly; but Eliza, dreading separation from her husband and her subsequent fate, takes flight with her child, and is ultimately joined to her mate on the free soil of Canada. The two volumes of which the book is made up are occupied, as we have hinted, with the adventures of Uncle Tom and George Harris, until the former dies a Christian martyr, and the latter becomes a model liberator in the black republic of Liberia.

Uncle Tom is a paragon of virtue. He is more than mortal in his powers of endurance, in his devotion, in his self-denial, in his Christian profession and practice, and in his abhorrence of spiritism.

ous liquors. When Mr. Haly in his turn sold Tom to a new master, the good-natured owner informed his new acquisition that he would make him "coachy," on condition that he would not get drunk more than once a week, unless in cases of emergency, whereupon "Tom looked surprised and rather hurt, and said, 'I never drink, Mas'r.' " This may be taken as a keynote to the tune Tom is eternally playing for our edification and moral improvement. He always "looks surprised and rather hurt" on such occasions. He is described as a fine, powerful negro, walking through the world with a Bible in his hands, and virtuous indignation on his lips, both ready to be called into requisition on the slightest provocation, in season and out of season, at work or at play, by your leave or without it, in sorrow or in joy, for the benefit of his superiors or for the castigation of his equals. A prominent fault of this production is indicated in these facts. In her very eagerness to accomplish her amiable intention, Mrs. Stowe ludicrously stumbles and falls very far short of her object. She should surely have contented herself with proving the infamy of the slave system, and not been tempted to establish the superiority of the African nature over that of the Anglo-Saxon and of every other known race. We have read some novels in our time, and occupied not a few precious hours in the proceedings of their heroines and heroes; but we can scarcely remember ever to have encountered either gentle knight or gentler dame to whom we could not easily have brought home the imputation of human frailty. The mark of the first fall has been there, though the hues might be of the faintest. Now, if Adam, before his decline, had been a black, as some ethnologists still insist, he could not possibly have been more thoroughly without flaw than Uncle Tom. In him the said mark is eradicated once and forever. He represents in his person the only well-authenticated instance we know, in modern times, of that laudable principle, in virtue of which a man presents his left cheek to be smitten after his first has been slapped. The more you "larrup" Uncle Tom the more he blesses you; the greater his bodily agony the more intense becomes his spiritual delight. The more he ought to complain the more he does n't; the less he has cause for taking a pleasant view of life and human dealings, the less he finds reason to repine; and his particular sentiments are all to match. Tom has reason to believe that Mr. Shelby will not wish him "Good by" before he starts off for the south with Mr. Haly. "That ar hurt me more than sellin', it did." Tom's wife is heartbroken at his departure, and naturally reproaches Mr. Shelby for turning him into money. Tom, always superior to human nature, tenderly rebukes her. "I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear one word agin Mas'r. Was n't he put in my arms a baby? It's natur I should think a heap of him." Tom "had every facility and temptation to dishonesty," but his "simplicity of nature was impregnable," and he was never known to make a mistake in his life, although "trusted to an unlimited extent by a careless master, who handed him a bill without looking at it, and pocketed the change without counting it."

What have we been doing all these years, during which at great cost of time, labor, and money, we have despatched missionary after missionary to the heathen, but neglected needful labors at home in order to effect works of supererogation abroad? Before we export another white enthu-

siaist from Exeter-hall, let us import a dozen or two blacks to teach Exeter-hall its most obvious Christian duties. If Mrs. Stow's portraiture is correct, and if Uncle Tom is a type of a class, we deliberately assert that we have nothing more to communicate to the negro, but everything to learn from his profession and practice. No wonder that Tom works miracles by his example. Such sudden conversions from brutality to humility, from glaring infidelity to the most childlike belief, as are presented to our admiration in these volumes, have never been wrought on earth since the days of the Apostles. One of the best sketches in the book is that of a little black imp, by name Topsy, who loves lying for the sake of lying, who is more mischievous than a monkey, and in all respects as ignorant; yet she has hardly had time to remove from her soul the rubbish accumulated there from her birth, and to prepare her mind for the reception of the most practical truths, before—without any sufficient reason—"a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love penetrates the darkness of her heathen soul," and enables her in due time to accept the responsible appointment of missionary to a station in Africa. Uncle Tom not only converts by his arguments Mr. St. Clare, his master in New Orleans, who is a gentleman, a scholar, a philosopher, and as shrewd a hand in a discussion as you are ever likely to encounter, but positively redeems in a moment from utter savageness and the lowest degradation wretches in whom the sense of feeling is extinct, and from whom we have been taught until Tom took them in hand to recoil in horror. It is no respect for religion that we feel when Tom, beaten almost to death by his owner, is visited by a poor woman, who offers him water to relieve his mortal pains, but who is quietly informed by the sufferer that a chapter from the Bible is better than drink. Well-fed and comfortably-housed hypocrisy is apt to deliver itself of such utterances, but certainly not true piety in its hours of anguish and physical extremity. A quadroon slave called Cassy is introduced to the reader under the most painful circumstances. Her career has been one of compelled vice until her spirit has finally acquired a wild and positively fiendish character. You read the authoress' vivid descriptions, you note the creature's conduct, and you are convinced that it will take years to restore human tenderness to that bruised soul, to say nothing of belief in Heaven and its solemn and mysterious promises. But you err! In an instant, and most miraculously, "the long winter of despair, the ice of years gives way, and the dark despairing woman weeps and prays." She, too, "yields at once, and with her whole soul, to every good influence, and becomes a devout and tender Christian." This monstrous instance is outdone by another. Sambo and Quimbo are two black rascals, who have been trained "in savageness and brutality as systematically as bulldogs, and, by long practice in hardness and cruelty, have brought their whole nature to about the same range of capacities." When we first behold them, we are told to mark "their coarse, dark, heavy features; their great eyes rolling enviously on each other; their barbarous, guttural, half-brute intonation; their dilapidated garments fluttering in the wind," and to remember the apt illustration before us "of the fact that brutal men are lower even than animals." So long as these worthies are on the scene, their actions correspond exactly with their appearance, and with the accounts given of their canine bringing up;

they go on from bad to worse, and at the worst, when their restitution to humanity seems utterly and forever hopeless, then it is that Tom "pours forth a few energetic sentences of that wondrous One—his life, his death, his everlasting presence and power to save,"—that "they weep—both the two savage men,"—that Tom cries to Heaven to give him two more souls, and that the prayer is immediately and satisfactorily answered by their happy and most astounding conversion. Surely there is something more real and substantial in Mrs. Stowe's volumes to account for their extraordinary popularity than such absolute and audacious trash. It would be blasphemy to believe in such revelations, and common sense and a feeling of what is due to our better nature will assuredly prevent all but the veriest fanatics from accepting as truth such exaggerated and unholy fables.

An error, almost as fatal as the one adverted to, is committed by our authoress in the pains she takes to paint her negroes, mulattos, and quadroons, in the very whitest white, while she is equally careful to disfigure her whites with the very blackest black. The worst negroes are ultimately taken to heaven, but few of the fair colored are warranted living or dying, without blemish. The case of slavery is submitted in this work, it is true, to the reader's enlightened attention, but before his judgment can calmly set itself to work, his sympathies are thoroughly secured by a lady who takes good care not to let them loose again. The very first scene of the book introduces us to an offensive dealer in slaves and to a slave-proprietor without feeling, and both are bargaining for the disposal of slaves who, in personal appearance and in moral attainments, are not to be surpassed on either side of the Atlantic. What becomes of the judgment under such an ordeal, if the intellect be weak and the heart be strong? We are not ignorant of the mode in which great morals are enforced at our minor theatres, and of the means there taken to impress the imagination and to instruct the intellect by the help of the domestic melodrama. A villain on the Surrey side of the water is a villain indeed, and a persecuted heroine is persecuted beyond endurance in any other place. It is very easy to educe startling lessons from a dramatic work, as it is easy enough for an artist to delineate fear by painting a man with staring eyes, open mouth, and hair on end. Truth, however, demands more delicate dealing, and art that would interpret Truth must watch the harmonies of Nature, which charms not by great "effects," but by her blended symmetry and grace, by her logical and unforced developments. Did we know nothing of the subject treated by Mrs. Stowe, we confess that we should hesitate before accepting much of her coin as sterling metal. Her quadroon girl is all too like the applauded slave of the Victoria. "The rich, full, dark eye, with its long lashes—the ripples of silky black hair, the delicately formed hand and trim foot and ankle, the dress of the neatest possible fit, which set off to advantage her finely-moulded shape, the peculiar air of refinement, the softness of voice and manner," are insisted upon with a pertinacity which we look for in vain when we come face to face with the less fortunately-endowed specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race. Her husband, George, a mulatto, being rather blacker than herself, is painted, according to rule, in still brighter colors. He is "possessed of a handsome person and pleasing manners," is "a general favorite in the factory" where he works, "his adroitness and ingenuity

cause him to be considered the first hand in the place," and he has "invented a machine for the cleaning of hemp, which displays quite as much mechanical genius as Whitney's cotton-gin." During his flight to Canada George disguises himself. Being informed of the circumstance, we are introduced to an hotel in Kentucky. "It was late in a drizzly afternoon that a traveller alighted at the door. He was very tall, with a dark Spanish complexion, fine expressive black eyes, and close curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon." Who can the distinguished stranger be but M. Lemaitre or Mr. Wallock, representing for our approval and delight George Harris, the runaway mulatto? If we have any doubt it is removed at once when we are told that the said George, being addressed by a stranger at the hotel, "stood up like a rock, and put out his hand with the air of a prince," just as we have seen Lemaitre do it as *Le Docteur Noir*. An indifferent advocate may make one of two mistakes. He may understate his client's case, or he may overstate it. Able as she is, Mrs. Stowe has committed the latter fault, and will suffer in the minds of the judicious from the female error. With so good a cause it is a pity that her honest zeal should have outrun discretion.

The gravest fault of the book has, however, to be mentioned. Its object is to abolish slavery. Its effect will be to render slavery more difficult than ever of abolishment. Its very popularity constitutes its greatest difficulty. It will keep ill blood at boiling point, and irritate instead of pacifying those whose proceedings Mrs. Stowe is anxious to influence on behalf of humanity. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was not required to convince the haters of slavery of the abomination of the "institution;" of all books, it is the least calculated to weigh with those whose prejudices in favor of slavery have yet to be overcome, and whose interests are involved in the perpetuation of the system. If slavery is to cease in America, and if the people of the United States, who fought and bled for their liberty and nobly won it, are to remove the disgrace that attaches to them for forging chains for others which they will not tolerate on their own limbs, the work of enfranchisement must be a movement, not forced upon slaveowners, but voluntarily undertaken, accepted and carried out by the whole community. There is no federal law which can compel the slave states to resign the "property" which they hold. The states of the south are as free to maintain slavery as are the states of the north to rid themselves of the scandal. Let the attempt be made imperiously and violently to dictate to the south, and from that hour the Union is at an end. We are aware that to the mind of the "philanthropist" the alternative brings no alarm, but to the rational thinkers, to the statesman, and to all men interested in the world's progress, the disruption of the bond that holds the American States together is fraught with calamity, with which the present evil of slavery—a system destined sooner or later to fall to pieces under the weight of public opinion and its own infamy—bears no sensible comparison. The writer of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and similar well-disposed authors have yet to learn that to excite the passions of their readers in favor of their philanthropic schemes is the very worst mode of getting rid of a difficulty, which, whoever

may be to blame for its existence, is part and parcel of the whole social organization of a large proportion of the states, and cannot be forcibly removed without instant anarchy, and all its accompanying mischief.

Would Mrs. Stowe have liberty proclaimed throughout the states at the present moment? For her own sake, and for the sake of her countrymen, we hope not. We do not believe that the blacks in America are prepared for sudden emancipation; and, if they are, we are certain that the whites are wholly incapable of appreciating the blessing. Sir Charles Lyell, in his *Second Visit to the United States of North America*, very properly remarks that the fanaticism of abolitionists constitutes one difficulty in the way of emancipation, the prejudices of perpetuists another, but that the jealousy of an unscrupulous democracy is a far more terrible obstacle than either. In the same spirit, the writer of a remarkable article in the *North American Review* last year observed, that "the whites need to go through a training for freedom scarcely less than the blacks, the master being as much fettered to one end of the chain as the slave to the other." All impartial witnesses speak to the same effect. Mr. Featherstonhaugh, no lover of slavery, who passed years in the United States, declares that slavery is a positive blessing to every negro who would receive nothing but liberty from his owner. For, in truth, what is liberty worth to the possessor if it be accompanied with social degradation of the worst description? The manumitted slaves of Jamaica are, in the sight of the law, in the estimation of their fellows, and in the eye of God, equals with those whose actual "property" they were the other day. Importance no longer attaches to complexion in that island. The white and colored people intermarry, colored people hold responsible offices, and are received as guests at the governor's table. An American, who visited Jamaica in 1850, states that—

At the Surrey assizes, where Sir Joshua Rowe presided, two colored lawyers were sitting at the barristers' table, and of the jury all but three were colored, seven-tenths of the whole police force of the island, amounting to about 800 men, were estimated to be colored. In the Legislative Assembly, composed of from 48 to 50 members, 10 or a dozen were colored; and the public printers of the Legislature, who were also editors of the leading government paper, were both colored men.

Compare this salutary state of things with the certain doom of the negro suddenly emancipated by his American master! The democratic horror of black blood in the United States knows no bounds. Sir Charles Lyell has a pathetic account of a young girl he met on board a steamer in America, and who was rudely summoned from the dinner-table because—though free as herself—she had presumed—having one streak of negro blood in her otherwise unsullied veins—to sit at the same board with a party of pure whites. He had previously been shocked by remarking that no colored man, slave or freeman, how far soever removed from the negro stock, however respectable his appearance, however cultivated his mind, was allowed to take his meals while the very meanest white on board had yet to satisfy his hunger. What avail the pathetic appeals, the painful incidents, the passionate denunciations with which *Uncle Tom's Cabin* abounds, in the teeth of such facts as these? Let it be borne in mind that this instinctive and

openly proclaimed physical disgust and abhorrence of the negro race is not peculiar to the south, but is even more strongly evident in the north; that it is no offensive characteristic, of the slaveowner, but is a vice equally rampant in the self-satisfied and complacent soul of the agitating abolitionist. Blacks are not stocks or stones; we know them to be capable of high civilization, and to be susceptible of the noblest emotions. Improved public opinion all over the world is doing much for them, and education and religion are doing still more. They are not unconscious of their social inferiority in Republican America, for they are hourly made to feel it. Imagine them liberated to-morrow in those portions of the United States where they outnumber the whites, and where they would only have to raise their liberated hands in order to strike down the traditional enemies of their race, their once tyrannical owners, their always contemptuous social superiors. Hate begets hate, and a war of races secures the rapid deterioration and decline of all the combatants. We may well shrink before rashly inviting so bloody and disastrous a conflict.

And be it stated to the credit of the slaveowners of the south, that they are fully alive to the danger of the portentous struggle, and have of late years shown no indisposition to help in their own emancipation as well as in that of the slave, provided they may only escape the dire catastrophe we speak of. It is certain that a large class of slaveowners in the south are most desirous to relieve their soil of the stain and inconvenience of slavery, if the tremendous step can be taken with safety to all parties concerned in the act of liberation. The efforts made in the south to improve the condition of the slave show at least that humanity is not dead in the bosoms of the proprietors. Mrs. Stowe has certainly not done justice to this branch of the subject. Horrors in connexion with slavery—itself a horror—unquestionably exist; but all accounts—save her own, and those of writers actuated by her extreme views—concur in describing the general condition of the southern slave as one of comparative happiness and comfort, such as many a free man in the United Kingdom might regard with envy. One authority on this point is too important to be overlooked. In the year 1842 a Scotch weaver, named William Thomson, travelled through the Southern States. He supported himself on his way by manual labor; he mixed with the humblest classes, black and white, and on his return home he published an account of his journeyings. He had quitted Scotland a sworn hater of slave proprietors, but he confessed that experience had modified his views on this subject to a considerable degree. He had witnessed slavery in most of the slaveholding states, he had lived for weeks among negroes in cotton plantations, and he asserted that he had never beheld one-fifth of the real suffering that he had seen among the laboring poor in England. Nay more, he declared—

That the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as are those of working men in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength.

Ten years have not increased the hardships of the southern slave. During that period colonization has come to his relief—education has, legally or illegally, found its way to his cabin, and Christianity has added spiritual consolations to his allowed,

admitted physical enjoyments. It has been justly said that to those men of the south who have done their best for the negro under the institution of slavery must we look for any great effort in favor of emancipation, and they who are best acquainted with the progress of events in those parts declare that at this moment "there are powerful and irresistible influences at work in a large part of the slave states tending towards the abolition of slavery within these boundaries."

We can well believe it. The world is working its way towards liberty, and the blacks will not be left behind in the onward march. Since the adoption of the American constitution seven states have voluntarily abolished slavery. When that constitution was proclaimed there was scarcely a free black in the country. According to the last census the free blacks amount to 418,173, and of these 233,691 are blacks of the south, liberated by their owners, and not by the force of law. We cannot shut our eyes to these facts. Neither can we deny that, desirable as negro emancipation may be in the United States, abolition must be the result of growth, not of revolution, must be patiently wrought out by means of the American constitution, and not in bitter spite of it. America cannot for any time resist the enlightened spirit of our age, and it is manifestly her interest to adapt her institutions to its temper. That she will eventually do so if she be not a divided household—if the south be not goaded to illiberality by the north—if public writers deal with the matter in the spirit of conciliation, justice, charity, and truth, we will not permit ourselves to doubt. That she is alive to the necessities of the age is manifest from the circumstance that, for the last four years, she has been busy in preparing the way for emancipation by a method that has not failed in older countries to remove national troubles almost as intolerable as that of slavery itself. We have learnt to believe that the old world is to be saved and renewed by means of emigration. Who shall say that the new world—in visible danger from the presence of a dark inheritance bequeathed to it by Europe—shall not be rescued by the same providential means? The negro colony of Liberia, established by the United States, extends along the western coast of Africa a distance of more than 500 miles. The civilized black population amounts to 8,000 souls. The heathen population is over 200,000. The soil of the colony is fertile, its exports are daily increasing, it has already entered into diplomatic relations with Great Britain and France. A government is established which might have been framed by the whitest skins; 2,000 communicants are in connexion with its churches; 1,500 children attend its Sabbath schools. Education has become—would that it were so here—a national obligation, and the work of instruction and conversion is carried on by educated negroes among their brethren, who cannot fail to appreciate the service and to accept the blessing. The refuge afforded by Liberia for the gradual reception of the manumitted and civilized slaves of the United States we hold to be the most promising element in the question, upon the tranquil settlement of which the happiness and political existence of the United States depend. It will enable America to save herself and to achieve a work far nobler than that of winning her own political independence. The civilization of Africa hangs largely upon her wisdom. A quarter of the world may be Christianized by the act which enables America to perform the first of Christian

duties. We have said that the process of liberation is going on, and that we are convinced the south in its own interests will not be laggard in the labor. Liberia and similar spots on the earth's surface proffer aid to the south, which cannot be rejected with safety. That the aid may be accepted with alacrity and good heart, let us have no more *Uncle Tom's Cabins*, engendering ill-will, keeping up bad blood, and rendering well-disposed, humane, but critically placed men their own enemies and the stumbling-blocks to civilization and to the spread of glad tidings from Heaven.

From the Examiner.

THIS is not only the most effective exposition that has yet been made by any one person of the wrongs that are inherent in the slave system, but as a work of imagination it is to be welcomed as the best that has been hitherto contributed to what may hereafter form a large part of the reading of the world—the literature of America. It is thoroughly genuine. It is not founded upon reminiscences of Addison or of Goldsmith, or of any of the lights of other days. It is a genuine work of an American mind, wherein all the great and sacred feelings common to humanity are uttered in that kind of English which is spoken only in America; and wherein they are represented as they show themselves—with all the small and the unholy feelings too—in distinct phases of American society.

Mrs. Stowe has written not to make a book, but out of the abundance of her heart to utter a strong, earnest feeling. Deeply as she is impressed with her didactic purpose, her righteous desire to gain the public ear has withheld her from assuming in any page of her volume the unattractive form of pure discussion. Marvellous is the skill with which the authoress kneads into all her facts the leaven of a deeply interesting story. Defects of management there are in the tale, but never one that relaxes the attention or the interest. Regarded purely as a novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is a work of the very highest literary merit. But it is further to be considered that there is not a chapter in it which does not adduce fresh evidence in accusation of the worst crime that is committed in our own day among the nations. Mrs. Stowe pleads as an American before Americans. She fearlessly shows to her countrymen and countrywomen the picture of themselves, and they accept it, praise it, purchase it. It is a very notable circumstance, the extraordinary circulation of this book in America. The worst aspects of American society have nowhere been portrayed with more merciless humor than in Mrs. Stowe's protest against slavery; but the book gives no offence because it is genuine. It is not merciless in spite, but in the vigor of a genial wrath against things evil. Mrs. Stowe writes out of a warm heart, and appeals to generous emotions. These are quite as prompt to rise over the way in the United States as here in the United Kingdom; and Mrs. Stowe has found, therefore, many thousands of readers—it is even said that she counts by this time as many as a hundred thousand purchasers. Her success in America, in short, corresponds to that which Mr. Dickens finds in England, because, like Mr. Dickens, whose influence we trace in many pages of her book, she has spent great wealth of genius in the service of humanity, and in her severest mood has written as one who, by the right of love, is entitled to the privilege of censure.

We shall quote very largely from her volume—much more largely than it is our custom in any case to do—because so we shall best exhibit the scope and power of it. It is easy to find fault, and there are many faults which lie upon the surface here, for the most part, perhaps, too obvious to be much worth naming. The story divides itself too freely into scenes and sketches, while its main current is left to run in two parallel lines issuing from the same source, and not again uniting except in the aims and truths enforced. But when we have mentioned this offence against the laws of art we are constrained to add that the book does not really suffer by it. The writer obtains greater facilities for her design, and this, the very soul of the book, keeps up unimpaired the animation and interest of each separate section of its actors.

There may be differences of opinion in minds differently constituted as to the comparative greatness of the many different evils which the slave system includes. Mrs. Stowe, like a warm-hearted woman, dwells most upon the outrage done to all domestic ties among the negroes. We are for our own parts disposed to regard as the chief evil the fact which is sometimes adduced in extenuation of the whole crime against human rights—that under the slave system the negroes have been plunged into such depths of ignorance and brutishness, that they have acquired not only the brute's vices, but in a great measure even the brute's habit of unquestioning content with his position. This degradation of the negroes is abundantly illustrated in Mrs. Stowe's pages; but the delicate feelings represented in those negro characters which play the chief part in her tale—feelings which many negroes have, and of which all are peculiarly capable—come necessarily into the foreground of her picture, and may lead to a partly false impression of the results of slavery in that respect. Uncle Tom himself is too exclusively and purely a martyr spirit. It would not, we think, have weakened Mrs. Stowe's case, if she had added to her pleas for the fugitive slave her regret that flight should be so rare. Not more than two negroes in five thousand yearly have the spirit to attempt to escape. They go to their cabins as the oxen to their stalls. And that by deliberate denial of education, by a long course of debasing treatment, human beings should have been reduced to this—is in our opinion a more horrible result of slavery than even the tearing of the child from the slave parent, or the selling of a husband by auction out of his wife's arms. The debasement of the negroes is by no means omitted from the picture of negro life furnished by Mrs. Stowe, but it is not so prominent as it might fairly have been made.

Our first extract shall be an example of it. Here is Topsy, one of the quaintest little pictures in the story, introduced to Miss Ophelia, a precise and true-hearted old maid, bred to a hatred of the slave-system in Vermont.

"I've made a purchase for your department—see here," said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new Mas'r's parlor, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was

braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging, and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance—something, as Miss Ophelia afterwards said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and, turning to St. Clare, she said—

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line. Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and, finally, turning a sunset or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment; and, addressing the child again, said,

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you up to her; see now that you behave yourself."

"Yes, Mas'r," said Topsy, with sanctimonious gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

"You're going to be good, Topsy, you understand," said St. Clare.

"O yes, Mas'r," said Topsy, with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

Miss Ophelia begins her operations.

It is not for ears polite to hear the particulars of the first toilet of a neglected, abused child. In fact, in this world, multitudes must live and die in a state that it would be too great a shock to the nerves of their fellow-mortals even to hear described. Miss Ophelia had a good, strong, practical deal of resolution; and she went through all the disgusting details with heroic thoroughness, though, it must be confessed, with no very gracious air—for endurance was the utmost to which her principles could bring her. When she saw, on the back and shoulders of the child, great welts and calloused spots, ineffaceable marks of the system under which she had grown up thus far, her heart became pitiful within her.

"See there!" said Jane, pointing to the marks, "don't that show she's a limb? We'll have fine works with her, I reckon. I hate these nigger young uns! so disgusting! I wonder that Mas'r would buy her!"

The "young un" alluded to heard all these comments with the subdued and doleful air which seemed habitual to her, only scanning, with a keen and furtive glance of her flickering eyes, the ornaments which Jane wore in her ears. When arrayed at last in a suit of decent and whole clothing, her hair cropped short to her head, Miss Ophelia, with some satisfaction, said she looked more Christian-like than she did, and

in her own mind began to mature some plans for her instruction.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dun no, Missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are? Did n't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child with another grin.

"Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like, that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of Diablerie; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and business-like, and she said, with some sternness,

"You must n't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," reiterated the creature, more emphatically; "never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take care on us."

The child was evidently sincere; and Jane, breaking into a short laugh, said,

"Laws, Missis, there's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em up cheap, when they's little, and gets 'em raised for market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dun no, Missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dun no, Missis."

"Laws, Missis, those low negroes—they can't tell; they don't know anything about time," said Jane; "they don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?"

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh.

The idea appeared to amuse her considerably, for her eyes twinkled, and she added,

"I spects I grow'd. Don't think nobody never made me."

How shocking a catechism of this kind must have appeared to the tutor will be better understood when we have made closer acquaintance with the maiden lady from Vermont. We wish we could quote the picture of the home in which her character was formed; but we must be content with her character itself.

Miss Ophelia, as you now behold her, stands before you, in a very shining brown linen travelling-dress, tall, square-formed, and angular. Her face was thin, and rather sharp in its outlines; the lips compressed, like those of a person who is in the habit of making up her mind definitely on all subjects; while the keen, dark eyes had a peculiarly searching, advised movement, and travelled over everything, as if they were looking for something to take care of.

All her movements were sharp, decided, and energetic; and, though she was never much of a talker, her words were remarkably direct, and to the purpose, when she did speak.

In her habits, she was a living impersonation of order, method, and exactness. In punctuality, she was as inevitable as a clock, and as inexorable as a railroad engine; and she held in most decided contempt and abomination anything of a contrary character.

The great sin of sins, in her eyes—the sum of all evils—was expressed by one very common and im-

portant word in her vocabulary—"shiftlessness." Her finale and ultimatum of contempt consisted in a very emphatic pronunciation of the word "shiftless;" and by this she characterized all modes of procedure which had not a direct and inevitable relation to accomplishment of some purpose then definitely had in mind. People who did nothing, or who did not know exactly what they were going to do, or who did not take the most direct way to accomplish what they set their hands to, were objects of her entire contempt—a contempt shown less frequently by anything she said, than by a kind of stony grimness, as if she scorned to say anything about the matter.

As to mental cultivation—she had a clear, strong, active mind, was well and thoroughly read in history the older English classics, and thought with great strength within certain narrow limits. Her theological tenets were all made up, labelled in the most positive and distinct forms, and put by, like the bundles in her patch trunk; there were just so many of them, and there were never to be any more. So, also, were her ideas with regard to most matters of practical life—such as housekeeping in all its branches, and the various political relations of her native village. And, underlaying all, deeper than anything else, higher and broader, lay the strongest principle of her being—conscientiousness. Nowhere is conscience so dominant and all-absorbing as with New England women. It is the granite formation, which lies deepest, and rises out even to the tops of the highest mountains.

And here is the lady on her voyage to New Orleans in company with her careless southern cousin and his child. This cousin, Augustine St. Clare, we may remark, is one of the very best drawn characters in the story—a naturally kind, high-minded, Christian gentleman, shrewd in argument, just and right in his impulses, but easy, idle, and satisfied to take things as they are, not because he would not willingly amend them, but because he too indolently thinks it a hopeless task. A masterly drawn character indeed.

There she is, sitting now in her state-room, surrounded by a mixed multitude of little and big carpet-bags, boxes, baskets, each containing some separate responsibility which she is tying, binding up, packing, or fastening, with a face of great earnestness.

"Now, Eva, have you kept count of your things? Of course you have n't—children never do; there's the spotted carpet-bag and the little blue band-box with your best bonnet—that's two; then the India rubber satchel is three; and my tape and needle-box is four; and my band-box, five; and my collar-box, six; and that little hair trunk, seven. What have you done with your sunshade? Give it to me, and let me put a paper round it, and tie it to my umbrella, with my shade;—there, now."

"Why, aunty, we are only going up home;—what is the use?"

"To keep it nice, child; people must take care of their things, if they ever mean to have anything; and now, Eva, is your thimble put up?"

"Really, aunty, I don't know."

"Well, never mind; I'll look your box over—thimble, wax, two spoons, scissors, knife, tape-needle; all right—put it in here. What did you ever do, child, when you were coming on with only your papa? I should have thought you'd a lost everything you had."

"Well, aunty, I did lose a great many; and then, when we stopped anywhere, papa would buy some more of whatever it was."

"Mercy on us, child—what a way!"

"It was a very easy way, aunty," said Eva.

"It's a dreadful shiftless one," said aunty.

"Why, aunty, what'll you do now?" said Eva; "that trunk is too full to be shut down."

"It must shut down," said aunty, with the air of a general, as she squeezed the things in, and sprung upon the lid;—still a little gap remained about the mouth of the trunk.

"Get up here, Eva!" said Miss Ophelia, courageously; "what has been done can be done again. This trunk has got to be shut and locked—there are no two ways about it."

And the trunk, intimidated, doubtless, by this resolute statement, gave in. The hasp snapped sharply in its hole, and Miss Ophelia turned the key, and pocketed it in triumph.

"Now we're ready. Where's your papa? I think it time this baggage was set out. Do look out, Eva, and see if you see your papa."

"O, yes, he's down the other end of the gentlemen's cabin, eating an orange."

"He can't know how near we are coming," said aunty; "had n't you better run and speak to him?"

"Papa never is in a hurry about anything," said Eva, "and we have n't come to the landing. Do step on the guards, aunty. Look! there's our house, up that street!"

The boat now began, with heavy groans, like some vast, tired monster, to prepare to push up among the multiplied steamers at the levee. Eva joyously pointed out the various spires, domes, and way-marks, by which she recognized her native city.

"Yes, yes, dear; very fine," said Miss Ophelia. "But, mercy on us! the boat has stopped! where is your father?"

And now ensues the usual turmoil of landing—waiters running twenty ways at once—men tugging trunks, carpet-bags, boxes—women anxiously calling to their children, and everybody crowding in a dense mass to the plank towards the landing.

Miss Ophelia seated herself resolutely on the lately vanquished trunk, and marshalling all her goods and chattels in fine military order, seemed resolved to defend them to the last.

"Shall I take your trunk, ma'am?" "Shall I take your baggage?" "Let me tend to your baggage, missis?" "Shan't I carry out these yer, missis?" rained down upon her unheeded. She sat with grim determination, upright as a darning-needle stuck in a board, holding on her bundle of umbrella and parasols, and replying with a determination that was enough to strike dismay even into a hackman, wondering to Eva, in each interval, "what upon earth her papa could be thinking of: he could n't have fallen over, now—but something must have happened;"—and just as she had begun to work herself into a real distress, he came up, with his usually careless motion, and, giving Eva a quarter of the orange he was eating, said,

"Well, Cousin Vermont, I suppose you are all ready."

"I've been ready, waiting, nearly an hour," said Miss Ophelia; "I began to be really concerned about you."

"That's a clever fellow, now," said he. "Well, the carriage is waiting, and the crowd are now off, so that one can walk out in a decent and Christian manner, and not be pushed and shoved. -Here," he added to a driver who stood behind him, "take these things."

"I'll go and see to his putting them in," said Miss Ophelia.

"O, pahaw, cousin, what's the use?" said St. Clare.

"Well, at any rate, I'll carry this, and this, and this," said Miss Ophelia, singling out three boxes and a small carpet-bag.

"My dear Miss Vermont, positively, you must n't come the Green Mountains over us that way. You must adopt at least a piece of a southern principle,

and not walk out under all that load. They'll take you for a waiting-maid; give them to this fellow; he'll put them down as if they were eggs, now."

Nothing could be more perfect than these sketches of character, and the book abounds in such writing—writing, we must add, which sees fair play on the whole between both races, for nothing can be better than many of its kindly sketches from the slave-holding class. Let us turn to a slave-served household in Kentucky. Women are always keen observers, and when they have, as Mrs. Stowe has in a very large degree, vigor of speech and humor at command, they can produce such vignettes with their pen and ink as are not often issued from the hands of men. Let us enter the cabin of Uncle Tom, who is first introduced to us as a slave in great trust on the plantation of Mr. Shelby, a well-sketchd average Kentucky gentleman.

Let us enter the dwelling. The evening meal at the house is over, and Aunt Chloe, who presided over its preparation as head cook, has left to inferior officers in the kitchen the business of clearing away and washing dishes, and come out into her own snug territories, to "get her ole man's supper;" therefore, doubt not that it is she you see by the fire, presiding with anxious interest over certain frizzling items in a stew-pan, and anon with grave consideration lifting the cover of a bake-kettle, from whence steam forth indubitable intimations of "something good." A round, black, shining face is hers, so glossy as to suggest the idea that she might have been washed over with white of eggs, like one of her own tea rusks. Her whole plump countenance beams with satisfaction and contentment from under her well-starched checked turban, bearing on it, however, if we must confess it, a little of that tinge of self-consciousness which becomes the first cook of the neighborhood, as Aunt Chloe was universally held and acknowledged to be.

A cook she certainly was, in the very bone and centre of her soul. Not a chicken or turkey or duck in the barn-yard but looked grave when they saw her approaching, and seemed evidently to be reflecting on their latter end; and certain it was that she was always meditating on trussing, stuffing and roasting, to a degree that was calculated to inspire terror in any reflecting fowl living. Her corn-cake, in all its varieties of hoe-cake, dodgers, muffins, and other species too numerous to mention, was a sublime mystery to all less practised compounders; and she would shake her fat sides with honest pride and merriment, as she would narrate the fruitless efforts that one and another of her compeers had made to attain to her elevation.

The arrival of the company at the house, the arranging of dinners and suppers "in style," awoke all the energies of her soul; and no sight was more welcome to her than a pile of travelling trunks launched on the verandah, for then she foresaw fresh efforts and fresh triumphs.

Chloe's ole man, Uncle Tom himself, is introduced to the reader in the manner following:

A table, somewhat rheumatic in its limbs, was drawn out in front of the fire, and covered with a cloth, displaying cups and saucers of a decidedly brilliant pattern, with other symptoms of an approaching meal. At this table was seated Uncle Tom, Mr. Shelby's best hand, who, as he is to be the hero of our story, we must daguerrotype for our readers. He was a large, broad-chested, powerfully-made man, of a full glossy black, and a face whose truly African features were characterized by an expression of grave and steady good sense, united with much kindness and benevolence. There was something about his whole

air self-respecting and dignified, yet united with a confiding and humble simplicity.

He was very busily intent at this moment on a slate lying before him, on which he was carefully and slowly endeavoring to accomplish a copy of some letters, in which operation he was overlooked by young Mas'r George, a smart, bright boy of thirteen, who appeared fully to realize the dignity of his position as instructor.

"Not that way, Uncle Tom—not that way," said he, briskly, as Uncle Tom laboriously brought up the tail of his *g* the wrong side out; "that makes a *q*, you see."

"La sakes, now, does it?" said Uncle Tom, looking with a respectful, admiring air, as his young teacher flourishingly scrawled *q*'s and *g*'s innumerable for his edification; and then, taking the pencil in his big heavy fingers, he patiently re-commenced.

"How easy white folks al'us does things!" said Aunt Chloe, pausing while she was greasing a griddle with a scrap of bacon on her fork, and regarding young Master George with pride. "The way he can write, now! and read, too! and then to come out here evenings and read his lessons to us—it 's mighty interestin'!"

"But, Aunt Chloe, I'm getting mighty hungry," said George. "Is n't that cake in the skillet almost done?"

"Mose done, Mas'r George," said Aunt Chloe, lifting the lid and peeping in—"browning beautiful—a real lovely brown. Ah! let me alone for dat. Missis let Sally try to make some cake, t'other day, jes to lurn her, she said. 'O, go way, Missis,' says I; 'it really hurts my feelin's, now, to see good vittles spilt dat ar way! Cake ris all to one side—no shape at all no more than my shoe;—go way!'"

And with this final expression of contempt for Sally's greenness, Aunt Chloe whipped the cover off the bake-kettle, and disclosed to view a neatly-baked pound-cake, of which no city confectioner need to have been ashamed. This being evidently the central point of the entertainment, Aunt Chloe began now to bustle about earnestly in the supper department.

"Here you, Mose and Pete! get out de way, you niggers! Get away, Polly, honey—mammy 'll give her baby somefin, by and by. Now, Mas'r George, you jest take off dem books, and set down now wid my old man, and I 'll take up de sausages, and have de first griddle full of cakes on your plates in less dan no time."

"They wanted me to come to supper in the house," said George; "but I knew what was what too well for that, Aunt Chloe."

"So you did—so you did, honey," said Aunt Chloe, heaping the smoking batter-cakes on his plate; "you know'd your old aunty 'd keep the best for you. O, let you alone for dat! Go way!" And, with that, aunty gave George a nudge with her finger, designed to be immensely facetious, and turned again to her griddle with great briskness.

"Now for the cake," said Mas'r George, when the activity of the griddle department had somewhat subsided; and, with that, the youngster flourished a large knife over the article in question.

"La bless you, Mas'r George!" said Aunt Chloe, with earnestness, catching his arm, "you would n't be for cuttin' it wid dat ar great heavy knife! Smash all down—spile all de pretty rise of it. Here, I 've got a thin old knife, I keeps sharp a purpose. Dar now, see! comes apart light as a feather! Now eat away—you won't get anything to beat dat ar."

"Tom Lincon says," said George, speaking with his mouth full, "that their Jinny is a better cook than you."

"Dem Lincons an't much count, no way!" said Aunt Chloe, contemptuously; "I mean, set along side our folks. They 's 'spectable folks enough in a kinder plain way; but, as to gettin' up anything in

style, they don't begin to have a notion on 't. Set Mas'r Lincon, now, alongside Mas'r Shelby! Good Lor! and Missis Lincon—can she kinder sweep it into a room like my missis—so kinder splendid, yer know? O go way! don't tell me nothin' of dem Lincons!"—and Aunt Chloe tossed her head as one who hoped she did know something of the world.

"Well, though, I 've heard you say," said George, "that Jinny was a pretty fair cook."

"So I did," said Aunt Chloe—"I may say dat. Good, plain, common cookin', Jinny 'll do;—make a good pone o' bread—bile her taters *far*—her corn cakes is n't extra, not extra now, Jinny's corn cakes is n't, but then they 's *far*—but, Lor, come to de higher branches, and what *can* she do? Why, she makes pies—sartin she does; but what kinder crust? Can she make your real flecky paste, as mels in your mouth, and lies all up like a puff? Now, I went over thar when Miss Mary was gwine to be married, and Jinny she jest showed me de weddin' pies. Jinny and I is good friends, ye know. I never said nothin'; but go long, Mas'r George! Why, I should n't sleep a wink for a week, if I had a batch of pies like dem ar. Why, dey wan't no 'count 't all."

Drawn out by the flatteries of Master George, Aunt Chloe expatiates without reserve upon the topics near her heart, as in this fashion for example:

"Yes, yes—sartin," said Aunt Chloe, delighted; "you 'll see. Lor! to think of some of our dinners! Yer mind dat ar great chicken-pie I made when we guv de dinner to General Knox? I and missis, we come pretty near quarrelling about dat ar crust. What does get into ladies sometimes, I don't know; but, sometimes, when a body has de heaviest kind o' 'sponsibility on 'em, as ye may say, and all is kinder '*seris*' and taken up, dey takes dat ar time to be hangin' round and kinder interferin'! Now, missis, she wanted me to do dis way, and she wanted me to do dat way; and, finally, I got kinder sarcy, and, says I, Now, missis, do jist look at them beautiful white hands o' yourn, with long fingers, and all a sparkling with rings, like my white lilies when de dew 's on 'em; and look at my great black stumping hands. Now, don't you think dat de Lord must have meant me to make de pie-crust, and you to stay in de parlor? Dar! I was jist so sarcy, Mas'r George."

"And what did mother say?" said George.

"Say?—why, she kinder larfed in her eyes—dem great handsome eyes o' hern; and, says she, 'Well, Aunt Chloe, I think you are about in the right on 't,' says she; and she went off in de parlor. She oughter cracked me over de head for bein' so sarcy; but dar 's whar 't is—I can't do nothin' with ladies in de kitchen!"

The complete acceptance of the slave's position indicated by Aunt Chloe in this last extract, the contempt of their own skin which negroes acquire from the habitual tone adopted by their white oppressors, that element of degradation upon which we have already dwelt, is happily touched in many portions of the book. Here, for example, it is expressed in a direct way, in a conversation between Miss Ophelia and her clear-sighted, amiable, eloquent but too indolent cousin.

"There is no such thing as getting anything like system in this family!"

"To be sure, there is n't," said St. Clare.

"Such shiftless management, such waste, such confusion, I never saw!"

"I dare say you did n't."

"You would not take it so coolly, if you were house-keeper."

"My dear cousin, you may as well understand,

once for all, that we masters are divided into two classes, oppressors and oppressed. We who are good-natured and hate severity make up our minds to a good deal of inconvenience. If we will keep a shambling, loose, untaught set in the community, for our convenience, why, we must take the consequence. Some rare cases I have seen, of persons, who, by a peculiar tact, can produce order and system without severity; but I'm not one of them—and so I made up my mind, long ago, to let things go just as they do. I will not have the poor devils thrashed and cut to pieces, and they know it—and, of course, they know the staff is in their own hands."

"But to have no time, no place, no order—all going on in this shiftless way!"

"My dear Vermont, you natives up by the North Pole set an extravagant value on time! What on earth is the use of time to a fellow who has twice as much of it as he knows what to do with? As to order and system, where there is nothing to be done but to lounge on the sofa and read, an hour sooner or later in breakfast or dinner is n't of much account. Now, there's Dinah gets you a capital dinner—soup, ragout, roast fowl, dessert, ice-creams and all—and she creates it all out of chaos and old night down there, in that kitchen. I think it really sublime, the way she manages. But, Heaven bless us! if we are to go down there, and view all the smoking and squatting about, and hurryscurryation of the preparatory process, we should never eat more! My good cousin, absolve yourself from that! It's more than a Catholic penance, and does no more good. You'll only lose your temper, and utterly confound Dinah. Let her go her own way."

"But, Augustine, you don't know how I find things."

"Don't I? Don't I know that the rolling-pin is under her bed, and the nutmeg-grater in her pocket with her tobacco—that there are sixty-five different sugar-bowls, one in every hole in the house—that she washes dishes with a dinner-napkin one day, and with a fragment of an old petticoat the next? But the upshot is, she gets up glorious dinners, makes superb coffee; and you must judge her as warriors and statesmen are judged, by her success."

"But the waste—the expense!"

"O well! Lock everything you can, and keep the key. Give out by dribblets, and never inquire for odds and ends—it is n't best."

"That troubles me, Augustine. I can't help feeling as if these servants were not *strictly honest*. Are you sure they can be relied on?"

Augustine laughed immoderately at the grave and anxious face with which Miss Ophelia propounded the question.

"O, cousin, that 's too good—*honest*!—as if that 's a thing to be expected! Honest!—why, of course, they ar n't. Why should they be? What upon earth is to make them so?"

"Why don't you instruct?"

"Instruct! O, fiddlestick! What instructing do you think I should do? I look like it! As to Marie, she has spirit enough, to be sure, to kill off a whole plantation, if I'd let her manage; but she would n't get the cheentry out of them."

"Are there no honest ones?"

"Well, now and then one, whom Nature makes so impracticably simple, truthful, and faithful, that the worst possible influence can't destroy it. But you see, from the mother's breast the colored child feels and sees that there are none but underhand ways open to it. It can get along no other way with its parents, its mistress, its young master and missie playfellows. Cunning and deception become necessary, inevitable habits. It is n't fair to expect anything else of him. He ought not to be punished for it. As to honesty, the slave is kept in that dependent, semi-childish state, that there is no making him realize the rights

of property, or feel that his master's goods are not his own, if he can get them. For my part, I don't see how they can be honest. Such a fellow as Tom here is, is a moral miracle!"

In the light negro talk which accompanies the following sketch of a miserable slave, the same truth is no less emphatically told.

As Miss Ophelia was in the kitchen in the latter part of the afternoon, some of the sable children called out, "La, sakes! thar's Prue a coming, grunting along like she allers does."

A tall, bony colored woman now entered the kitchen, bearing on her head a basket of rusks and hot rolls.

"Ho, Prue! you've come," said Dinah.

Prue had a peculiar scowling expression of countenance, and a sullen, grumbling voice. She set down her basket, squatted herself down, and, resting her elbows on her knees, said,

"O Lord! I wish I's dead!"

"Why do you wish you were dead?" said Miss Ophelia.

"I'd be out o' my misery," said the woman, gruffly, without taking her eyes from the floor.

"What need you getting drunk, then, and cutting up, Prue?" said a spruce quadroon chambermaid, dangling, as she spoke, a pair of coral ear-drops.

The woman looked at her with a sour, surly glance.

"Maybe you 'll come to it, one of these yer days."

"I'd be glad to see you, I would; then you 'll be glad of a drop, like me, to forget your misery."

"Come, Prue," said Dinah, "let's look at your rusks. Here's missis will pay for them."

Miss Ophelia took out a couple of dozen.

"Thar's some tickets in that ar old cracked jug on the top shelf," said Dinah. "You, Jake, climb up and get it down."

"Tickets—what are they for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"We buys tickets of her mas'r, and she gives us bread for 'em."

"And they counts my money and tickets, when I gets home, to see if I's got the change; and if I han't, they half kills me."

"And serves you right," said Jane, the pert chambermaid, "if you will take their money to get drunk on. That's what she does, missis."

"And that 's what I will do—I can't live no other ways—drink and forget my misery."

"You are very wicked and very foolish," said Miss Ophelia, "to steal your master's money to make yourself a brute with."

"It 's mighty likely, missis; but I will do it—yes, I will. O Lord! I wish I's dead, I do—I wish I's dead, and out of my misery!" and slowly and stiffly the old creature rose, and got her basket on her head again; but before she went out, she looked at the quadroon girl, who still stood playing with her ear-drops.

"Ye think that ye 're mighty fine with them ar, a frolicin' and a tossin' your head, and a lookin' down on everybody. Well, never mind—you may live to be a poor, old, cut-up crittur, like me. Hope to the Lord ye will, I do; then see if ye won't drink—drink—drink—yerself into torment; and sarve ye right, too—ugh!" and, with a malignant howl, the woman left the room.

"Disgusting old beast!" said Adolph, who was getting his master's shaving-water. "If I was her master, I'd cut her up worse than she is."

"Ye could n't do that ar, no ways," said Dinah. "Her back 's a far sight now—she can't never get a dress together over it."

By the sudden death of their good-natured master, the slaves of St. Clare come to experience the terrors of transition from the state of spoiled children to such servitude as that which poor Prue

had to endure. Prue's private history is thus decided :

Our friend Tom, who had been in the kitchen during the conversation with the old rusk-woman, had followed her out into the street. He saw her go on, giving every once in a while a suppressed groan. At last she set her basket down on a door-step, and began arranging the old, faded shawl which covered her shoulders.

"I'll carry your basket a piece," said Tom, compassionately.

"Why should ye?" said the woman. "I don't want no help."

"You seem to be sick, or in trouble, or somethin'," said Tom.

"I ain't sick," said the woman, shortly.

"I wish," said Tom, looking at her earnestly—"I wish I could persuade you to leave off drinking. Don't you know it will be the ruin of ye, body and soul?"

"I knows I'm gwine to torment," said the woman, sullenly. "Ye don't need to tell me that ar. I's ugly—I's wicked—I's gwine straight to torment. O, Lord! I wish I's thar!"

Tom shuddered at these frightful words, spoken with a sullen, impassioned earnestness.

"O, Lord have mercy on ye! poor crittur. Han't ye never heard of Jesus Christ?"

"Jesus Christ—who's he?"

"Why, he's *the Lord*," said Tom.

"I think I've hearn tell o' the Lord, and the judgment and torment. I've heard o' that."

"But did n't anybody ever tell you of the Lord Jesus that loved us poor sinners, and died for us?"

"Don't know nothin' 'bout that," said the woman; "nobody han't never loved me, since my old man died."

"Where was you raised?" said Tom.

"Up in Kentuck. A man kept me to breed chil'en for market, and sold 'em as fast as they got big enough; last of all, he sold me to a speculator, and my mas'r got me o' him."

"What set you into this bad way of drinkin'?"

"To get shet o' my misery. I had one child after I come here; and I thought then I'd have had one to raise, cause mas'r was n't a speculator. It was de pearliest little thing! and missis she seemed to think a heap on 't, at first; it never cried—it was likely and fat. But missis tuck sick, and I tended her; and I tuck the fever, and my milk all left me, and the child it pined to skin and bone, and missis would n't buy milk for it. She would n't hear to me, when I telled her I had n't milk. She said she knowed I could feed it on what other folks eat; and the child kinder pined, and cried, and cried, and cried, day and night, and got all gone to skin and bones, and missis got sot agin it, and she said 't wan't nothin' but crossness. She wished it was dead, she said; and she would n't let me have it o' nights, cause, she said, it kept me awake, and made me good for nothing. She made me sleep in her room; and I had to put it away off in a little kind o' garret, and thar it oried itself to death, one night. It did; and I tuck to drinkin', to keep its crying out of my ears! I did—and I will drink! I will, if I go to torment for it! Mas'r says I shall go to torment, and I tell him I've got thar now!"

"O, ye poor crittur!" said Tom, "han't nobody never telled ye how the Lord Jesus loved ye and died for ye? Han't they telled ye that he'll help ye, and ye can go to heaven and have rest, at last?"

"I looks like gwine to heaven," said the woman; "ain't thar where white folks is gwine? S'pose they'd have me thar? I'd rather go to torment, and get away from mas'r and missis. I had so," she said, as, with her usual groan, she got her basket on her head, and walked sullenly away.

Tom turned, and walked sorrowfully back to the

house. In the court he met little Eva—a crown of tuberoses on her head, and her eyes radiant with delight.

"O, Tom! here you are. I'm glad I've found you. Papa says you may get out the ponies, and take me in my little new carriage," she said, catching his hand. "But what's the matter, Tom?—you look sober."

"I feel bad, Miss Eva," said Tom, sorrowfully. "But I'll get the horses for you."

"But do tell me, Tom, what is the matter. I saw you talking to cross old Prue."

Tom, in simple, earnest phrase, told Eva the woman's history. She did not exclaim, or wonder, or weep, as other children do. Her cheeks grew pale, and a deep, earnest shadow passed over her eyes. She laid both hands on her bosom, and sighed heavily.

One of the most exquisite creations in the book is that little Eva, who represents in the midst of its dark scenes the ideal purity of childhood.

Marie, St. Clare's wife and Eva's mother, indolent and selfish, and whose selfishness has all the effects and results of the most shocking and deliberate cruelty, is another of the very many characters depicted with the most perfect tact and skill. In the following passage, which belongs to the narration of the arrival of St. Clare and Eva at their home, and the first introduction of Miss Ophelia to the inner life of a slave state, we touch for the first time upon an important element in the American slave question, the prejudice against contact with negroes felt in the northern states.

Eva had flown like a bird through the porch and parlor, to a little boudoir opening likewise on the verandah.

A tall, dark-eyed, sallow woman, half rose from a couch on which she was reclining.

"Mamma!" said Eva, in a sort of rapture, throwing herself on her neck, and embracing her over and over again.

"That'll do—take care, child—don't you make my head ache!" said the mother, after she had languidly kissed her.

St. Clare came in, embraced his wife in true, orthodox, husbandly fashion, and then presented to her his cousin. Marie lifted her large eyes on her cousin with an air of some curiosity, and received her with languid politeness. A crowd of servants now pressed to the entry door, and among them a middle-aged mulatto woman, of very respectable appearance, stood foremost, in a tremor of expectation and joy at the door.

"Oh, ther's Mammy!" said Eva, as she flew across the room; and, throwing herself into her arms, she kissed her repeatedly.

This woman did not tell her that she made her head ache, but, on the contrary, she hugged her and laughed and cried, till her sanity was a thing to be doubted of; and, when released from her, Eva flew from one to another, shaking hands and kissing, in a way that Miss Ophelia afterwards declared fairly turned her stomach.

"Well!" said Miss Ophelia, "you southern children can do something that I could n't."

"What now, pray?" said St. Clare.

"Well, I want to be kind to everybody, and I would n't have anything hurt; but as to kissing—"

"Niggers," said St. Clare, "that you're not up to; eh?"

"Yes, that's it. How can she?"

Another lesson on the same theme, with a reminder of the childlike temper of the negro:

A gay laugh from the court rang through the silken curtains of the verandah. St. Clare stepped out, and lifting up the curtain laughed too.

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming to the railing.

There sat Tom, on a mossy seat in the court, every one of his button-holes stuck full of cape jessamines, and Eva, gayly laughing, was hanging a wreath of roses round his neck! and then she sat down on his knee, like a chip sparrow, still laughing.

"O Tom, you look so funny!"

Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. He lifted his eyes, when he saw his master, with a half-deprecating, apologetic air.

"How can you let her?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Why not?" said St. Clare.

"Why, I don't know, it seems so dreadful!"

"You would think no harm in a child's caressing a large dog, even if he was black, but a creature that can think, and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at; confess it, cousin. I know the feeling among some of you northerners well enough. Not that there is a particle of virtue in our not having it; but custom with us does what Christianity ought to do—obliterates the feeling of personal prejudice. I have often noticed, in my travels north, how much stronger this was with you than with us. You loathe them as you would a snake or a toad, yet you are indignant at their wrongs. You would not have them abused, but you don't want to have anything to do with them yourselves. You would send them to Africa out of your sight and smell, and then send a missionary or two to do up all the self-denial of elevating them compendiously. Is n't that it?"

"Well, cousin," said Miss Ophelia thoughtfully, "there may be some truth in this."

"What would the poor and lowly do without children?" said St. Clare, leaning on the railing, and watching Eva as she tripped off, leading Tom with her. "Your little child is your only true democrat. Tom, now, is a hero to Eva; his stories are wonders in her eyes, his songs and Methodist hymns are better than an opera, and the traps and little bits of trash in his pocket a mine of jewels, and he the most wonderful Tom that ever wore a black skin. This is one of the roses of Eden that the Lord has dropped down expressly for the poor and lowly, who get few enough of any other kind."

And further:

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering, and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery.

"What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, mas'r! old missis used to say so too. She whipper me a heap harder, and used to pull my har, and knock my head agin the door; but it did n't do me no good! I 'spects, if they's to pull every spear o' har out o' my head, it would n't do no good neither—I 's so wicked! Laws! I 's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just

such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer, and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And, advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their faces towards them—Topsy with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but opposite to her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothing 'bout love; I loves candy and sich, that all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know," said Eva sadly; "but had n't you any brother, or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothing nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try to be good you might—"

"Could n't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I was ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you if you were good."

Topsy gave the short, blunt laugh, that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger!—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her. There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'. I don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"O Topsy, poor child, I love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little, thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you, because you have n't had any father, or mother, or friends—because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I shan't live a great while, and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good, for my sake. It's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears; large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real relief, a ray of heavenly love, had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head between her knees, and wept and sobbed, while the beautiful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

A leading feature in the book, considered as a work of art, appears to us to be the consummate skill with which the form of piety most comprehensible among the negroes is represented. Their fervid methodism, the zeal with which their love of music fastens on the old Methodist hymns, and their simple predilection for just those hymns which the attendants on our Sunday schools know to be of the kind most dear to children, are points of character so well developed, and made to harmonize so wholly with the spirit of the book, that they roll out of it upon the heart like organ music, and attain sometimes an effect of absolute sublimity.

In the following passage Uncle Tom and little Eva, whose breath has by this time the pace of death, are to be seen deep in such simple confidence as a pious negro and a spiritual child might have together.

Tom and Eva were seated on a little mossy seat in an arbor, at the foot of the garden. It was Sunday evening, and Eva's Bible lay open on her knee. She read—"And I saw a sea of glass, mingled with fire."

"Tom," said Eva, suddenly stopping, and pointing to the lake, "there 't is."

"What, Miss Eva?"

"Don't you see—there?" said the child, pointing to the glassy water, which, as it rose and fell, reflected the golden glow of the sky. "There 's a ' sea of glass, mingled with fire.'"

"True enough, Miss Eva," said Tom; and Tom sang—

O, had I the wings of the morning,
I'd fly away to Canaan's shore;
Bright angels should convey me home,
To the new Jerusalem.

"Where do you suppose new Jerusalem is, Uncle Tom?" said Eva.

"O, up in the clouds, Miss Eva."

"Then I think I see it," said Eva. "Look in those clouds!—they look like great gates of pearl; and you can see beyond them—far, far off—it 's all gold. Tom, sing about 'spirits bright.'"

Tom sung the words of a well-known Methodist hymn,

I see a band of spirits bright,
That taste the glories there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

"Uncle Tom, I've seen them," said Eva.

Tom had no doubt of it at all; it did not surprise him in the least. If Eva had told him she had been to heaven, he would have thought it entirely probable.

"They come to me sometimes in my sleep, those spirits;" and Eva's eyes grew dreamy, and she hummed, in a low voice,

They all are robed in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

"Uncle Tom," said Eva, "I'm going there."

"Where, Miss Eva?"

The child rose, and pointed her little hand to the sky; the glow of evening lit her golden hair and flushed cheek with a kind of unearthly radiance, and her eyes were bent earnestly on the skies.

"I'm going there," she said, "to the spirits bright, Tom; I'm going before long."

Mrs. Stowe, we must add, is less successful, when, towards the close of the story, and as it were to finish matters handsomely with some of the worst specimens of slave-degradation introduced in it, she uses far too freely the supposed power of instant conversion from utter darkness to perfect faith, in which Methodism so abundantly believes. The brutes who flog poor Uncle Tom to death, and the melo-dramatic quadroon slave (Cussy, the character we least like of the whole) who wants to murder her ruffian master, are not exactly the subjects of this sort of treatment, and instinctively we cannot but recoil from it.

We had marked for extract some scenes of terrible power descriptive of the lower class of slaveholders, but we must turn from them to a man of another stamp who does more credit to the land of which he is a most characteristic native.

Your Kentuckian of the present day is a good illustration of the doctrine of transmitted instincts and peculiarities. His fathers were mighty hunters—men

who lived in the woods, and slept under the free, open heavens, with the stars to hold their candles; and their descendant to this day always acts as if the house were his camp—wears his hat at all hours, tumbles himself about, and puts his heels on the tops of chairs or mantelpieces, just as his father rolled on the green-sward, and put his upon trees and logs—keeps all the windows and doors open, winter and summer, that he may get air enough for his great lungs—calls everybody "stranger" with *nonchalant bonhomie*, and is altogether the frankest, easiest, most jovial creature living.

Into such an assembly of the free-and-easy our traveller entered. He was a short, thick-set man, carefully dressed, with a round, good-natured countenance, and something rather fussy and particular in his appearance. He was very careful of his valise and umbrella, bringing them in with his own hands, and resisting, pertinaciously, all offers from the various servants to relieve him of them. He looked round the bar-room with rather an anxious air, and, retreating with his valuables to the warmest corner, disposed them under his chair, sat down, and looked rather apprehensively up at the worthy whose heels illustrated the end of the mantelpiece, who was spitting from right to left with a courage and energy rather alarming to gentlemen of weak nerves and particular habits.

"I say, stranger, how are ye?" said the aforesaid gentleman, firing an honorary salute of tobacco-juice in the direction of the new arrival.

"Well, I reckon," was the reply of the other, as he dodged, with some alarm, the threatening honor.

"Any news?" said the respondent, taking out a strip of tobacco and a large hunting-knife from his pocket.

"Not that I know of," said the man.

"Chaw?" said the first speaker, handing the old gentleman a bit of his tobacco, with a decidedly brotherly air.

"No, thank ye; it don't agree with me," said the little man, edging off.

"Don't, eh?" said the other, easily, and stowing away the morsel in his own mouth, in order to keep up the supply of tobacco-juice, for the general benefit of society.

The old gentleman uniformly gave a little start whenever his long-legged brother fired in his direction; and this being observed by his companion, he very good-naturedly turned his artillery to another quarter, and proceeded to storm one of the fire-irons, with a degree of military talent fully sufficient to take a city.

"What 's that?" said the old gentleman, observing some of the company formed in a group around a large handbill.

"Nigger advertised!" said one of the company, briefly.

Mr. Wilson—for that was the old gentleman's name—rose up, and, after carefully adjusting his valise and umbrella, proceeded deliberately to take out his spectacles and fix them on his nose; and, this operation being performed, read as follows:

"Ran away from the subscriber, my mulatto boy, George. Said George six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write; will probably try to pass for a white man; is deeply scarred on his back and shoulders; has been branded in his right hand with the letter H.

"I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been killed."

The old gentleman read this advertisement from end to end, in a low voice, as if he were studying it.

The long-legged veteran, who had been besieging the fire-irons, as before related, now took down his cumbrous length, and, rearing aloft his tall form,

walked up to the advertisement, and very deliberately spat a full discharge of tobacco-juice on it.

"There's my mind upon that!" said he, briefly, and sat down again.

"Why, now, stranger, what's that for?" said mine host.

"I'd do it all the same to the writer of that are paper, if he was here," said the long man, coolly resuming his old employment of cutting tobacco. "Any man that owns a boy like that, and can't find any better way o' treating on him, *deserves* to lose him. Such papers as these is a shame to Kentucky; that's my mind right out if anybody wants to know."

We meet our friend again on board a steamboat where the cabin passengers are talking of a gang of slaves stored on the lower deck.

"It is undoubtedly the intention of Providence that the African race should be servants—kept in a low condition," said a grave-looking gentleman in black, a clergyman, seated by the cabin-door. "'Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be,' the Scripture says."

"I say, stranger, is that ar what that text means?" said a tall man, standing by.

"Undoubtedly. It pleased Providence, for some inscrutable reason, to doom the race to bondage ages ago; and we must not set up our opinions against that."

"Well, then, we'll all go a-head and buy up niggers," said the man, "if that's the way of Providence; won't we squire?" said he, turning to Haley, who had been standing, with his hands in his pockets, by the stove, intently listening to the conversation.

"Yes," continued the tall man; "we must all be resigned to the decrees of Providence. Niggers must be sold, and trucked round, and kept under; it's what they's made for. 'Pears like this yer view's quite refreshing, an't it stranger?" said he to Haley.

"I never thought on 't," said Haley. "I could n't have said as much myself; I han't no larning. I took up the trade just to make a living; if 't an't right, I calculated to 'pent on 't in time, ye know."

"And now you'll save yourself the trouble, won't ye?" said the tall man. "See what 't is, now, to know Scripture. If ye'd only studied yer Bible, like this yer good man, ye might have knowed it before, and saved ye a heap o' trouble. Ye could jist have said, 'Cursed be—what's his name?—and 't would all have come right.' And the stranger, who was no other than the honest drover whom we introduced to our readers in the Kentucky tavern, sat down, and began smoking, with a curious smile on his long, dry face.

A tall, slender young man, with a face expressive of great feeling and intelligence, here broke in, and repeated the words, "'All things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' I suppose," he added, "that is Scripture, as much as 'Cursed be Canaan?'"

"Wal, it seems quite as plain a text, stranger," said John, the drover, "to poor fellows like us, now;" and John smoked on like a volcano.

The young man paused, looked as if he was going to say more, when suddenly the boat stopped, and the company made the usual steamboat rush to see where they were landing.

"Both them ar chaps parsons?" said John to one of the men, as they were going out.

The man nodded.

As the boat stopped, a black woman came running wildly up the plank, darted into the crowd, flew up to where the slave-gang sat, and threw her arms round that unfortunate piece of merchandise before enumerated. "John, aged thirty," and with sobs and tears bemoaned him as her husband.

But what needs tell the story, told too oft—every day told—of heartstrings rent and broken—the weak broken and torn for the profit and convenience of the

strong! It needs not to be told; every day is telling it—telling it, too, in the ear of One who is not deaf though He be long silent.

The young man who had spoken for the cause of humanity and God before, stood with folded arms, looking on this scene. He turned, and Haley was standing at his side. "My friend," he said, speaking with thick utterance, "how can you, how dare you, carry on a trade like this? Look at those poor creatures! Here I am, rejoicing in my heart that I am going home to my wife and child! and the same bell which is a signal to carry me onward towards them will part this poor man and his wife forever. Depend upon it, God will bring you into judgment for this."

The trader turned away in silence.

"I say, now," said the drover, touching his elbow, "there's differences in parsons, ain't there? 'Cursed be Canaan' don't seem to go down with this 'un, does it?"

Haley gave an uneasy growl.

"And that ar an't the worst on 't," said John; "mabbe it won't go down with the Lord, neither, when ye come to settle with Him, one of these days, as all on us must, I reckon."

Haley walked reflectively to the other end of the boat.

"If I make pretty handsomely on one or two next gangs," he thought, "I reckon I'll stop off this yer; it's really getting dangerous." And he took out his pocket-book, and began adding over his accounts, a process which many gentlemen besides Mr. Haley have found a specific for an uneasy conscience.

The boat swept proudly away from the shore, and all went on merrily, as before. Men talked, and loafed, and read, and smoked. Women sewed, and children played, and the boat passed on her way.

We have quoted at unexampled length from this book, since we are not only desirous that a work in every respect so remarkable should through our pages recommend itself to the utmost, but we are glad also to transfer to our columns protests against slavery so genuine as those of Mrs. Stowe. She writes from a full mind and out of a full experience. Even now we cannot lay the volume down without quoting from its delightful sketch of a member of the senate who lives on the border between the slave and free states, and who, after voting, on the most patriotic principles, for the Fugitive Slave Act, commits the grossest violation of it under an impulse his good heart cannot resist. He has a nice little wife, who has been arguing the point with him might and main, when the sudden appeal of a fugitive mother oversets all his theories and patriotisms. She has fled to escape the consequences of a sale by which her child was to have been parted from her, and the senator resolves to carry her and her boy on the instant to a place of safety. Charming little Mrs. Bird does not reproach him with his inconsistency or clinch the triumph of her argument. Each silently assists the other to make the escape more sure. How very beautiful is this incident!

"Your heart is better than your head, in this case, John," said the wife, laying her white hand on his. "Could I ever have loved you, had I not known you better than you know yourself?" And the little woman looked so handsome, with the tears sparkling in her eyes, that the senator thought he must be a decidedly clever fellow to get such a pretty creature into such a passionate admiration of him; and so, what could he do but walk off soberly to see about the carriage? At the door, however, he stopped a moment, and then coming back, he said, with some hesitation—

"Mary, I don't know how you'd feel about it, but

there's the drawer full of things—of—of—poor little Henry's." So saying, he turned quickly on his heel, and shut the door after him.

His wife opened the little bed-room door adjoining her room, and, taking the candle, set it down on the top of a bureau there; then from a small recess she took a key, and put it thoughtfully in the lock of a drawer, and made a sudden pause; while two boys, who, boy-like, had followed close on her heels, stood looking, with silent, significant glances, at their mother. And, O mother that reads this, has there never been in your house a drawer, or a closet, the opening of which has been to you like the opening again of a little grave? Ah! happy mother that you are if it has not been so!

Mrs. Bird slowly opened the drawer. There were little coats of many a form and pattern, piles of aprons, and rows of small stockings; and even a pair of little shoes, worn and rubbed at the toes, were peeping from the folds of a paper. There was a toy horse and wagon, a top, a ball—memorials gathered with many a tear and many a heart-break! She sat down by the drawer, and, leaning her head on her hands over it, wept till her tears fell through her fingers into the drawer; then, suddenly raising her head, she began, with nervous haste, selecting the plainest and most substantial articles, and gathering them into a bundle.

"Mamma," said one of the boys, gently touching her arm, "are you going to give away those things?"

"My dear boys," she said softly and earnestly, "if our dear, loving little Henry looks down from heaven, he would be glad to have us do this. I could not find it in my heart to give them away to any common person—to anybody that was happy; but I give them to a mother more heart-broken and sorrowful than I am; and I hope God will send His blessings with them!"

There are in this world blessed souls, whose sorrows all spring up into joys for others; whose earthly hopes, laid in the grave with many tears, are the seed from which spring healing flowers and balm for the desolate and the distressed. Among such was the delicate woman who sits there by the lamp, dropping slow tears, while she prepares the memorials of her own lost one for the outcast wanderer.

Who will doubt, after reading these extracts, that Mrs. Stowe has not only done high service to the world by this book, but has also assured for herself a permanent position in the front rank of the writers of America?

It is just to add that the English edition now before us, published by Mr. Bosworth, is the only one on this side of the channel in the sale of which the authoress has direct interest. It is a well printed octavo, suitable to the library shelf, and sold at a price likely to tempt the most exacting lovers of cheap literature.

A LOST PRINCE.

THE *Constitutionnel* contains the following strange article, under the title "*Un Prince perdu*:"—

"Romance remains often below reality, and the kingdoms of the Opéra Comique, which are so fertile in unexpected revolutions, can scarcely support a comparison with one of the little States of Italy. Scenes have passed in that state worthy of the pen of a novelist, or the songs of a musician. We refer to the little Duchy of Parma, which has a population of 500,000 souls, and an army of 81 soldiers, not including officers. The Duke of Parma is a young prince, who has inherited the fantastic humor as well as the States of his father. He has always been full of *ennui* in his duchy, and as *ennui* is a bad counsellor, Charles III. has not been severe as to the choice of his amusements; he has often,

in fact, amused himself as a private individual but has done so discreetly. To complete his ill-luck, he was married, for reasons of state, and somewhat against his will, to a princess older than himself, who turned to melancholy at an early age from misfortune and exile. The Court of Parma, therefore, was never gay, and there appeared from time to time conjugal scenes which caused the young duke to go and plant his solitary tent at the extremity of his States—though that, to be sure, was not far from the conjugal residence. But he was never permitted to sulk long; his mother-in-law always interfered, scolded, lectured, and, as a last argument, threatened to appeal to the Court of Vienna, and provisionally to Radetzki. He was accordingly forced to return, and to become reconciled to his wife; but a new quarrel broke out a week after. Some time ago, after a series of scenes, scoldings, and lectures, the young duke learned that his three censors—his mother-in-law, wife, and aunt—definitively despaired of making him a prudent, orderly, well-behaved sovereign, attending mass in the morning, gravely presiding over a shadowy council with imaginary ministers, taking his four meals in the uniform of an Austrian General, and passing in review, after vespers on Sundays, his 81 men—instead of occupying himself with horses and sport, and in breeding white rabbits. He knew that they had sounded all his relations, had written to Vienna, and flattered themselves on obtaining the support of the emperor to place him under interdiction, and to transfer to his wife, or rather to his mother-in-law, the administration of his States. A suspicious activity in the offices of the war department caused him to think that they might concentrate in his capital the three or four brigades of gendarmerie who maintain good order in his States, in order to confine him to his palace. The young duke, who wished to remain master at home, resolved to decamp. He left for Placentia under pretext of inspection, and took his two aides-de-camp with him. There he remembered that he had forgotten some important affairs, and sent off his two aides-de-camp, on horseback, with immense despatches covered with the ducal seal. He recommended them to make the greatest haste. Each hurried to his destination, and delivered his despatch. The first, addressed to the mother-in-law of the duke, contained a fine sheet of plain paper; the second, addressed to the first minister, invested Thomas Ward, the duke's confidential agent, with full powers, and the title of Regent. As to the duke himself, not only did the aides-de-camp not find him on their return, but since then no one has seen him, nor heard speak of him. No one knows whether he has thrown himself into the Po, or gone on a pilgrimage. Politicians suppose that he has only gained a march on his accusers, and has gone to Vienna to plead his cause himself before the emperor. *En attendant* the finding of the duke we will say a few words of the Regent to whom he has confided the government of Parma. Thomas Ward, as his name indicates, is an Englishman. He is a native of Yorkshire, and began his career as a groom in the stables of the father of the present Duke of Parma. The duke, on his return to his States, took with him Mr. Ward, who had become, little by little, the chief of his stables, and who had put them into good order. The duke, who flattered himself that he could govern his subjects admirably, though he could not manage a horse, began to think that Mr. Ward must be peculiarly qualified to manage men, and he made him his private counsellor, never doing

anything without consulting him. Mr. Ward formed the duke's stables, which were unrivalled in Italy, and found the means of reducing the expense one-half. This made the duke conclude that he had in his hand the best minister of finance. Thus Mr. Ward became by degrees the duke's factotum, or rather under his name the veritable Sovereign of Lucca. Let us hope that the Court of Vienna will find the lost duke, and that, leaving every one in his place, it will allow Mr. Ward to continue to govern, the duke to preside over races, and the duchess to make opposition and embroidery."

A HIGHLANDER'S CAREER IN AUSTRALIA.—The following romantic and interesting adventure is well worth perusal. The individual to whom dame Fortune was so lavish with her gifts left Inverness about fourteen years ago, where he carried on the business of a butcher. Having made up his mind to emigrate to Australia, he prevailed upon a brother-in-law of his, with his family, to accompany him. The party sailed together from Inverness, and arrived in London all safe. The day following they strolled to view the wonders of the metropolis, and, in doing so, and as fate would have it, were not destined to sail together for Australia in the same vessel, having lost each other. The extent and intricacies of the streets of London defied our hero, Hugh Macgregor, *alias* Huistean Beag, to find his brother-in-law and wife, although he continued searching for them from morning till night for seven days; but all was in vain. Hugh was in a sad condition at the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of his sister and her husband. However, believing a further search for them would be useless, and besides, his means being but scanty, he at once resolved, without any further delay, to sail for Australia, which he did on the evening of the seventh day. His brother-in-law and his wife also gave it up as a hopeless case to recover their relative, and, after a diligent search for him for two days, sailed for Australia, being thus five days ahead on their voyage over Huistean Beag, or little Hugh. However, it happened that both vessels arrived at Port Phillip the same day, one in the morning and the other in the evening. Hugh, being on board the latter, on going ashore, learned that there were some Highland emigrants on board the former vessel, among whom he was informed there were individuals who exactly corresponded with the description he had given of his relatives. However, as in London, Hugh was equally unfortunate in discovering them, although he continued for three days his search in and about the neighborhood of Port Phillip. The reason was obvious. The brother-in-law engaged as a shepherd about an hour after landing, and went far into the interior, and it was not until Macgregor had received a letter from his friends in Inverness informing him of their safe arrival in Port Phillip, and subsequent engagement and prosperity there, that he was satisfied of their being in the same colony with himself. According to the last accounts they did not meet, but we have no doubt that now, since fortune has smiled in abundance on Macgregor, they will once more see each other to relate the strange adventure of their separation in London, and subsequent prosperity in the land of their adoption. Macgregor, *alias* Huistean Beag, after having served faithfully for a few years, by which he accumulated some little money, purchased a piece of land. This land being in close proximity to the gold regions, it occurred to him to make an attempt, like others, in quest of the valuable metal. His success was beyond his expectations, and it turned out that it was among the most valuable properties in the district. The news having spread like wildfire through the country, it may be imagined Macgregor received many offers for permission to dig, but refused all. At length a company came forward who offered

him the enormous sum of 80,000*l.*, which was accepted, and Huistean Beag retired from a life of activity to enjoy the fruits of his hurriedly-acquired fortune. Such fortune, so easily acquired, but seldom falls to the lot of mortals, and the news of Hugh's success having been lately received in Inverness, and in his native district, gave such a stimulus to all those who could muster the "tin" to proceed to Australia, that last week about one hundred and twenty persons left that town, many of whom were the relations and acquaintances of Hugh Macgregor, *alias* Huistean Beag.—*Roeshire Observer.*

"IN HEAVEN THEIR ANGELS BEHOLD THE
FACE OF MY FATHER."

SILENCE filled the court of heaven, hushed were angels' harp and tone,
While a new-born spirit knelt before the eternal throne.
As his small white hands were lifted—clasped—as if in earnest prayer,
Light, from the full fount of glory, on his robes of brightness glistened,
And the white-winged seraphs round him bowed their radiant heads and listened.

Lord, from thy world of glory here,
My heart turns fondly to another;
Oh! Lord, our God—the Comforter,
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.
Many sorrows thou hast sent her,
Meekly has she drained the cup,
And the jewels thou hast lent her,
Unrepining yielded up;
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.

Earth is growing lonely round her,
Friend and lover thou hast taken;
Let her not, though clouds surround her,
Feel herself by thee forsaken.
Let her think, while faint and weary,
We are waiting for her here;
Let each thought that makes life dreary,
Make the thought of heaven more dear.

Saviour, thou, in nature human,
Dwelt on earth, a little child,
Pillowed on the breast of woman,
Blessed Mary, undefiled;
Thou who from the cross of suffering,
Viewed thy mother's gentle face—
And bequeathed her to thy loved one,
Bidding him to fill thy place,
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.

Thou, who from the heavens descending,
Tears, and woes, and suffering won;
Thou who, nature's laws suspending,
Gave the widow back her son;
Thou who, at the grave of Lazarus,
Wept with those who wept their dead;
Thou, who once in mortal anguish,
Bowed thine own anointed head,
Comfort—comfort my sweet mother.

The dove-like murmur died away, upon the evening air,
Yet still the little suppliant knelt, with hands still clasped in prayer.
Still, with the softly-pleading eyes turned to the sapphire throne—
While angel harp and angel voice rang out in mingled tone—
And as the choral numbers swelled, by angel voices given,
High, loud and clear the anthem rolled, through all the courts of heaven—
"He is the widow's God," it said, "who spared not his Son."
The infant spirit bowed its head—"Thy will, O, God, be done."

From Tait's Magazine.

THE LOVES OF AN APOTHECARY.

As John Godwin entered Christ's Hospital so he left it, with no other friends than an uncle who was a Kentish miller, and an understanding which, if it was impermeable to much learning, retained and fostered whatever at any time it received. A stolid, quiet, precocious boy, with a generous and simple heart, in which strong self-will was seated at depths seldom disturbed, with an original imagination of which he was always unconscious, with a new suit of clothes, a tall hat, and six shillings in a clothes-box, he was articulated to an apothecary. This suit being worn out, another supplied its place; when this in its turn got threadbare, the process of renewal, not without ceremony, was repeated; and, with the best intentions to the contrary, that is as much as the most partial biographer could write of John Godwin's life for some years. It is true that, in like manner, new notions and ideas, what may be called the provisional phases of manhood, were rapidly worn out and replaced; for every year between fifteen and twenty is itself a distinct era. It is also true, by the bye, that at seventeen he fell in love, desperately and sincerely, with a lady thirteen years his senior, whose great recommendation consisted not so much in an imposing, handsome person as in a baby.

This lady, neither married nor a widow, was somehow connected with the family of his master, and came often to the little parlor behind the shop, whence John, peeping over the muslin curtain, used to throw bashful glances on her as she sat silent and abstracted by the fireside—silent, and with much sorrow in her great brown eyes. Indeed, she lived and moved in an atmosphere of sorrow; it seemed to encompass her in palpable clouds; so that one even felt her presence at the door before she entered in. A tearless Niobe, deserted and betrayed—a victim, so the little bird said, of a too intense devotion for a student in medicine—John wept for her, pitied her, loved her. When at church, it was the story of the Magdalen, that beautiful story, which kept his eyes on the book all service-time. Putting the shutters up at night, he took long solitary walks that, alone with Nature in suburban squares, he might dwell upon his Magdalen; or hastily retiring to bed, there, on the extreme verge of the bedstead, his arms extended into vacancy and night, he would send forth his imagination to feed like a ghoul on the quivering carcases of Susan's joys. "Now," he would exclaim, and strike his head emphatically upon the pillow—"Now, in her sleeping-apartment, at 17, Jemima-street, Pentonville, she is tossing wildly on her bed, tearful, passionate, delirious, while Grief wrestles with Sleep!—Now!" And looking through darkness and the intricacy of streets, he contemplated this picture of 17, Jemima-street, until it faded into another, in which, having succeeded in reviving the confidence of Susan in the love and honor of man, he was represented as taking unto himself that crushed flower, fostering it into renewed radiance and fragrance, more lasting and more grateful, if more subdued.

John never told his love, for pecuniary reasons. Indeed, it lasted but six weeks, though, considering the instability of sentiment at seventeen, even that period was an age for such fervor to endure. As the lady's melancholy, however, began visibly to subside, John's fervor subsided also; and collapsed altogether when, at the expiration of three

months or so, she went on a pleasure-excursion to Brighton with another student of medicine, and remained there with a distant and hitherto unknown relation.

The young apothecary soon learned to laugh supremely at this piece of extravagance, palliating his shame by repeating that, to the young, love and folly are constant companions; that a heart like his must always have some object of adoration, whether foolish or otherwise. His own experience entirely warranted the dictum at any rate; for he had had a sweetheart as soon as he was consummately breeched—a sweetheart who almost broke his heart by dividing an orange in his presence with a little boy who had the advantage over him in wearing large frilled collars. Again, in tenderest boyhood, he became possessed with an intense affection for the very tall daughter of a police-sergeant; but she despised him for his stockings. Rising thereat in indignant pride, he resolved at once to make himself renowned, that when Fame should so bruit his merits in the general ear that even the daughter of the policeman should hear the blast, she might learn painfully, and, alas! too late, that genius is not to be judged by its stockings. In pursuit of this end, he forthwith indited some affecting "Lines to E——n," which were declined with thanks by the editor of the "Gentleman's Magazine," mainly in consequence of their being inscribed on paper with an ornamental border and embellished with original designs, curiously colored. This failure disgusted him with the Muses, especially as he himself half suspected a lack of the poetical leaven. So he determined to turn the current of his ambition into channels better suited to it; and thus, begun out of desire to assuage the wounds his pride had received through the medium of his stockings, and continued afterwards for its own sake and by natural bias, he managed to pursue the science of chemistry to very great lengths.

Boyhood, however, with all the follies and crudities of the outer boy, and much of the keen feeling, the trust, the ever misconstrued delicacies of the inner, has now gone by with the young apothecary. He puts all his youth behind him to-day, and advances into steady manhood; for to-morrow he is to be married. That fact fills his shop, and every nook of every chamber thereto pertaining; but particularly in the kitchen, where the fat fingers of the little maid are busy with the promising skeleton of a new cap and many yards of white and blue ribbon, and in the shop-parlor, where John sits communing with his soul, the circumambient air is prophetic of it. This shop, it should be said, expensively furnished with such means as his careful mother beguiled her years of widowhood in accumulating for some such purpose, John had entered upon only a few months since. His customers, hitherto, were discouragingly few, perhaps in consequence of his having chosen Doctors' Commons as the probable Tom Tiddler's ground of his future fortunes; not eligible ground for an apothecary. So he resolved on getting married. He had observed, he said, that "things frequently took a turn" upon such events; and this was the reason he assigned to himself for taking the step at this time. But there were many others.

John sits communing with his soul. It had surprised him, it had struck him more than once with a kind of superstitious suspicion, that even up to the very eve of his marriage some evil or perhaps good influence—he thought about it, but still

doubted—seemed always to withdraw his mind from the subject. But bidding his boy—who, lost under a desk, his hands buried anxiously in his hair, had forgotten even the dignity due to his new livery in the perusal of a novel—bidding his boy attend carefully to the shop, and calling his handmaid from below to light the lamp and trim the fire, he now sat down to “have a good serious think.”

To think, and think hard on all things, was common to the bridegroom; and, seated in his easy chair, all quiet, he began to inquire within himself—how long it would be before the last button of his boy’s jacket would be gambled away with a leaden “nicker!” “Good Heavens!” he exclaimed, suddenly arresting the panorama, alarmed at the puerility of the thing at such a moment; and, rising, he extinguished the light, drew his chair closer to the fire again, to try if the dusk would not soothe him to soberness. Half an hour later, when the buttoned Mercury emerged from beneath the shadow of the desk, breathing hard and looking stealthily into all dark corners where any cloaked bravo such as he had just parted company with might possibly be lurking, at length, reassured, peered through the window to discover what the governor was about, he found the governor thoughtfully posed indeed. His tall figure, clad in a sad-colored raiment, disposed carelessly in the cushioned chair, his countenance, handsome but rough-cast, bent full upon the ruddy firelight, while he lazily balanced the burnished poker on his forefinger, he looked a very real if not a very conventional image of abstraction.

A well-regulated memory has been likened to the best-regulated household—a bee-hive. It is said to contain a myriad of little cells, in which are carefully stored away all our treasures, all the sweetness we have gathered in bright days and hours, to be drawn forth thence on drowsy evenings or wakeful nights—enjoyed, and restored. In the memory of our young bridegroom, a hundred little chambers at once now gave up their precious things. From remotest and darkest nooks, from the very dungeons of the hive, where they had been stored because they were so precious as to be painful to look on, they now came pouring pell-mell in bountiful confusion; and in all a beautiful young face, lit up with gold-brown eyes, and shaded by gold-brown hair, came and went in a wonderful fragmentary way. For now a massy curl, drooping over his shoulder as together they bend to read from one book; and now her eyes, with a sudden illumination of love and mirth, railing at him; and now her lips, closed to reproach him in silence, or half-parted and half-pouted to receive his greeting kiss—alone filled the entire picture. In vain he endeavored to bring steadily before his eyes the integrate sweetness of that face, where a morning radiance rested all day long. Once and again, indeed, he seemed almost to accomplish his desire; and he glanced shyly at the portrait looming dimly on his vision, lest by gazing too earnestly he should disperse it. And, in a moment, the features were all rubbed out; again only a curl drooped on his shoulder, or two eyes smiled up to him, with various and fitfully-remembered meaning, out of blank darkness.

In equal hurry and confusion, the remembrance of past scenes, and groupings, and events, where still the one fair face looked grave or gay, whirled through the dreamer’s mind. Meetings and partings, the last and the first—summer lanes and

winter hearths—morning and evening all rendered up their souvenirs in sad chronological order, regardless of the unities of the pastoral to which they belonged. An old gabled house in the northern suburbs, some ten miles from St. Paul’s, was, however, the chief scene of his wedding-eve reminiscences. A snug old house, stuck full of little square dull-eyed casements, it was nursed and shaded in its declining age in shrubby lawns and flower-beds—in rows of elms and straggly sycamore, with fragrant lilac and the golden abundance of laburnum-trees. House and garden, it was a very place of leaves. Except a small paddock in the rear, where an old gray horse used to stand reflectively by the hour, as still as the horse of wood over the neighboring inn, everywhere were dusty leaves or spruce flowers. On the walls, peeping in at the windows—clinging round one chimney-pot and drooping from another—lying in wait at doors, overhanging paths, toppling the mossy garden-wall, and stealing under the great, shabby wooden carriage-gate where carriage never deigned to enter—box and briar and creeping plants abounded. But it was beneath the parlor windows that, like well-fed Babes in the Wood, the flowering plants clustered and prospered; nowhere beyond, except in the windows of the chambers above. In one especially. It was at the west side of the house, high up (does n’t John Godwin remember it?), and looked down the road leading from the city, smiling radiantly. Balsams and old-fashioned scarlet-flowered geraniums, a hot, martial-looking cactus, specimens of that perfect type of blooming English womanhood, the rose, and some novelty with a lengthy Latin name, were gathered there in bright companionship—all the brighter when fanned by the snowy curtain as it flapped pleasantly above in the early morning breeze.

And if this little window high up in the old house smiled radiantly upon all the dusty wanderers who came out of London so far in search of “a mouthful of air,” the elect bridegroom, still balancing the poker there, could tell you with what special radiance it looked all down the road on him. That part of the story is what he is now recalling. How, in summer mornings, sunny and still, he used to rise with the lark; how, hours before he could display the advantages of those operations, he got himself starched and pomatumed one or two degrees beyond good taste, perhaps, as he doubts now; but then some anticipation was to be made for the damages of a two hours’ walk. How, at the earliest moment, almost breakfastless—for his heart by this time had overrun his stomach—he started off to spend the blessed day of rest with Jessy, to take Jessy to church. Jessy owned the bright brown eyes and the locks of bright brown hair: a compact little goddess of eighteen—a laughing, blooming, deep-hearted and very sensible little goddess, whom to worship were honor; and she used sometimes to peep through the branches of the geraniums on such Sunday mornings, to see whether her “dear boy” were coming; for the little window was the window of her chamber. Jessy innocently imagined that her dear boy had never caught her peeping: she was mistaken; and the bridegroom smiles very grimly, for a bridegroom, as he remembers that fact. And how, having walked his last mile leisurely—for, from a foolish pride, he wished Jessy to believe that the coach had conveyed him to the end of the road, and therefore endeavored to make his ap-

pearance as cool as possible—how, having walked his last mile leisurely, and flaunted the dust from his clothes, he suddenly turned an angle, and, coming at once in sight, distinguished at the distance of a quarter-mile whether she looked for his coming. If so, though pretending not to see her, all the graces of which he was master were at once put in requisition, up to the last opportunity in a graceful rat-tat-tat at the door.

There was not such a moment in any week as that which elapsed between this rapping at the door and the opening of it. A world of tumult and impatience and hesitation was compressed in that small instant; 't was precisely such a hurly-burly of feeling as that which caused his fingers to tremble over the unbroken seal of the first letter he received from her; and loving-kindness always followed the opening of the door as it had followed the opening of the seal. Even dreaming these scenes into renewed life, Godwin hastened thus to arrive at the porch; for on the threshold he will meet, not the good old servant—she knows well enough how impertinent it would be to answer such a knock as that; but, listening, he hears light, swift feet come pit-a-pat pat-a-pat down the stairs, with just a little jump to finish, the door is flung wide open, and there stands the flower-goddess smiling and shaking her curls, her face irradiated with a positive glory of happiness, only softened by the faintest and least shamefaced of blushes. They say nothing at present; but while with one hand she closes the door, the other is placed upon his shoulder, and, a-tiptoe, she bestows a sharp, uncertain little kiss upon his cheek; whereupon they find themselves in the parlor.

When that sturdy old Viking, Jessy's papa, makes his appearance, they all go to church; but this the sturdy old Viking does not till the latest moment, defeating his object therein by storming the room door just, maybe, as Godwin insists upon tying the strings of Jessy's bonnet, and while, laughing and blushing, she uplifts the white round chin in a naughty, ambiguous way, to assist (or confuse) the operation. For halfpay-captain Burton, a man of war when grog, bluster, and the cat were national bulwarks—brown, boisterous, and the most tarry of tars—was at the same time the most bashful person concerned in the love between his daughter and John Godwin, principally or remotely. When full twelve months had elapsed since the evening that, restlessly pondering the matter upon stepping into bed, he had confirmed his suspicions in a nervous conversation with his wife that John was a-wearing up to our Jess, that nervousness still continued. Not a word in reference to the subject had he ever uttered to his daughter, or to any one after that dreadful evening; for, with a vasty sigh, he then felt himself compelled to avow that he had no reason to say nay if Jess said yea, which her mother communicated to her by and by, when Jessie sought her confidence, and which the affectionate little flower-goddess revealed to her dear boy one anxious dusky evening with all her delicacy. And so the matter settled itself; but Captain Burton at once took to the thoughtful and uncongenial pursuit of angling, and so enthusiastically that, though quite unsuccessful, he did not meet his daughter at breakfast for an entire fortnight. With the countenance of a cheerful martyr, he went up and down into all the chambers of the house, whistling or humming notes that had no pretence to cohesion, or harmony, or to anything but doleful monotony, and

in a thousand other ways displayed the wretchedness of his mind.

And long after the lovers—from frequent communion and from other causes well wotted of by old and young—had outgrown the restraints of bashfulness, and were become sister and brother in manner and wedded in heart, the old sea-captain still felt qualmish on the approach of John's visits. So it was that on Sunday mornings he usually delayed his greeting to the last moment, when, his grisly hair brushed no way in particular, and tucked under the brim of a very rakish and curly-looking hat, he was prepared to accompany them to church. Along the dusty, pebbly footpath, with here a church-going worshipper from the cottage, and there a church-going worshipper from the hall, the school-children defiling irregularly and dustily in the road; across the common—down the long lane, shadowed, almost darkened, by trees that overhung from high and weedy banks on either side, where birds chattered and sung, and the church-bells rang with softened resonance; at the end the sunshine gloriously outspread, with the tumble-down old church and the tumble-down old gravestones drowsing in the midst; and all like a picture framed in the foliage of the lane. Pleasant enough in reality and destitute of association, that walk was beautiful indeed as remembered by the apothecary. Cool summer airs floated past his face, the freshness of morning moistened on his lips, in his eyes was light, in his heart all happiness, as the recollection rose in fulness before the dreaming bridegroom, and passed gently away. Again as they entered the porch together, in the shadow of a real and earnest thoughtfulness; again as together they knelt down; again as organ and children intoned an old meandering psalm, that ever found an easy path from earth to heaven—the memory came with a shock like electricity and left him confusedly trembling. And the loose afternoon rambles while papa dozed, the botanical excursions into all the shady, shrubby nooks of the garden, where Jessy gathered her hair under that wonderful muslin scarf—pleasant converse or pleasanter silence by open windows, when rain-drops drummed among the leaves—cozy evenings when, determined to be happy (for at heart he was almost as proud of Godwin's frank openheartedness and sound intelligence as his daughter), the old captain brought forth a tobacco-pouch that might also have served for a carpet-bag, mixed a pint of grog in a half-gallon bowl, and sat down to talk morals and politics over the table with his guest, while, at the same time, beneath the shadow of the table, the joined hands of Jessy and the happy guest talked love—sad ceremonial suppers, for parting had to follow—parting itself, when Jessy and her father accompanied him into the porch, and her father wandered uneasily somewhere out of it, and Jessy shook hands with her dear boy where the shadow was deepest, returned his salute with modest fervor, and accompanied her final "God bless you" by a glance lingering and tremulous—and that was the end.

That was the end. The hollow fire broke down sullenly in ruins, and the bridegroom rose slowly to his feet much troubled. But meeting the reflection of his face full in the chimney-glass, he sat down again still more troubled; for the emotion he saw there spoke accusingly. Many months these recollections had lain nearly dormant in his mind; he had thrown them off uneasily from time to time; and to-night, when, more than all days

and nights in the past year, he ought least to indulge them, least to be troubled by them or yearn to them, what right had they to swarm all the avenues of thought in this way? Jessy Burton was a dead name, the old house a mere haunted house, so far as he was now concerned. Had they not quarrelled and parted long ago? And whose fault was that but Jessy's? True, his part in the quarrel had been the most active, and she might, perhaps, accuse him of caprice, or something of that sort; but then she had been very passive, and seemed to care very little—he had never seen her cry, or look reproachful, even when matters had come to a crisis; she had very quietly received back all her notes (quite a little heap they were, square and three-cornered, scented and unscented, neatly-written notes, and some with words sprawling all about the paper, still "In haste—Yours," and one with some dead leaves in it)—and did *not* return his letters in reply. From which, of course, any one could only assume that they had mutually—got —

Well, suppose we think no more about it. Jessy could not work such a pair of slippers as that; and Godwin planted his feet, slippers and all, on each side of the fireplace. Nor could she embroider such chair-covers, or work such curtains, or cut such lamp-screens, or finger the piano so rapidly as Sybilla—nothing like it; he became acquainted with Sybilla two whole months before he parted with Jessy, and therefore he had opportunities of immediate comparison, and ought to know. Sybilla was a handsome, brilliant girl, with a fine high spirit, and excessively fond of him—no doubt of it. He was a pretty fellow to sit dreaming away in that sentimental style, when to-morrow he was to marry such a woman as that, and become the proudest husband to-morrow would shine on! Jessy was well enough in her way, a nice, amiable, pretty girl; but, dear me!—and John made up his mouth to whistle an air, and did not whistle it.

Well! John thought he had better go to bed. The fire was out—no wonder he felt so miserable!—and there was the boy peeping hard through the curtain again; for he was getting hungry and wanted to shut up. The fat fingers of the little maid below had ceased from their labors—the cap was finished, and looked beautiful; and she sat at the fire with her chin on her hands and her elbows on her knees, brooding matrimony in an earnest and lively spirit. In half an hour the buttons ate himself to sleep, Polly found sleep in the realms of speculation, and John, become more comfortable over a renewed fire and a glass of weak toddy, went really whistling up to bed shortly after. "Good night, John," said he, as he rolled himself up like a chrysalis; "good night, young man! Good night, Sybilla!" And a moment after, with tenderness and an ominous sort of resignation, "Good night, Jessy!"

An hour after dawn, the little bird whose cage hung in the chamber window, trilling, quavering, rattling out his earliest fantasia, roused the bridegroom from sleep. About an hour after dawn, rattling, quavering, trilling his morning song, the little bird (brother to the above) whose cage hung in Jessy's chamber window, roused her also from sleep. In morning toilette, and bright as any Diana from the bath, Jessy soon put her bloomy face in comparison with her flowers, as, admiring here, plucking a dead leaf there, she busied herself with her bow-pots. Presently she went with

a serious air to a battered old trunk in a corner, and carefully took thence a small ivory box. It contained various minute packages of flower-seeds; and the serious expression of her face deepened into a sadness that seemed at home there as she came to one carefully-sealed paper at the bottom of the box. Jessy opened it, and half-a-dozen balsam-seeds fell into a slightly trembling hand; small, dusty, withered-looking seeds—smaller, more dusty and withered-looking than balsam-seeds usually are, and more precious.

Three summers ago, the plant from which they were derived was the best and most promising in Jessy's little conservatory. Everybody admired it—Godwin with an enthusiasm which might have been mistaken for playful sarcasm in any but a doubting lover. This, too, was when the plant was still in its youth, and its beauties mainly prospective; but John Godwin one day brought its mistress a small phial containing a bright volatile fluid, prepared at the expense of a night's rest and as much money as would have bought almost an entire stand at a flower-show, which he said would cause her flower to grow like a banyan and blow like a whole forest of acacias. The bottle was labelled in regular order—"Miss Burton's patient: two drops to be taken night and morning in a gill of rain-water."

The effect of its application to the roots of the flower proved almost marvellous. Large and high the balsam grew, with heavy branches round about it; and never were blossoms so huge, or so many, or so novel in color, on balsam before. True, they fell off as soon as they were fully blown, but then they were reproduced elsewhere as constantly; and Jessy's grief was great when, one morning, she found her pet altogether broken down and faded—suddenly, as with blight, beyond hope of resuscitation. Seeds, however, had been preserved, and the following spring were committed to earth, hopefully; but they woke to a by no means joyful resurrection. Wiry and puny, these poor step-children of Nature languished through the summer in sunniest corners, putting forth numerous pale little blossoms, and looking as miserably gay as a faded beauty in a faded ball-dress. The next generation was still more deplorable; but ere the latest lingerer had abandoned all effort to appear cheerful in cheerful companionship, Hope and Love had closed their outer doors against Jessy Burton, and she turned at once to that miserable lingerer, which seemed to have lingered on purpose to offer her the consolation of fellowship in affliction.

In the best hearts, the simplest and the strongest, a vein of romantic superstition will always be found—a hidden spring surrounded by wholesome verdure: where it is not, there is sickness. And though it was very sentimental and very absurd, it really did Jessy good to compare her fortunes and the fortunes of her nursling, with feelings that went beyond mere wonder at a coincidence. The hope and joy that erst-time put forth blossoms all day long, she woke one morning to find altogether broken down and faded—suddenly, as with blight, beyond hope of resuscitation. She remembered what unwise abandonment to excess of a new happiness had rendered this blight so sudden and complete, and was self-reproved; but looking on her invalided balsam, she saw that it still grew in a humble, hopeful kind of way—still persevered in blooming with as little dreariness as possible, and always, to appearance, with a cheerful prospect of

doing better next time; and she took the lesson to heart along with the reproof. Pondering much both lesson and reproof, Jessy gradually came to hold faith in more than was simply coincidental in so direct a coincidence. It preached to her, by application, most excellent doctrine; and she at last believed it one of those small things which (now that revelation, and miracle, and prophecy are no more) are disposed by a *very* extraordinary chance to work good in those who, having eyes, shut them not, and, having ears, hear. Furthermore, the simple girl grown wise through grief vaguely assumed a connexion in the future between her floral oracles and herself. Again she sows them on this bridal morning. Perhaps they will recover lost strength and beauty, and bloom as in past time; and then—who knows? Or perhaps they will die right out, be sickly and sorrowful no more, and give place to healthier if less cherished ones. Well, either way—whether the foolish pride of that dear bad boy allow him to seek forgiveness of the caprice she *knows* he bitterly repents, or whether the anxious inquiet that still besets her go finally to rest—will be happiness.

How unconscious was Jessy, at the moment she closed the mould over her treasures, that that dear bad boy of hers was closing over his breast a waistcoat which, innocent as it looked, would as effectually keep her curls from ever tumbling themselves there as bars of triple steel! How unconscious of more than the existence of the handsome and really graceful woman who, an hour or two later, was arraying herself in garlands and much muslin, a more unemotional sacrifice than the most Roman beeve that ever went lowing to the altar!

Bride Sybilla's countenance was beautiful and commanding beyond that of most women; her figure graceful and dignified as that of most queens. Tall, pale, yet with a paleness as bright and healthy as the paleness of May-blossom—her head set slightly but boldly forward from her throat—with brilliant teeth, dark brows of gracefullest curve, and dark eyes that could express everything, but languishing and passion better than all—she would have been an indisputable belle of the season, some time or other, had she made her original and vulgar *début* within the circle of courtly existence. In very fact, she was so obviously fitted by nature for vegetation in the conservatory of fashion; she had so elegant a mind; her shawls draped her so elegantly; she looked so much at home in a carriage—especially an open one, as everybody remarked on occasions of pic-nic excursion; she would have adorned an opera-box so thoroughly, and blazed with such magnificence in family jewels—that at length it became plain even to herself that she had been born into a false position. Not that she ever expressed such a consciousness or allowed herself to brood over it; her personal superiority was justifiably regarded as a natural fact, and the fact was worn like an old robe.

But though, by some mistake, Sybilla wasted her radiance in the wrong firmament, it is only fair to say that she was at any rate highly respectable. Her father, Mr. Charles Frederick Lee, or, as old letters thrown carelessly on mantel-pieces, or stuck indifferently in card-racks and the frame of the chimney-glass, suggested, Charles Frederick Lee, Esq., was, indeed, an eminent example of respectability. A government *employé*—clerk at the custom-house, that is to say—his position was very respectable to start with; and this quality permeated all his relations in life, hovered benignly

about his hearthrug, and saturated even his umbrella. This he carried with an air sufficient of itself to stamp his respectability; and it is highly probable that the appearance alone of Mr. Lee, as, quitting his residence in Grandison-place punctually to a minute, he walked into the city on fine mornings, with his umbrella at a peculiar angle under his arm, had a greater effect on the public than all the "Hints on Etiquette" that were ever published, price sixpence.

At his residence, Grandison-place, the principle so well exemplified in the person of Mr. Lee was adequately supported in the knocker (brass), in the carpetings and hangings, by a classic lamp in the passage, and two very respectable-looking canaries, of a subdued color, that hung in burnished cages (done about, of course, with yellow gauze) in the parlor windows, by life-size portraits of the family, an amplitude of light-colored upholstery, and marmalade for breakfast. Much wholesome goodness, however, was diffused throughout the household—cool, serene content, subduing all things equably beneath its shadow—gentleness, affection, peace, and decorous plenty. But thus surrounded, and with such a father, Sybilla was certainly its leading member and brightest ornament. The school-teaching obtained for her by paternity with two hundred and fifty pounds a year of income, and a position to support, did not, of course, comprise all the elements of a polite education; but what *was* taught at the Clarendon House Academy for Young Ladies Sybilla made the most of. She danced well, played the piano-forte with considerable brilliancy, wrote with orthodox angularity, and spelt comparatively few words with two *t*'s that should be spelled with one; she painted fruit and flowers charmingly, as a rather bulky portfolio of such subjects as "Grapes, Roses, and Peach," "A Peach, Roses, and bunch of Grapes," "Rose, Peach, etc.," evidenced; and as for French, not one of her compeers could pronounce her *u*'s with so unpuckered a lip, or mould her *l*'s with such Italian sweetness; and she really could do more than inquire how you did, Monsieur, and whether you had the bread or the butter.

Such, so far as circumstances could model her, such and no more, to the common eye, was Godwin's second love. But Sybilla was one of those who are, to a great degree, independent of circumstances; and divested of her worldly advantages—with any old lion of a knocker, a passage in primeval night, and a vulgar linnet capable only of drawing water in a thimble from airy depths, she would always have exhibited a certain air of superiority.

Bride Sybilla was naturally impassioned and impressible to an eminent degree. In all the fine oval of her face, not one feature but was skilled in the interpretation of these qualities, and bore their badge unmasked, always accompanied, however, by pride. But generally, the more powerful such attributes are, the more also are they vacillating and uncertain, being frequently aroused by trifles, and dormant on occasions of comparative excitement. It was so with Sybilla; and thus is explained the fact that through all the *et ceteras* of the courtship which terminated to-day, she had abruptly migrated between indifference on the one hand and ardent affection on the other; and thus the Dead Sea of common-place which now encompassed even the toilette table of the bride might have been accounted for. Elsewhere, all

was cheerfulness, bustle, sentiment and perspiration. Somebody was always knocking and ringing, in obedience to the request inscribed on the door, and somebody was always responding to the appeal; doors banged here and there saucily, or mysteriously and inexorably as the doors of Downing-street; pleasant voices called from room to room the prettiest names, whose owners—all bridesmaids, of course, the whole half-dozen of them—distracted the breakfast-table by the incoherently earnest manner in which they came fluctuating about it, sipping and flitting at the same moment, like busy bees inclined to jollity or butterflies on business; so that never was breakfast broken into such little bits. Delicate silk gowns, the superabundance tucked through the pocket-holes, rustled gayly through the house like all the leaves of Vallombrosa; brilliant eyes, and glowing faces, and perfect bouquets of bonnets ascended the stairs like rising suns, and made high noon wherever they appeared. The whisper of consultation on matters culinary and millinery, the noise of females in conclave, buzzed from half-open doors, little rivulets of laughter trilled over the banisters and down the passages, while everywhere, and in the midst of all, mamma bustled, red and important. In short, animation and subdued delight filled every corner of the house, not excepting even that darkest and dirtiest one where Godwin's boy (who, with a few other select articles, had been borrowed, buttons and all, for the occasion) was arduously engaged in taking off the edges of some two or three dozen knives, under pretence of cleaning them. The uncertain temperament of Sybilla, however, excepted her not alone from the general fuss. Mr. Lee and Mrs. Finch each evinced coolness, of different degrees and from different causes. Mr. Lee was a person of correct ideas, but, as he would sometimes deprecatingly confess, he was human, and had his moments of weakness like other mortals. Armies of these moments, in battalions of sixty, had assailed him since he woke this morning. Descending upon him with barbarian irregularity, they unfurled all sorts of prophetic banners, descriptive generally of domestic incident—of a house fragrant with caudle and warm linen, haunted by bland mediciners and mysterious women with accusing in their eyes, while a nervous husband and nervous father, keeping grim silence in the parlor, trembled together on the borders of a new relationship; which ever and anon, climaxed by a distant bleating, heard on the opening of a door, put him to total confusion. Recollecting, however, that a well-bred man displays no emotion, he gradually overcame the weakness that had absolutely led him in one fit of aberration to fill his cup from the milk-jug and flavor with a drop or two of coffee, and perused his newspaper with an indifferent lounge, or chatted easily with one or two gentleman arrivals while the important preparations were going on. This, however, was but indifference; Mrs. Finch's feeling was one of undisguised sorrow. She was the charwoman, had come to help, and seemed to think it her duty to express in her countenance what *her* experience of marital existence had been; and as it was pretty generally known that the late Mr. Finch used to get drunk at frequent intervals and chastise his wife with a light poker, it was only necessary to shake her head and sigh now and then to express all the meaning she intended. Mrs. Finch, however, was a person to whom trouble was so natural, and the

rule, that her experience went for nothing. If in the course of any week Johnny did not fall down an area or omitted to be sent to the station-house for breaking a window, Billy was pretty sure to take the measles or something of that sort, Sarah Jane lose herself for a day or two to be restored in tears by the police, or the chimney catch fire. If it rained, Mrs. Finch's clogs were broken; if it did n't, gracious knew how soon it would, and her shoes leaked; but, however circumstances smiled upon her generally, she had at least a few weeks' rent to make up, with the "broker's man" looming in the distance. Poor Mrs. Finch! A thousand such as she grow lean-visaged by multiplicity of such very ludicrous and very real troubles, and their experience, also, goes for nothing.

If any one, in disregard of the inscription before noticed, forgot that morning to knock while he rang or neglected to ring while he knocked, the omission was amply compensated by the driver of the vehicle which conveyed Godwin and his "best friend" to Grandison-place. Hired drivers usually appear to possess a vivid appreciation of the importance of their "fares" until dismissed by them; and the Jehu in question thundered at the door, pealed at the bell, and otherwise conducted himself on Mrs. Lee's white door-step with as much impudence as if he had been coachman to a title. Horace (the foot-page) opened to his master with an approving smile, and with the information—which gained by a certain jerking of his chin what emphasis it lost in being deferentially whispered—that there was *such* a swag of tarts and that down stairs—curran and rarsbry, and—oh! Affluence of feeling and the appearance of Mr. Lee from the parlor to greet his future son prevented further expatiation; and so, throwing up his eyes with consummate meaning, Horace precipitated himself across the banisters and slid into his den below. A second vehicle followed close upon the first, another and another. They remained a short time in rank before the Knocker, making very threadbare endeavors to look as much like private carriages as possible, despite the derogatory appearance of the coachmen's hats, which Mr. Lee protested were the flabbiest he had ever seen, even upon such heads; and then a preparatory silence which reigned in all the chambers of the house, as if everybody had been taking breath, was broken by a universal rustling on the stairs; and the whole galaxy of beauty and millinery descended into the parlor headed by mamma, who certainly enjoyed most of the millinery, whoever claimed preëminence in the other attribute. It must, however, have been evident to the meanest capacity—it was evident enough to that of Horace, who, prompted by desire to see how the governor looked among all them gals, brought up the knives at this moment, zealously offering to place them in Mrs. Lee's own hands—that if everybody *had* been taking breath in the silence, nobody was much benefited by the effort; unless, indeed, as appearances seemed more pointedly to indicate, bride and bridegroom, father and mother, man, woman, and maid, were endeavoring to get in a reserve supply for impending emergencies.

Bride Sybilla's immobility thawed rapidly away as she descended from the business of dressing. Regal and pale no longer, she frankly advanced towards Godwin directly she entered the room, and showed by the trembling hand she placed in his, and the tremulous eyes she raised to his, how completely her heart was turned from winter to

the sun. John, who at the same hour of the morning, at the same moment when Jessy was engaged with her foolish balsam-seeds and still more foolish speculations, had to reprove himself for entertaining such thoughts as made his approaching happiness appear rather the work of destiny than love, and *still* had to reprove, cast away the last rag of doubt as he took Sybilla's hand, and then found it expedient to turn caressingly to one of the respectable canaries. A few remarks fell stone dead, here and there, from unwilling lips, and silence, like a pall, covered them; when at length some one referred to a watch, and providentially observed that the carriages were waiting, and that a good many boys were assembled about them, and swinging on the railings; had they not better—? Immediate acquiescence, profound diplomacy in pairing off on the part of a couple of young ladies, by which each secured the companionship of the dearest fellow in the world—very pretty skipping down the path and into the carriages on the part of all the young ladies except Sybilla, who walked by her father's side as if each flagstone were a feather-bed—four men pulling at the brims of four bad hats, at the doors of four "flies"—and then, as one of the dearest fellows in the world found breath to remark to one of the happiest girls in the world, they were off.

The prospect of matrimony, viewed at the distance of a day or two, is sufficiently distressing; but to stand on the utmost verge of the gulf, to oscillate within its jaws in a vestry-room, while an easy, calculating clerk looms before you, the last landmark on the boundaries of the world, is terrible indeed. In Dante's "*Divina Comedia*" men stand transfixed by the eyes of serpents—serpents lie along the ground transfixed by the eyes of men; gradually the bodies of the snakes sprout limbs—they grow erect, and harden into men; gradually the features of the men fall away, their limbs shrink into them, and, with a writhe, they are become snakes—still with set eyes, set ready to renew *at once* the transformation, according to their doom. If this, as it appears to be, is the most terrible thing either in fact or imagination, it is only because of its eternal repetition; otherwise, it would have to make room beside it for the equal horror of waiting in a vestry-room for the parson of your nuptials. But, practically, time is a fiction to all but clockmakers, and one may taste eternity in ten minutes under favoring circumstances; in such a case, at least, this comparison of horrors holds good to those who have to endure the latter, as Godwin and a young man similarly fated—who, seated at opposite extremes of the room, endeavored to rival each other in nonchalance—could have attested. Eternity, in their particular case, expired only at the quarter chime, when the priest entered apologetically. Prayers were read—responses meek and mild were given in doubt that they might prove groans, or worse, on obtaining utterance, and in a few minutes they were married. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

With faces so flushed with happiness, and shame, and pride, that now and then it really seemed as if little flames of light were flickering over them, Sybilla and her husband walked up the matted aisle. Books and papers to sign—in an easy, off-hand style, resulting in illegibility. A congratulatory parson and a congratulatory clerk in the vestry, a congratulatory pew-opener at the door, and two congratulatory neighbors of hers in the church-porch—all to be rewarded for their con-

gratulation, to say nothing of lawful charges; which rewards and charges were given with real cheerfulness. Home! John paused upon the last step at the church-gate, twirling in his fingers the last remaining sixpence of the coin he had placed at one end of his purse for such bestowal before starting (impulse not being trustworthy with him in such cases, but quite the contrary), and looked about for a recipient. A pale-faced little boy, with a good deal of inquisitive, apprehensive wonder in his gray eyes, stood leaning by the railings, in a white pinafore; it would have been difficult, however, to realize his existence *without* a white pinafore. A bloodless little fellow, with a subdued quiet in his face, he seemed forever under injunction not to wake the baby, and a look of passive experience in his eyes, his whole appearance, from his collar to his boots, which had been inked round the lace-holes because they got brown there, imparted indescribable suggestions of bread-and-butter and nothing else; with, perhaps, a patient going to bed without that, now and then. Godwin looked painfully at the child as the child looked wonderingly at Sybilla, and, diving into his pocket, he took a shilling between his fingers, thought again, and substituted half-a-crown. This he gave the boy into one hand, and placed the sixpence in the other palm for *himself*. It was perfectly understood between them that the half-crown was for mother, who had inked the boots, and who could not afford to have the baby woke. Still, and though upon being bashfully thanked Godwin patted the bread-and-butter cheek as kindly and softly as any woman's hand could have done it, the poor child could scarcely trust in the reality of his fortune, and went slowly sidling up by the church-yard rails, his eyes turned to the gay party, half in expectation of being called back; and it was not till he had watched them out of sight that he turned the corner and ran. Congratulatory parson, clerk, pew-opener and pew-opener's neighbors—in the profoundest depths of all and every their hearts there existed not a centillionth of the blessing and good-wishes that overflowed in that of mother as she heard how her little son got the half-crown. It came to her in time of extremest need, and all day long she pondered the matter with unusual thankfulness; for, like a woman, she believed the giver had guessed her necessity by intuitive goodness. As for the sixpence, it was put aside in an old china cup—was to be saved to buy a spelling-book; but it finally went for bread-and-butter.

Now Godwin first grew perfectly happy. This, at any rate, was right—no future could overturn the propriety of *it*; and the wheels rattling in orthodox haste, he speedily passed from happiness into hilarity. To Sybilla, however, the rattling of the wheels only served to recall a little grievance, big enough, however, to constitute an important drawback to her nuptial satisfaction. *She* thought there ought to have been a tour. Her respectability demanded a tour—to Tunbridge Wells and back, at least; indeed, it had always been to her the most prominent feature of the prospect while matrimony was yet prospective. Miss Johnson, who was positively nobody, and a shocking dumpy bride besides, she was taken direct to Margate, and stayed there a week. Fortunately, however, Sybilla here recalled to mind, as she looked in John's face, where new humor and new meaning scintillated every moment, threatening to blaze right out, that Miss Johnson did n't bring back from Margate such a husband as hers. This con-

sideration, and another which, to do her justice, she had pretty constantly in view, reconciled her to her fate; the other consideration comprehending a bequest of three or four hundred pounds which a maiden aunt of Godwin's (who, rejoicing through life in single blessedness, seemed anxious to avert the bliss from some other one) had made him, on condition of marriage; otherwise, it was to be applied in dowry of three of the most deserving young women in her native town. This latter consideration, also, besides that "things frequently took a turn on such events," had its under-current influence on Godwin's resolution of matrimony in the unpromising condition of his affairs; though of course he acknowledged it not, and scarce thought of it.

On turning a corner near Grandison-place, the ears of the bridal party, but more especially those of the bride's papa, were appalled at hearing several rounds of cheering, or rather a succession of those nondescript roars with which the boy-population is given to express either dissatisfaction or amusement. In this case it was an unused roar; and nervously thrusting his head out of the carriage-window, Mr. Lee perceived with horror that it was emitted by a knot of youths of from twelve to sixteen, and that it seemed to result from observation of what was going on in the kitchen of his own residence. Fact was, that Horace was performing to a company which, originally consisting only of the green-grocer's boy and the boy of the butcher, had increased in numbers and enthusiasm beyond his expectations. Standing on a chair by the window, innocent of the near approach of his master, he was passing before the eyes of the delighted assembly all the various items of the wedding-feast; while, still more to the popular delight, poor Mrs. Finch danced frantically round him, endeavoring, in fits of indignant or beseeching eloquence, to arouse the foot-page to a clearer sense of decorum. "These, gen'llemen," persevered he, elevating several in a line with his head, "is the weddin' taters as that gen'laman in the blue aporn was just kind enough to bring us—kidney uns—biles like balls o' flour. And this here," dropping the roots and catching up a pasty, "is the weddin' goosbry pie, and a werry stunnin' pie it is too;" smelling it, he expressed his further opinion in his countenance. Mrs. Finch, far gone in the depths of despairing resignation, passively received the tart from the hands of Horace, enabling him to proceed without delay to the exhibition of fish, flesh and fowl, in like manner and with similar comments; until, having exhausted even all the table appurtenances, the cost of which he appeared to be cognizant of, he concluded the exposition with the bellows; which he averred the governor and himself were going to kneel to alternately as long as anything remained uncooked. It was while an appreciative public were demanding a rehearsal—rather to the alarm of Horace, whose original intention had merely been to display to the two friends above designated the good things he fondly hoped to have a share of "pitching into"—that the noise of wheels came rolling down the road. Dismounting from the chair, Horace retreated rapidly into his den, and solemnly recommenced polishing a tea-turn, leaving the miserable Lee, whose respectability fluttered in rags about him as he did so, to disperse his friends. This, with the help of one of the dearest fellows in the world, who, having a large pair of whiskers, liked to exhibit them in situa-

tions of peril and command, was accomplished with greater success than might have been expected; though it was emphatically required of the gentleman in whiskers that he should "get out of that hat," meaning the glossy *chapeau* he had purchased only the night before, and notwithstanding that, in reference to the other dearest fellow in the world, who was very young and had no whiskers at all, a young lady was anxiously advised "not to let that little boy eat too much vegetables," as he did n't look very well as matters already stood; while the blushing grocer's boy, holding his forefinger in his mouth, leaned fondly on the arm of the butcher as they passed down the street, in obvious imitation of the bride.

With such exceptions, the hours glided past, accompanied by much the same incident as attends all wedding-days when there is not a "tour." At the feast, every one sat down inspired with the intention to expound the latest tradition of the usages of fashionable society; and, in the course of the hour, Miss Baker did herself the pleasure of reproving Miss Clark, who had crossed her knife and fork upon her plate, by ostentatiously placing hers at a gentle angle; while a gentleman performed a similar kindness for another, who had got his salt in a vulgar and improper position upon his plate; this reprover also seemed better after the administration of his reproof. Mr. Lightowler, brother of Mrs. Lee, and a toyman, with Mrs. Lightowler, were, however, lamentable exceptions. Exclusively devoted to each other, they sat together, mutually fat and hot, and helped each other from any portion of the table within arm's length, drinking from one glass, laughing one huge laugh whenever they felt inclined, but particularly at their own jokes, which they did n't seem to care about any one else appreciating, and all utterly untouched, because utterly unconscious, by the vexation of their host and the undisguised disgust of the most respectable of the company. Partly from this very fact, but principally from the downright simplicity, the good-humor and genial oddity of the man, Godwin resolutely fraternized with the toyman the moment the speeches were all over. An unfathomable Etna of whim, of grotesque humor, was always simmering in the mind of the bridegroom, breaking out at rare intervals in sudden eruption, and with such grim vehemence of delivery that people would pause in their laughter, and scan him for a moment with serious, half-frightened glances. Elated with the "excellent light dinner-wine," and a bottle of "a full fruity port," he made the hours spin round the clock with quip and crank and story; while Mr. Lightowler sat on the floor at sober intervals and sang comic songs with a whistling refrain, till he whistled even Mr. Lee out of his annoyance at such an exhibition of vulgarity in his brother-in-law, and Mrs. Lightowler into such an admiration of her husband that she at last sat down on the rug beside him and whistled too. And as the moments passed, and evening fell, bright eyes grew brighter with the stars, glowing cheeks more rosy, warm hearts warmer, and everybody and everything happier and better. Bride and bridegroom happy and proud. Music, and dancing, and sparkling laughter—sentiment, love, flirtation, and a general return to boyhood and girlhood. More love and a little less flirtation—declaration of fond reciprocity between two young men and two young maidens (one declaration in the kitchen by the mangle, and one under the tank in the garden), an admis-

sion of perfect disengagement (and of a trifle more) on the part of another young maiden. More lights, more music, more dancing, more sentiment, more comic songs on the hearthrug, more full-bodied port for the general company, and more half-and-half for Mr. Lightowler.

No mamma anywhere in the house! no Sybilla! And papa looking awkward. Almost one o'clock, you see.

One by one the bouquets of bonnets reappeared immediately upon this discovery, looking very much as if they—their owners, that is to say—knew all about it and enjoyed the *ruse*. Then followed a general leave-taking, a serious affair in Lightowler's case, though elsewhere with merriment, and here and there with a kiss. Cabs rolled leisurely from the gate—in the last Godwin and papa; and the house was again as dark and still as those "earthly tabernacles" were doomed soon to be, upon whose front the light of youth and love, and laughter, shone resplendently but now.

It is a sober business, riding at midnight in a musty-smelling cab; and the reactionary seriousness that oppressed both gentlemen on turning from the deserted house seemed to increase with the odor of the straw. Very few words, upon very indifferent subjects, passed between them, as John went really *home* for the first time; and as on arriving there mamma was just ready to return, Mr. Lee did not alight, but drove back with his wife to their bereaved hearth, after a simple "good night" had passed among them.

In Jessy's early girlhood, the mother of the poor little bread-and-butter boy was a servant in her father's house. Since the death of the woman's husband, which was but recent, Jessy had proved her best friend—coming with cheerful gossip and "something for the baby" whenever she had an errand in town, which she had to-day; and had hardly been seated half an hour when she became acquainted with the story of the half-crown, what the gentleman was like, and who the lady, and which way they went. The boy had heard the *name* of the gentleman, as some one called to him, but did not perfectly recollect it; it began with a G, at any rate, and sounded like Godwin.

To the sum of sublunary happiness go many fictions—pretty figments, which, though constantly and forever disproved, are never the less believed in. Even in the contemplation of objects the most beautiful in art and nature fiction is seldom absent; and when the sun sets in clouds of purple and fine gold, it is not enough that they *are* clouds, however gorgeous; but we must at once set about making woods, and seas, and islands of the blest of them.

We have sought it in heaven (an instance is meant), but with equal propriety and success we might seek it in—matrimony. For what but a sugared fallacy is that Honeymoon so universally accepted as consequent on every marriage—as being a mingling of the sweetness of Hybla with all the soft suffusion of love which lapped Endymion on the hill of Latmos, to be enjoyed in all cases and without limit during the space of one calendar month—for twenty-eight days at least; except in leap-year, at which time, even February days are twenty-nine! A fond conceit! it is wrong to argue every-day life from the privileges of the aristocracy; and only in connexion with marriages strictly of convenience does the honeymoon roll through its successive phases with propriety, going out as the monthly bills come in. Careful

computation of the laws of accident proves the full average honeymoon to subsist about four days and a half, except in cases where youth, fortune, and fine weather combine with affection, when the average may possibly be doubled. So that wife Sybilla ought to have been much more content than in fact she was that her matrimonial orb waned not before the expiration of a week; considering that though they were rich enough in youth, they possessed neither fortune *nor* particularly fine weather. It was, however, this very consideration of lack of fortune, in the sense of money, that caused Sybilla first to descend from out the luxuriant solitudes of love in which, hand in hand, they had sauntered all the week, bringing her husband quickly after her. The initiatory cause of the declension was a nightcap; for, after a protracted evening sitting at an open window, Sybilla woke the next morning to find, not the locks of Hyperion straying over the pillow beside her, as before, but a tall, tasselled, miserable white cap, which, encroaching over Godwin's eyes, elongated his cheeks and exaggerated his nose to a most unhandsome degree. The unconscious sleeper, experiencing symptoms of cold in the head the night before, had ventured, in the dark to assume that wretchedest of all habiliments, the male night-cap.

When the blossom is ripest, the softest breath may waft it from the bough; in the nodding of that green tassel moved a cruel blast sufficient to scatter the full-blown poetry of any week-grown honeymoon. Accordingly, before breakfast was fairly over, Sybilla remembered that very little business had occurred to interrupt their happiness—before dinner, that Mr. Godwin had paid several bills with undisguisable uneasiness; and as the result of such souvenirs, not only she but Godwin also sat down at supper that night to a diluted cup, broken-winged and very near the earth. Every day nearer and nearer the earth, for things did *not* take a turn, but grew worse; and though they had the certainty of aunt's legacy before them, Godwin soon began to fear almost as much as his wife that if, according to the doggerel of Keats, "Love in a cot, with water and a crust, is—Love, forgive us! cinders, ashes, dust," it was not much more agreeable in an apothecary's shop. Not that it has quite come to that yet; he still contrived to maintain the marmalade for breakfast; but not many weeks elapsed ere Sybilla became plainly suspicious that though he might be rich enough in drugs, the money-capital of her husband was well-nigh exhausted. Indeed, she assured herself of the fact by just looking into his desk one morning, privately, and with a guilty face.

Now the legacy lay vested in his uncle, the Kentish miller; and as a few months before, in a letter which came hoping that John was in good health, as it left him (the miller) at present, he had received much earnest advice against early marriage, John wished to postpone the demand as late as possible. But the darkening horizon, and a few comfortless hints thrown out by the partner of his cares, precipitated intentions; and so he started one bright morning to receive his little fortune, planning its expenditure very solemnly by the way.

Dreadfully, Sybilla threw herself upon a sofa as her husband passed out at the door, and, half extended, employed an hour in usefully painting a piece of velvet, and uselessly pondering past, present and future. Dreadfully she put aside the

lauded stuff, and, taking up a newspaper some weeks old, concluded each listlessly-perused paragraph with a yawn till she came to "Important from India," and read of a bloody engagement there. How, in the cold gray dawn, a company of the gallant 292nd, and a strong detachment of the gallant 293rd, marched to reduce the contumacious Bungumshah. How, when the cold dawn kindled into blazing, blasting noon, and long-enduring men fell here and there, suddenly shot dead from the sun, it was deemed expedient to march over them against the contumacious Bungumshah. How, having mistaken the position of that Indian, they came not up with him by nightfall, for all their marching; and very gladly encamped—the greater portion on the plain, but a small detachment of some hundred men or so in a hollow at a little distance, under Ensign Hope. How, in the night, sentinels were struck secretly, the camp penetrated by Indian shadows rather than Indian men, the commander killed in sleep—encampment torn from end to end, encampment channelled from end to end, with tumult and blood. Ensign Hope listens in the distant hollow, rises up with his hundred men or so, bears down to the verge of the scene swift and silent, goes blazing into it like an Indian storm, and settles the matter. To the right is a ravine; and, as the enemy fly, panic-struck, Ensign Hope, with consummate skill (so the newspaper calls it), contrives to push the main body to the edge of it—pushes a few over into it, in order to furnish argument of prompt surrender to the rest; which is profited by; and by the time the camp is thoroughly roused from its hideous nightmare, every soldier with his head still on may place two or three prisoners at the end of his bayonet. As for the Bungumshah, he is disarmed by Ensign Hope himself, with as much grace of manner as a conqueror with one boot on (had no time to advantage by both) might be supposed capable of. Official thanks, loud newspaper laudations, honors present and prospective to Ensign Hope.

Trembling, Sybilla glanced thus rapidly through the narrative, and then, after a moment's breathless reflection, perused it minutely from first to last, her eyes lingering long about the lines in which the hero's name happened to be printed, and on the praises and the recital of rewards bestowed upon him. And again she sat entranced with parted lips and dilated eyes. Ensign Hope! muttered her wonder-bound tongue; Parson Hope, as he used to be called, from his solemn length and inclination to white neckcloths; the blundering boy cadet whose addresses she merrily rejected for those same peculiarities a few years ago! Who could have supposed so much heroism in him?

Only a daughter of Eve, we may pardon Sybilla that she took glory to herself in answering the question. Plainly, love for her was at the foundation of all this heroism; it was to add force and grace to his overtures—to render himself more worthy of her, that he had coveted the reward and reputation consequent on such achievements; and, indeed, none but the brave deserve the fair. Only the wife of an apothecary, as well as merely a daughter of Eve, we might also pardon the dreams she thereupon indulged, in which, as the lady of Captain, of Colonel, very possibly of Lieut.-General Sir Victor Hope—for Clive became a peer—she shone enjewelled in her natural sphere, the admired of men, the envy of women. But the bitterness

with which she dwelt upon it after a while, as a now impossible career, was altogether unpardonable. Not that she cared, Sybilla said within herself; *she was happy enough—never happier; but it was strange that her anticipations of one day becoming a "lady" should be so nearly verified; strange that this news should arrive just when it was too late and of no avail, even if she had cared; very strange that she whom it most concerned, to whom she was sure it was mainly addressed, should be kept in total ignorance for weeks after all the rest of the world had become aware of it!* So Sybilla said within herself; but being conscious of some heart-burning, she interpreted her reflections into the mildest language capable; thus the word "strange" really had in it some of the meaning of the word "vexatious." And, assured of her primal conclusions, Wife Sybilla went on to consider how grievous a thing it was that disappointment in the secret end of his endeavors should embitter to the ears of Victor Hope the very plaudits of his countrymen. Assuredly he was to be pitied, at any rate. And Sybilla went on dreaming and thinking.

Meanwhile Godwin had arrived at the mill of his uncle, who received him in blank silence, took him into a little room, where books and papers were ominously displayed, and talked with him privately. On which Godwin learned that when at the utmost verge of ruin, as the books and papers proved, his uncle had appropriated the moneys which had been confided to him irresponsibly, in justifiable hope (as the papers also proved) of immediate restitution; that to refund as affairs then stood would be as certain ruin, without benefit to any one; but the prospect was opening, and if John would only accept twenty pounds or so, and kindly wait a single year, said the old man, fairly crying, why, everything would be made right. So what could John do but quietly button his pocket over the twenty pounds or so—quietly button his coat over a fallen heart, and go home again?

It was a brilliant afternoon when the disappointed man came to the end of his dreary journey, resolved, after much painful deliberation, to confide the whole truth of the case to his wife. Young, and with a knowledge of many things, he was not without hope after all. He had hitherto made no exertion of the talents he was conscious of possessing; and who could say that good might not come out of this evil, at last, in necessitating their vigorous exercise? So, already ashamed of past inaction, and with some show of cheerful resignation to misfortune, he laid the twenty-pound instalment on the table before Sybilla on arriving home, and began the story; which, however, he had occasion to conclude with less and less cheerfulness. Naturally, perhaps, from fore-described circumstances, the contrast between a flushed and victorious soldier in uniform, and a weary druggist in nothing describable, struck Sybilla acutely as her husband entered the door; as, also, distance lends enchantment to the view, the contrast was so much the more prejudicial to the latter. And, unluckily for her, before she had time fairly to extinguish a comparison which some kind instinct told her was injurious and wrong, Godwin had declared himself not only a weary, unornamental druggist, but a beggared one. His quick eye, rapid in the interpretation of every symptom of thought, was not slow to perceive, however, the change that passed over Sybilla's handsome countenance—returning over it again and again, spite

of all her really laudable endeavors at banishment—ere half the recital was ended; and grief poured into his heart like water into a stricken ship. To dissolve without discontent the day-dreams she had been indulging all day long—dreams long cherished, but never approaching reality till she had abandoned forever the power of fixing them—would of itself, Sybilla felt, have been a task; but this bitter fact, falling in the very midst of her prideful fancies, thoroughly overcame her. She burst into a flood of tears too plainly rebellious and indignant, and, saying not a word, went up into her chamber. Spirit of the Sublime Respectable! thou dapper doorkeeper to all littleness, thou aider and fosterer of vanity, and selfishness, and hardness of heart—it is to be feared that since when you first put the (then infantine) soul of this woman into a corset, with apparatus of tight-lacing, its growth has not been good.

At first opening of the flood-gates, Sybilla's tears were merely the outpourings of disappointment; but the more she wept upstairs alone, the more she brooded and brooded, her sobs grew fewer, her tears hotter, and at length deliberately angry. She felt herself deceived—ill-used; and her spirit chafed within her so wilfully that even the loud, quick song of Godwin's canary-bird wrought her to extreme irritation. Poor fellow! Had he been brought up like the light-colored canaries at home, surrounded by respectability and yellow gauze, he might have known himself (and Sybilla's sorrows) better. As it was, however, he abandoned himself to his own emotions, and, thinking perhaps of the leafy old house in the northern suburbs, poured out his melodies like summer rain—faster and louder as Sybilla grew more irritated. He positively disobeyed her command to be still; the epithet "beast" he passed contemptuously over: she stamped her feet in vain. Hoping from perch to perch all the more readily and saucily as it had no tail worth mentioning, still the bird went on with liveliest rattle. At length, in a ferment of passion, Sybilla, approached the cage, trembling steadily, as a spear thrown from the hand of a strong man trembles in the earth, seized the head of the guileless little songster, and it sang about the leafy old house no more.

Godwin uttered no remark upon the discovery of this wickedness; but when he retired that evening, anger and grief contending within him—fire with flood—he placed his dead bird on a chair by the bedside, and lay all night with his face toward it. It was the last remaining of all the little meaningful gifts which, after the manner of lovers, Jessy had rendered him in exchange for others. One by one they had departed from him—got lost somehow—as if he were no more worthy of them; and there it lay—the last and most precious, for it had a real, vocal, interpretable language of some sort—dead enough certainly; with nothing interpretable about it but its dumbness now.

That day set a seal upon the whole eternal future. So completely fateful, so fatefully complete were the events of that day, that though no officer of evil could desire a single addition, still one omission would have unravelled toils which not an entire after-life could break through. And yet how weak were those circumstances in themselves! What mere gossamer-threads were they until strengthened by vanity and temper—even those small vices—into bonds stronger than the

seven green withes that bound the limbs of Samson! What petty impediments they were either to happiness or fortune, easy to be overleapt or smiled away by a firm foot or a cheerful heart, such as ought to have belonged, and in one case did belong, to this young woman and man! But in the morning when they woke, a strong wall was found built up of these petty impediments, breast high, between them; breast high, so that their hearts could no longer beat together, nor their feet be mutually upheld, in all the dreary vista of years through which they must yet keep consort—a hard, unreflecting face only on each side the wall forever. For Godwin had far-away ideas of perfection in woman—thinks of Jessy Burton; and so keenly did he feel the bitterness displayed by Sybilla, so gross did the selfishness, the violence, the cruelty of her behavior appear to him, viewed apart from any unkindness displayed through it toward himself, that whole months of repentance and affection would hardly have restored to him his olden happiness and love. The shock was sudden and complete; and the fact of Jessy's bird being victimized in the shock pointed his reflections in a direction not easily diverted, even if there had been any prospect of diversion. But, unhappily, the same principle which leads women to excuse and even champion the faults of those they love most, led Sybilla to justify her feelings and their results—to strengthen the belief that she was wronged, deceived, unfortunate; for she loved *herself* the most. Wilful and impassioned, the new-made wife now boldly brought before her eyes the comparison which yesterday she glanced at with nervous obliquity, and taking a comprehensive view of her own merits, her lady-like habits, manners, deportment and education, her queenly face and form, she fled from the consciousness of wrong-doing into the reflection that she was a "sacrifice"—that these her virtues were pearls cast before some lost apothecary, while a hero, a future Lieutenant-General Sir Victor, was hurrying from fields of glory in the vain hope of crowning his laurels with such precious gems. It is easy to see how thus a pardonable weakness might deepen even into guilt.

But a dreary lesson it would be to follow these two through all the shadows which henceforth, deepening and deepening one by one, fell upon them, till it was day no more, nor ever could be day. Sad to mark the daily-hardening indifference of John Godwin, who, having fallen at once from all his hopes, looked not up again, nor strove to regain the pinnacle, but went plodding along alone, dull and sullen, like the last man in a plague-stricken city; plunging anon, over head and ears, into some occupation or enterprise, from sheer necessity of *doing* something, and abandoning it at the very moment of success from nought but idle despairing: "What was the use?" Sad to mark the daily-growing discontent of Sybilla Godwin, whose wilful, passionate nature could resign itself to nothing which interfered with her happiness—a nature which, if it could not break through imprisoning bars, would beat itself to death against them. Unlike Godwin, however, in whose horizon of unvaried gray no sun was ever visible, at all, bright, warm snatches of sunshine would now and then intervene through tempest; but they were so uncertain, so evanescent, so much more allied to the principles that made Sybilla beautiful than to those that ought to have made her good, that they soon became wholly disre-

garded, and went finally out. So in a thousand ways was fuel added to flame; in a thousand miserable grievances and aggravations, and things that were neither one nor the other, but tortured into both; in trifles brooded over and made hideous by exaggeration; till, in a few months, it became questionable whether more misery could be found anywhere in London.

Preserved from a knowledge of all his heart may contain or may be capable of, let no man credit himself with just so much virtue, *by no means* debit himself with just so much vice, as circumstances may hitherto have elicited thence. With fair winds, the leaky ship is as safe as the sound; and to thousands who lift their polluted eyebrows in horror over the crimes recorded in the news-sheet, the writer of this sketch would say, It is all very much according to the weather. Besides, we arrive abruptly at a climax in the case of other men's vices; we do not go through all the circumstances and gradations which push on to them, nor know how many of them inevitably sprang from small and almost blameless beginnings, as we do in the case of our own vices. Furthermore, it is melancholy to observe how unconsciously men are beguiled through these gradations while to return is possible, and only arouse to a sense of error by the sudden clapping-to of the gates which open on the homeward path no more.

Beating fretfully against imprisoning bars, Sybilla now yearned as much for love and gayety as for marble halls. Her loss in respectability had not proved so signal as she had feared; and, in default, neglect, indifference, wasted youth, a cheerless, heartless existence now supplied the necessities of life to her misery. She forgot, wretched woman as she was, *who* had rendered her husband the silent, unemotional man he had become; a man without love and without anger—a barren rock, where rich and wholesome verdure used to grow. But, unfortunately, her ignorance detracted nothing from her wretchedness. Again, and again, totally incapable either of reconciling herself to her lot or of mending it, she wept bitterly at the thought that it could only change with death; and naturally followed the question, by and by, which of them was likely to outlive the other. It was terrible to think that *she* should spend all her days in such wretchedness—should die in the midst of it; but, independent of that consideration, Godwin had grown very pale and lean lately, he ate little, and, though he complained not, frequently took medicine. He was not naturally of strong constitution; and, taken altogether, Sybilla thought she should outlive him. This is the hard fact, the bone and substance of her frequent cogitations; but what pauses lay between, what twinges of self-repugnance now and then broke mercifully in upon them, cannot be written down; enough to say that they grew daily fainter and fainter! What harm was there in “supposing!” And then, after a decent interval, during which Godwin got neither paler nor thinner, came the consideration, But how long first! And when Sybilla was forced to admit that a young man like Godwin, however ailing, might well vegetate through a long series of years, she found by the feeling of dissatisfaction which crept involuntarily into her breast how much she had secretly cherished the “supposition.” Nor even after self-detection could she avoid the gracious thought, that if he lived for twenty years he might as well live forever; but if, now, anything should happen in say

two years (and a great many things did happen in two years) why, let us see. She would then be not quite six-and-twenty. Well, not *more* than two years; a year-and-a-half, say; for there would be a year of mourning, which would otherwise bring her over seven-and-twenty, which would be too old. And so Sybilla rehearsed her husband's death and burial, and her own widowhood and restoration to happiness, and—a little trembling guilty thought peeped in to say—to (by that time) Lieut.-General Sir Victor. True, she often checked these speculations; she felt they were wrong; but time by time with less success, until at last what is often expressed after one's decease became with Sybilla a fixed idea before the event, that “it would be a happy release.”

Meanwhile, John kept on the weary tenor of his way, prematurely old in feature and heart—got leaner and paler, finally got into a slow fever brought on through his own carelessness, about the time that his wife came to the above conclusion. And now it would afford strange melancholy to lift the veil from that woman's mind as she tended by his sick-bed—terrible to watch the sudden terror which now inspired her lest her husband *should* die; for she felt as if her injured conscience had fled up to heaven, had impeached her thoughts, and that this was the result: that devils had power to fulfil her desire, that her soul might be damned to her desire. Strange and more melancholy still, that when the first few days of Godwin's illness wore away, this terror was, not supplanted, but accompanied by other feelings of a totally opposite nature! After all, was not this a providential arrangement for the happiness of both parties—a release to each from a yoke which had proved too heavy to bear—an answer to all her tears and sufferings! Of course her thoughts were not arrayed in words so matter-of-fact as these, but it came to quite the same thing. And now these feelings reigned alternately. As Godwin grew worse the terror increased; yet, as soon as a symptom of amendment appeared, the contrary sentiment immediately assumed sway. But as time wore on, and Sybilla became accustomed to the *danger*, no doubt remained as to which was most powerful; and when Godwin at length recovered, and all the illness and dying, if any, had to be done over again, Sybilla felt like one betrayed.

Alas! she was now wholly in the toils of the fowler. The violence of her feelings increased day by day; and no longer to attempt description of mysteries impossible to be understood, she returned one evening from an accidental and momentary interview with Captain Hope, who was in England on leave, wrought into a determination to do that herself which it had terrified her should be done by nature on her behalf. So Godwin fell into another fever; and its accompanying symptoms were so new, that, though they were less violent than previously, they alarmed him much more. He, however, was not, perhaps, so easy a subject for experiment as a Suffolk laborer; and, whether from one cause or another—whether from observation of the symptomatic nature of his fever, or observations in the cup from which he was drinking at the time, he suddenly fell back upon his pillow one morning shot through with the conviction that his beautiful wife was poisoning him.

The stricken man lay staring out at the window with fixed eyes awhile, but neither in anger nor horror; for presently he turned his face upon his bed and wept with all his heart. The unkindness,

the ingratitude of this woman, each carried in it a sting more venomous than the sting of death; but, like the sting of death, they subdued rather than infuriated him. That she who lay in his bed and sat at his board, whom at any rate he trusted so far, whom at least he jealously protected and cared for, should drain his life from him at her leisure—to-day, to-morrow, any day, as soon as the milk came to make porridge with—smote him more with its treachery than its cruelty. Oh, what seas of anguish broke over him in that hour!—casting him to and fro, a helpless waif, utterly abandoned and broken up, in, perhaps, the lowest depths of agony that ever man entered upon and lived. His soul shook as in an ague; his spirit seemed oozing from him, until, like a dwindled, half-spent breath, it flickered within him on weak, unfeathered wings, impatient of their own impotence. But soon—for, in such extremities, men sometimes live through the changes of years in an hour—a sudden access of firmness, of sternness stole upon this fainting spirit, which momentarily grew calmer and more stern, till it was cold and hard as steel. Again his eyes became fixed and staring, but now with an expression enough alone, in its frozen and freezing terror, to have brought Sybilla down upon her knees had she encountered it. And when, half an hour after, the sick man again turned his face wearily upon his pillow, in hope of sleep, he had resolved to let Sybilla *do it!*

O wretched woman! Little guessed she, when she came presently to look upon this sleeper, the pallor of his face already reflected upon her shrunken heart, how completely the power had passed out of her hands—how terrible, how *eternal* the punishment she herself should assist him in signaling. Little knew she that if her soul were now, for a time, abandoned of all warning, of all saving voices, it was abandoned to the power of her husband, in the hollow of whose hand it lay. To open his hand before her eyes, calmly, mercifully to thrust an index-finger into the spots which already festered so deep in this soul, to put aside the cup not so much from his lips as her own, and hold up to her eyes, day by day, the chalice of repentance—all this was within the compass of his will. But he willed it *not*; he folded up his will and put it aside; he would rather yield his inclinations to hers, and passively *close his fingers* while he yielded. Why, what devil was in this man also?

From that day Godwin refused to see any physician, prescribing for himself from a private medicine-chest; and from that day he grew rapidly worse and worse. The olden terrors of Sybilla returned upon her as her husband sank so palpably; she slackened her hand, withheld it altogether in a paroxysm of mortal dread which passed very well for conjugal affection, but still from that day he grew rapidly worse and worse; till in the noon of a certain night, while she was vainly endeavoring to sleep in an adjoining chamber, the husband called hurriedly to the wife. The wife then rose, hastened to the door in nervous stupor, and stood rigidly looking in from the threshold. The calm, every-day appearance of the patient, as he sat up in his bed, restored her, however, to confidence; and, loosening her clenched hands, she advanced to the foot of the bed.

"Come nearer, Sybilla," said Godwin. There was something new in the expression of his voice, and she went to his side like one walking on a lake. The sick man placed one arm round her.

"My wife," he said, and the words fell whispering from his lips, soft as the sound of falling leaves, "My wife, this fever is coming to an end."

Sybilla shook from head to foot.

"Place your finger on this pulse," he said. She touched his wrist, and thought she recognized the difference between a pulse that beats with blood and a pulse that beats with poison. Again Sybilla shook from head to foot.

"And now, do look into my eyes, Sybilla!"—still he spoke with the same soft voice—"I think they are growing dim."

She glanced upward for the first time; and his eyes were not dim at all. They were blazing at her; and before she could withdraw her glance he uttered, "Sybilla, I shall be dead in an hour!" and so fixed her eyes upon his face.

If life was of any value to her, it was fortunate for Sybilla at that moment that her heart had grown accustomed to tumult; otherwise it must have burst. As it was, she gradually withdrew her eyes from Godwin's, and threw herself upon the bed in a passion of tears. And as she lay, burying her head in the clothing, a change passed over her husband's countenance. The fires were quenched in his eyes, and now they were really dim—with some strange commingling of pity, and melancholy, and agony, and even of yearning love, all in one tear. It was not, however, a time of abiding, and it, too, passed away.

Meanwhile, Sybilla still wept and sobbed with her face hidden. Well would it have been for her had she never lifted that face again; better to have wept and sobbed there till every fountain in her breast was still. But she did lift it; and, putting forth her hand to assist herself in rising from the bed, she placed it on a breakfast-cup with which John had been habitually served throughout this last illness, and which was not there before. She bounded backward to the wall, with a low, long, tremulous cry, and darted an agonized look at John Godwin. He lay, with his head pillowed upon his arm, fixedly regarding her. Her head swam; she looked at her husband with the gaze that blind men turn to the sun; she heard a voice far, far away, when he said, with slow deliberation—

"Sybilla, *I know it!* I have known it for a fortnight. I have drunk from that cup fourteen times since I knew it; but never shall drink from it again. You had better go!" He covered his face.

Mechanically, and still entranced in stupor, she obeyed. Slowly attiring herself in all the minutiae of walking-dress, not forgetting a cloak, since the night was cold, she fled down stairs—fled home!

As the outer door banged to, the dying man rose, lifted the window-curtain, and watched the hurrying figure of his wife as it emerged here and there full in the light of a lamp, and went on into the darkness beyond. Again and again, and ever less distinct, the shivering mortal passed through narrowing breaks of light into a wider expanse of darkness, as she had passed through many a mercy-sent dawning of remorse into deeper shades of guilt. At length the retreating figure passed for the last time from his straining vision, and he saw her never again.

"O Sybilla, Sybilla," he said aloud, as he turned from the window, "I pray Heaven the bitter, bitter punishment you now endure may atone for this offence forever! It is enough; for after all *I live!* And some day, Sybilla, when sorrow and repentance shall have chastened you, it shall be a

joy to you to *know* that I live—broken, unstrung, all youthful vigor shattered, but still not *quite* a murdered man. Yet if I had not known so early —

Shortly after, attired as for a journey, John Godwin stood in the street below—a solitary, hopeless, stricken man. The day had just begun to dawn, as fresh and beautiful as if for the first time it rolled away the darkness from the earth. Clouds laden with soft violet light came up from the east, and shed it all abroad; cool airs came down from the courts of an eternal city, with a message therefrom to all who would stop and listen. More than once did Godwin so pause in the silent streets, listening with fixed attention, drinking the air as draughts of water; and ever as his feet resounded on the pavement again he felt a peaceful sleep settling over his weary spirit. Involuntarily, or rather as a matter of course, that no thinking about could effect, he bent his steps towards the leafy old house: he had a vague intention of just looking at it once more. And all his troubles melted away as, one by one, he passed the old landmarks of pilgrimage. Past feelings came back upon him, the same as of old, though robed not now in joy, but in melancholy: the pleasures of an old man's memory. But how fast his heart beat as he neared the corner when the old house, and Jessy's chamber in it, were visible! And there it was! the snowy curtain still flapping in the morning air—the cactus, the roses, the geraniums—the same! the same!

Glancing down the road at about the same time, Jessy descried a man sitting dejectedly on the wayside bank, with his face turned steadily towards her window. Her attention was sufficiently arrested to recall her again and again; and still he sat there—still as before. A thousand unformed emotions suddenly crowded within her; she felt her face grow pale and her heart sicken. The stranger approached timidly and with an air of guilt; a few paces nearer, and Jessy saw not only *who* it was, but, by one of those wonderful laws which psychologists vainly endeavor to expound, pretty distinctly *how* it was. By what mysterious bridge does soul pass over to soul! How came this loving woman to know, from one glance at that bowed form and haggard face, that he had but now escaped, scathed and wounded, through some fearful tribulation which it was necessary for her to know and to share?

Without daring to look again, she knew that Godwin was approaching the house. She went out upon the stairs to listen to his coming; and, after some minutes, seated herself upon them with her hands clasped over her knees, *knowing* he would come. Her father was away on a short journey—her mother had, months since, gone her last and longest journey; Jessy was alone in the house with the old servant. Presently the expected knock was heard—a faint appealing knock, it seemed to her; and the next moment they stood once more, face to face, with the threshold between them.

Godwin made no attempt to enter; he stood like one sinking under a heavy burden imploring to be relieved.

"Yes! yes! for God's sake, come in!" said Jessy's trembling voice. And the next moment, as if there he would be safest from the pursuer, she shut the door of her own chamber upon her

old lost love. "Now, John, what is all this! What terrible things have you to tell me."

They sat down together. With dilated eyes and parted lips she listened, as in a very frenzy of words Godwin told his story. Now in drops of molten fire, and now in melancholy tear-drops, he poured out his whole soul before her, till not one agony remained unknown. In the excitement of the story he rose from his chair; and when he had ended all, and stood silent before her, pale and ruined, a wreck most eloquent, her old love, her pity, her anguish burst all bonds; she clasped her arms about his neck, pressed her cheek convulsively to his, and wept as though the floodgates of her heart were all broken up together. "O, my poor boy! my poor boy! They will kill me too!"

Godwin looked down upon the sobbing girl, trusting his tongue with not a word; and when her tears were all spent, and they stood silently apart, he felt that it was possible to bear up manfully against all distresses, and go on patiently to the end. But Sybilla was not forgotten; and whatever thoughts passed between Jessy and Godwin in the sympathy of silence, it was of her mainly that they spoke. There was some understanding between them regarding her; her name was the last word uttered before farewell; which, however choked down and delayed, whatever they yearned to say first, each to the other, but were ashamed, had at last to be uttered. "Good-by, then, dear Jessy," said Godwin, as they stood, as of old, in the porch before the door, and it sounded to them both like a snatch of an old-loved, long-forgotten song. She put her hand in his, and the direful Whither and how long? rose up before them, and was answered in each, Anywhere, to the ends of the earth, perhaps—forever! "God bless you, dear John," said she in a broken voice; and, yielding herself to his embrace and his kisses, she added, "and, right or wrong, I *will* love you, dream of you, pray for you, and never cease till I die!" The haggard face of Godwin lit up with one last look, revealing more than words. "O faithful, loving girl," he said, "what have I lost, and yet not wholly lost!" He passed through the gate, went out upon the road, and for miles turned not his head.

Her Lieutenant-General Sir Victor and all the idols of her vanity shattered about her, Sybilla heard, with renewed dismay, of Godwin's disappearance. It was another stroke of the two-edged sword; for she believed that, with the intention of screening her from justice, he had crawled away to die in some obscurity; and had it not been for the consequent excitement, the daily expectation of hearing of his death, the wretched wife must have sunk under the agonies of her remorse. But, when a few weeks were passed, came Jessy with news of his life instead—with grief and consolation, and not a word of reproach. Long and painful was the interview betwixt these two women; and, soon after they parted, the high-strung nerves of Sybilla gave way, and she was mercifully laid upon a bed of sickness. But there was a secret between them now, between the innocent and the guilty, that rendered separation impossible; and before Sybilla rose, a repentant woman, they were knit in close bonds of dependence and support.

Five years have now elapsed; and now and then, perhaps this very day, these two strange friends

bend their still young and beautiful heads together in secret over some little piece of news—from Paris—Vienna—St. Petersburg. For, as the best outlet of never-resting emotions, Godwin had turned himself to music, had spent whole nights in pouring from the strings of his violin songs of his experience. Till at last he began to grow famous; and is now known to the cognoscenti by

a new name—which, after all, is only *Jessy's* name Italianized—as a musician full of ungovernable fire and pathos, as a wild, erratic, fast-consuming genius, careless at once of emolument and praise. And so, suddenly appearing here and there, he still pours music into ears that understand not the bitter secret of its power.

From Kidd's Journal.

THE INDIA-RUBBER TREE OF BRAZIL.

THE caoutchouc tree grows, in general, to the height of forty or fifty feet without branches; then branching, runs up fifteen feet higher. The leaf is about six inches long, thin, and shaped like that of a peach tree. The trees show their working by the number of knots or bunches, made by tapping; and a singular fact is, that when most tapped, they give more milk or sap. As the time of operating is early day, before sunrise the tappers are at hand. The blacks are first sent through the forest, armed with a quantity of soft clay and a small pick-axe. On coming to one of the trees, a portion of the clay is formed into a cup, and stuck to the trunk. The black then striking his pick over the cup, the sap oozes out slowly, a tree giving out daily about a gill. The tapper continues in this way, tapping, perhaps, fifty trees, when he returns, and with a jar passing over the same ground, empties his cups. So, by seven o'clock, the blacks come in with their jars, ready for working. The sap at this stage resembles milk in appearance, and somewhat in taste. It is also frequently drunk with perfect safety. If left standing now, it will curdle like milk, disengaging a watery substance like whey. Shoemakers now arrange themselves to form the gum. Seated in the shade, with a large pan of milk on one side, and on the other a flagon, in which is burned a nut, peculiar to this country, emitting a dense smoke, the operator having his last, or form, held by a long stick or handle, previously besmeared with a soft clay (in order to slip off the shoe when finished), holds it over the pan, and pouring on the milk until it is covered, sets the coating in the smoke, then giving it a second coat, repeats the smoking; and so on with a third and a fourth, until the shoe is of the required thickness, averaging from six to twelve coats.

When finished, the shoes on the forms are placed in the sun the remainder of the day to drip. Next day, if required, they may be figured, being so soft that any impression will be indelibly received. The natives are very dexterous in this work. With a quill and a sharp-pointed stick they will produce finely-lined leaves and flowers, such as you may have seen on the shoes, in an incredibly short space of time. After remaining on the forms two or three days, the shoes are out open on the top, allowing the last to slip out. They are then tied together, ready for the market. There pedlars and Jews trade for them with merchants, who have them stuffed with straw, and packed in boxes to export. In the same manner any shape may be manufactured.

Thus toys are made of clay forms. After drying, the clay is broken and extracted. Bottles, &c., are made in the same way. According as the gum grows older, it becomes darker in color and more tough. The number of caoutchouc trees in the province is countless. In some parts whole forests exist, and they are frequently cut down for firewood. Although the trees exist in Mexico and the East Indies, there appears to be no importation into this country from these places. The reason, we suppose, must be the want of that fruitfulness which is found in them here. The caoutchouc tree may be worked all the year; but generally, in the wet season, they have rest, owing to the flooded state of the woods; and the milk being

watery, requires more trouble to manufacture the same article than in the dry season.

THE SKY.—It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them—he injures them by his presence—he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not “too bright nor good for human nature’s daily food;” it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us, more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew that we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole clattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not always so eloquent in the earthquake, nor in the fire, as in “the still, small voice.” They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.—*John Ruskin.*

From the Times, 1st Sept.

WILLS; SUPERSTITIOUS USES; ESTATES, REAL AND PERSONAL.

THERE are few subjects on which the results of philosophical discussion are so much at variance with the general feelings and prejudices of mankind as in the views taken of the right of a testator to dispose of his property after his death. Abstract speculation speedily shows that there may be very many, and must be some, limitations on the right of bequest, while popular feeling is in favor of indulging to the utmost the weakness, the caprice, or the benevolence of a testator. When a signal abuse of the power of testamentary disposition occurs, there is indeed an outcry, but indignation is directed to the individual rather than to the law whose license he has abused. There is no question with regard to testamentary disposition more intricate and difficult than that involved in the law of mortmain. On the one hand, there is popular prejudice in favor of giving every man unrestricted dominion over his own property; on the other, we have not fully outlived the feudal dislike of seeing the lands of the country held in a "dead hand," the natural prepossession in favor of the ties of blood, and, above all, the jealousy of influence which ministers of religion exercise over death-bed penitents seeking to atone for a misspent life by the disinheritance of their children and the ruin of their families. It was, perhaps, too much to expect in a report of a committee of the House of Commons a philosophical disquisition on the question of testamentary disposition, and yet we cannot see how the fitness of the present law can be satisfactorily investigated, or the correction of anomalies undertaken with any reasonable prospect of success, unless some clear and definite principle be laid down and rigidly applied. For such a principle we seek in vain in the report of the Mortmain Committee. How far the method of inquiry which has been pursued has succeeded, in spite of this original defect, will be rendered clear when we shall have briefly shown what the present law of charitable bequests is, and what the committee propose to make it.

The principal restriction on charitable devises is the statute 9 George II., c. 36, usually known as Sir Joseph Jekyll's Act. By this law, land cannot be devised by will for charitable purposes, and, if destined to be so bestowed, the deed must be executed a year before the donor's death, must be irrevocably enrolled in Chancery, must contain no reservations for the benefit of the grantor, and must take effect immediately. Personal property, when not intended to be converted into land, is under no such restrictions. Besides this, legacies and devises to the Roman Catholic Church, made in the time of the old persecuting laws, now repealed, and gifts to superstitious uses—that is, for the benefit of the testator after his death—are still void.

The manner in which the committee propose to deal with a state of law so very contradictory and anomalous is very remarkable. They do not propose to repeal Sir Joseph Jekyll's Act, but merely to amend it by requiring some greater degree of publicity; and this provision it is proposed to extend to legacies of personal estate, by requiring a return of the charitable purpose to be made to certain commissioners appointed for the purpose. The committee recommend the withdrawal from the provisions of Sir Joseph Jekyll's Act of those

descriptions of personal estate to which it applies, the repeal of the act of Edward VI., on which is founded the law against superstitious uses, and a new declaration by act of Parliament of what are to be deemed charities and superstitious uses.

The first observation which suggests itself on these recommendations is, that, great as are the anomalies of our present law, the committee will leave them greater than they found them. It must strike any one as extremely strange that it should be absolutely illegal to devise land to a charity, or even to convey it by deed, except under a vast number of the most jealous restrictions, and yet that there should be no objection to a bequest of stock, shares, or any of those numerous forms which the property of the nation is day by day assuming. What is the principle which can suggest or justify so astounding a difference? When land was looked upon as an instrument of government, and as the means of providing defence for the country, such a distinction was grounded on the nature of things; but some strong reason should be given for its perpetuation now—and that reason the report of the committee does not afford.

Day by day the opinion of mankind is tending more decidedly towards the abolition of the distinction between real and personal property. The notion of reality or stability as connected with the land, and of a fugitive or transitory character as belonging to movable property, is the idea of a barbarous and predatory age, quite unworthy to influence the views of a civilized and progressive community. Land is coming more and more to be regarded not as a possession *sui generis*, but as one among the vast number of instruments which human ingenuity employs for the creation and multiplication of wealth. To devise means by which it may be more easily transferred and rendered available for the purposes of commerce, is one of the greatest problems which can engage the attention of the statesman or philosopher. Yet, where everything tends to throw down distinctions and divisions, the committee seek to build them up. For retaining the restrictions on land, and perpetuating the absence of restriction on personal property, no reason is given, and it would be extremely difficult to suggest one. If the alienation of land for charitable purposes be hemmed round with jealous restrictions, it is not because of the peculiar nature of land, but because, to use the words of the preamble of the statute, "many large and improvident alienations or dispositions are made by languishing or dying persons, or other persons, to uses called 'charitable uses,' to take place after their deaths, to the dispersion of their lawful heirs." This is a clear declaration of the Legislature—first, that bequest ought not to be made by languishing or dying persons; secondly, that to make provision for a man's family is a better object than the so-called charitable uses; and, thirdly, that such disposition, if made at all, should take place by instrument *inter vivos*, and not by will to take effect after death. These principles the committee cordially adopt as to land, and negative as to personality. And yet all the evils against which the statutes are levelled are quite as applicable to wills of personality as to wills of land. Would the case of the late Mr. Taylor, of Weybridge, who cut his eldest son down to an estate for life, leaving, by a will, made after he was eighty years of age, the inheritance in remainder to the Vicar-Apostolical of the

Catholic Church for the time being, have been at all less deplorable if the legacy had been of stock instead of land! May not languishing or dying persons make a foolish disposition of personalty as well as realty? and is the affliction of a disinherited family at all consoled by the reflection that it is only personalty they are deprived of, and that, had their superstitious ancestors died possessed of realty, the case would have been different? The evil of the so-called charitable uses of which the statute speaks with so much contempt, and of the dispersion of families which it treats with so much sympathy, is just the same whether the *corpus delicti* be personalty or realty. There is every reason why the two cases should be dealt with alike, and none that can be suggested why they should be distinguished. Conventional and unmeaning divisions we can have in abundance without the help of a parliamentary committee. What we have a right to ask from them is, an explosion of vulgar fallacies, and a discrimination founded on real and not nominal distinctions.

Neither can we reconcile ourselves to the proposed repeal of the law against superstitious uses. To allow a man to dispose of his property for the benefit of his soul, and bribe the powers of the next world with that which he is unable any longer to enjoy in this, is a transaction too full of selfishness on one side, and imposture on the other, to be tolerated in any well-governed country. Something may be supplied in the place of the law repealed, but we have no reason to think it will be as efficient as that law, and much, from the present constitution of Parliament, to dread that it will not. A single good recommendation of the Mortmain Committee is to give increased publicity to deeds and devises to charitable uses. Their evil effect is to narrow the application of the salutary act of George II., by excluding from its operation money directed to be laid out on land secured by mortgage, or otherwise charged, and, while increasing the control of a dying sinner over his property, to enlarge the purposes to which he can apply it, by abrogating the present salutary restraints on superstitious uses. This is not the direction which the required remedy ought to assume, and we can only regret that so much labor has been employed in devising measures which will compromise without conciliating, and increase the already too extensive influence which priests of all denominations can exercise over the disposition of personal property.

A FLORIDA WATERING-PLACE.

My cousin accompanied me to the spring—he stopped at what I took to be an enormous hole of water. I asked him where the spring was; at which he pointed to the great basin of water.

"What!" said I, "do you call this immense hole a spring?"

"Yes," he replied, "this is one of the small springs of this country."

This small spring is about sixty feet in diameter, and about fifteen or twenty feet deep. "Well," said I, "how do the people get the water to drink; do they lie down to it?"

"Oh, no," said he, "there is the cup hanging over your head."

I looked up and saw a tin cup, which I took down and filled with water. I drank off about a pint—it was very disagreeable, being of a warm temperature, I supposed about sixty or sixty-five

degrees, and having a strong taste of sulphur; however, I thought it might do me some good. After drinking, I inquired where people bathed.

"There," said he, pointing to the spring.

"What!" exclaimed I, "people with all kinds of cutaneous diseases bathe in the spring?"

"Oh," said he, "it soon runs off."

I felt sorry that I had drank any of the water.

"But," said I, "the water is too deep for ladies."

He pointed to a log that lay across the lower part of the spring and said, "The ladies bathe below that log, the water there is about waist deep, and there are steps for them to go down on." I saw some very rough-looking steps. "The men," he remarked, "or rather such as can swim, go out on that plank which you see projecting over the water, and jump in; and there is the dressing-house."

The dressing-house was only a tent made of palmetto leaves. "But," said I, "do ladies and gentlemen bathe together?"

"Oh, no," was his reply.

"Well," I asked, "how can ladies tell when gentlemen are bathing, or how can gentlemen know that ladies are in the water?"

"I will show you on our return," he said; so about fifty yards from the spring he directed my attention to a board hung on a tree near the path. There was "gentlemen" written on one side of it, and "ladies" on the other, with charcoal. "Now, when ladies come to bathe, they turn the side with ladies written on it out, and if gentlemen come down and see that they go back; and when ladies come down and see the side with gentlemen turned out, they go back."

And this is the Orange Spring with its "fixens." It is situated in a beautiful grove of palmettoes not far from the Orange Lake from which it derives its name.—*Journey to Florida.*

A KIND WORD WITH JONATHAN.—Perish all the cod and mackerel in the ocean—fine eating as they are—before we go to war with brother Jonathan for a cause as scaly as any fish can be that have no scales. We can't think of quarrelling with Jonathan about fish at a time when our general enemy is plotting everywhere to reduce us, in a greater measure than we like, to a fish diet; and would, if possible, move all the nations, and heaven and earth, and another place also, even worse than Ireland, against us for that end. We must recollect that Jonathan is now the only national creature of any importance, except ourselves, that is not priest-ridden and soldier-ridden; the soldier in the saddle, and the jack-priest on the crupper. Our natural relation to Jonathan at present should be that of a league, offensive and defensive, against despotism and papal petticoat government all over the world.—*Punch.*

WALKING THE PLANK.—Napoleon the Great called the throne "a plank covered with velvet." Napoleon the Little is at present busy "walking this plank," and though he has kept himself up hitherto with wonderful good luck, still it would be too much for any one to say whether he will be able to maintain his equilibrium with the same steadiness until he gains his end. And when he does, who can tell whether, at that very point, he may not suddenly fall over and disappear in the "sea of difficulties" that, for some time, has been raging underneath him. Far happier to be Prince Albert, and "walk the slopes" every morning!—*Punch.*

From the United Service Magazine.

THE DESCENT ON LA VENDEE IN 1815.

BY R. G. WELCH, COMMANDER R. N.

In April, 1815, during the "hundred days" which preceded the downfall of Napoleon, Portsmouth had shaken off her six months' slumber, and seemed to have gone back a year upon the roll of time. The High-street—a scene of unwonted bustle—displayed military and naval uniforms in abundance; the parade was a real *place d'armes*; the dock-yard, roused into activity, resounded once more with the "busy note of preparation;" and the people of the town (eager in pursuit of gain, and having languished under the then recent and brief suspension of hostilities), participated in the opinions which Shakspeare, in his "Coriolanus," has put into the mouth of the servants of Aufidius: "Why, now we shall have a stirring world again. Peace is nothing, but to rust iron, and breed ballad-makers. Let us have war; it exceeds peace, as day does night; it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; muffled, deaf, sleepy, insensible."

Crowded with ships, Spithead had also assumed a new aspect; frigates were lying at single anchor waiting the signal to weigh; small craft were ready to spread, like wild-fire, the news of war over the face of the globe; transports were arriving with troops from America, or departing for ultimate Waterloo; and one or two line-of-battle ships, recalled to be paid off, were being refitted for another foreign station, and, it might be, for another five years.

The present writer then belonged to the *Astræa*, a smart frigate, commanded by Edward Kittoe, a captain fitted in every way for the particular service on which he was ordered, namely, to convey the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein, and about thirty royalist French officers, to the coast of La Vendée, where an army of the old stamp was gathering for a demonstration in favor of the Bourbons, and eagerly looking for their general, together with the "sinews of war," in weapon and munition, which England was to send them.

If the reader, who may have perused Madame de la Rochejaquelein's interesting memoir of the first Vendéan War, will take a map of France in provinces, he will there trace the march of the gallant men who fought the battles of their king, from the Bocage (the centre of which is Bourbon Vendée), through Poitou and Bretagne. He will see the old names of St. Florent, Angers, Beaupréau, Bressuire; and track the host through dangers and difficulties little less than were encountered, in their exodus, by the Israelites. He will then follow the single-hearted Frenchmen on to Dol and to Pontorson, where, instead of the English army, reinforced by their own emigrants, which we, as they say, had taught them to expect, they beheld, on one side, an opposing republican force of overwhelming strength, and, on the other, the wild sea.

It was a lamentable error of England, that of allowing this band of loyal victims to march to certain death—encouraging them to expect relief which was never sent, or at least not at the proper time.*

* In her memoir of the disastrous Civil War in La Vendée, about sixty years ago, the Marchioness de la Rochejaquelein, alluding to what she conceived to be the forfeited promises of our country, says, "During the three

But many years had passed since that fatal period. A new generation, inflamed with the old ardor, had sprung up; a new effort was to be made—an effective blow was to be struck. A peasant army had once more congregated, and another La Rochejaquelein would be in the field.

All was loyalty, heroism, hope! But one now reigned in France who would scarcely permit a civil war to "drag its slow length along"—one who had staked his all upon the die, and who was hurrying events toward their crisis with a speed which only his energy could command.

It was now May, or late in April. In seven short weeks would be fought—

—that giant fight

Which crushed Napoleon's power and saved the world.

As yet, however, the usurper's fate lay in the web of time; but a master hand was approaching which would quickly help him to unravel it; and God was above all.

Louis de la Rochejaquelein, husband of the lady already alluded to, and brother of the celebrated Henri, whose spirited and spirit-stirring address to the Vendéans ("Si j'avance, suivez moi—si je recule, tuez moi—si je tombe, vengez moi!") is still

days that we passed at Fougères, two emigrants arrived from England. Both were disguised as peasants. The despatches were hidden in a hollow stick. They read first a letter of the King of England, in which help was generously offered them. A letter of Mr. Dundas entered much more into details. He began by inquiring what our object was, and what were our political principles. He added, that the English government was quite disposed to assist us, that troops were ready to bear upon any point that we should name. He indicated Granville, as appearing preferable. In the almost desperate situation of the army, nothing was to be neglected; and it was a point of great importance to take a sea-port, by the assistance of the English, in which we might deposit the *crowd of women, children*, and wounded, who embarrassed the march of the army. The port of Granville had already been spoken of; M. D'O *** said it would be easy to take it by surprise. The attack was decided on. The King of England's letter was answered with expressions of respect and gratitude. A memorial to Mr. Dundas was minutely drawn up. He was assured, once more, that the Vendéans had no other intention than to replace their king on the throne. They solicited for reinforcements of troops of the line, or, at least, artillerymen and engineers; and they represented how destitute they were of ammunition, of military stores, and of money. Leaving Fougères, after having rested there three days, the army marched to Granville, by Dol, Pontorson, and Avranches. The attack began at nine o'clock at night. Some ladders were the only means our men had of entering a town surrounded by ramparts; yet the first ardor of the soldiers was so great, that the suburbs were carried, and they scaled the outworks of the place by planting bayonets in the walls. The republicans defended themselves obstinately, and succeeded in setting fire to the suburbs. Disorder began then to show itself in the Vendéan army. The soldiers, whose first onset had ultimately failed, were discouraged as usual. The attack from which they hoped most, was along a flat shore which the tide left uncovered; it did not succeed, because two small vessels from St. Malo demolished the Vendéan batteries. The poor army vainly expected assistance from the English, whose great expedition could not have arrived; but, as they must have heard the cannon in Jersey, they might have sent vessels and reinforcements. Their mere appearance would have secured us the victory. The long range of the cannon on the ramparts, to which our men were unaccustomed, disheartened them, though the chiefs and other officers redoubled their efforts. At last, M. de la Rochejaquelein (Henri) was forced to consent to a retreat. The attack had lasted thirty-six hours; there was no keeping the men any longer. We had no provisions; the ammunition was nearly exhausted; and we were without any hope of present help from the English."

fresh in our memories—this chieftain, one of the finest-looking men I ever saw—embarked on a brilliant spring morning with his staff and the stern old royalists who were to organize his army.

We beat round Bembridge with a six-knot breeze; bore up, set studding-sails, and shaped a course down Channel. All looked propitious. Even the case of white cockades which burst its bonds, and spread its whole contents over the quarter-deck, was hailed as a good omen, and excited the surrounding Vendéans to raise a shout of exultation, and to dance for joy. An aide-camp, who had served in the imperial army, and had been wounded, or, as he phrased it, "spoiled in the leg," (though it had not suffered as to symmetry)—who sang Troubadour songs, and hung a portrait of his mistress round his neck, raised to his lips a handful of the white cockades which lay on the deck and pressed them to his heart.

"Where do we take these madmen!" demanded one of the *Astrée's* officers of the first lieutenant.

"Noirmoutier, Isle d'Yeu, Sables d'Olonnes, St. Gilles. Now you know as much as I do," replied Bulford.* "But wait a bit; there is method in their madness."

I had never till now heard there were such places in the world. I spoke some French; I made inquiries; I became mixed up with our royalist friends; and I was noticed by the marquis, whom I begged to interest himself with Captain Kittoe, that I might accompany him in some capacity in the field. This request could not be granted; the honor was conferred on one of the elder midshipmen; but, in effect, none of us went. The work was over too soon; and, for myself, I received a hurt afterwards which would, at all events, have disabled me from attending.

Meanwhile, we were proceeding, though slowly. May weather set in with its variable winds. The French royalists were perplexed in their endeavors to beguile the time, though there was no lack of gayety aboard, and music sounded abast on the quarter-deck. The old Vendéans, however, kept aloof in knots, debating solemnly some mysterious subject, or talking with their chief, while the younger men played several instruments, and sang heroic songs. According to their own statement, they had composed a march in honor of La Rochejaquelein. It might be so; but I have since often heard it in the vaudevilles—a scrap here and there—to express "*Le départ, et l'absence*," or the casting off an "*Enfant prodigue*."

Kittoe spoke admirable French, and the marquis excellent English. A good feeling was quickly excited towards the royalist officers, who looked to our captain and their own general for encouragement and protection. Bulford smiled, though he seemed to think the quarter deck a little disorganized. "But, poor fellows!" exclaimed he, "they may all be killed next week!"

A perfect affection seemed to have sprung up between our captain and the Vendéan general; and, indeed, the latter, without apparent effort, had, in a short time, gained all our hearts. A certain fascination was in his manner, which I have since learned is peculiar to a La Rochejaquelein. There was also a manliness about him—something of the English cast—fined down to that perfect

breeding and grace which an intelligent Frenchman so eminently possesses.

His tall and well-proportioned figure, and remarkably noble features, are still in my mind's eye, as he stood watching the feathery vane on the quarter, scarcely lifted by the light air, while, under royals and all studding-sails, we slipped through a glassy sea. He had need of much philosophy to sustain him, and he possessed it. To our captain's encouraging words, he replied, "Surely, surely! we are in the hands of God. He knows what is best for us. But a single day may be worth many lives."

I can recollect the names of only two other Frenchmen on board; *videlicet* Beaufort—of whom we saw no more after he had landed, though we felt convinced that he did not disgrace his Norman patronymic—and Gourbillon. Beaufort was a "great drill," we heard. But he had only one recruit—the general domestic of the party—on whom to bestow his instructions, and keep his own hand in the practice of tuition. At length, however, *Mon ami Pierre* turned sulky and struck work. He had here made his *premières armes*. Of Gourbillon presently.

Another man, with ear-rings, high boots, and a theatrical air, whom we nicknamed the "Sceneshifter," told me he was formerly *Capitaine de Cavalerie sous Napoleon*. But we thought it more probable that he had been a trumpeter, for he was perfectly master of the warlike instrument. By his own account, there were few things that he could not do, or had not done; he affirmed that he was alike brave and distinguished in the Russian campaign and the fight at Montmartre, where he had saved a squadron of his regiment by hoisting the *drapeau blanc*, reëntering Paris with a rush of Cossacks at his heels. His joining the Bourbons seemed to be a measure of expediency, for his heart evidently inclined to the emperor. "*Mais*," said he, on one occasion, "*que peut on faire quand on est chassé par des Cosaques?*" (grimace and shrug.) "*Et d'ailleurs—n'en parlons plus—voilà le Général!*"

Avoiding Noirmoutier, we touched at Iale d'Yeu, or, at least, the captain pulled in to feel the popular pulse; but quickly received a hint (in a dropping fire of musquetry from the Invalides ~~in~~ garrison) that his presence could be dispensed with. In the night we landed some Frenchmen on the main land further south; and the next day, or next but one, all being ripe and ready, in we stood for St. Gilles, followed by the *Cephalus* and *Opossum*, and two transports laden with arms. Lord John Hay and Captain Furneaux commanded the brigs. The Telegraph and Dwarf also joined us to assist.

On the previous evening we had got the trawl over; and my friend of the ear-rings having missed his leap to the waist-hammocks to see the draught of fishes, pulled the immense deep-sea-lead, which was attached to the net, down upon his foot on the gangway, and suffered intolerable pain. Whether rightly or wrongly, he was a suspected man; and the marquis, sympathizing in his suffering, insisted that he should not undergo the difficulty of landing with the rest. The accident seemed to have fallen on the very man who could best be spared. He nevertheless implored permission to proceed ashore with his countrymen, declaring that he could *ride*, though he could not *walk*, and that he would follow or precede the general to death. His entreaties appeared to be

* John Bulford, to the present day no more than a lieutenant, had gained some experience of the French, as his services in the navy list will show.

in vain—for the present, at least—though the chief was afterward prevailed with.

On going down to the steerage, after the refusal of his request, our *soi-disant* "captain" abandoned himself to an excess of rage which I have never seen equalled. His tempestuous abuse of the marquis was declaimed, for our edification, in broken English; and its choice and peculiarly significant phraseology by no means did credit to the school in which he had studied our language.

Presently, he took his favorite instrument from its case, and blew a blast "so loud and dread" as would have set all the horses of a troop upon their mettle. "Ah, ha!" vociferated he with a hideous grimace, "how they shall do without this! Sare," he continued, catching the mate of the lower-deck by his jacket, "Sare, you shall not do nothing without the trumpet—by G—!" he added, after a moment's pause.

All this was lost on the sailor; but, replacing the brazen treasure, he limped once more to the quarter-deck, and, with tears and fresh protestations, prevailed on the general to recall his veto.

The weather had become somewhat stormy for the time; that is, there was a strong wind; but the landing of officers, arms, and ammunition, was effected without loss or damage. Looking on from the beach, as he landed, the general exclaimed in excellent English, "Admirable! admirable! Brave fellows! fine sailors!" as each case was brought dry through the surf of the Atlantic (now pouring heavily in), and shouldered and carried briskly up by our active boats' crews.

On quitting the ship, the marquis did not take a formal leave. He intended, he said, to return, and, in person, welcome us all to La Vendée; he would merely see his men come off.

"*Mais, l'homme propose!*" It was not easy for La Rochejaquelein to separate himself, even for an hour, from the confusion of an undisciplined multitude like that which, after long expectation, had now found the almost godlike ideal of their hopes. The bold Vendéans surrounded him as he ascended the beach, and kneeled for his blessing. Acclamations rent the air; tears of joy were shed; fair women clasped his hands; while brown peasants from Clisson and La Roche-sur-Yonne, and, indeed, from all the Bocage, pressed forward for a smile of recognition. A magnificent black charger awaited him with housings in which the Bourbon color was predominant.

Grasping the white reins, he mounted quickly into what seemed his familiar seat. He then rode slowly in amongst the crowd. If I mistake not he had served under Napoleon in a regiment of Carbineers; but the action of La Rochejaquelein, whether on horseback or on foot, was so full of grace and accomplishment, that it seemed to be the peculiar one in which he was expressly formed to shine.

Far, however, from his mind was all idea of display. He was instantly making arrangements with the tact of an experienced man; the peasant troops were divided, told off, armed and munitioned. Chiefs were summoned, commands given, a commissariat established, and order was restored as by magic, where, not an hour previously, all seemed hopeless confusion. In the midst was heard the trumpet of our scenic friend.

The host now filled the little town of St. Gilles; but the centre of interest lay in the "*Place*," with its shade of lime-trees, to one of which the general's horse was afterwards often tied, the

peasants guarding it with a veneration only second to that which they nobly manifested for himself.

A stream runs through the town, dividing it in two parts. On the one side, its flatness scarcely afforded a tenable position, save the windows and roofs of houses; but on the other, the church with its square tower, commands the principal points around. It was of importance to secure this edifice in case of dangers yet unlooked for. But the religious feelings of the Vendéans required to be conciliated; a popular dislike existed to the occupation of so sacred a place, which, however, afterwards fell into the hands of the enemy, in whose estimation sanctity was very inferior to military advantage.

It was curious to see the avidity with which our Tower-muskets were seized by the peasants, who threw into the sea their small, thin-barrelled fowling-pieces, several of which we picked up at low water, and found to be utterly useless. We were, perhaps, a week or ten days engaged in this place; by which time about 20,000 men had gathered round the White Standard.

The weather had again become that of a French May. The Vendéans, under constant drill and exercise, looked forward to a summer campaign, and were now with fatal confidence, ready to take the field. They had no uniform, except the distinguishing white scarfs of the officers. The cavalry was mounted upon agricultural horses with accoutrements in keeping. Of artillery they had, I believe, only two pieces; and in the then political circumstances of France, it was next to impossible that there should have been any well-grounded plan of operations.

Louis must have foreseen this; but the Bocage had called on him, and he was a La Rochejaquelein. Abundance of zeal, however, existed, with undaunted bravery, and a *prestige* of former great doings under the gallant Lescure (first husband of the Marchioness de la Rochejaquelein) and the devoted Henri. And were there not still Bonchamps and D'Autichamps, and Stoffletts, and Charrettes, and a host of other names amongst them, watchwords in the old Vendéan fights?

The imperial troops were said to be at a considerable distance, every available man having, it was believed, been drawn off to the north-eastern frontier. An unaccountable ignorance seemed to have existed that General La Marque, with a couple of regiments of the line, and some Invalides, was now on his march to interrupt the progress of our peasant-army. All, indeed, was warlike preparation; but the Vendéan host appeared to be lost in security, neglecting the proper lookout, and not employing the usual scouts of every force in the field, or about to take it. Even the general himself, it is supposed, relied too confidently on the information he had first received, and doubted that any opposition was at hand.

I was looking from the ship about five o'clock on a calm afternoon, while Bulford and the captain, with several boats, were on shore. As I swept the line of coast southward with my glass, I perceived a glittering array of bayonets glancing from behind the sand-hills that lined it for a considerable distance. A brigade of Imperialist infantry was marching upon St. Gilles! Yes, an enemy was within a league of the town, and—I may be wrong in my belief—not a soul of the garrison knew it!

A six-oared cutter (our boats pulled single-banked) was instantly despatched with the warn-

ing. The men used almost superhuman efforts ; but as the boat's keel grated on the beach, a bugle sounded. A confused rush ensued. "*Aux armes !*" was vociferated. The general ran to the tree where his horse stood, leaped on him, called his staff around, and, followed by his young aide-de-camp, galloped off.

None knew better than he the sort of foe he had to deal with, as he had, I believe, made the Leipsic campaign, and others in Germany, under Napoleon. And here, surrounded by a peasant-army in what appeared to be irremediable disorder, he was to oppose a front to disciplined troops, accustomed to move as one man, and thoroughly inured to war. The marquis must have performed prodigies of soldiery to get that mass of raw volunteers, gallant and eager as they were, into any sort of order ; but he did so. Those who were first collected, went deliberately to the front, and marched out to battle.

In an incredibly short space of time, the enemy had advanced to the *enceinte* of the town, which was as open as London. A volley was soon heard and quickly returned ; the foremost troops on each side were hotly engaged. Volley after volley rapidly succeeded ; and very terrible was the *fusillade*, which lasted for a couple of hours, amidst the uproar of large bodies of men, thousands of whom, on one side at least, had never before been under fire, and were now taken by surprise.

Once more the general, with his black charger and white reins, dashed through the opening crowd, and spurred away to reorganize the left. The Vendéens had been driven in ; this was the last we saw of the gallant La Rochejaquelein !

Our boats returned to the ship, leaving the captain on shore during the *mêlée*. The situation was not new to him. He spoke French like a native ; and his British uniform and commanding appearance were probably of use to his friend the marquis. From him we afterwards learned that a retreat had been imperative. The retreating Vendéens gained the right or north bank of the stream, but not the church, which unfortunately was garrisoned by the enemy.

I write from memory of many years back, when I was but a stripling, and am therefore open to the correction of any officers of my ship still living. I regret to say Captain Kittoe is not amongst them.

As the imperialist troops advanced they were decimated by the murderous fire of the peasants of the Bocage, who, each man for himself, as well as the indifferently-formed line, disputed the ground inch by inch, and made a fortress of every available spot. But all in vain ! The Eagle, before night-fall, was in possession of half St. Gilles. Here was a doleful repetition of the ruinous attack on Granville by the Vendéens upwards of twenty years previously !

Early next morning, one of the lieutenants of the Astræa, landing for intelligence, and walking up to the scene of a desultory fire of musketry (thus, be it said, exceeding his orders), was wounded in the breast. The ball, which was fired from the church, had passed through a shutter standing partly open from a house in the street, which broke its force, or our lieutenant must have been killed. He was conducted to the general, who had passed unscathed through that desperate fight, and even yet cherished, or at least expressed, hopes of still overcoming the enemy in the field. He was in his usual even spirits, delighted with

the behavior of his men, and desiring nothing better than to stand or fall with those who had shown such devotion to himself and the good cause. He took the ball out of the lieutenant's breast ; and, quickly dressing the wound, which, fortunately, from the intervening shutter, was not deep, despatched him with an arranged communication between ourselves and his staff ; and the royalists marched out into the plain.

That communication failed, principally from ignorance of the French language in the otherwise clever officer who had, on this particular day, the duty. Probably the general wished to appoint another rendezvous ; but whatever may have been the verbal despatch, it was lost forever.

The boat had been hauled up on the beach out of the surf, or, for concealment, at a spot indicated. The expected messenger duly came, fraught with news of great importance, as it seemed ; but the English lieutenant and the Vendéan scout had no common medium of intelligence. The captain, however, it was well known would understand. He was on board, waiting with great anxiety for some communication from the marquis, who he had good reason to believe was driven to extremity. The messenger, with all the fiery impatience of a Frenchman, and of one, moreover, who, being on a dangerous errand, knew he should immediately be shot, if intercepted by the enemy, wrote his message with chalk on the boat's bows ; he also wrote it again on the back-board. On his departure, the boat was launched ; but in going off, the bubble of a light swell by degrees washed off the chalk ; and when alongside the ship, every word had disappeared. Yet there was still the back-board ; from this also the writing was obliterated by the officers (there were two) who had leaned against it in the way on board.

The captain, we may well believe,

Was something more than wroth.

A battle had been fought at St. Serviere, and the Vendéens were utterly routed. What, indeed, could a partially disciplined force, however numerous, in comparison with their opponents, effect against two regiments of Napoleon's veterans ? Rumors were abroad of La Rochejaquelein's death ; but as yet we obtained no certain intelligence ; and our excitement and anxiety were intense.

Defeat, however, soon told its usual tale. The vanquished and the flying had sought their homes ; wounded men were brought into St. Gilles by scores ; and all was disorder and demoralization. Bulford, with three midshipmen, landing and penetrating a few miles into the country, barely escaped being made prisoners, and perhaps shot. They owed their lives to their horsemanship, having seized upon four steeds, whose owners were in a *cabaret*, and then galloped down at speed to the boat. Amongst others, Gourbillon was brought on board the following morning ; his clothes were in shreds, and his body was riddled with balls ; but, wonderful to state, no vital part had been touched.

Too true, the marquis was killed ! and with him the young aide-de-camp, whom we used to "draw out" on the subject of his wars and loves. Beaufort was also gone ; and most of those we had brought out from England were either wounded, dead, or scattered abroad. One was safe—"the trumpeter." There was talk of treachery. I do not know his name, and might not tell it if I did ; but report said, that in the night before the battle,

our friend of the ear-rings had commanded a patrol of forty mounted men. With much daring, he approached the enemy's piquets. "*Qui vive?*" was demanded. "*Napoleon!*" was the reply; and in dashed "the trumpeter," who was well received, and probably heeded not the fire that his new, or rather old, friends sent among the retreating files who galloped off and left him.

An attack on the Vendéens' weakest point, (led it was rumored, by the traitor) took place at daylight. Many versions of the affair were given, but all tended to the same sad end; and, whether killed by treachery or in fair fight, it was certain that the brave Marquis de la Rochejaquelein was no more.

We cruised between Sables D'Olonnes, and St. Gilles to little purpose, and were nearing Rochfort, when, as it proved, we were within hearing of the guns of the Bellerophon (Captain Maitland) the day previous to that on which Napoleon was received on board.

We were of course at this time all enthusiasm—on an enemy's coast, and employed on frigate service—as different from that of line-of-battle ships in a fleet as can well be imagined. The fact is, an English frigate of the inshore squadron, and ordered to watch so many miles of coast, was a most arrant busy-body—eminently *tracassière* in short, and meddling with everybody else's affairs, particularly French. And where the gale and the lee-shore rendered this prying hazardous, and the good people of the locality thought she had bid them "good by" for a full due—with the first glimpse of fine weather, there she was with her *petit nez retroussé*, at her meddling work again! There was no peace for her.

Sometimes she got a shot—indeed, she was always just within, or just without, gun-shot; but it only roused her temper, and she sent her boats away and cut out a convoy, or took the battery and spiked the guns—perhaps did all three, and destroyed the telegraphs, next day—doing all the mischief she possibly could in the shortest space of time. She was incorrigible. And yet there was an *abandon* about her, found to be quite irresistible.

To be serious—it is certain that such times can never be again; for steam judges its distance, and, if machinery holds, may defy all circumstance. There cannot, as in the sailing vessel, be that exciting sense of danger, with its corresponding love of enterprise, which, while running in to perform some hazardous piece of service, kept us uncertain what would be our fate that night. The ship might be caught too close to the shore in a gale, or be swept in by the tide, if the wind should fail, and thus be powerless to help herself or her boats, now perhaps far beyond her reach.

Yet, how every difficulty was surmounted!—how just her captain's reasonings! how admirable his combinations amid all the anxiety and sense of great responsibility that pressed upon him! It was the constant dwelling of the mind upon contingent circumstances, the provision, as it were, of shift and antidote for every accident that might befall, that made the navy what it was. See the result of such apprenticeship at Trafalgar, the Nile, and elsewhere! For so were the several ships commanded that composed our fleets. But the perfection of frigate service was during the last ten years of the war. This, however, by the way.

At length came Waterloo; and all was as nothing to that one great and stirring theme. In the

singleness of our hearts, we speculated upon the rapture with which the Vendéan general, had he lived, would have heard the glorious intelligence. Yet this is doubtful. His sovereign was restored, it is true; but could a Frenchman have learned his countrymen's sad disaster and terrible defeat with unmixed feelings?

The policy of encouraging such expeditions as we had lately been engaged in, is very questionable. To what good had tended the loss of so many hundred lives! To what end the sacrifice of that excellent man, Louis de la Rochejaquelein! The fate of great nations must be settled by great battles; and it would have been as a drop of water to the ocean, even had the demonstration in La Vendée succeeded. Europe, with her disciplined masses, was in arms against the usurper; the seat of operations was undoubtedly the eastern frontier; it was there, as every statesman knew, that the day must be decided. Why, then, did we encourage a handful of loyal and devoted men to attempt impossibilities! Had England said at once, "You shall have no aid from us—it would be only luring you to destruction"—had she withheld him, who asked her for a frigate, from pursuing his vain, though gallant course, his order might yet boast of one of its most lustrous ornaments, and a now mourning family might still have the consolation of his valuable life to guide, support, and cheer.

THE FORBIDDEN BLUSH.—Red, it is said, enrages the bovine race; but we doubt the fact, stated as a peculiar trait. The thousands of instances in which old women with red cloaks, farmers with red waistcoats, and young girls with red ribands, have braved herds of horned cattle, are forgotten, in favor of the instances in which some unlucky wight with red apertures of one sort or other has been gored and trampled.

It is true that the baited bull of the Spanish arena is inflamed by a red flag waved before his eyes; but we question whether any other gentleman would not be equally irritated by the same treatment, and whether any other color would not serve. Take any grandee, for example, place him in the arena, shoot into his sides a few small darts adorned with fuses, whirrigs, and other variations of pyrotechnic art, prick him with a few sharp goads, then wave a riband of any color before his eyes, and see if human irritability is not as much excited as bovine would be—ay, even though the riband be yellow.

The greatest argument with which we are acquainted in favor of the red theory, is the conduct of French officials and other Austrianized animals. In Spain, a man may wear a red smoking or travelling cap, and even a red sash, without molestation; but, as we have observed experimentally, no sooner does he cross the frontier than the official flies at him and obliges him to relinquish the forbidden hue. It is a French axiom at present, that gules and government cannot coexist within the Gallic boundary. The antipathy extends, to a certain degree, throughout Absolutist domains. The reason for it is still obscure. Rouge is the ensign of two orders—the meretricious, and the ultra-republican; but "supported by seven millions." "My lord his highness, the Prince President," cannot be alarmed at the mere memory of the Leicester Square classes of society. Red, however, is the color of blood, and, probably, "My lord," &c., in common with his fellow-philanthropists of Naples and Vienna, may feel a fainting-qualm at the sight. One proof of the supposition is, that when it became necessary for his plans to shed it, he tried to do so in the dark. —*Spectator*.

From the Examiner, 28th August.

"PROTECTION" TO FISHERIES.

WE have heard it calculated by Frenchmen that every pound of fish consumed by them, or sold by them to be consumed in other countries, costs them dearer than a similar quantity of fowl, venison, or game, the most delicate of viands. What with bounties of various kinds, with laws obliging French vessels to be overmanned, and with the duty on salt, the price of fish is rendered so dear to the Frenchman as to be a sensibly heavy burden, a great part of which he is obliged to pay whether he eats the fish or not.

Take the herring fishery at present carried on off the coast of Scotland by the French boats. These boats compose no considerable portion of the fishing craft of the French ports in the Channel. There are not too many of them for the regular supply of the Paris and other internal markets. But in August a portion of these leave Paris with a short supply, and set off to the coasts of Scotland; to fish for herrings they allege, but really to pocket the bounty. As their sole object is the bounty, they purchase herrings wherever they can do so, from the English and Scotch local fisheries, cure them, and make off home. The French government, perceiving this, does not put an end to the cheat altogether, but sends a fleet of cruisers and steamers-of-war to prevent the French fishermen from buying English-caught fish. Add to the bounty the cost of this war-fleet, and add to both the consideration that there would not be a boat or a sailor the less in the harbors from Cherbouurg to Dunkirk were there no herring fishery off the coast of Scotland at all, and you may calculate how much France pays for her herrings. She pays for "takes" that are never taken, while she encourages by her bounties the very industry they are meant to discourage.

Yet France has more excuse than America for committing such absurdity. For France, vast as it is, has very few seaports, the greater part of them small and tidal ones; and these ports are situated on remote spots of her territory, where the agricultural population is rude and sparse, and sometimes Celtic, so that the dislike to the sea is great even in these maritime districts. There is no eager current, as with us, of young life and enterprise to the sea; so that it is hardly to be wondered at that France, strenuously bent on becoming a maritime power, should make extravagant, expensive, and mistaken efforts to secure sailors, and should mulct its good people in the interior in taxation extraordinary, simply that their brethren on the coast may be induced and coaxed to go to sea.

The great nation of the United States has certainly not the same excuse to tax its agriculturists and backwoodsmen for the chance of an increase to its mariners. The United States has ports, shores, and harbors, with a teeming, amphibious, enterprising population within them, the country full of produce, the minds of the people awake with education and knowledge, with facilities of acquiring wealth, with the power of employing it. America is, in fact, a country in which protection to sailors, to fisheries, or indeed to anything, ought to be received with an outburst of laughter. That must be a sickly industry which cannot support itself on the seaboard of the United States without protection.

On the other hand we have to take into account

particular motives, and a certain policy existing in the United States, quite different from such as prevail either in France or England, and which we do not sufficiently consider when this egregious folly of maintaining protection, paying bounties, or committing similar absurdity, presents itself to us. The first interest of an American state, or group of states, such as those of New England, is to keep up and augment its relative amount of population. On population depends its political influence, its weight in the federal scale. We have no interest in England to increase the population of Lancashire, and render it proportionately greater than the population of more strictly agricultural districts. But the New England states have a vital interest in maintaining a population greater than that of the back states; and this they suppose they can effect by keeping up manufactures, fisheries, &c., by the well-known forcing means called protection. It is thus hoped that capital and population may be diverted or driven into regions and channels which naturally, and without such inducements, they would have the tendency to desert. When we denounce the folly of the American whigs continuing Protectionists, we forget the peculiarities of universal suffrage in a federal system. We have no difficulty in proving our friends quite wrong as political economists, and it is fit that we should do so on all occasions; but we are apt to forget what state excuses they may have in their character of local politicians. Mr. Webster's protection principles stand on quite a different ground from Lord Derby's. The Yankee has a motive on which he acts, though he discreetly makes no show of it, of which the English tory can know or feel nothing.

Nevertheless, it is this very circumstance which is most likely to render the maintenance of protection impossible in the United States. Here, amongst ourselves, a dominant class may contrive for a time to wheedle silly folks into believing that its prosperity and special inflation are for the benefit of other classes. But it is impossible, without a much more instant and broad absurdity, to argue that the state of Wisconsin should be made to pay for keeping up the population of New York, which population is to afford New York the means of constitutionally over-ruling and out-voting Wisconsin. As soon as Wisconsin clearly understands this, it will not long consent to pay out of its own pocket to keep up the fishing trade of its neighbor, under the pretext that such sacrifice is requisite for the honor, glory, and power of the general marine flag. Federal sagacity will speedily see through a humbug which is far more easily tenable under systems not federal. Let us, therefore, leave the New Englander alone. It is not the Old Englander that can pull down the pride of these fisheries; but the internal and agricultural states, who pay for the bounties and the protection which afterwards in the shape of population are employed against themselves, are sure sooner or later to do it.

We should much desire, moreover, to have other witnesses than military seamen examined upon the question of the comparative prosperity of fisheries. We are willing to accept Lord Dundonald's facts. But we should like to have the question elucidated by those who look at it, and have studied it, from the commercial rather than from the naval point of view.

If we are to accept it as a certain fact that we experience an ill success and a decay in our

fisheries which we do not find in any other path of speculation or enterprise, we are also to remember that it is not merely from the Newfoundland fishery we have been driven by competition. From the South Sea whale fishery the Americans have also driven us, and there at least we cannot attribute the defeat to the sole influence of American bounties. In truth, we are much mistaken if our failure in this, as well as our success in other undertakings, as contrasted with America, be not in both cases distinctly owing to the very different systems of association which prevail in the two countries. In England we associate capital almost to any amount; with that capital we command certain kinds of intellect and power, scientific intelligence for example; and by these means, when properly applicable to the matters in hand, we arrive at results such as the rest of the world may admire and imitate, but can only at distance follow. In America, on the other hand, association is generally among men of small capital, who club together not merely their capital, but their personal activity and intelligence. A fishery company with us would be a congregation of individuals, nine-tenths of whom would merely lay down each their 500*l.* or their 1,000*l.*, and leave it to fortune or their co-proprietors to look to the wise workings and management. In America half a dozen persons would club to purchase a vessel, would embark in her, would themselves haul her ropes and fling her harpoons, each man looking at the most strictly economic outlay and turning of his own little capital. It needs no great force of discernment to tell which kind of enterprise is likely to prove the most successful.

Great association of capital, commanding intelligence by purchase, that is the characteristic of England. Small association of capital, its owners employing their own intelligence, that is the characteristic of America. In all enterprise requiring and admitting the former we succeed most admirably, although not without the terrible effects now and then of entrusting immense interests to discretionary chances hardly less great. The glories and disgraces, the blunders and the achievements of our railroad system would fill volumes, and not uninteresting ones, with the same principle of failure and success prominent and predominant throughout. But there is no speculation in which private enterprise is so far superior to joint-stock direction as in that of fisheries. The money of the idle capitalist is pretty sure to be flung away in those fog-benighted seas. When rude, rough English whalers frequented the Bay of Islands, or stretched from Sydney on their own adventure, it was a prosperous business. It is still so with the Americans. It is no longer so with the British companies.

We have read many disquisitions on the necessity of providing some better investment for the economies of the poor than a savings-bank; and we have also read amusing and sad accounts of the improvidence of seamen. We would like to see the result of a commission that should visit American and French ports, and discover for us the secret of how it is that so many French and Americans, mere sailors, do continue to save money, and to invest it in shipping. Notoriously the seafaring class is one which will not save money to invest it in ways it knows nothing about. But if there are facilities for our seamen to vest savings in their own trade and pursuit, as sailors are enabled to do in other countries, the result

might be a revolution in two very important points, one of them the moral and physical condition of the seafaring population, and the other the resurrection of our fisheries, which, in no other way than by individual enterprise and association, can be made again to prosper. We do much with capital. But in certain cases English capital manages to overturn and extinguish individual enterprise; and this should be obviated.

From the Times, 31 Sept.

FISHERIES.

It will be seen that the American papers have not as yet given any confirmation to the assuring reports which were diffused by the ministerial prints in this country. We were informed, on this oracular but somewhat enigmatical authority, that there had never existed any serious differences between the governments of Great Britain and the States on the subject of the fisheries, or, at least, that these misunderstandings had been greatly exaggerated, or, finally, that the impending rupture, if it had ever impended, had been conclusively averted by a pacific adjustment of all the points in dispute. The fact of the embroilment, however, has now been placed beyond all doubt by the proceedings in Congress, and we can plainly see that the misconceptions and irritation on the subject, so far from being confined to provincial journals or local agitators, had extended to active members of the Legislature, and were still occupying, by the most recent advices, the anxious attention of government. We trust that the discernment of our contemporaries on the point of the settlement may be less at fault than it proved to be on the matter of the disagreement; but the organs of American opinion have certainly not yet acquired any variation of tone from the alleged accord of the two governments. It is probable that the definite proposals of Lord Derby's ministry have not yet become generally known across the Atlantic; but we suspect that a more recondite influence is at work in maintaining the visible discontent.

The reader is not likely to have forgotten that the fishing privileges from which the Americans, by their own renunciation, stood debarred, were of two descriptions; one relating to the right of entering British bays, and the other to that of approaching within a league of British shores. The former point, if not strictly disputable, was always disputed; the latter was never overtly called in question; but both, in reality, were evaded together. The privilege of fishing in-shore was much more important than that of entering a bay, and the New Englanders, while systematically assuming the one, were seldom content to forego the other. As no doubt whatever could be thrown upon the in-shore regulations of the treaty, the colonists were fairly justified in demanding, and Sir John Pakington in conceding, a stricter enforcement of their rights on a point both so plain and so serious; but the corresponding interests of the Americans would naturally induce them to fix the dispute exclusively on the debatable article of the convention, though it was not that which was either solely or even principally contravened. In short, we are much inclined to believe that what the Americans really desired was the liberty of fishing within three miles of our shores; that their annoyance has risen from the

attention called to their encroachments in this respect, and that their anger found expression on a different point, because there was really no room for complaint on the point actually concerned. If, indeed, Mr. Seward's speech was to be taken in all respects as a disclosure of government views, there can be no longer any doubt upon the question, for the honorable senator explained himself with unmistakable perspicuity. "Our fishermen," said he, "want all that our own construction of the convention gives them, *and want and must have more* ;—they want and *must have* the privilege of fishing within the three inhabited miles, and of curing fish on the shore."

Now, if these are the genuine motives which have suggested and embittered the international altercation, it is easy to conceive that even the liberal surrender of British claims, which our ministerial contemporaries have announced, may fail in producing satisfaction or conciliation on the other side of the Atlantic, and that, as the real annoyance will still subsist, the discontent will still find expression. The only point brought actually into discussion was that which concerned the interpretation of the term "bays," and this has been concedingly resolved in favor of the Americans, who, as we learn from the leakage of ministerial repositories, have acquired the free liberty of entering all our bays for the purely nominal consideration of a like grant on their own part to us. But, though this must necessarily dismiss the bay question forever from the regions of diplomacy, it will do little towards removing occasions of international embroilment if the real temptation to trespass remains behind in the reserve of the inshore fishery to colonial vessels exclusively. We are induced, therefore, to apprehend that dissatisfaction, however disguised, will still be felt and exhibited throughout the Union ; that the New England boats will still expose themselves to lawful seizures by deliberate encroachments, that those seizures will rankle in the American mind, and that opportunities will ultimately be found, or created, for bringing this last privilege of the British colonies to that stage of alleged doubt or concerted difficulty which has preceded the surrender of the others.

In this view of the case, it is clearly the interest of our government to close at once, if possible, all chances of trouble by favorable negotiation. The Americans have not yet arrived at the point of doubting or repudiating their own renunciations respecting the in-shore fisheries, and we observe that those journals which echo most faithfully Mr. Seward's opinion on the subject have the grace to acknowledge that Great Britain could never be asked for so valuable a concession without the offer of an equivalent. At first sight it may appear inexpedient to entertain proposals for a surrender of this incontestable privilege, for it cannot be denied that more is involved in its maintenance than the mere advantage of one fishing trade over another. Considerations of general policy, no less than of fiscal convenience, suggest the retention of this recognized border along the coast of our possessions, and, indeed, if the fishermen of the two countries were admitted by the abolition of such limits into indiscriminate and universal contact, it seems natural to anticipate that the chances of quarrel must, upon the whole, be rather augmented than diminished. These reflections, however, which could hardly escape the eyes of our statesmen, appear to have been more than counterbalanced by

the prospective benefits of a fiscal settlement ; for, if we correctly understand the matter, the admission of American vessels to all the privileges of British fishermen, without reserve, has actually formed a subject of diplomatic correspondence on past occasions. If this is indeed the case, and if the negotiability of this right has been already acknowledged, there can be no objection to reopening the discussion. "There is only one way," said Mr. Seward, after confessing to the hankerings which we mentioned above, "there is only one way that Congress can act, and that is by reciprocal legislation of some sort with the British Parliament or the British Colonies." This is plain speaking, and not unreasonable argument ; but, if such views are carried out, we must bespeak an "equivalent" rather more substantial than that discovered by Lord Derby's government on the late occasion. For the Americans to ask that they may take all our fish in consideration of letting us take all theirs, is very much as if we were to demand all the cotton that they produce on the condition of returning them all that we produce at home. If the fish were on both shores alike, the New Englanders would never leave their own coasts to seek them on ours. Lastly, the privilege must not be carried off before it is paid for. We do not wish the Americans to "negotiate under duress" or, indeed, unless they desire it, to negotiate at all, but they must not complain that we protect our own property until such time as we agree to dispose of it. No Boston merchant would think himself affronted if he were kept from what was not his own until he had made a bargain for acquiring it. We are putting no "duress" upon the Americans by excluding their vessels from the in-shore fishing-grounds, for they themselves cannot pretend that they have any right to approach them. We retain nothing but what they do not presume to claim ; and, though we may possibly be prevailed upon to part with our property upon terms of exchange, we must take good care of it until the dealings are settled, or it will cease to be property at all.

FREEMAN HUNT.—The New York Independent notices the degree conferred upon Mr. Hunt, by Harvard University, as follows :—

"We are glad to see that the faculty of Harvard College have conferred the honorary degree of A. M. upon Freeman Hunt, Esq., the founder of the Merchants' Magazine and its editor for the thirteen years it has existed. Such a compliment from our oldest University to the self-made graduate of the printing office, is a compliment which nothing but merit could win."

We most cheerfully respond to all that is said in the above paragraph, complimentary to our old friend of the Merchants' Magazine. Few men connected with the press in this country have so wide and well-deserved a reputation as Freeman Hunt. He has often received the highest commendations of the first literary and scientific institutions of Europe, and this new compliment from one of the oldest and most prominent of the literary universities of this country, shows that home merit may sometimes be appreciated and honored as it deserves.—*Rochester Daily Advertiser*.

DIGNITY is often a veil between us and the real truth of things. Wit pierces this veil with its glittering shafts, and lets in the "insolent light."

From the Spectator, 4th Sept.

THE TIMES.

THE tide of journalism is out, and news has ebbed to its shoals—its blue books of last session, its reviews of books not new, its wondrous stories of natural history, its archæology, and explanations of matters long since past. The *Times* puts on an appearance like a daily edition of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Take the paper for any day in the week, and you will find a prolixity of eloquence at railway meetings, delightful to the speakers, who find that the leading Journal rates them at the inches of a Stanley or a Russell; copious analyses of railway phenomena, original and in largest type; theses on the old "War in Afghanistan;" Portuguese public affairs, on an American scale; after-dinner speaking at a local mechanics' institute, with distinguished guests from a distance; new "Orders in Chancery," with all the schedules in extenso; report on "the Laws of Mortmain;" report on the Brehon Laws; and a marvellous story of a fasting girl who discourses learnedly on theological topics. The life of the hour, while politics have gone to sleep, is represented by the Police Courts and Ireland; regions in whose hot atmosphere, as in Dante's infernal residence of the proud, the folk are ever moving, and ever waving their hands to cast from them the slow ceaseless rain of fire-flakes. Meanwhile, the calm editor discourses gravely on the time-honored abuses of the Registration Courts; the sempiternal passiveness in providing to meet recurrent cholera; the ever-growing enormities of the railway system; and the responsibilities of the British clergy, from Indus to the Pole.

It is at times like these that we cast up our accounts political and social. Nobody is in the shop stamping for attention, and we take stock. The statesman and the editor overhaul their desks, consign the condemned rubbish to its last home, and rediscover the beauties of forgotten treasures. For, while there are beauties, in literature as well as in flesh and blood, which strike the hurried eye even in the highest whirl of action, there are others which only develop their not less deep delights to fond and lingering contemplation; and hence the editor returns to his blue book, the statesman to his "proposal of a plan for," &c. Chronic enthusiasts now have their day, and "ocean postage" or "pure water" tantalize the homely reader with their brilliant possibilities. The newspaper reader, who expects to see what is going forward in the world, but finds himself dwelling on the exploits of Clive and Keane, of Warren Hastings and Charles James Fox, is set thinking on the tendency of events to run in cycles; he likens Louis Napoleon to Commodus; speaks of Rienzi when he would say Mazzini; and sitting down to write a note, dates it "Ab urbe condita." To sanguine minds this is the season for taking account of "progress;" and, reflecting that "Julius Cæsar had not a pane of glass to his window nor a shirt to his back," we are inclined to launch forth in exultations at gas, steam, railways, electric telegraphs, &c., according to the stereotyped rhapsodies. To the conservative mind, the unchangeableness of essentials now recalls every doubt as to the reality of said "progress;" the last crim. con. case recurs, amongst other antiquities of the class, with the domestic vicissitudes of Belisarius; the Parisian improvement-works and pageants recall the "panem et circen-

ses"; the Goth overawes over-civilized Europe; Catullus sings police cases and boudoir horrors; Horace is the immortal laureate of a town Parnassus; man still *imagines* happiness, and plucks the dead pear of Holy Land, or, seeking water at the fount, draws the shrimp in its vehicle of the W. M. E. S. Company.

Or, finding the past barren, recalcitrating against tory despondency, we fall back upon the future, extend the career of achievement into enterprise and speculation, and, like an eloquent correspondent of our own, imagine the day when vast ships shall skim the petty billows of the stormiest ocean like a Thames wherry over the ripple, traversing from England to the Antipodes with neither shipwreck nor sea-sickness; when a penny shall be the postage from Otago to Stoke Pogis, from Vienna to Utica; when England and America, instead of bickering in the petty accents of a Chatfield or a Webster, over Mosquito kings and fish, "bob-stay and sinker," shall stand side by side, protecting universal liberty and commerce, and teaching its poor emperors and Cæsars to behave like good boys in the school of God's world.

In France, it is said that President Bonaparte has now definitely made up his mind to "the empire;" but what France herself has to say on that point is not so easily defined, since she is gagged. And not only gagged, but, we verily believe, perplexed, rather wearied, and altogether uncertain of her own mind. It is necessary to pass some time in the country, quietly noting the unstudied traits of the intimate feeling of the people, in its own countenance and its own heart, before you attain to any conception of its sentiments. Men who once opposed the actual régime, have become, so to speak, passively resigned to it, from having acquired a thorough doubt as to the honesty and capacity of all existing parties. Louis Napoleon stands, like Lord Derby, by favor of omnilateral opposition. Meanwhile, the government really *corrupts* very few, and does not *impose* on any. Everybody knows it for what it is—a terrible knowledge! But nobody is disposed to upset it in favor of any other régime. It is like a disease in a thoroughly worn-out patient, which the physician will not cure lest he leave the field open for a worse. The existing lull of political strife is not unprofitable to the country, which is making prodigious strides in material well-being and in accumulation of wealth; and while he can "save society" by his empirical violences—while he can prevent riot, hateful to trade—Louis Napoleon may retain his place.

But that it is a hard struggle, appears in the undisguised contest to which he is committed with words. Writing alarms him; but he cannot evade it. The *Times* assails him from the Hill of Lud, with historical parallelisms of France and the Lower Empire; and he cannot abstain from answering in his Government Gazette! *La Presse* questions the right of *Le Pays* to say that the 2d of December prevented disorder in May, or that France is a nation of cut-throats to be put down by anticipatory cut-throats; and *La Presse* is "warned," as a prelude to its suppression; so that all Louis Napoleon's tact and talent for passive silence cannot restrain him from contest with Emile de Girardin, the clever and vigorous adventurer who is *all but* the Warwick of Paris. Louis Napoleon has great nerve in total abstinence of

expression; but the unceasing twirl of his moustache with finger and thumb betrays the restlessness behind that mask, and the *Times* and the *Presse* provoke him out of his reserve. It is a hard struggle; and he hastens to the Empire as the worried gamester precipitates the game, to learn his fate.

THE fishery dispute may have ended diplomatically, but it has not ended practically. We come to this conclusion *not* chiefly through the reports of continued exacerbation in the Senate of the United States, nor through the report of Mr. Seward's speech, pointing to ulterior negotiations, but through a consideration of the facts as they are well known, as they have long existed, and as they have already been explained in our pages. Not that the speech of Mr. Seward is weak testimony in corroboration of our position. When a man so eminent, so experienced, so esteemed, makes a declaration on the part of America, it comes with more force than the language of officials whose tongues have not been sincere, and whose tenure of office is expiring. "Our fishermen want," he says, "all that our own construction of the convention gives them, and want and must have more; they want and must have the privilege of fishing within the three inhibited miles, and of curing the fish on the shore." With much good faith, the American war-ships have been driving their own countrymen off the ground; but that cannot last. The American fishermen want what Mr. Seward says, because practically they have always had it, because sailors *cannot* be made to respect an imaginary line laid down on the dancing flowing waters, and because the fish which they pursue lead them within the line. The reply of certain English writers, that the concession of freedom to fish in American grounds is as much as if he were to offer British in return for American cotton, does not apply; local and personal incitements are stronger even than justice, when that is only abstract or enforced by remote powers; and fishermen cannot bear diplomacy in mind. Nor needs the ulterior bargain be embodied in fish alone. As the only way in which Congress can act, Mr. Seward indicates "reciprocal legislation of some sort with the British Parliament or the British Colonies." In whatsoever way, the question will have to be settled more solidly that it now is, by ulterior negotiation.

From the Spectator, 4th Sept.

PEEL AND THE PEOPLE.

THE popular applause that greeted the closing years of Sir Robert Peel's career, the respect with which his name was mentioned by all but the condottieri of faction, has since his death received a lasting confirmation in memorial of stone and bronze, erected in towns whose interests bound them to be specially thankful for the boldness of his policy. These tokens of a nation's gratitude and respect are the fit instruments of punishment for those who abused him while he lived, and now that he is dead have imitated just so much of his career as taken by itself was neither to his honor nor the nation's advantage. Peel's successors must bite their lips as they hear of one fact after another bearing testimony to the profound impression which the character and policy of the deserted

leader have made upon the English heart, and must read in that a forewarning of the contempt with which posterity will regard their want of principle, of genius, of dignity. It is pleasant to see justice done, and to anticipate the time when it will be done; all that is manliest in the human heart receives satisfaction from the spectacle; and, whether that justice be homage or contempt, to pay it well according to the dues of public men, is an education for a people, and has no mean influence in the formation of their character. Steele said that it was the finest education for a youth to love a charming and virtuous woman; and to cherish feelings of admiration and of gratitude towards a statesman who deserves both, in like manner elevates the people who entertain them. It is, we repeat, the policy and character of Sir Robert Peel that lift him so high in popular esteem, and attach the old Greek title of "benefactor" to his name. Not that a strong sense of the physical comfort which he has increased and secured does not mingle in the feeling of the people to him. But he touched something in the popular heart more noble than its selfishness, as those who now fill his place rouse in that same heart an indignation in which moral elements play the foremost part. The Englishman admires in Peel the union of cautiousness with grand conceptions, of parliamentary tactics with superiority to party ties, of highmindedness and disinterestedness with a singular degree of practicality.

From the Spectator, 4th Sept.

EUROPA AT CREMORNE.

EUROPA is summoned to the Westminster Police Court by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to account for her escapade in riding off on the bull. Cremorne is the scene of the offence. The poor beast, it appears, is suspended by girths; on it sits the Europa of the hour; and a balloon supplies the motive power. The less classic Poitevin had mounted skywards on a pony. A veterinary surgeon is ready to swear that the position of the beast is unnatural and painful; and it certainly needed no veterinary surgeon to disclose that truth. But the spirit of Dick Martin survives, and the animals will be rescued from their wretched labors.

It is sorry work, however, when coercive police is the substitute for sense and good feeling in the public. The position of the bull is unnatural and painful, but what is that of Madame Poitevin? We say nothing of her nymphæan costume, since art possesses its licenses. But where was the art to hallow that dismal scene? Imagine the cruelty to the tradition. The bull, that ought to be exulting in his victory—Jove himself converted to the king of the pastures and eloping with the fair nymph—is represented by a poor beast slung as beasts are at sea, in helpless suffering; instead of "floating o'er the Argolic floods," they are carried through the smoke over Chelsea, hanging to the balloon which quite eclipses the poor Europa of Cremorne. It is a helpless farce, with all the machinery that ought to be "behind the scenes" exposed. A more beggarly and bungling burlesque could not be devised. The whole thing was odious and ridiculous, and ought to have been hooted for its ugly absurdity.

But what must be the condition of the poor

audience? These exhibitions, it is said, are the things that "draw." While theatres are empty, while the National Gallery is cold vacuity, the places that collect delighted audiences are precisely these, where Mr. Green goes up "positively the last time," with a brass band; where Poitevin hangs on a pony, or his wife on a bull, and goes dangling about the suburbs; where a posture-maker performs his feats on a poll beneath the car, till he is out of sight. In the last case, indeed, there is something admirable, in the display of human vigor, of skill, and nerve; only it is preposterously out of place. By attending these exhibitions, the London audience confesses its miserable estate. It is so effete in its sensations that it cannot get up an interest even in a balloon, unless the veteran of two generations go up "positively the last time" with a brass band, or unless a woman be hanged with a bull to the apparatus! That will attract.

Politicians should take this hint. In the reviving season, the British public, which cannot get up the slightest interest in its own political rights, might be attracted to the soirées of the Parliamentary Reform Association by engaging Mademoiselle Vandermeersch and her birds. Lord John Russell might muster a larger attendance to go with him into the lobby, if he were to make his speech of no-confidence dressed in the real armor of Edward the Black Prince, and head the procession into the lobby seated on the back of a donkey. Possibly the leader of the House of Commons might antagonize that formidable combination, by riding to the House, round by Oxford street, St. Paul's, and the Strand, on an ostrich, and making his speech on a tight rope, in recitative, to the accompaniment of ten Ethiopian serenaders led by M. Jullien on the bones. The English public is recalled to consciousness by such appeals to its understanding; and thus aroused, "the two great parties in the state" might awake, arise, and not be forever fallen.

The necessity, however, for stimulants so coarse, shows the debilitated condition of the Londoners, æsthetically. There lies the root of the evil. One can understand how the poor Parisians may have been perverted to a toleration, or even to an enjoyment of Poitevin, after Louis Napoleon, who is a perpetual Jupiter *Tonans ex machinâ*; but that Londoners should have come to the same pass, bodes ill for our institutions. To rescue the particular bull, however meritorious a mission, is but a small part of the cure, when the public mind is depraved. To follow the lunatic in his rambles, and rehabilitate the victims of his morbid caprices, is poor regimen; the aim should be, to rescue the lunatic himself, and to cure his diseased motive. It occurs to us that some processes of education already going on may help in such case, with time. Perhaps the church has not done all it might, if, instead of terrifying congregations with threats of eternal perdition, through misconception of a microscopic doctrinal distinction, it had more simply and practically expounded the eternal laws of life and divine government. Perhaps a more profitable "observance of the Sabbath" may help. At all events, it is in the better training of the people that these idle cruelties are to be cured. Meanwhile, although a sorry one, the police magistrate is the legitimate substitute for right feeling. If the English heart is not, at present, altogether in the right place, there is the policeman at the station-house.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS AT SEA.

THE midnight hour cometh on apace,
And yet mine eyes have bid farewell to slumber;
For memories of the past, like pallid ghosts,
Are flitting round my spirit, without number;
And like an eager child, impatiently,
Each whispereth low, "Oh! list thee first to me."

They will not leave me, so adieu awhile
All thought of rest; and now, dear memories, hither.
Ye were all once what we of earth name *hopes*,
Buds of bright promise, bursting forth to wither.
I hear you call me, on the mighty deep—
Then come unto me ere "I lay me down to sleep."

She cometh first! one with a gentle voice,
An eye that smiled on me as smiled none other;
My earliest kiss was hers—my first caress
Those arms did give me, dearest, sainted mother.
She listened kindly to each fancy wild
With patient ear, then gave sweet counsel to her child.

A gentle form, whose drooping head doth press
A snowy pillow in a dim-lit room;
Her hands, like stricken lilies, motionless
Rest on her bosom! 't was an early doom,
Sweet sister! smiling did she yield her breath,
And fairer than in life was her sweet face in death.

She vanisheth, and now, oh! thou art near,
Thou, whom I sketched when wild imaginations
Came in a brilliant throng, and at my will,
Mine untamed pencil dashed off wild creations,
That were all light, all shadowless and airy—
'T was a light heart that traced each beautiful vagary.

I revelled in fair visions, yet my soul
Could not be ever joyous! echoings
Of "idle words," marred many a lonely hour;
These earth-born thoughts, and strange imaginings,
They give small comfort, when in pain and sorrow,
Within the darkened room we wait the dawning morrow.

And then, thou blessed one! thou, who art now
One of the holy beings, ever dwelling
Around "the great white throne," in robes of light,
Thy voice, with the redeemed, ever swelling—
Oh! thou wert my good angel, when, like me,
Thou worst the frail garb of weak mortality.

They have all gone! sweet spirits, fare-ye-well—
But nay! a new array before me creepeth.
"Home, we are going home!" Oh! there are yet
Full many a heart that wildly, fondly leapeth,
To welcome us, the wanderers o'er the sea—
Father in Heaven, what thanks thy children owe to Thee!

They watch for us within that distant home,
They tremble when they muse upon our meeting;
Each one imagineth how the other looks.
Oh! it will be a wild, a joyous greeting.
Yet tears will flow, while smiles light up the eye;
We'll miss full many a voice that whispered us
"Good-by."

Away, away, ye thoughts! my brain must rest.
Soothe my disturbed spirit with your rushing,
White-crested waves! for it hath ample need;
Lull me to sleep, as a fond mother hushing
Her wayward child; and thus, on ocean's breast,
"I will both lay me down in peace, and take my rest."

From the Spectator.

PERFECT SAFETY ATTAINABLE AT SEA.

No. 2 Adam Street, Adelphi, August 21, 1852.

SIR—Your remarks in to-day's number on the question of "Fire at Sea" have called up thoughts and reflections of many years, verified by much experience, leading me to the conclusion which I deliberately affirm; viz.:

That the principle of sea transit, if rightly understood, contains the elements of nearly absolute safety—more absolute than any transit by land. Save the single circumstance of collision by carelessness, there seems no risk that human foresight cannot practically guard against.

A few months back I was pacing the deck of a Mediterranean steamer. As it grew dark I noticed the redness of the funnel. Going forwards, I found the iron chimney-guard where it touched the deck was so hot that it burnt my hand. I went down into the engine-room, and the whole material of the timber-built craft felt hot enough to cook a steak. With this practical examination, and the knowledge that I was in a vessel competing for speed with others, I returned on deck, but before I lay down to sleep took the Mississippi precaution of tying on an air-belt. Next day I was in harbor, firmly resolving not to try that craft any more. Subsequently I was informed that a similar vessel was burned in Cadiz bay a few years back.

Ere steam was, for ocean navigation, the risk of fire was comparatively small, save from risky cargo. The craft was damp and foul, and the only fires were the cook's galley upon deck and an occasional twelve cubic inches of smoky coal in the iron box called a stove in the cabin. To set fire to such a craft was as difficult as to burn the wet clothing of a washerwoman. People's health doubtless suffered from this state of things; but fire had as little chance as it would have in a graveyard. It so happens that the air and atmosphere which is most conducive to human health is precisely that which is best adapted to encourage combustion. And this is the solution of the burning down of the Royal Exchange, the Houses of Parliament, and other buildings. They were constructed at the time when people wore cloaks in-doors as a precaution against cold, and did not understand the evils of moist air. A more intelligent age required healthy dryness and warmth; the timber buildings consequently became tinder, and they were burnt. Even so, the risk of fires at sea has been increased by the very precautions taken to render vessels more healthy.

When to this is added the modern practice of putting a huge fire in the hold of the wooden vessel, drying every part of the timber to fire-catching point, the marvel is, not that *one* is occasionally burned, but that *all* are not burned. With river-steamers or coasters, where the fires are extinguished at intervals of twelve or twenty-four hours, the vessel has some chance of cooling down and escaping; but in an ocean-steamer, wood-built, and with fires roaring for many days together, it is a clear "tempting of Providence"—it is like sleeping on a volcano.

The Amazon was burned, and reams of paper were printed to account for how she caught light. All such reasoning seems puerile. She might be fairly or unfairly set fire to, and the underwriters might or might not pay the insurance; but the broad fact, glaring above all, and plainly to be read by the light of her burning timbers, and the

lesson enforced by the death-shrieks of perishing passengers was, *she was built of combustible material.*

We do not want to live in the midst of care and cautions, but in free security. We are not contented that our property be insured in a fire-office; we want to avoid the fire, and all its risk and trouble. We do not want to behold boats around us ready to remove us from one contingency to another, nor to wear swimming-girdles as a daily article of dress. The continued existence of insurance-offices against fires in our dwellings and conveyances is a practical satire on the perverse ignorance or defiance of the laws of nature, and the altered condition of our circumstances.

Nature provides for the varied conditions of man. She provided him timber to build his canoe as a "dug-out." As his ships grew in size, he joined his timbers by art. He needed larger ships for ocean service, and they increased in bulk till the property of cohesion in timber became so disproportioned to the weight that stranding and wreck became almost synonymous; but in the mean time iron had been brought forth from the mine and the rolls—imperfect, it is true, at the outset, but growing every day better adapted to its new uses.

Fifty years back, iron was used on the Paddington Canal for the construction of boats—a kind of sheet-iron tanks without boat form—only contrived to carry a load, which they did more efficiently than wooden boats; but probably they were then too costly. Subsequently, the shallow water of the Clyde rendering light draught essential, some strange iron craft were built, so guiltless of all proportion, so unlike vessels, that an innocent Londoner, seeing one for the first time on the stocks, asked, "Was it a kettle to boil a whale whole?" In process of time came the Great Britain, of proportions larger than the then existing material was adapted to, and her stranding in Dundrum Bay frightened "sheep-men" from following up the principle of large iron vessels. Yet her four months' thrashing by the ocean waves and coming off a ship at last, did good service by proving that there were qualities in iron unattainable by wooden vessels.

Apart from the question of gunnery and sea-fighting, there is yet no proved inherent defect in iron vessels; and even the Admiralty experiments prove more as to defective material and construction than defective principle. But we may assume that passengers do not go to sea to fight; and there is no more semblance of reason in sending them to sea in war-ships than there would be in sending them by land in army tumbrils. The question, therefore, resolves itself into what is the best kind of vessel combining the qualities of

1. Safety;
2. Comfort;
3. Speed;
4. Economy.

Under the head of safety we must consider what are the elements of danger: first, fire or explosion; second, collision; third, leaks; fourth, rocks; fifth, stranding; sixth, the attack of a cachalot whale—of which two instances at least are recorded resulting in the destruction of the vessels in the open sea.

Fire may be guarded against by having no combustible material in the construction of the vessel; and if combustible furniture be used, for which there is no necessity, it should be so arranged that it may at any time be isolated by a series of separate apartments or metallic partitions, and drowned at

pleasure. The boiler apartment should also be isolated with double partitions and air-spaces, so arranged that the firemen may always stand in cool currents. The floor, up to a certain height, should be of double plates, and the interstices lined with non-combustible timber, rendered so by lime saturation, merely to give mechanical resistance and strength. Above the floor, the hold should be divided into sufficient water-tight compartments by iron partitions both longitudinally and athwart-ships, so that no striking on a rock would involve sinking; precisely as the Mississippi steamers are provided with snag-chambers. These cells or compartments should form the storage of the vessel; and if at any time combustible material caught fire, instant drowning might take place. With regard to boiler explosion, in addition to the usual means of guarding against it, a portion of the deck above the boilers should be so arranged that it would yield, and thus the force of the explosion be expended upwards. In a vessel thus constructed, the conviction of safety would prevent panic; and people would go about the work of putting out any accidental fire in as orderly a mode as Braidwood's Brigade.

Collision in foggy weather, or by a careless lookout, cannot be wholly prevented, and the chances of it are on the increase by the increase of navigation; but if, instead of a miserable lamp, only seen at a short distance, something analogous to a light-house-lantern were erected at the mast or chimney head, and in fog a powerful bell or whistle were incessantly sounding by the machinery, the chances of collision would be reduced to the minimum. We have yet to ascertain several points as to moderating the effects of collision.

Leaks could scarcely occur in a properly-constructed vessel. As yet they are not properly constructed, inasmuch as the line of rivets is far inferior in strength to the other portions of the plates.

Rocks could scarcely inflict such damage as to sink a vessel built with sufficient compartments, any more than a sponge can lessen its capacity for holding water by dividing it into parts.

Of the behavior of such a vessel when stranded, we have an example in the Great Britain; and the larger the vessel, all other circumstances being equal, the less is the power of the sea over her.

The two vessels destroyed by cachalot whales were wooden whalers, and their loss may be attributed to insufficient strength.

With regard to comfort, the larger the vessel the greater may be the convenience of every kind; and, fortunately, comfort is almost synonymous with speed. The larger the vessel—other things being equal—the greater the speed; as the long-limbed horse can gallop faster than the short-limbed one. Judging by what has already been done, it seems more than probable that we shall ultimately attain a speed of thirty miles per hour on the ocean. We need a vessel of some ten thousand tons and from six to seven hundred feet in length, in order to prevent pitching or rolling by the action of the waves, and thus lessen distance by preserving a straight line of path, instead of ascending and descending hills. Large vessels will thus be to the ocean what the railway is to the land. As the mere river ripple is to the wherry, so will the ocean wave be to the giant steamer, absolutely innocuous for retardation. I am aware that many "practical" men will object that such a craft would "break her back" in rising on the wave. The answer is, first, she is constructed of

iron and not of wood; and, next, that she would not rise on the wave, but settle quietly on two waves. To use the schoolmaster's phrase, "she would rule the waves straight." As to breaking her back, we may see any day that the iron vessels stretched across the Menai Straits without any central support through 400 feet of length do not "break their backs," nor, if suitably constructed, would they do so at twice that length. As regards shape, proportion, and construction of vessels, there are deeper depths than have yet been sounded.

There is yet one argument that will come home to the imaginations of all men of business. *In such a craft there would be no sea-sickness, and none but similar craft could compete with her. She would command the preference of all passengers even at higher rates of passage, setting aside the question of safety against fire and wreck.*

As to the question of economy there can be no doubt. The iron vessel costs less and will carry a greater load than a wooden one of equal external dimensions. And past experience proves, that, even with inferiorly-constructed iron vessels, the expense of repairs is far less than that of wooden vessels. But there is also the question of economy by reason of increased size. As the internal cubic space increases, the expense decreases proportionally in enclosing it. The cubic feet increase faster than the superficial.

"How shall we provide enough passengers for each vessel?" some one will ask. The only reply is, that passengers always crowd to safety, comfort, speed, and economy. The emigration spirit has moved the whole world—i. e., the natural tendency of population to find its balance with the means of maintenance is operating everywhere, and can only be checked by the difficulty of transit. A new era has arisen, and new arrangements are called for. The shipbuilders must be also ironmakers. Tilt-hammers and rolls more ponderous than the world has yet seen must rise by the dock-side to fashion masses of metal too large for inland transport, moulding them at one heat to the form required in the vessel. This must be done ere our large vessels can be perfect; for the parts should bear a proportionate size to the whole.

This work of iron shipbuilding, large vessels to be moved by steam, or some of the other powers now looming on the horizon, in which heat or some form of electricity will play their part, will be the work of the English future, when other nations shall have learnt to fabricate their own clothing and many other things, and no longer need our help. With the coal and the iron and the deep sea in contiguity—with a healthy, vigorous climate, that makes work a passion—with a race of men noble as ever were yet gathered together on this world's surface—with free egress for all surplus numbers, and free ingress for the corn, wine, and oil of the world, working out the decrees of Providence in making the rough places smooth—if we attain not to the millennium, we shall at least make physical misery a rarity amongst us. Had the sixty miles of sea between Holyhead and Kingstown been spanned a century back by a two-hours' steamer warranted against sea-sickness, Ireland would long ere this have been an integral portion of England, and not an outlying province. And still this thing is to do. Human beings are not always born in the climates or countries best fitted for their natural constitutions; and facile transit, enabling all mankind to choose the soil and climate for which they have a special aptitude, will do much towards the removal of disease,

the increase of general production, and the decrease of that pervading discontent and dissatisfaction that engender strife—but which discontent and dissatisfaction are, nevertheless, a wise ordinance of Nature, impelling men to wholesome progress, instead of a blind submission to inert squalor.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

NEW BOOKS.

Vol. V. *The Black Dwarf, and Old Mortality*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. VI. *The Heart of Mid Lothian*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. VII. *Bride of Lammermoor. A Legend of Montrose*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. VIII. *Ivanhoe*; 2 vols. in one.

Vol. IX. *The Monastery*; 2 vols. in one.

Rapidly (one every week) roll out these handsome volumes of Parker & Mussey's Illustrated Library Edition of the Waverley Novels. Good paper, print and binding, and sold at the price of 65 cents a volume; each volume containing two volumes of the works as first published in the United States. There are not many young men who could not lay by 65 cents a week, and in less than half a year become owners of this delightful set of works. Whoever has them at hand, will read them over and over; and few persons will like wretched novels afterward.

Fletcher's Studies on Slavery. A thick octavo volume, strongly bound in leather, looking very much like one of Dr. Anthon's Latin books. What can it be? It is published at *Natchez*, by Jackson Warner, and is by John Fletcher, of Louisiana. This is the fourth edition. The whole title is: "Studies of Slavery; in Easy Lessons. Compiled into Eight Studies, and subdivided into short lessons for the convenience of readers." Upon looking at this book, which is one way of learning something about it, we find that it contains a great deal upon the other side of the question, and doubt not that it will give many new ideas to the readers, especially if they began with only one. We have not time to read the Waverley Novels (unless when half sick), so that we can hardly be expected to read this. A glance shows us that the writer considers the slave's moral improvement to be "identical with the master's interest," and that he lays upon the Abolitionists the blame of the severe measures which began to be taken a quarter of a century ago to prevent the slaves from learning to read and write. Who raised up the Abolitionists he does not say, as far as we see. In our opinion they did not spring up, and take root, and throw out great branches, without the aid of politicians. Suppose that we could, at a wish, put an end to slavery, or put an end to politicians; which should we do? We can imagine many evils and miseries that would be the consequence of suddenly putting an end to the existence of slavery. But we don't know any harm that would happen to the country by changing all the politicians next week. Perhaps the result of that would be the end of slavery too. Quien sabe? . . . After another look at this book, we fear that the author has fallen into some of the faults of the Abolitionists; that he sometimes rails instead of reasoning. We stumbled upon some quite inelegant insinuations against our friend, the Rev. Mr. Barnes. Still, we think this is not the prevailing tone of the book, and, as we believe that as strangers come to know each other better they will like each other more, we advise our northern readers to make themselves acquainted with this book. They will be surprised to find how many opinions the author holds in common with them on this subject. If slavery is to be ended, it can only be by the acts of the Southern States; let us not, by refusing to hear what they say, keep ourselves in a false position, and

destroy our influence. Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co., are the Philadelphia publishers.

The White Slave; or, Memoirs of a Fugitive. This book is said to have a large sale. We doubt whether it is intended to do good at the South. Published by Tappan & Whittemore, Boston.

Personal Memoirs and Recollections of Editorial Life. In 2 vols. By Joseph T. Buckingham. A very entertaining book, and to those whose sympathies embrace their fellows, deeply interesting and instructive. Mr. Buckingham has lived a long life, and began very early. Published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston.

Life of Franklin Pierce. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. We are, in default of Mr. Webster, in favor of General Scott. Still this may be a very good book, and the subject is a good-looking man. Mr. Hawthorne wrote it because he has been attached to Mr. Pierce from his youth; and perhaps a little because the whigs dismissed Mr. H. from an office in the custom-house. We think they might have done the country more good in some other way. And perhaps not; for the leisure thus given has produced several successful books, and added more to Mr. Hawthorne's fame, than the longest and largest salary would have done.

Lydia; a Woman's Book. By Mrs. Newton Crossland. Ticknor, Reed & Fields. This title is very attractive. "The various phases of life are depicted from a woman's view."

Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston. By Wm. Ward, author of *Zenobia*, *Aurelian*, *Julian*, &c. The author, at the time he was suddenly attacked by his last illness, was engaged in making arrangements for delivering these lectures in this city, so long the residence of the artist and scholar of whom they treat. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

The Eclipse of Faith; or, a Visit to a Religious Sceptic. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. We shall most strongly recommend this work to our readers, by stating that it is by Mr. Henry Rogers, author of the article on Reason and Faith, which, two or three years ago, we copied from the *Edinburgh Review*. It is very beautifully printed, and the better suited for a present to a friend, to whom its subject might be especially useful.

The Onward Age; an Anniversary Poem, recited before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati. By T. Buchanan Read. Mr. Read has lately been very favorably noticed by the *North British Review*. Published by the Association.

The Men of the Time; or, Sketches of Living Notables. Redfield, New York. Of this work, which contains a large amount of well-printed matter, the President of the United States thus writes to the publisher: "I am happy to learn that you are publishing this work. It is precisely that kind of information that every public and intelligent man desires to see, especially in reference to the distinguished men of Europe, but which I have found it extremely difficult to obtain."

Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases, in Language adapted to Common Readers; by W. W. Hall, M. D. New York. Redfield. This is the seventh edition of a work we have noticed before. So far as we can judge of it, Dr. Hall has presented to the large class of persons who are sick of these diseases, or in danger of being so, a very sound, as well as a very interesting, volume. It is not intended to enable "every man to be his own physician," but, while referring the reader always to a skilful practitioner, may save him from many days or years of unnecessary alarm. Some of the opinions about "going to the South," &c., will commend themselves to judicious and experienced men. Similar opinions have been since published in Europe, and noticed in the *Living Age*.

Daniel Webster and his Contemporaries; by Charles W. Marsh. Fourth edition. Charles Scribner,

New York. Our readers know how greatly we have always been interested in the fame and fortunes of this great statesman. Who is not? Always acknowledged, in trying times, as at the head of Congress, he has not been as much a favorite of political managers as of the people. His character will be fully appreciated by posterity. In former notices of this work, which first appeared under a different title, we copied some of the graphic pictures which it contains, especially that relating to the great speech in defence of the Constitution against the Nullifiers—the subject of the painting lately exhibited in Faneuil Hall.

Anglo-American Literature and Manners. From the French of Philarette Chasles. Charles Scribner, New York. "This volume contains several 'studies' on North America, and the development of literature and manners there. Not of their institutions. The author's object is different. He proposes to exhibit, in a series of faithful pictures, the details of manners, traits of character, phenomena and singularity, observed upon the spot by foreign travellers, or shown forth by Americans themselves."

Pioneer Women of the West. By Mrs. Ellet, author of *Women of the Revolution*. Charles Scribner, New York. The reader of Mrs. Ellet's former volumes will know what to expect in this. Abundance of lively anecdote and history connected with the Indians and the early settlement of the Great West.

Voices of Nature to her Foster-Child, the Soul of Man. A Series of Analogies between the Natural and the Spiritual World. By the author of "A Reel in a Bottle." Edited by the Rev. Henry T. Cheever. Charles Scribner, New York.

Butler's Analogy. With an Analysis by the Rev. Dr. Emery, late President of Dickinson College. With a life of Bishop Butler, by C. R. Crooks. Harper and Brothers.

Lotus Eating; a Summer Book. By George William Curtis, author of "Nile Notes," "Howadji in Syria," &c. Harper & Brothers. We have already copied English notices of this work.

Vol. III. of the *Life and Works of Robert Burns*. Edited by Robert Chambers. Harper & Brothers. One more volume will complete this last edition of the great Scottish poet. We promise ourselves the pleasure and the pain of reading every line of it.

The Child at Home; or, the Principles of Filial Duty familiarly illustrated. By John S. C. Abbott. Harper & Brothers. This edition is very greatly improved and enlarged, with numerous engravings. Mr. Abbott's books are read over and over, with never abating interest, by those to whom they are addressed.

The Clifford Family; or, a Tale of the Old Dominion. By one of her Daughters. Harper & Brothers. This tale begins about eighty years ago, in Virginia, then comparatively wild and unsettled. We wish abundant success for the new author.

A Latin-English and English-Latin Dictionary, for the use of Schools. Chiefly from the Lexicons of Freund, Georges and Kaltschmidt. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. Harper & Brothers. This is a duodecimo of more than 1200 pages. It is very full, with abundant illustrations and examples.

Harper & Brothers continue the terrible series on *London Labor and the London Poor*, by Henry Mayhew. Terrible, because revealing such human misery; but not unmixed with various and entertaining matter. This is No. 21.

They have also issued Nos. 25 and 26 of the *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution; or, Illustrations*

by Pen and Pencil of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics and Traditions of the War of Independence. By Benson J. Lossing. With 600 engravings on wood, chiefly from original sketches by the author. This is a beautiful book, with a profusion of illustrations.

The National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans. R. E. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia. The first No. contains three Portraits of Washington, and one of Martha Washington. The engravings and the letter-press are both beautifully executed.

History of Democracy in the United States, No. 1. H. Wentworth, Boston.

Upjohn's Rural Architecture. Designs, Working Drawings and Specifications for a Wooden Church, and other rural structures. By Richard Upjohn, Architect. Geo. P. Putnam & Co., New York. This is a successful attempt to give to cheap materials—in which all parts of the country abound—the graces of fine proportion and good taste. It costs no more (when the builder knows how to do it) to join his timber and stone into beautiful forms and graceful and just proportions, than to make uncouth boxes of large size, or, what is far worse, the aspiring abominations which sometimes disfigure villages, and debase the taste of a generation. When it shall be found that, by following the path here marked out for them by the great architect of Trinity Church, New York, the builders in country towns can, at very small expense, give greatly increased money value, not only to their churches and public buildings, but also to all the neighboring property, we shall soon have an improved generation. Grace of form and fair proportion can be given to the roughest materials. The western country, in very early stages of its settlement, may be covered with churches and school-houses of rude logs, which will be remembered with pleasure, even after they shall have been succeeded by a more durable material. Let us, in passing, speak of the pleasure it has given us, for a year past, to watch the progress of St. Paul's Church, Brookline, Mass., built of stone, by Mr. Upjohn. It is a study for the whole neighborhood, and cannot but have an extensive and enduring influence. The wealthy and liberal proprietors, by placing themselves in such competent hands, have secured a house of worship which they can look round upon, during all their lives, with increasing satisfaction.

Mr. Upjohn's purpose, in publishing this book, is simply to supply the want, which is often felt, especially in the newly-settled parts of our country, of designs for cheap but still substantial buildings for the use of parishes, schools, &c. In the examples given here, he has kept in view the uses of each building, and endeavored to give it the appropriate character; while, at the same time, care has been taken to make the drawings as plain and practical as possible. A perspective view is given of each design, with general plans, and full working drawings and specifications. Bills of timber and lumber are also added. With these, any intelligent mechanic will be able to carry out the design. The buildings are, a church, costing \$3000; chapel, \$900; school-house, 4 or \$600; Parsonage, \$2500.

Arctic Journal; or, Eighteen Months in the Polar Regions. By Lieut. S. Osborn.

Home and Social Philosophy. Second Series. From Dickens' Household Words.

Sicily, by Henry T. Tuckerman (not received).

Whims and Oddities, by Thomas Hood.

These are parts 14 to 17 of Putnam's Semi-monthly Library for Travellers and the Fire-side. Price only 25 cents each.

From the United Service Magazine.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

OUR story commences in 1808, during the French invasion of Spain, when, under the flimsy and inconsistent pretexts of delivering the Peninsula from British and monkish influence, Napoleon sought to snatch the diadem of Castile from the degenerate brow of Charles the Fourth, and place it on his brother's.

But his calculations proved as erroneous as his schemes were iniquitous. The enemy, from whom he pretended to rescue Spain, was destined to drive his legions across the Pyrenees, and the despised, "priest-ridden" Spaniards resolutely assisted in thrusting forth the invaders at the point of the bayonet. "War to the knife!" was the maxim of the attacked and the betrayed. The guerillas hung upon the flanks of the French army, cutting off stragglers and detachments, intercepting supplies, whilst the dagger and the poisoned cup were often the fate of the bold and insolent intruders.

As it is not our purpose to give an historic sketch of this stirring contest, we shall confine ourselves to narrating an incident in the life of a handsome and brave young French officer, named Frederick Duvernay. Lately promoted to the rank of captain, he had been ordered to march with his company to join the army of reserve, under General Bessieres, at Burgos. On the night of the third day's march from St. Jean de Luz, he reached a hamlet near Barga. Here lodging was not to be found, for Frederick did not care to scatter his men by billeting them in a place where every face wore a dark, hostile look.

The only inn, or hostelry, of the place was such as most Spanish *posadas* are, even in the present day, gloomy, and void of every comfort, and too circumscribed in extent to accommodate one hundred soldiers.

The captain, in this dilemma, turned his attention to a neighboring convent, and was told by the alcade that it had been almost entirely abandoned, and left in charge of some lay brothers.

When the French officer knocked at the gate two individuals appeared shrouded in capuchin hoods, from beneath which their large black eyes cast unfriendly glances; and, on his demanding lodging for himself and men they looked at each other expressively, and then, silently bowing, led the unwelcome guests into the gloomy edifice, where, however, they soon made themselves quite at home.

To their surprise, and no small gratification, a good supper was served up about a couple of hours afterwards in the refectory, and the weary soldiers, hungry and thirsty, delightedly eyed the white bread, huge *pucheros* of smoking vegetables and meat, and several mighty jars, filled to the brim with *vino tinto* and *cider*.

Frederick and his subalterns sat apart, at a table on which glittered a rich display of plate.

French gaiety was soon in the ascendant, the

glasses jingled merrily, and joke and song became the order of the night.

All at once, when, for the second time, the captain raised a brimming goblet to his lips, he felt a fiery pang shoot through his bosom. It increased, and seemed to devour his vitals. His head sunk, he felt a strange buzzing in his ears, the blood beat violently in his temples, his limbs stiffened, and a deadly sickness paralyzed his strength. He attempted to rise, but, seized with violent convulsions, fell on the floor, struggled for a few seconds, and then lay motionless, his brow covered with a cold sweat. Presently he recovered his senses, the tide of life again flowed through his heart, and he raised his heavy, aching eyelids.

A frightful scene was before him.

Four lamps, hanging from the ceiling, cast a smoky, fitful light over the vast hall. Officers and soldiers lay on the ground, in the midst of glass and china, shattered by their fall, some writhing in horrible paroxysms. A few pale faces were raised up, and showed to Frederick clenched teeth, haggard, blood-shot eyes, and shrunken cheeks. Then they waved their arms frantically, hoarse cries, bubbling moans, and fierce oaths escaped their blue lips, then all fell back exhausted, and a death-like silence pervaded the scene.

"Poisoned!" murmured Frederick, in a broken voice. "Poisoned! All my poor soldiers! And I—to die—so young—such a horrible death!"

He endeavored to raise himself on his elbow, but fell back in a fresh swoon, and all again was still.

How many hours did this last? None could say but those who contrived this dreadful drama. Frederick had supposed that he was dying; nevertheless, his eyes at length reopened, he felt a refreshing draught presented to his lips, and beheld an old woman leaning over him with a cup in her hand.

Full of surprise, he cast a curious glance around. He was stretched on a bed, and lying in a low vaulted chamber, with gray and naked walls, into which daylight scarcely penetrated. A man, whose features were concealed by a large *sombrero*, was seated on the foot of the pallet.

The old woman stood up and said, "He is saved, *senor*."

On a sign from the mysterious personage she left the room.

"Where the deuce am I?" muttered the young captain.

The stranger did not reply.

"My soldiers!" cried Frederick, in an agony of grief. "Ah! I recollect—poisoned! All my brave fellows dead!"

"No," said the man, in a rough voice, "the dose was not strong enough. When supposed dead, they rose up and slew our people who were sent to bury them."

"Ah, faith! they did well."

"What?"

"Pardon, *Senor Hidalgo*! But, after all, you sought to kill us; and, after all——"

"Enough; you forget that you are in my power."

"True, I should not so easily forget the treachery to which we daily fall victims."

"It is thus that the Spaniard takes vengeance on the unprincipled invader, who violates the soil of his country."

"By a war of assassination!"

"By a war of justice. Do we offer a fair fight to the robber who intrudes himself into our dwellings! No, we slay him. And you, Frenchmen, who come to steal our liberty, our independence——"

"Madmen and savages!" muttered Frederick. "But," returned he, after a moment's silence, "was I too poisoned?"

"Yes; but being more sober than the others, you suffered less; and, as we wanted you, you were carried off and carefully attended."

"And you have saved me! Very amiable, I must admit. Now will you have the goodness to tell me what you propose doing with me?"

"To keep you prisoner."

"Who are you, then?"

"No matter."

"Where am I?"

"I do not reply to such questions."

"The devil! But do you know that these questions are of the deepest interest to me?"

"You ought to have died. You are my prisoner. Thank Heaven for it."

"Faith! I do not know if I should not prefer death to captivity; especially if I am to be kept in this gloomy apartment, with its black walls and narrow-barred window. Not even an arm-chair; and a couch so deucedly hard; nevertheless, in time of war, we must not be particular. But come, what are you going to do with me?"

"You shall know."

"So much the better. And how long will you keep me in this rascally stone-jug?"

"That will depend on yourself."

"Zounds! if it depended on me, I would quit it directly."

"Stop a moment. There are conditions. You are condemned——"

"Excuse me. But I have not seen my judges. If I were not afraid to offend you, I would remark, that you look remarkably like an executioner; but, usually, the executioner comes after the judges. I should prefer that in my own case; the usual order of things should not be reversed."

"Listen to me, and talk less; that is, if it is possible, you being a Frenchman."

"You are epigrammatic. Well, old fellow, I cannot compliment you on your wit, which is old and worn out——"

"Answer me. Your name?"

"Frederick Duvernay."

"Your age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Well, you are condemned to remain here for life."

"The devil! if I live as long as my grandfather, I shall have seventy years of it; rather too long."

"You shall never leave this—never see again the light of the sun—never hear the human voice—never behold the face of man. Every day, by this trap, you will receive bread and water."

"Morbieu! what a perspective! But tell me, Senor Hidalgo, by what right——"

"By the right of the strongest. You are in my power."

"Too true. But do you not suppose that I am of a certain value, and that a brave soldier will not be lost sight of as easily as you imagine? Trust me, I shall be sharply looked for."

"You are a fool! The soldiers think you dead, a victim to poison, like a few others; and, as the convent has been burned, your carcass, as well as theirs, is supposed to have become the prey of the flames. No one will ever inquire for you."

"Hem! quite a little melodramatic intrigue."

"Notwithstanding, you may avoid all these sufferings, recover your liberty, return home, and even retain a very agreeable recollection of your adventure in Spain."

"Oh, as for that," cried Frederick, "I swear to you—but no matter, what must I do?"

"Marry."

"Marry! Senor Hidalgo, I protest to you that I have not the slightest inclination to marry."

"Inclination or not, you must."

"Confound it, no! I prefer remaining single."

"Then you will remain here forever. Adieu!"

"One instant. What a deuce of a hurry you are in! At least give me time for a moment's reflection!"

"That moment must be a short one. Marriage, or a dungeon for life."

"I understand. And, indeed, though marriage has been compared to the galleys, if I must choose between this hole and the galleys, I rather incline for the latter. Besides, who knows if those who decry marriage may not be evil tongues? Tell me, is my bride pretty?"

"No matter."

"No matter! But there ought to be at least as much ceremony in taking a wife as in buying a horse. One does not do that with one's eyes shut."

"You shall not see her."

"No!"

"Nor speak to her."

"The devil I shall not! Then I cannot accept of her on such terms."

"Then, once more, good-by!" And the obdurate stranger turned on his heel to depart.

"Wait a moment. Confound it!" cried the perplexed captain.

"Make haste. My patience is exhausted."

"Nay, be reasonable. Before marriage, surely a few inquiries may be permitted! And, to speak frankly, Senor Hidalgo, you seem to me very like one who is plotting some mischief against me. You may be a grandee of Spain, or perhaps his valet, employed to hush up a peccadillo. Such things have been. Now, I warn you, that I am not the lad inclined to act such a part."

"As you please. But reflect that, this door once closed, I shall return no more. You will be fed, as I have told you; that is to say, unless they should happen to forget you, which, in that case, the Lord have mercy on you! For these walls are thick, you are twenty feet below the surface of the ground, therefore your cries can never be heard. Good night!"

"Oh, dear! Senor Hidalgo, you have such a persuasive way of your own. Do what you will with me. I will marry with my eyes shut, even if it be to a witch. So there's my hand upon it."

"Good! to-night, at midnight, we shall come and fetch you; but remember, whatever you may see, whatever you may hear, not a word, not a gesture. Obey implicitly. At the first infraction

of my orders, a dagger-stab shall teach you the danger of chattering in Spain."

"Thank you. And afterwards, what is to be done with me?"

"You will see."

The Spaniard left the cell with a slow and majestic pace, and the heavy door closed behind him. Frederick heard two turns of the key, then a couple of bolts drawn. Steps were heard for an instant, heavy and regular, then they gradually died away, and all again became silent; it was the silence of the grave.

Frederick felt a cold shudder traverse his frame.

A man may brave death on the battle-field—the attack and defence, the smell of powder, the rattle of musketry, the roar of the cannon, the warlike flourish of the trumpet, the shouts of the triumphant, the wails of the fallen, all conspire to excite, to intoxicate, and you rush unthinkingly to death or to glory; but the solitude of a dungeon, the silence of that living tomb of stone, the thought of perishing, in the prime of life, by so mean, so unknown a death, perhaps by famine, was horrible.

To wile away the long hours of solitude, he thought of his former life, so varied and so gay, the light amours of his military career, so pleasant and often so adventurous. He saw pass up the vista of memory the graceful forms, the bright faces of women, whose smiles appeared to invite his adoration. Fair and brown, tall and short, all those whom he had loved, or fancied he had loved, seemed to address him, with their youthful and gentle tones, and cried, "What! is the gay Frederick about to be married?"

Then other and more gloomy ideas stole over his imagination; and, in the twilight, the gray walls of his cell became peopled with forms clad in dark mantles, their faces concealed with wide slouched hats, whilst dagger-blades gleamed in their hands.

To wean himself from these fancies, our hero attempted to rise from his couch. He was weak and sore, but could still walk. He asked himself if the accursed Spaniard had not deceived him, and if he would ever return. The silence which reigned around was by no means calculated to reassure him. At midday, the light, as we have said, entering by a narrow loop-hole, cast a tolerable quantity of light into the apartment; but now, as the evening approached, his eye could scarcely distinguish the dismal limits of the cell. Hunger also began to attack him, for he had tasted nothing since the night of the mortal supper. The idea struck him, "Will these savages really leave me to die by starvation?" He cried aloud, and his voice, like an imprisoned bird, seemed to strike against the walls of his dungeon, but no answer was heard. He explored the place, striking the stones with a fragment of wood torn from his worm-eaten couch. Everywhere the blows returned a dull, heavy sound, leaving no room to hope in the existence of the slightest cavity.

"What cheats are the romance writers!" murmured the captive, "who, when they imprison their heroes, make them always discover mysterious panels, fissures in the rocks, or walls soft enough to be picked to pieces with pins. I only wish they were here to see how they would manage."

He reached the door, which he could not see; it was rough and solid to the touch, and garnished with stout nails.

Whilst leaning against it and listening for some noise from without, he felt a slight draught of air.

It was night. Presently he was startled by the sound of steps, which, gradually approaching, stopped at the door. The wicket opened and a ray of light penetrated into the dungeon. A little tray was introduced, on which was a fine chicken, a slice of bread, and a bottle of wine.

"Faith!" cried Frederick, "this is being really attentive; though you have kept me waiting rather long."

He took possession of his supper, but was alarmed to perceive that they were about to close the wicket.

"Stop! friend," cried he, "if you shut the wicket how can I see to eat? It is as dark as an oven here."

"Then make haste," replied a hoarse voice, "and the wicket shall remain open whilst you are eating your supper."

"Much obliged! I shall not be long, for I am dying with hunger. But, I say, where are the knife and fork?"

"Prisoners are not allowed arms."

"Oh! it seems that your master understands his business. However, one can do without in spite of habit. After all, these are but factitious wants created by over-civilization. Our ancestors did very well without them. By the way, this wine—are you sure that it is not like that of the other evening?"

"For what purpose? We had only to abstain from bringing your supper—to forget——"

"True! to forget, the very word your master used. But I wish——"

"Enough!" interrupted the voice. "Eat quickly, or I shall close the wicket."

Our hero obeyed spontaneously. The chicken was torn to pieces, the bottle tasted without the assistance of a glass; but, as he was attacking the fourth quarter of the savory bird, the rough voice cried: "I am called; finish your supper as you can, and then you had better sleep. It is eight o'clock; at midnight they will come for you." The wicket was shut, and the footsteps were heard gradually receding.

Frederick remained with his mouth full. He endeavored to continue his meal in the dark; but, whether from the absence of the light, or the circumstance of his having eaten enough, his inclination for food ceased, and, leaving the bottle three parts empty and the chicken three parts picked, he groped his way to the miserable bed, stretched himself on the hard mattress, and tried to sleep.

Some hours afterwards he was roused from a doze by some one who shook his arm roughly. He opened his eyes and saw a man leaning over him.

"Get up and let us be moving!"

Frederick collected his scattered senses. "Ah! yes, yes! it is midnight, is it not?"

"Yes!"

"And I am going——"

"To be married."

"True! I remember."

"Now," said the jailer, when the captain had risen, "wrap yourself in this cloak, slouch the hat over your face so as to conceal your features entirely. Whatever you see, whatever you hear, obey; not a gesture, not a word, or a good stroke of——"

"I know the rest of the prescription. I follow you mute, and passive as a statue. Let us go."

They left the dungeon, and Frederick followed his guide through a long and winding vault. At last

they reached a stone stair, whose steps were damp and slippery, and covered with moss; several times, to avoid falling, our hero leant against the walls, which were dripping with wet. Ascending some steep and winding steps they came to a door, lined with iron, opening into a garden; so at least Frederick supposed, from the sand that grated under his feet, and the delicious perfume of flowers. As for seeing anything, that was impossible. The night was dark as pitch. All at once his conductor stopped and made the captain precede him, muttering in his ear, "Obedience—silence, or death." Frederick then perceived a door open and the interior of a small chapel, dimly lighted.

At this moment our hero, usually so careless and gay, felt an indescribable emotion. This holy spot, the idea of the marriage about to be solemnized, the thought of the unknown woman about to become his wife, all acted powerfully on his mind. Two forms emerged from the gloom and approached. One, Frederick had no doubt was the grim Hidalgo who had visited him in his prison, and imposed such strange conditions for his liberation; the other was a woman of middling stature. This was all that Frederick could make out.

The two persons approached him. The Hidalgo placed the hand of the lady in that of the captain, whilst he said, in a low tone, "Silence!" The hand of the lady trembled. Frederick, without knowing why, trembled likewise. They approached the altar. The Hidalgo followed Frederick like his shadow. The bridegroom by force, then saw a priest kneeling before the altar, who rose, turned towards them and blessed them, and then began the marriage mass.

Frederick scarcely knew what was passing before and around him. As he approached the altar, his unknown bride leaned towards him and murmured in a soft voice, "Carmens is too happy! She fears that some misfortune is at hand." At this moment the Hidalgo suddenly placed himself between the betrothed, and said, in a low but strongly agitated voice, "Carmens forgets her promises, and the dangers that threaten her husband."

The priest had now begun the prayers. Frederick cast a hurried glance around him. The wavering flame of a lamp afforded too little light to enable him to see distinctly. But a few paces distance he perceived the shadows of two men, his jailer, no doubt, and some other servant equally devoted, who were there as witnesses of his mysterious union. On his right was the terrible Hidalgo, on his left his bride, whose figure he sought in vain to make out. Ah! thought he, if I could only see if she were pretty!

The prayers continued. The priest descended from the altar and approached the betrothed. The usual questions were put, but so low that the captain did not hear them, but he replied, yes. At this moment he felt his heart beat, and he said to himself, "Well! marriage is a strange thing! People may laugh, but when one kneels before God and his priest, holding in his hand the hand of a young girl—for she must be young—one cannot avoid being moved. It is very odd, but if my wife is amiable and not altogether ugly, I think that I shall love her and make her happy."

The rings were exchanged, and the new-married couple united and blessed. On a desk a book was lying open; Frederick was led to it and signed. His wife was brought forward, and he thought he observed that the Hidalgo, under the pretext of pointing out to her where she ought to sign, concealed with his hand his name.

At a sign from the mysterious personage, our young officer took the hand of his wife, and they crossed the chapel to reach the door by which they had entered.

All at once a loud noise was heard without, and the door was violently thrown open. A man appeared on the threshold, accompanied by servants bearing torches. The bride uttered a piercing shriek, snatched her hand from that of Frederick, and sought to rush towards the new comer, but she tottered and fainted away, murmuring "Fernando."

The stranger, pale and beautiful as the statue of Jupiter Tonans, cast upon those around him glances of anger and dismay. The Hidalgo rushed between him and the bride; four powerful arms seized on the captain and dragged him to a door, a carriage was waiting, he was thrust into it, the door closed, and the horses set off at full gallop. All this occurred in less time than we have taken to describe it. Frederick, dazzled by the sudden blaze of the torches, had merely seen a woman fainting, a man remarkably handsome, but whose features had scarcely left any impression on his memory, and a crowd of persons muffled in cloaks and disguised by their slouched hats.

The carriage drove rapidly. "Confound it!" muttered Frederick, "I scarcely know where I am going. What has occurred? am I asleep, or awake? My wife, for she is my wife after all, is named Carmens—a very pretty name indeed! And this is nearly all I know of the matter. But almost all the women in Spain have that name, and what other means of identification do I possess? Where is the castle? With whom have I had to do? Are they robbers or great lords? Suppose I stop the coachman; perhaps, by the help of money, I may get some information; at Paris with a Napoleon one might make all the coachmen chatter like magpies."

He put his head out of the right-hand door, but notwithstanding the darkness he could perceive a horseman galloping by the side of the carriage; and making a similar experiment on the left, he found he was equally well-guarded there.

"The deuce!" he thought, "a guard of honor. Oh! I am in a rage. The prisoner of I know not whom! Married to I know not whom! and travelling I know not whither! Oh, Anne Radcliffe, what are your romances compared to this? What are your shadows by the side of my phantoms? What are your dreams to my realities?"

The carriage moved rapidly onwards. Daylight began to dawn. Our captain thought that the horses must be exhausted, for they had galloped furiously for six hours without relaxing or showing any signs of fatigue.

Still suffering from the effects of the poison, the excitement of the scenes he had witnessed, and the fatigues of the journey, were too much for him; he sunk into lethargic slumber. Aroused by the sudden stoppage of the carriage, he opened his eyes, and at the same moment the door opened; a man in a mask stood before him. "You must alight," said he.

Frederick did not require to be asked twice. He jumped out of his movable prison, and found himself in a solitary road.

The man vaulted on the back of his steed, and carriage, men, and horses were turned about, and departed.

"Holloa! friend," cried Frederick, "where am I?"

The man in the mask replied by pointing to a

sign-post, on which was written, *Frontier, Road to France.*

"Much obliged," cried the officer to his late escort; "thank you for company; my compliments to my wife." His mute companions were already at a distance.

"France!" said Frederick, with much emotion. "My country! Dear, beautiful France! I am about to behold thee once more." Then, as if recollecting himself, he exclaimed, "But, *inor-bleu!* I forgot to give my address to those good folks. Suppose, some day, my wife should take it into her head to recall her husband into active service, how should she know where to find me?" He looked back laughing, but the carriage and escort were out of sight, so he pursued his way towards France.

Twenty years had elapsed, and the glories of the empire had passed away. The great games of ambition had been played and lost. Peace, purchased on conditions so painful to the national vanity, reigned with the Bourbons, and the heroes of the great revolutionary war were dispersed in many directions. Some continued to serve their country, without regarding the person of the chief whom the force of events had placed at their head; others, considering that the fate of Napoleon was finally sealed at Waterloo, scrupled not to offer their services to his successor without regarding this as a betrayal of their oaths to the emperor. Not a few worshipped the memory of Napoleon, and, weeping for the fallen glories of their country, quitted the service, and lived on the remembrance of the past, faithful to him to whom they owed their rank, their title, and their fortunes.

Among the last was our joyous hero, Frederick Duvernay. But Frederick, who was only a captain when we were formerly acquainted with him, had risen in rank with a rapidity which would have appeared prodigious at any other time. I will not relate the exploits by which he worthily obtained his high promotion, but will merely say that his valor and conduct fully justified the imperial favors. At the epoch of the restoration he was general, count of the empire, and grand cross of the legion of honor. His private life was that of the veteran, old, not in years, but in fatigue and wounds. He had neither wife, nor children, nor family. He had inherited an ample fortune, and lived at Paris in a handsome hotel, surrounded by the comforts and luxuries of life. His disposition always gay, his manners simple yet elegant, with a rough frankness not inconsistent with grace and wit, made him much admired. But he often neglected balls and splendid feasts for the pleasure of collecting round his table some of his old brother officers, who had partaken of the dangers of the grand army without reaping their corresponding share of rank and fortune. At the same time he called to his house some of the youthful aspirers to military renown, and chastened the pride of their bright epaulettes and their new uniforms by the contrast with the well-won honors of his veteran friends, whilst he stimulated their zeal by the recital of the great campaigns of the empire.

The well-founded renown of General Duvernay obtained for him the deference and respect of men of every age and rank, and, in spite of his forty-eight years, he was favorably regarded by the young unmarried ladies, and not less obsequiously by the *mammas*. He was also a mark for the widows, especially those who possessed wealth

derived from commerce or finance, who would have rejoiced to ennoble their gold with the title of countess, and purify the source of their riches by contact with the military glory of the general. People were surprised to behold the hero of so many ambitious dreams remain deaf and blind to the seductions of these charmers, and none could guess the cause for such apparent indifference; but we who are behind the scenes know that our general was well and duly married in Spain. To whom and how? The enigma was still in all the obscurity in which it had been shrouded on the eventful night of the wedding. It was not his fault, however, that the solution was still to be sought for. Frederick had retained a romantic recollection of that strange night when he gave his name to an unknown bride, and had almost fallen in love with the wife he had never seen. In spite of the thick veil with which she was covered, his imagination had persuaded him that the lady was possessed of great attractions. He said to himself, "My wife concealed herself with care; she must have been pretty. Her hand was small and white and delicate; she must have been of gentle blood. Her voice was perfectly melodious, and she uttered the name of Fernando with an accent that thrilled from the heart. This proves that she must have been tender and loving, and a treasure for the husband who should be able to attach to himself such qualities. Therefore, at any cost, I will seek for my wife. I am either married or not, and I am resolved to know the truth. The law gives me the rights, and if my wife is young and beautiful I am determined to assert them."

So our soldier, taking advantage of a leave of absence, on recovering from some dangerous wounds, wandered through Spain. He first went to the village. There he found the house and the ruined convent where the officers and men had been nearly poisoned, but it was in vain he explored the country around and questioned the inhabitants. He could not obtain the slightest clue to the mystery which haunted his imagination. In vain he inquired for a tall man concealed in a large cloak, for a lady in a large veil, for a handsome young man concealed in nothing—all; nobody could give any information in reply to his vague inquiries. Wearied with these fruitless researches, he was compelled to quit the country, and resume his military duties in a distant part of the globe, and in his zeal for the service and brilliant warlike achievements, forgot his marriage for a time.

Becoming free at the fall of the emperor, he again resumed his researches, which were as fruitless as they had formerly been. He then caused the following advertisement to be inserted in all the Spanish newspapers:—

"NOTICE.

"General Frederick Duvernay, who was in Spain, at Villafranca on the 2nd September, 1808, is now in Paris, at his Hotel in the Rue du Helder."

This done, he returned to Paris and lived the quiet routine of life we have described.

Often, when exposed to the battery of a pair of bright eyes, he had sighed with regret at the thought of the mysterious restraint on his liberty, and as often felt tempted to set at naught a ceremony which had been so fruitless. But, however disputable such half matrimony, he reflected on the consequences which might result from exposing

himself to a charge of bigamy. His wife, whom he often suspected of being neither more nor less than a witch, might be on the watch to detect him if he committed such a delinquency. So he was obliged to continue patiently to enact his part of a married bachelor.

One fine morning in December it happened, for a wonder, that the general was at breakfast alone, and with his feet upon the hobs sipping a capital bottle of claret, of which he had given a bumper to Baptiste, a brave veteran, who had followed him in all his campaigns.

"Well, Baptiste, what say you to that wine? If we had had such a bottle on the banks of the Bernsina!"

"Oh! as for that, general, it would have been kindly welcome, and would have helped to blow a little warmth into our fingers. Truly it goes down pleasantly!"

At the same moment, and whilst Baptiste was quietly sipping his glass, his eye sparkling with pleasure, the door opened, and an old friend of the general, Captain Norbert, appeared.

Baptiste, to his great regret, emptied the glass at a draught, and withdrew.

"Ah! parbleu! you have just come in time, Norbert," said the general, gayly. "You must breakfast with me; there's a capital Strasbourg pie hardly begun. Sit you down."

"No, thank you, general."

"Why, what is the matter with you? You look like the Austrians when we have beaten them."

"The fact is, general, I have just witnessed a combat in which a brave young fellow, a mere child, has fallen dangerously wounded."

"A duel—so, so; now that there is no more fighting for our country, we risk our lives for the sake of a word."

"Why, general, when that word is so dishonorable to one of the surviving veterans of our armies, it is natural that a brave heart should resent and seek, at any rate, to force back the calumnious word with a sword thrust down the throat of the utterer."

"You are right, morbleu!" cried the general, who was very sensitive about the reputation of the soldiers of the empire. "And, besides, I have no pity for calumniators. But who is the hero of this duel? One of our young officers?"

"No, general; an artist, a painter."

"Indeed! I thought that those merry blades only fought with the brushes."

"They fight like lions, general, in defence of those whom they love and respect."

"But how did all this happen?"

"Thus. We were twelve of us at breakfast yesterday. Derville had brought with him a young painter of great promise, named Paul. After breakfast we went to the Café de la Regence. At a table near us were four young men talking loud and in a disagreeable tone, wearing long mustachios, and dressed in the extreme of the fashion. These gentlemen seemed to take pleasure in heaping abuse on all those generals most esteemed by the country. One especially, the loudest in these calumnies, appeared to think that each brilliant exploit performed by another was so much renown of which he himself was robbed. We were losing patience, and our looks bespoke our indignation, when the youth in question came to facts and uttered a name. We saw Paul tremble with emotion."

"The painter?"

"Yes; the brave lad is an enthusiast for the emperor and his veterans, and it happened that the name pronounced was that of one with whose exploits he was most familiar. He half rose, when the scoundrel asserted that the general in question had made his fortune by the plunder of Italy and Spain; the sentence was not finished before the slanderer had received a couple of resounding blows on the face."

"Very good! And it was the little painter that did it?"

"Yes, general. This morning he fought in defence of his hero, whom by the way he has never seen, and wounded his antagonist, but, carried away by his ardor, he ran upon the opponent's sword and received a dangerous wound on the breast."

"What a misfortune! Why, I love the brave boy already. You must introduce me to him."

"Yes, if he survives."

"But who was the general insulted yesterday, and so boldly avenged to-day?"

"You, general."

"I!"

The general bounded like a wounded lion.

"I! morbleu! Why did you not tell me directly? This brave boy is dangerously wounded for my sake, and I sitting quietly at breakfast! Quick! Norbert. Baptiste, my hat and gloves! Let us be off at once to see the painter."

Duvernay ran down stairs, followed by Norbert, and jumped into a coach that was passing.

"Rue du Buffault," said the captain.

"And gallop for your life," cried the general.

"If you kill the horses, I will pay you for them." In less than five minutes they were at their journey's end. The two friends climbed six flights of stairs, and the general, puffing for breath, entered the painter's garret.

The artist was on the bed, pale and covered with blood. The surgeon, who had just dressed his wound, was still with him.

"How is he, doctor?" inquired Duvernay, anxiously. "Is he dead? Is he alive?"

"He will recover sir, with great care."

"Care! care! That shall not be wanting." The general approached the bed, shuddering. "Why, he is dead!"

"No, sir, I will answer for that. He fainted with loss of blood, and has not yet recovered his senses."

Duvernay gazed on him for a moment in mute emotion. Then pressing Norbert's hand, he said, pointing to the wounded youth, "A fine head! A noble forehead! What a misfortune if he had been killed, and for me! We must take him to my house."

In three months' time, the general sat gayly at breakfast with his young friend almost convalescent. Leaning his two elbows on the table, and looking full at the youth, he said, "Let us be frank. What is your name?"

"Paul."

"That is all?"

"That is all."

"It is short; but no matter. Your parents?"

"I have none. I am an orphan."

"And you have nothing?"

"Only hope and resolution. I have been told that I have talent, and hope with time and labor—"

"Yes, yes, a great deal of both. And while

waiting for fame and wealth, you live in a garret, and with inspiration on your brow your poor toes will be nipped with the frost. That will never do. Come, how did you get to know me?"

"Like everybody. Besides, two years ago I was intimate with a neighbor, an old officer, who served under you, named Bertrand."

"I recollect him. He died a short time ago."

"He told me your story, all your deeds of courage, of daring, of goodness; without knowing you, I loved and admired, I heard you insulted—"

"You rushed like a lion upon the calumniator. Good! I like such enthusiasm. Under Napoleon you would have made a smart officer; but now-a-days to keep guard in an ante-chamber, it is better to forget you wear a sword at all. Now listen to me, my lad; I am getting old, am a bachelor without children, or near relations; you must remain with me."

"But, general—"

"There are no buts in the case. I am your commanding officer; obey. Besides, you may work and still become a great painter, a Raphael if you like; I shall not object. Your first pictures shall adorn my drawing-room. You shall have a separate suite of apartments with a painting-room; you shall be as free as air—to work when you like."

"Oh, but general—"

"Fiddlestick! no buts. Have you a right to expose yourself to be killed for me, and have I not a right to enable you to live? I adopt you for my son. You have no name. Well, here is one ready-made for you—Paul Duvernay. It is as good as another."

Tears of emotion suffused the young painter's eyes. "Oh, general! my blood, my life, all is yours. I accept your name with joy and pride, and I swear to you to try and make it as glorious in the arts, as you have rendered it in war, and even then I shall have done nothing towards repaying you."

"Parbleu! I should like to know if it is not I who am the person obliged? Living alone, with no one to care about me, when I could not recruit a few old soldiers, I was obliged to dine alone in front of these old bottles, I was unable to empty. Now you shall help me. In a word, I wanted somebody to love, somebody to love me."

"Like a son," cried Paul, and, giving way to his feelings, he embraced his benefactor.

Henceforward Paul was regarded in the general's house as his son, and though the malicious sneered at the adoption, and regarded it as an atonement for a peccadillo of his youth, the worthy soldier laughed, and gave himself no uneasiness on that account.

Time flew on. Paul made great progress in his art, and his pictures displayed a richness of color and splendor of execution, the reflection as it were of his happiness.

Some friends of Duvernay, witnesses of the success of the young artist, recommended a journey through Italy. "Faith," cried the general, "you are right. I have seen Italy, it is true, but it was amidst the noise and smoke of battle, and when the fight was over, I thought of little else than the pretty girls and good wine. Now, in Paul's company, I should see things with different eyes. What do you say, Paul?"

"Indeed, general, I am afraid to form a wish, you are so prompt to gratify me; but, to say the

truth, I have long wished to visit Italy, that holy land, where art is revealed in all its splendor."

"In three days we will start," said the general.

The slight tinge of melancholy, which often shaded the brow of Paul, gave way to exuberant joy. Who can be sad, at twenty years of age, with the imagination of a poet, the head of a painter, a good travelling carriage, and the prospect of making the tour of one of the most beautiful countries in the world, with the best of friends, and plenty of money in his pocket?

They talk of Rome. "Yes," said the general, on the evening preceding their departure, "we shall see the eternal city, as it is called; but you will allow me, I hope, to make a little halt at a place where my heart would not have objected to take up its winter quarters."

"How so, general?" inquired Paul.

"I may as well tell you. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Two leagues from Lyons, on the Swiss road, there is a little country-house by the water-side, a beautiful spot. In the troubles of 1815, I commanded a brigade at Lyons, and was at one time compelled to make the villa in question my head-quarters. Its mistress, the Baroness de Luchon, was a widow. She could not have been more than twenty-two years of age. Beautiful as an angel, full of wit, perfect in her manners, she did the honors of her house with a graceful melancholy, which made a deep impression upon me. I remained there six days, and my poor heart became more and more enthralled. It was for the first time in my life. But this woman, with her gentle smile, her pensiveness, which I attributed to the recent loss of her husband, and large dark eyes, which smiled so strangely when I tried to speak of love, closed my lips. I left her to return to Lyons, asking permission to visit her occasionally. She consented, and, previously to my quitting Lyons, I had seen her several times."

"Then you spoke to her of your love?"

"Why, yes, but I was as bashful as a recruit. After a few skirmishes I found the fortress without a weak point, and felt that there was no hope for my forlorn-hope."

"But, general, with such a name as yours—"

"Yes, my name, if I had been free to give it, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, that is a long story; I will tell it some day. At present let us drop the subject. Since then I have seen her several times; last autumn I paid her a visit, and I think she is as handsome, as witty, and as agreeable as ever. It is to see her that we are going. I have written to her about you, told her of your gallant conduct; and she has warmly congratulated me on finding a son to smooth the approach of old age. I have promised to present you to her."

We pass over the details of the journey till our travellers approached the villa of the baroness. The general could not conceal his emotion. He laughed and talked loud, and, seeing a slight ironical smile playing on the lips of his young companion, cried,

"Well, sir, so you are laughing at me, a gray-beard of fifty, an old patched, repaired soldier, venturing to let his heart beat on approaching a lady's bower. Well, it is droll; it is not exactly love, but something better, I think, a good solid friendship."

At length the little chateau appeared in sight. In five minutes the carriage stopped, and the gate was opened by an old servant, who received the travellers as expected and welcome guests.

"How are you, Pierre?" said the general, "and your mistress, my good fellow?"

"Oh, general, my mistress will be so glad to see you! I think she is coming."

Duvernay rushed up the steps, and Paul followed smiling at this juvenile ardor. As the former placed his hand upon the glass handle of the hall door, it opened and the baroness appeared. She was radiant with joy, and held out her hand to him, which he carried to his lips quickly.

"At length, my friend. You were wrong to remain so long without coming to see your poor recluse."

She said this as she returned to the drawing-room, without thinking of even looking at her friend's adopted son.

Paul, meanwhile, saw that the general's praises of the baroness were not exaggerated, and that she was really a beautiful woman. Though thirty-six years of age, she might easily have passed for twenty-eight, her manners were so admirable, her air so charming.

"And my poor Paul, whom I had almost forgotten," said the general, taking the young man's hand; "my son, madame, my beloved son."

The baroness smiled sweetly as she turned her eyes towards Paul, but scarcely had she beheld him when she uttered a cry, rushed forward, and then stood motionless before him, and gazed steadfastly but painfully upon his agitated face.

Duvernay looked on with amazement, and his adopted son could make nothing of the strange scene.

"In the name of Heaven," said she, in a trembling voice, "who are you? Your name! your name!"

"My name—Paul," replied the young man, agitated, though he knew not why.

"Paul is not a surname—your mother?"

"I scarcely knew her," answered Paul, sadly, "and I never knew her name."

"You were not born in France?"

"No, madame."

"Where then?"

"Spain."

"Oh my God! near Bergara?" continued the baroness, whose violent emotion was every moment increasing.

"Yes, madame, near Bergara."

"In a poor inn, where you remained until three years old?"

"Yes, yes, it was there that I twice returned in search of my mother."

"Oh, my son! my Pablo! my son!"

"My mother!"

The baroness sank into her child's arms, to whom she clung in a sort of rapture, and then fainted.

"Help! help!" cried the general, pulling the bell.

The servants ran in, terrified.

"Parbleu!" cried he, "you move like tortoises; your mistress has fainted away."

Paul had carried his mother to the sofa, and, kneeling before her, wept, and called upon her name. By slow degrees she recovered, and, passing her arm round her son's neck, covered him with kisses and tears.

"My son! my adored child! Thou whom I

have mourned for during eighteen years. How could I be deceived? The living image of his father—his father so much beloved, so pitiless as to rob me of my child! Oh, let me behold thee! After so much sorrow I cannot believe in such happiness."

Big tears trickled down the general's cheeks.

At length the baroness arose, and, stretching out her hand to Duvernay, cried,

"For these two years, general, you have been a father to him; my affection was well placed upon the man destined to restore me my child."

"Parbleu! Baroness, you make me too happy."

"But tell me, my child," continued Madame Luchon, "why did you leave Spain? Your father?"

"My father! I have only seen him once in my life."

"Only once in your life! What do you say?"

"My history is a short one. I must have been about five years old the morning you left me alone for a moment. A man came to fetch me as if from you; since then I beheld you no more. I was taken to a fine house, in Madrid, I believe; they gave me toys and caressed me much, but I was ever asking for you and weeping. Every morning they promised that you would come in the evening, and every night they hushed me to repose with the words, 'Your mother will be here to-morrow.'"

"Poor child!"

"It was there that I passed my early childhood. Once only, a man, still young, but whose countenance was stern and sad, appeared before me, and they told me that it was my father. I was about to embrace him, but his coldness froze my heart. He conversed with the person who took care of me, and I shall never forget the following phrase, which made a great impression upon me:

"'You were wrong,' said he, 'to acquaint the child with the tie that unites us; let him forget it. You know the barrier that exists between us, though I will provide for him. When he is old enough to choose a profession, my assistance shall not be wanting.'"

"And his mother?" inquired the other.

"She is in France, and will never see him more."

"I reached my sixteenth year, always having preserved the memory of this scene, and the desire of again seeing my mother, separated from me by an abuse of power which nothing could justify. I felt humiliated by benefits which did not spring from affection; they were as repugnant to me as alms. I had always had a great taste for painting, and was allowed in this respect to follow my inclination. I resolved to become independent by practising the art I excelled in. I had been told that my mother was in France, so I turned my thoughts towards Paris. My tutor was a Frenchman, and his language familiar to me; we often talked of his country, of which he told me wonderful stories. I was allowed as much money as I wished, and, in the hope of realizing my project, I had for two years denied myself everything I could. At last I found myself master of three thousand francs. With this sum in my pocket I one day took the road to France, during the absence of my tutor. I was so much afraid of being pursued, that I changed my name of Pablo for that of Paul, and henceforward concealed my country and the melancholy history of my life. I will not tell you, my mother, how cheaply I performed my journey, and how many privations I

endured after arriving in Paris. But I did not lose courage, and labored night and day. At last I sold a few sketches. Whenever I could snatch a moment from labor, I sought for you, my mother, and not knowing your name I said to myself, that when I should meet you a voice would cry in the depth of my heart, 'Behold your mother! Mother, behold your son!' And I was right."

"God has guided us to each other, my Pablo."

"And here is the instrument chosen to unite us," said the young man, approaching Duvernay.

"No matter," muttered the general, sadly; "you will no longer love me as your father."

"Ah, if you will," answered Paul, in a low voice, "you can be my father, more than ever."

The general did not reply, and looked down gloomily.

Paul shuddered. He fancied that he perceived in his kind protector's emotion an accusation against his mother, and this shocked him. He believed his mother to be free, without inquiring how or why, or suspecting any wrong at the bottom of this mystery. He turned towards her. She was gazing tenderly on him and her friend—on the son she had so lamented—the only friend she possessed in the world. "Mother," said he in an agitated tone, "tell me now why I was torn from your love; what is the name of my father, and the mystery which hangs over my birth."

An expression of extreme sadness clouded the noble countenance of the baroness. She pressed her son's hand, and her melancholy glance seemed to hesitate as she looked at the general.

"Not yet, my son," she almost whispered, "I must reflect before turning to so cruel a past; this evening I will tell you all, to you and to our friend. Till then let me enjoy my happiness without interruption and regret."

The baroness, after yielding for a time to the inexpressible joys of a mother on finding a lost child, at last recollected the duties she owed to guests so dear, and thought of the repose of which they must stand in need. The general was shown to his apartment, but she proposed another in haste close to her own for Paul; it seemed that, if she quitted him for a moment, she ran the risk of losing him forever.

The general entered his chamber in a bad humor, not because he regretted the happiness which had befallen the baroness, but because he feared that he was about to become isolated again. After dismissing his servant, he dressed hastily, and began walking up and down the room. "No matter," he muttered, "but if I had thought that the baroness, so reserved a woman, had—but she was very young, and, besides, I know nothing yet; perhaps she was married; and this Baron de Luchon strikes me as having been a strange sort of fellow. The poor woman has always been so melancholy. Has she not always told me that she would never marry? And in fact what am I thinking about? What does her past life matter to me? She is a good, noble woman, a tender mother—the mother of Paul. We will get her to remove to Paris; she shall be my friend; for, *monbleu!* nothing shall induce me to separate from Paul. She is his mother, it is true, but I am his adopted father, and if she must have him, let us share him together."

The idea pleased the brave general mightily, and when the dinner-bell rang, and Paul, his face radiant with joy, came to the good man's room, he

went down, seriously resolved to pass the remainder of his life between Madame de Luchon and Paul, her son.

After dinner they returned to the drawing-room. The evenings of early May are often chilly, even in the south of France; and a bright wood fire sparkled on the hearth. The baroness took her place on one side of the fire, the general occupied the opposite corner, and Paul sat between them, his hand clasped in that of his mother.

"You promised us your history, dear mother," said he, looking at her affectionately. Again the features of Madame de Luchon became sad. She reflected for a moment, and then said in an agitated tone, "Child, it is the history of a fault. I have suffered so much that God must have accepted my atonement. I cannot doubt it since he has restored me my son," and kissing Paul's forehead, as if to recover confidence, continued: "Luchon is not my name; France is not my country. I came hither to conceal my grief, and to escape from hatred and persecution. Born in Spain, of a noble but poor family; an orphan at five years of age, I was left to the care of two brothers, ambitious, avaricious, and debauched men. At the age of fifteen, a fatal chance made me acquainted with the young Count de Estrelio. I had seen him with my brothers. He loved me; I was alone in the world, without affection for any one, without his love cast sunshine on my heart. My brothers were almost constantly absent, and I received the count secretly every evening. We loved. He was, like me, very young, and under the control of his father, one of the most powerful grandees of Spain, proud of his race, and of his family alliances. It was on the steps of the throne that he sought a wife for his son. The young count energetically refused, and imprudently declared that he would never have a wife but her who had received his vows in the face of Heaven. Then he came to me, urging me to place an insurmountable obstacle to the wishes of his father by a secret marriage. Fools that we were to seek to struggle against such a power; we poor children, who had no defence but our mutual love!

"It was agreed that we should not meet again for a week, as he was followed and watched. On the eighth day he promised to bring a priest to unite us.

"Next day, my eldest brother came alone into my room. 'I know all,' said he. 'You have forgotten the honor of our house, and my first impulse was that your life should be a sacrifice for such degeneracy. But I have seen the count; he loves you, and offers to repair the wrong he has inflicted upon us. Everything is ready for your marriage. It shall take place this very night.'

"To-night!" said I, much surprised.

"Yes," replied he. "The count is closely watched. To-night, at twelve o'clock, he will be in the chapel; we will meet him there; our servants can act as witnesses. Not a word must be exchanged; the chapel is dark; the slightest imprudence may ruin us. The count recommends you to follow his counsels exactly, for the spies of his father are constantly about him."

"I believed all that my brother said. Oh, I never can forget that horrible night! At midnight my brother came to seek me—made me shroud myself in a veil. We crossed the garden, we reached the chapel; my hand was placed in that of my bridegroom; we were married, and—as I

quitted the altar, happy and proud, the door of the chapel opened, and the count appeared pale and distracted."

"Ah! *morbleu!* you are my wife!" cried the general, starting up and falling at the feet of the baroness, who looked at him with astonishment, not unmingled with fear.

"Good God! what do you say?"

"Is it possible? Yes, yes! Do not stare at me so; I am not mad, although like to become so with joy and happiness! Carmen—is not that your name?"

"Carmen de Santiago."

"And *his* name was Fernando?"

"Yes, yes."

"That was it. It was that great Turk of a brother of yours who kept me locked up for twenty hours! The little gloomy chapel! And you said—'Carmen is too happy!'"

"Ah, yes! But pardon me, general; I cannot believe, I cannot understand—how you could have consented—"

"*Pardi!*—twenty-four hours in a dungeon, with the perspective of passing my life there, or being starved to death, if I refused to marry with my eyes shut; I had no alternative."

"Ah! now I understand all. It is true, my brother since confessed that he had compelled a French officer to accept my hand."

"You hated me, then; and now that you know—"

"I hated the stranger who had thus blighted my hopes. But you are no longer so; you are the adopted father of my Paul. You will always love me; will you not?" and the soft voice of the baroness trembled.

"*Parbleu!* Since I began without knowing—I have only to go on. You know how sincere my friendship is for you."

"It shall be still better," whispered Paul, who had joined the hands of the general and the baroness. "But," continued he, in a louder tone, "why this marriage?"

"My brother," resumed the baroness, "afterwards owned with unfeeling, selfish indifference, the reasons for his conduct. I have told you that our fortune was not in proportion to our rank. The father of Ferdinand had sent for my brothers, and given them to understand that he was all-powerful at the court; that if they lent themselves to a clandestine union between his son and me, he would crush them with the weight of his vengeance; but if, on the contrary, they contrived means of separating us forever, he would give them fifty thousand dollars, and take them under his patronage. My unworthy brothers trembled, and they consented to the base bargain. My elder brother then invented the marriage plot; how he carried it into execution, you are aware. As proud as they were mean, my brothers would not acknowledge a French officer for their brother-in-law, so you were escorted to the frontier. I thanked them for sparing me this shame, for I was about to become a mother."

"Poor lady!" groaned the general.

"My despair was dreadful. I fled and concealed my dishonor in a poor inn near Madrid. There my Paul was born. Fernando discovered my hiding-place, and wished to see me. I refused. I had hoped to become his wife, but would not consent to be his mistress. Fernando did not know me. He suspected that ambition was my motive, and his heart turned against me; and to be revenged, he robbed me of my child! Mad—desperate—I did all that was possible to recover my son. I begged, I entreated, but he remained inflexible. He swore to me that my son was no longer in Spain, and that I should never see him more. Such grief was too much. For six months I was between life and death, but youth triumphed, and I recovered. I then learned that my brothers had been killed in a gambling-house brawl. I was disgusted with Spain. I trembled lest at some moment my unknown husband might appear and claim me. I realized the remains of our fortune, and came to France under an assumed name. For twenty years I have grieved for my son. Your friendship, general, has indeed been an alleviation to my sufferings. God has declared that my trials have lasted long enough. I now forget my sorrows. I pardon those who sacrificed me."

"Oh, my mother! what happiness! Heaven has restored you your son, and has given you the affection of my benefactor!"

"Silence, boy!"

"For the general has loved you these ten years."

"What shall I do?—be quiet, can't you?" muttered Duvernay, changing countenance.

"It was on your account that he regretted the liberty he had lost in Spain."

"Have you finished?"

"Come, come, general; if I do not tell the truth, say so. Are you sorry that my mother is your wife?"

"Sorry! sorry! Why, I am like to go mad with joy at such unparalleled happiness! If she would only say, 'Well, general, I no longer regret the trick put upon me.' Sorry! If I could—if I dared—"

"Well! come, general," said Madame Duvernay, for so we must now call her, holding out her hand to him, "do not put yourself in a passion; and—since you are my husband, I see no objection to acknowledging our marriage in France."

"Then you will assume the name of Duvernay?"

"With pride."

"And become lady and mistress of my house?"

"It would be my greatest happiness."

The general, not yet daring to embrace his wife—an hymeneal anomaly which occurs oftener than people imagine—half stifled Paul in his arms. The journey to Italy was put off till the ensuing year, and in a fortnight the general, who had lost no time, assisted by his wife, received a certificate of his marriage from Spain, and turned poor Paul out of the room he occupied next to that of Madame Duvernay.

EVERY man thinks that Cæsar's "wife" ought to be above suspicion, but he is far less particular as to what Cæsar ought to be.

It is wise and well to look on the cloud of sorrow as though we expected it to turn into a rainbow.

SOME writers think they are expounding mysteries while they are only mystifying.

Beware of the recoil of sinful indulgences; we may break our necks over the orange-peel of our own throwing down.

From Chambers' Journal.

SAMPLES OF UNCLE SAM'S 'CUTENESS.

IN some respects, Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan are "familiar as household words" on the lips of John Bull; but it may be safely affirmed, notwithstanding, that the English know less of the Americans than the Americans know of the English. We are in the way of meeting with our transatlantic cousins very frequently, and never without having our present affirmation abundantly confirmed. This mingled ignorance and indifference on the part of Englishmen to what is going on in Yankeedom, besides being discreditable, will soon be injurious, as any one may satisfy himself by a perusal of a couple of pleasant volumes from the pen of Captain Mackinnon,* who travelled through the States lately, with his eyes open, not to their faults only, as might have been expected in an officer of Her Majesty's navy, but to their virtues, attainments, and enterprises. He has been out spying the land, and brings back a report which, though not new to those in the habit of reading American newspapers, and talking with American visitors, will be both new and interesting—we should hope stimulative—to the majority of our countrymen. We shall fulfil a duty, and confer benefit as well as pleasure, by picking out of the captain's log-book some of the choicest samples of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness, which will serve to show, at the same time, the progress and prospects of that great commonwealth.

Captain Mackinnon believes the mind of the Americans to be the keenest and most adaptable in the world. They acquire information of any kind so rapidly, and have such ready dexterity in mechanical employments, that the very slightest efforts put them on a par with Europeans of far greater experience. After describing New York—which we shall return to, if we have space—the author gives the results of a visit to the dock-yards at Brooklyn, Boston, and other places. Brooklyn "contains perhaps the finest dry-dock in the world." Here he saw all the latest English improvements improved! He was informed, on unquestionable authority, that no new instrument of war is elaborated in England, without being immediately known to the authorities in the United States; and that the commission of naval officers, now sitting at Washington to reorganize the navy ordnance and gunnery exercise, are assisted materially by the experience of men educated in Her Majesty's ship *Excellent*.

The first object of interest in approaching the Fulton Ferry was a large ship, which was loading with wheat for Europe. To accelerate the introduction of the cargo, a grain-elevator was employed. This novel machine pumped the grain from barges or canal-boats, on one side, in a continuous stream into the ship's hold, at the rate of 2000 bushels per hour. It was not only passed into the vessel at this prodigious rate, but likewise accurately measured in the operation. American naval officers have taken a hint from this ingenious labor-saving contrivance, and successfully adapted it to the purpose of supplying powder with great speed and regularity to the batteries of large ships.

What are those huge castles rushing madly across the East River? Let us cross in the *Mon-*

tauk from Fulton Ferry, and survey the freight. There are fourteen carriages; and the passengers are countless—at least 600. Onward she darts at headlong speed, until, apparently in perilous proximity to her wharf, a frightful collision appears inevitable. The impatient Yankees press—each to be the first to jump ashore. The loud "twang" of a bell is suddenly heard; the powerful engine is quickly reversed, and the way of the vessel is so instantaneously stopped, that the dense mass of passengers insensibly leans forward from the sudden check. These boats cost about 6000*l*. In economy, beauty, commodiousness, and speed, they form a striking contrast to the steam-ferry from Portsmouth to Gosport, which cost, it is said, 20,000*l*. The author strongly advises persons in Europe, who have any intention of projecting steam-ferries, to take a leaf out of the Yankee book. As an example: If the Portsmouth Ferry had been conducted on the same principles as the Fulton Ferry, a very large profit would have ensued, instead of the concern being overwhelmed in debt.

Here is another sample of Yankee *go-aheadism*. A launch! We are in Webb's shipbuilding-yard. Look around. Five huge vessels are on the stocks; three are to be launched at high water. The first is a liner of 1708 tons, built for running, and, with a fair wind, it will outsail any man-of-war afloat. The second is a steamer of 2500 tons. The third is a gigantic yacht of 1500 tons, nearly as sharp as any yacht in England. Five thousand seven hundred and eight tons were launched from one builder, and within thirty minutes!

The clipper-ships, although certainly the finest class of vessels afloat, are very uneasy in a sea. Mr. Steers, the builder of the far-famed yacht *America*, is very sanguine that he will produce a faster vessel than has yet ploughed the seas, and Captain Mackinnon is inclined to believe that he will. His new clipper-vessels will be as easy in motion as superior in sailing. The great merit of Mr. Steers, as the builder of the *America*, is in his having invented a perfectly original model, as new in America as in Europe. He informed our author that the idea, so successfully carried out in the *America's* model, struck him when a boy of eight years old. He was looking on at the moulding of a vessel by his father (an Englishman), when suddenly it occurred to him that a great improvement might be made in the construction; and the *modus operandi* speedily took possession of his mind. Mr. Steers thinks that a shallow vessel, with a sliding keel, can be built to outsail any vessel, even on his improved model. This is likely to be tested next summer in England, as a sloop, the *Silvia*, built by Steers on this construction, is preparing to try her speed at Cowes next season. The author carefully noted this craft when on the stocks alongside the *America*,* and he believes "that no vessel in England has the ghost of a chance against her."

The English ship-builders have a great deal to learn from Brother Jonathan, not only in the fashion of build, but likewise in the "fitting and rigging." An American London liner is sailed with half the number of men required by an English ship of the same size, and yet the work is got through as well and as expeditiously. The various mechanical contrivances to save labor might be beneficially copied by English ships.

* Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches, Afloat and Ashore. By Captain Mackinnon, R. N. 2 vols. Colburn & Co. 1852.

* The *America* lost her laurels at Cowes a few weeks ago.

A merchant-vessel, on the clipper-principle, can be turned out by a Baltimore builder for from 10*l*. to 12*l*. a ton, complete in all her fittings. This is much cheaper than in England, which appears unaccountable, considering the rate of wages; but so much more work is done by the workmen for their wages, that labor is as cheap, if not cheaper, there than here. "Cotton-duck" sails are almost exclusively used by American vessels under 300 tons, which, for such vessels, as well as for yachts, is much better and cheaper than canvas. Another circumstance which struck the author at Baltimore—and which is equally striking to hear of to those who are accustomed to the sight of the Thames barges ascending and descending the river, in all their ugliness and filth, with the flow and ebb of each tide—was, that the vessels intended for the lowest and most degrading offices, such as carrying manure, oysters, and wood, were of "elegant and symmetrical proportions!"

The most potent proofs of Uncle Sam's 'cuteness are to be found in the patent office at Washington. Inventions pour in in such abundance, that already the space allotted to them is so completely crammed, as to preclude the possibility of any close investigation. The dockyard at Washington furnished matter for fresh reflection; the iron for cables, furnished by contract, being so superior to the old, that the testing-links were all broken on the first trial, the model-anchors being "an immense improvement," &c.

"And to whom do you suppose we are indebted for all these improvements, and many more too tedious to mention?" asked the officer. "Why, to an English dock-yard-master from Devonport."

So much for their progress on the eastern coast; now let us turn westward, ascending the Hudson by one of the river-steamers. Without doubt, these steam-vessels are the swiftest and best arranged known; but the speed and size are improving so rapidly, that what is correct now, may be far behind the mark a year hence. The *Isaac Newton* is at present the largest. The saloon, which is gorgeously decorated, is 100 yards long. In this vast, vaulted apartment, the huge mirrors, elegant carving, and profuse gilding, absolutely dazzle the eye. On first entering one of these magnificent floating saloons, it is difficult for the imagination to realize its position. All comparison is at once defied, as there is nothing like it afloat in the world.

The extent of the lake-trade is prodigious. Its aggregate value for 1850, imports and exports, amounts to 186,484,905 dollars, which is more by 40,000,000 dollars than the whole foreign export-trade of the country! The aggregate tonnage employed on the lakes is equal to 203,041 tons, of which 167,137 tons are American, and 35,904 British. The passenger trade is not included in the preceding sum; it is valued at 1,000,000 dollars. "The mind is lost in astonishment at so prodigious a commerce. It is not ten years since the first steamer ran round the chain of lakes. Population, and its commercial concomitants, are increasing so rapidly, that, before twenty years, the lake-trade alone will be of greater extent and importance than the whole trade of any other nation on the globe!" The number of emigrants from Europe and the eastern states annually passing through Buffalo for the Far West is now one million, and likely, by and by, to increase to two millions! Cities are consequently rising up with extraordinary rapidity. The population of De-

troit, for example, has increased, during the last ten years, from 11,000 to 26,000—an advance which is mainly owing to the facilities afforded by the Michigan Central Railway, for concentrating on their passage the westward-bound emigrants. An absurd spirit of speculation has likewise contributed to the increase. A building and farming mania, similar to the railway mania in England six years ago, has seized the people. The only salvation for the speculators is the continued increase of vast swarms of emigrants from Europe. Chicago is another example of rapid increase—namely, from 3000 in 1840, to above 20,000 in 1850; a growth which it mainly owes to its advantageous site at the head of the navigation of the chain of lakes. Milwaukee is also a wonderful instance of progress. In 1838, there was not a single house on the spot; in 1840, there was a village with 1700 inhabitants; in 1850, there was a city of 20,000! Twenty years ago, the land on which it stands was not worth more than the government price, which is about 5*s*. 5*d*. per acre; at present, the lots are valued, in good locations, at 40*l*. a foot frontage. The result is speculation, with sudden fortunes on the one hand, and sudden ruin on the other. Emigrants, as well as citizens themselves, have to "move on" further west; and hence they are covering Wisconsin, Minnesota and other territories. Nothing can now arrest the flowing tide till it dash against the Rocky Mountains, and meet the counter-tide setting in from the coast of the Pacific.

The district around Lake Winnebago seems, according to our author's account, to be a tempting spot for emigrants; and as there cannot be the least suspicion of his having an interest in trumpeting it up, it may be as well that the reader should know where "Paradise Restored" is to be found. Lake Winnebago is not one of those huge inland oceans, with winds and waves, storms and shipwrecks upon it, but a quiet, snug sheet of water like Loch Lomond, which it resembles in size, and, if we may judge from a paper-description, in appearance. "It is about thirty miles long, and ten to twelve broad. A high ridge of limestone bounds it on the east, sloping gradually down to the edge of the water. Numerous natural clearings or prairies relieve the sameness of the luxuriant forests. On the western side, the land invades the lake in long, low capes and peninsulas. The fragrance of the air, the exquisite verdure of the trees, the gorgeous colors of the prairie flowers, and the artist-like arrangements of the 'oak openings,' and wild meadows, are delights never to be forgotten. The most elaborate and cultivated scenery in Europe falls into insignificance in comparison. I was struck with astonishment that such 'a garden of Eden' should be so little known, even in the eastern states—that such extraordinary advantages should be neglected. After a careful examination of many places in the western portion of the United States, I advisedly assert, that Lake Winnebago district is the most desirable and the finest in the world for emigrants."

His reasons for this opinion are, briefly, that it has communication with the Atlantic on each border of the state—by the Mississippi on the west, and Lake Michigan on the east; that the soil is very fertile, and the climate remarkably healthy, being more equable than the same latitude on sea-board, and quite free from fever or ague. With great glee the captain details a

sporting excursion in this romantic district, in the course of which he fell in with an old acquaintance in the shape of an under-keeper from one of the Scottish moors. He had emigrated two years, and become a "laird." His remarks displayed great 'cuteness, and, as it was on Uncle Sam's soil, it must be placed to Uncle Sam's credit. Their conversation was so amusing as well as instructive, that we quote it.

"Ah, sir," said the Scotchman, 'if the quality in England only knew there was a place like this, do you think they would go and pay such extravagant rents for the mere shooting in Scotland? No, sir, not they. My old master paid five hundred pounds a year for his moor adjacent to Loch Ness.'

"And pray what did he get for it?"

"Why, not half such sport as he can get here," replied he.

"Truly," I rejoined; 'but remember the distance, and expense of coming here.'

"As for the distance, you can, at present, be here from London in fourteen days. In two years, the rail will be finished to Fond-du-Lac, and you will be enabled to get here in eleven days. The expense, as I will prove, will not only be far less, but it may be turned into a positive gain.'

"I pricked up my ears at this assertion, and requested my old acquaintance, the ex-keeper, to proceed.

"Well, sir, look 'ee here; suppose a party of five gentlemen subscribe five hundred pounds apiece, that will be two thousand five hundred pounds. With one thousand five hundred pounds, they can purchase a quantity of land, and build an excellent house, stable, and offices on Doty Island, in a position which, in ten years' time, will increase in value as an eligible site for building allotments. The very fact of such an establishment by wealthy English gentlemen will cause the land to rise in value enormously; and I will warrant that in five years it will be worth ten times the present cost. From their location on Doty Island, they would have the finest fresh-water fishing in the world. They would have thirty miles lake-shore for deer-shooting; and dense woods, forty miles back to Lake Michigan, where bears, and catamounts, and other wild animals are plentiful. Abundance of wild fowl, quail, and wood-cocks would be found everywhere.'

"Stop," exclaimed I, interrupting him; 'what are we to do about the main point—the grouse-shooting? Besides, remember there is another thousand pounds to account for.'

"Don't interrupt, please, sir; I am coming to that. I know several districts of country in this neighborhood with natural boundaries, such as creeks, rivers, thick belts of trees, &c. These districts vary from five thousand to twenty thousand acres, and are so fertile that Europeans cannot even imagine such richness. Five hundred pounds you could lend to the farmers at twelve per cent. per annum. Many of them pay from two to eight per cent. *per month*. You would, thus, by accommodating the farmers, have the best-stocked preserves, and the most friendly occupiers of the soil that can be found. The remaining hundred pounds you might keep to improve your lands, or invest at twelve per cent. as the other half. If thus invested, you would get twelve per cent. on one thousand pounds, nearly equal to five per cent. upon the whole sum laid out, and the land increasing in value in a prodigious ratio.'

"Wonderful!" thought I with enthusiasm. 'I will pop you in print, my lad.'

We "pop him in print" with similar good-will. His scheme would be an admirable one, save and except that there is an ocean to cross before reaching Doty Island. We commend it to the New Yorkers and gentlemen of the eastern states, who wish to have a hunting-field such as the old monarchs of Europe would have envied. The scheme, notwithstanding, does credit to the ingenuity of its propounder, who thereby proves himself the right sort of man for the country he has chosen to call his own.

Another conversation which our author relates, affords an unequivocal sample of real aboriginal 'cuteness. Captain Mackinnon impresses us, as he did the Americans, as a frank, hearty fellow, who can make himself at home at once, anywhere, and with any one. During his short sporting excursion, he seems to have picked acquaintance with nearly all the happy inhabitants of that western Eden with which he had become so enraptured. Strolling along one day, he met with a tall, gaunt Yankee, who knew him, and invited him into his log-cabin for a social glass and a "crack" after it. This semi-savage-looking fellow had been a soldier, and delighted, like his guest, in the title of captain. He had been fighting in Mexico and California with the "Injuns." As he of Doty Island had a proposal to make to British sportsmen, so Captain Ezekiah Conclin Bruer had "a proposal to make to the British government." He had heard of our Cape and Caffre war, and, wondering how and why we did not make a shorter work of that awkward business, he sent to England for a British infantry musket, which he produced. "Well, captin, did ever you see such a clumsy varment in all your born days? Now, captin, look out of the doorway; do you see that *blazed* stump? It is seven feet high, and broader than any man. It's exactly one hundred and fifty yards from my door. I have fired that clumsy varment at the stump till my head ached and my shoulder was quite sore, and have hardly hit it once. Now, then, captin, look 'ee here (taking up his seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and letting fly one barrel after the other); I guess you will find seven bullets in the *blazed* stump. I will, however, stick seven playing cards on the stump, in different places, and, if you choose, hit them all." After sundry but unaccepted offers to his English brother-militant, for a trial of mutual destructiveness, he made his offer to the British government through its representative, but which that loyal subject, in a fit of mortification, declined to convey, on the ground that if he "made the finest offer in the world to the British government, they would only sneer" at him. However (to give, as before, the substance of what is here detailed with amusing effect), the offer of Captain Bruer was to enlist 5000 Yankee marksmen, each armed with a seven-barrelled revolving rifle, and kill "all the Injuns" at the Cape in six months for the sum of 5,000,000 dollars! "We should be eka!" quoth he, "to thirty thousand troops with such tarnal, stiff, clumsy consarns as them reg'lotion muskets is. We should do it slick, right away." This may seem only a piece of fun, but such it does not appear to the author, who turns from fun to facts and figures, and calculates what would be the result of an encounter between English and American men-of-war, if the latter had ten men in each top handling Captain Bruer's weapon with Captain

Bruer's skill; and the result he comes to is, that they could, in one minute and a half, dispose of 210 men on the opposite deck. *This would amount to the destruction of the whole crew stationed on the upper deck.* The undoubted possibility of such a summary mode of annihilating an enemy, must soon change the system of warfare, and at least demands grave consideration. We make no comment upon this, as we should be inclined to do were we not announcing the forebodings of a naval officer, who must be supposed to see cause of apprehension before he would venture to express it.

Turning now to a more civil aspect of affairs than the picture of thirty death-dealing demons in the tops of a Yankee frigate, let us see how they manage their aggressions upon the untamed field and forest. During his various ramblings, our traveller's free-and-easy manner gained him the confidence of several able and energetic men—an advantage which enabled him to peep behind the scenes in many of the western movements. The following incident, which came under his own knowledge, comes within the design of this article, which is to illustrate the go-aheadism of our transatlantic cousins, and how they find the ways and means where other men fail.

Near Green Bay (in the aforesaid Garden of Eden), a small village suddenly peers out from the woods. The site was chosen by one of those extraordinary men (educated pioneers), who had silently selected a position and established himself as proprietor before any one was acquainted with his object. Once fixed, the working pioneers, well aware of the sagacity and ability of their forerunner, begin to drop in likewise. In a few months, a town is laid out, and a population makes its appearance. A plank-road is necessary, a charter is obtained, and a meeting summoned of all interested in the said road. About a hundred persons attend; the charter is read; and before it can become a valid instrument, 500 shares must be subscribed for, and one dollar each paid up. The whole capital required is 10,000*l.*—a sum which, probably, could not be mustered in cash within a hundred miles. One citizen believes he can get the 500 dollars from a relative in the Genesee Valley. Who, then, is to take stock, and supply the sinews of war? There are not ten dollars (cash) in the township. Up starts another, who has credit with a provision-merchant down east, and offers to supply the workmen with pork, molasses, tea, and sugar, out of his friend's store; making a speech at the same time. Others similarly pledge their credit for shoes, soap, clothing, &c. The bulk of the meeting, consisting of hard-working "bonnet-lairds," undertake to go to work immediately; taking for part-payment the necessaries of life, and receiving road-stock for the balance. Without a cent of capital, they begin a work which would eventually cost 50,000 dollars, in full confidence that something would turn up to procure the wherewithal. The beauty of the matter is, that the project succeeded. The road has not only quadrupled the value of property all around, but it bids fair to pay a dividend in five years of 50 per cent. If a steam-boat is wanted, it is acquired in the same way. Large vessels have been completely built and equipped, without the owners possessing one farthing, and they have not only paid for themselves, but have made handsome fortunes for the lucky and enterprising projectors. Speculation of this kind, which would be justly deemed dishonorable in a settled country, is apt to be less rigidly considered in the

pioneers of a new world. What country can attempt to cope with such energy and enterprise as this? It is frequently a subject of remark, that men born in England, and educated in the States, are among the foremost in these enterprising projects.

There are many other facts in these interesting volumes which we should like to call attention to; but the reader who has accompanied us through this sketch cannot do better than read the volumes themselves—only remembering that the enthusiasm of his guide might have been considerably moderated had he been an emigrant instead of a gentleman traveller.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE CRUSADERS' MARCH.

WRITTEN FOR MUSIC.

I.

RAISE ye up the song of Zion;
Raise it up 'mong Judah's hills.
Who will dare to meet the lion
By the fountains of the rills?
Strong, strong—raise the song!
Raise it the hills among;
Raise it till the Moslem hear—
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

II.

Base it were for us to linger
By the dull and weary wave,
While the unbeliever's finger
Points with scorn the Holy Grave.
Ride, ride!—to-morrow's tide
Sees us the spot beside
Watered by our Lady's tear.
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

III.

Saintly forms above are bending,
Martyrs' hands are beckoning on;
They, the brave, who died contending
For the faith that Christians own!
Speed, speed!—pilgrim's weed
Shows not like steel at need.
Men in mail, not monks, are here!
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

IV.

Lo! the evening shadows gather;
See, the night is settling down.
Shield us, O Almighty Father!—
Shield our army and thine own!
Halt, halt! beneath the palm
Raise ye the evening psalm,
Raise it up both loud and clear.
Sound, sound, trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

V.

Bright the stars above are burning,
As they may have burned of yore,
When the shepherds, home returning,
Told the words that angels bore.
Pray, pray! for the day
Calls us again away.
Once more let the foe hear.
Sound, sound trump and drum!
Let them know we come—
Cross and banner, sword and spear!

W. E. A.

From Elisa Cook's Journal.

IN EGYPT!—VERDE GIOVANE.

OLD EGYPT! The land of the Lotos! Where men lie under palms waving feathery in the sunlight, dreaming of sense, and waking up only to indulge it! Where the day dawns upon the soft warm mist, and the sun sinks down to sleep upon a golden cloud! Where the land lies gazing all day into the clear blue sky, and the people, languor-laden, sit in the thrall of silence. Where the dead are great, but where the living are mean and noisome. Land of eunuchs, slaves, and seraglios!

Egypt—the grand old Egypt—the land of the Pharaohs—of Cleopatra—of Scipio—of mummies and of Pyramids—Egypt peers upon us now out of her dead eyes, about which there is a gloomy languor and fleeting sense of life. The climate is too delicious for man—it is fit only for flowers, acacias, deserts, and crocodiles. The air is too golden—too luxuriant. It effeminates and corrupts; it has no bracing health in it, but only softens, enervates, and melts. The soil is rich—it produces abundantly with the least possible labor. The land sheds fatness; few can enjoy “the flesh-pots of Egypt” unscathed. You may quaff the sherbet, but at length it palls—smoke the nargileh—inhalé the mocha—float away along groves of Nile acacias, lapped in Elysian airs; but you cease to be man! Individuality disappears; only human vegetation—human sense—exaggerated appetite—survive!

There the birds swoon—the air sleeps—the cattle repose, and the camel trudges on with melancholy, silent pace into the shadowless, dumb, eternal desert. Hark! the solitary voice of the Muezzin, trembling, in long rising and falling cadence, from the balcony of the minaret, floating away over the silent city. It sounds like a lament or a wail, and is wafted away into the desert. “Ah-la-ha—Ak-bar! Al-la-ha—Ak-bar!”

Eastern life is scarcely alive. It is so leisurely, so sleeping, so enjoying, so luxurious, that it can scarcely be called *life*—active as we know it to be in temperate climes, where it is a constant struggle with nature, with weather, and winds, and times, and seasons. For the Egyptian, a mud-hut will weather-fend him; a little rice and coffee feed him; a cotton drapery clothe him. He needs not to work. Nature and the sun work for him. What does he know or care about business? *Bucksheesh!* He can beg! Not for shoes nor stockings—for these he needs not—but for the wherewithal to fill his chibouque! That is all! And perhaps to enjoy the half-nude dancing girls—the Ghawazee! It is an imbecile, easy, lazy, monotonous, sleeping existence—a life of fascination and torpid contentment—a dream of the death of the dearest land.

We are on the Nile, floating along that majestic old stream, whose history reaches back into remotest antiquity—to Moses and the Patriarchs, and even beyond them, far beyond the known beginnings of civilization. A valley, six or seven miles broad, walled in on one side by the Lybian mountains, and on the other by the hills of Arabia, beyond which lies the “promised land” of the Hebrews. The valley between is tranquil and warm, and through its midst the Nile sleeps sluggishly to the sea. The land is all solemn, still, and sad; and the Sphinx sits there upon the edge of the desert and ever fails to unriddle the mysteries of the land, which seems to lie under the

shadow of death, it is so solemnly still. Sun after sun rises on the perpetual and unvarying panorama of waving fields of tobacco, cotton, palm, and flowering lupin. Dead old cities lie scattered along the landscape, and, under the green mounds which are strewn about them, their old inhabitants sleep in dust. The dreamy murmurousness of summer insects in the warm air floats over the land now as it did thousands of years ago. The Nile continues to bear the land to sea, and the pyramids point up forever to the infinite sky.

The life in Egypt is much the same now as it must have been a thousand, or thousands of years ago. The sun, the climate, the people, the same—the last only degenerated and decayed. Their greatness is buried in their great tombs. The spirit of the men who built Luxor and Carnac—Thebes and Dindereh—is no more. The nation has culminated; and will not be regenerated. The greatness of Egypt, like that of Babylon, is but a glorious memory. The tide of progress has gone westward, and washes far western shores. The mud sleeps in the Delta of the Nile; and the people sleep too—as dead as the mummies at Luxor.

Yet how picturesque the people are—born artists as it were! The veriest rag across their shoulders is draped with infinite grace. A piece of red cotton is twined into a turban, and the beautiful face under it radiates dazzling beauty. But it is all sensuous; intellect is absent. “Nought but soul is wanting there.” The beauty of the women, and the heroic forms of the men, move you like a statue. But they have just as little of the life that is god-like. Smith or Brown there, arrayed in his conical black hat fitted to his head like a funnel, and attired in a brown coat with swallow-tails, who has just come across from St. Paul’s in one of the Oriental steamers, is an infinitely greater object in an intellectual point of view; but then how atrociously unpicturesque is Smith! Even the coarse costume of a Nile sailor shames in dignity and grace the most elaborate toilet of European saloons. But set the western and the eastern man to do a piece of work together! And then you find the latter to be lazy and imbecile exceedingly. The western man is a man of energy, character, and business capacities; the eastern man is a picturesque idler—a man of drapery and pleasure. Western homes are clean, comfortable, and intelligent, through freedom. Eastern dwellings (for *homes* they are not) are dirty and comfortable, the abodes of slaves and their tyrants.

As Curtis, the American, in his *Nile Notes*, observes—“The sun is the secret of the east. . . . The east is a voluptuous reverie of nature. Its Egyptian days are perfect. You breathe the sunlight. You feel it warm in your lungs and heart. The whole system absorbs sunshine, and all your views of life become warm and richly voluptuous. Your day-dreams rise, splendid with sun-sparkling, aerial architecture. . . . The Egyptian sun does not glare—it shines. The light has a creamy quality, soft and mellow, as distinguished from the intense whiteness of our American light. The forms of our landscapes stand sharp and severe in the atmosphere, like frost-work. But the eastern outlines are smoothed and softened. The sun is the mediator, and blends beautifully the separate beauties of the landscape. It melts the sterner stuff of your nature. The intellect is thawed and mellowed. Emotions take the place of thought. Sense rises

into the sphere of soul. It becomes so exquisite and refined, that the old landmarks in the moral world begin to totter and dance. They remain nowhere, they have no permanent place. Delight and satisfaction, which are not sensual, but sensuous, become the law of your being; conscience, lulled all the way from Sicily in the soft-rocking lap of the Mediterranean, quite falls asleep at Cairo, and you take your chance with the other flowers. The thoughts that try to come, mask no more us austere and sad-browed men, but pass as large-eyed, dusky maidens, now with fair folding arms that fascinate you to their embrace."

What a contrast between the luxurious sky of Egypt and the foggy, chilly atmosphere of Britain! And how different the man and woman of the two countries! There, reclining picturesquely upon ottomans, or sitting cross-legged upon carpets, or squatting idly basking in the sun; here active, industrious, grined, and ugly, full of enterprise and energy. There, the men float idly through life—here they are engaged in a perpetual wrestle and conflict with it. There, the women have no higher rank than that of domestic slaves, the better favored of them being used as toys and things of temporary pleasure; here, their social position is much more elevated, their high moral nature is generally recognized; they are the friends, companions, helpmates, and soulmates of men, in all the better relations of life. Who would not prefer the English wife to the Egyptian Ghawazee—the one dedicated to duty, the other to pleasure; and the English fireside, with its circle of ruddy faces, to the picturesque and dirty forms of Egyptian life! Yes! We can't help preferring our Smith to the Eastern Ali, unpicturesque though said Smith may be. There he is, at Cairo, at Alexandria, and all over the Mediterranean. He is puffing along everywhere "under steam." He drives a railroad through the desert, or starts a hotel at Cairo, where he sells Triple X and takes the *Times*. Go into the Egyptian Bazaars, and you find Smith's calicoes. He even supplies the market with "gods" made to pattern. He can work up "to order," any quantity of antiquities of the age of Rameses. Give him a commission for a Sphinx, and he will make one, provide it leave him a profit of five per cent. But there are "gentlemen" Smiths, too, in Egypt—the Howadji, or travellers of the East. Here is one cleverly depicted by the author of *Nile Notes*. He calls his sinner "Verde Giovane," or Green John.

"I thought him a very young grandson of my elderly friend Bull. Verde was joyous and gay. He had already been to the Pyramids, and had slept in a tomb, and had his pockets picked as he wandered through their disagreeable darkness. He had come freshly and fast from England, to see the world, omitting Paris and Western Europe on his way, as he embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. Being in Cairo, he felt himself abroad. Sternhold and Hopkins were his Laureates, for perpetually on all kinds of wings of mighty winds he came flying all abroad. He lost a great deal of money at billiards to 'jolly' fellows whom he afterwards regaled with cold punch and choice cigars. He wrangled wildly with a dragoman of very imperfect English powers, and packed his tea for the voyage in brown paper parcels. He was perpetually on the point of leaving. At breakfast, he would take a loud leave of the 'jolly' fellows; and if there were ladies in the room, he slung his gun in a very abandoned manner over his shoulder; and while he adjusted his shot-pouch with careless

heroism, as if the enemy were in ambush on the stairs, as who should say, 'I'll do their business easily enough,' he would remark, with a meaning smile, that he should stop a day or two at Esne, probably; and then go off humming a song from the 'Favorita,' or an air whose words were well known to the 'jolly' fellows, but would scarcely bear female criticism. After this departure, he had a pleasant way of reappearing at the dinner-table, for the pale ale was not yet aboard, or the cook was ill, or there had been another explosion with the dragoman. Verde Giovane found the Cariene evenings 'slow.' It was astonishing how much execution he accomplished with those words of very moderate calibre—'slow,' 'jolly,' and 'stunning.' The universe arranged itself in Verde Giovane's mind under those three heads. Presently it was very easy to predicate his criticisms in any department. He had lofty views of travel. Verde Giovane had come forth to see the world, and vainly might the world seek to be unseen. He wished to push on to Sennaar and Ethiopia. It was very 'slow' to go only to the cataracts. Ordinary travel, and places already beheld of men, were not for Verde. But if there were any Chinese wall to be scaled, or the English standard were to be planted upon any vague and awful Himalayan height, or a new oasis were to be revealed in the Desert of Sahara, here was the heaven-appointed Verde Giovane, only awaiting his pale ale, and determined to dally a little at Esne. After subduing the East by travel, he proposed to enter the Caucasian mountains, and serve as a Russian officer. These things were pleasant to hear, as to behold at Christmas those terrible beheadings of giants by Tom Thumb, for you enjoy a sweet sense of security, and a consciousness that no harm was done. They were wild Arabian romances, attributable to the inspiration of the climate, in the city he found so 'slow.' The Carienes were listening elsewhere to their poets—Verde Giovane was ours; and we knew very well that he would go quietly up to the first cataract, and then, returning to Alexandria, would steam to Jaffa, and thence donkey placidly to Jerusalem, moaning in his sleep of Cheapside and St. Paul's. . . . The little Verde *did* say a fine farewell at last, and left the dining-room gayly and gallantly, as a stage bandit disappears down pasteboard rocks to desperate encounters with mugs of beer in the green-room."

ALTON LOCKE.—The following description of the personal appearance of Kingsley, the author of "Alton Locke," is from a letter by Grace Greenwood:—

"I observed Lord Carlisle greet, with much cordiality, a slight, pale, refined, clerical-looking man, who stood near us. After a few moments' conversation, his lordship introduced this gentleman to me as the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of 'Alton Locke.' I did not meet him without emotion; for I had been most deeply impressed by the power and purpose, the terrible earnestness of his writings—the heart-crushing pathos, the fearful vividness of his pictures of misery, of the mortal desperation, of the struggles of the poor with want and wretchedness, and all the horrible shapes of sin and despair. You see few indications of the impassioned strength of Mr. Kingsley's genius in his countenance or conversation. He is quiet in the extreme, even while talking of art like an artist and a poet. I should think his mental life inwardly intense, rather than outwardly demonstrative, except through the pen. He spoke of America with much interest, and with fine appreciation of the spirit of her institutions."

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHAMFORT.

THERE are in every country which has a literature some authors who attain during their lives considerable celebrity—nay, even great popularity and renown; and yet who, when once removed from this scene of care and trouble, are speedily and unjustly forgotten. Others there are again who, unmeritedly neglected during their lives, acquire, as soon as death crowns their labors, a posthumous popularity which might have cheered their chequered existence when living, and rendered their departing struggles less bitter. Into the causes of these unjust judgments of the gentle public—into these caprices of fortune, or arbitrary awards of fate, we profess not here to enter. But of the certainty of the fact which we announce there can be no doubt. If a man has come to maturity in times of great public excitement—in periods of intestine or foreign war—in epochs of excitement or revolution, his labors, unless he become a journalist or a pamphleteer, may be overlooked; and if he become journalist and pamphleteer, in how great a degree do these labors encroach on his time, distract his attention, and unfit him for the calmer walks of literature and philosophy! How often do the unceasing labors of the journalist affect his health, embitter his existence, and raise him up deadly enemies! One among the many pleasing and agreeable French authors of the last generation, Marmontel, was himself a journalist, and thus he speaks of journalism, after abundant experience—*Rediger un journal c'est-à-dire se condamner au travail de Sisyphe ou à celui des Danaïdes*. Marmontel, however, did not allow journalism to become an absorbing passion or an engrossing pursuit; nor did he engage in the fierce political contests of his time. Yet, withal, journalism conducted him for a short time to the Bastille, to which he was unjustly consigned by the Duke de Choiseul for an article which he had *not* written.

A man who in a far greater degree suffered from his connexion with journalism was Chamfort, who is so little known by the English public that it will be necessary to give some account of his history.

Sebastien Roch Nicholas Chamfort was born at a village near Clermont, in Auvergne, in 1741. All accounts agree in stating that he never knew who his father was. As to his mother, one account describes her falsely as a *paysanne*—the other, more truly, as *dame de compagnie*. As to the misfortune of his illegitimate birth, it cannot be imputed to Chamfort as a crime. The fault was not his, though unquestionably he was subjected to some of the punishment, and to many of the inconveniences. It cannot be supposed that this had no influence on Chamfort's disposition and feelings and future life. Some portion of the bitterness, and a great deal of the misanthropy and soured feelings of our author may be traced to the events of his earlier years. As soon as the condition of the mother of Chamfort became known in the family in which she was residing, it may be supposed there was a sudden rupture and dismissal. The unhappy creature came to hide her shame in Paris, and in Paris Chamfort first saw the light. The young mother soon found friends and protectors in the gay and gilded, but not utterly heartless, capital; and when her son was the requisite age, she had the influence to obtain for him a *boursier's* place at the College of the Grassins. The young Nicholas merited this good fortune. Though

aware of his birth, and that he came into the world without father or fortune, he exhibited towards his mother tenderness and affection, consoled her solitude, and commiserated her sorrows.

The first years of Nicholas—(that was the name under which he entered at the Grassins)—were undistinguished in his academical career. In his third year, however, he shone out brilliantly, and terminated his “rhetoric,” as it is called, with the most brilliant success. This *filius nullius*—this child of misfortune “baptized in tears”—carried off the five grand prizes of the University. These his first successes promising so many others, determined his vocation for letters. In fact, before he had terminated his philosophy, his caustic and satirical spirit had displayed itself. In conjunction with Letourneur, he wrote something which rendered them both obnoxious to the principal and masters. The two young friends thus rusticated, if not expelled, suddenly left their Alma Mater, travelled over some parts of Normandy, and, after having sowed their wild oats, returned to ask an asylum of the offended principals. The college authorities nobly revenged themselves by taking the foolish young men back, and affording them the asylum which they penitently sought. A time, however, was soon to come when Chamfort must do something for himself. His pen was his only resource; and he was forced to live on what he gained in writing for a few journals, and in composing sermons for popular preachers. For this last task Chamfort was wont to receive a louis per sermon, and this traffic lasted about a year. With the proceeds of what he thus gained from the booksellers, newspaper proprietors, and priests, he supported himself and his mother.

Like Piron and Duclos, and so many other men, literary and not literary, with youth and good looks on their side, he fell early into the company of actresses and courtesans. Soon convinced that this was neither the road to fortune nor to fame, he determined to try for a prize at the Academy, to write a comedy and what not besides. The prize at the Academy he obtained; for *l'Épître d'un père à son fils* was crowned *d'emblée*; and more than this, the comedy *La Jeune Indienne* was well received. Chamfort was now sought for and caressed. His figure was good, his countenance agreeable, his wit brilliant and ready; so that his manners and personal appearance impressed the world as favorably as his talents. Men and women of rank now sought his society. The Princess of Craon said of him, *Vous ne le croyez qu'un Adonis et c'est un Hercule*. The gay and dissipated life which Chamfort at this period led at Paris affected his health. He went from watering place to watering place—from Spa to Bareges—from Bareges to Controueville, without receiving much benefit. A humor fell upon his eyes and face, which in no degree improved the personal beauty of the Adonis or the Hercules. Though the name of the writer had now become familiar, and was well known to the Parisian public, yet the pecuniary position of Chamfort was by no means flourishing. Often was he in want of money, and obliged, like Piron and Rivarol, to dine here and there, sometimes even with Duke Humfroy. It was at this epoch that Chabanon, who had a pension of 1200 francs on the *Mercure de France*, and who had formed a warm friendship for Chamfort, forced him to accept this pension. Madame Helvetius, too (born Mdlle. Ligneville, and niece of Madame Graffigny), befriended him, and gave him a small apartment in

her house at Sevres, where he remained for two or three years. He also received some kindnesses from the Duke of Choiseul, and from a rich citizen of Liege, M. Von Eck. But, notwithstanding these aids, Chamfort occasionally suffered from the *res angusta domi*.

It is not, therefore, wonderful that he was a candidate for so many academic prizes. The Academy of Marseilles proposed at this period for a prize the *Eloge* of La Fontaine. Necker, who knew that La Harpe was a candidate on the lists, and who had not a doubt that he would win the race, added to the amount proposed to be given a sum of 2400 francs out of his own pocket. But the event turned out differently from the expectations of the rich Genevese. Chamfort, excited by the circumstances, entered the lists and succeeded. Both productions have now been long before the public. There has been abundant time to test their merits, and there can be no doubt that the Marseillaise were right in awarding the palm to Chamfort. This *Eloge* of La Fontaine is unquestionably one of the most exquisite pieces of the kind in the French language.

It was at Bareges that Chamfort made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Grammont, who introduced him at the house of her brother; the Duke de Choiseul, at Chanteloup. Mdle. de Lespinasse, the daughter of Madame d'Albon, and better known as the friend of D'Alembert and the Count de Guibert, was at Chanteloup at the time, and thus she writes of the new visitor. "I have seen M. de Chamfort, who is arrived. We shall read one of these days his *Eloge* of La Fontaine. He is returned from the waters in good health, crowned with more of glory and wealth than when he left. Above all, he possesses four friends, every one of whom *l'amient chacune d'elles comme quatre*—these are Madame de Grammont, Madame de Rancé, Madame d'Amblimont, and the Countess of Choiseul. I can answer for it, that M. de Chamfort is very well satisfied, and *il fait de son mieux pour être modeste*." Notwithstanding this too flattering portrait of the content and satisfaction of Chamfort, it is well known that he was neither contented nor happy. His health was far from good, and the care of it absorbed all his literary resources. After his visit to Chanteloup he retires to Sevres. It was at Sevres, in the apartment furnished for him by Madame Helvetius, that he labored at his tragedy of *Mustapha et Zéangir*, which was represented with great *éclat* at Fontainebleau. The queen conceived there were flattering allusions to herself in some passages, and the king, probably in consequence, granted a pension of 1200 livres to the author. Further, the Prince of Condé offered him the post of *secrétaire de ses commandements*. He had scarcely been installed in the Palais Bourbon when he wished to get out of it, and to be a free man again, without however offending the Prince of Condé. With this view he passed six months in writing letters in prose and in verse begging the duke to accept his resignation.

Chamfort at length, in a fit of moroseness and misanthropy, resigned his secretaryship, and there were not wanting people to raise a cry of ingratitude, as though any man, however little of a millionaire, were obliged to bear a weight which he found too burdensome. It was at this epoch of his life that Chamfort, following the example of Boileau, retired to Auteuil. He even took up his residence in the house of the satirist, saying, "It is not with the living but with the dead that

one should commune"—meaning thereby with books. He had hardly, however, been installed among his books than, at the very dangerous age of forty, he fell in love. He had met at Boulogne a lady of the court of the Duchess of Maine, a beauty who counted eight-and-forty winters. This lady had a great deal of talent, had travelled much, and was exceedingly agreeable and companionable. Chamfort proposed, was accepted, and married her. From Auteuil they went to reside in Vancouleurs, not far from Etampes. They had not been more than a few months in their new residence when death broke the bonds so recently tied together. A settled melancholy now took possession of the mind of Chamfort. He was roused from this state of sadness and torpor by M. de Choiseul Gouffier, who invited him to travel with him in Holland. The Count de Narbonne, subsequently an emigrant in England, and employed on obtaining, through Madame de Stael, permission to return to France, was of this party. The lively and original mind of the count sparkled in collision with that of Chamfort. On his return from Holland, Chamfort was admitted a member of the Academy in the place of St. Palaye. As an academician he returned to the world and to Paris. His discourse, on being received a member, was a remarkable production, distinguished by brilliancy and talent. But Chamfort went seldom to the Academy, and no sooner was he one of the forty, than he wrote his *Discours contre les Académies*, which subsequently contributed to the suppression of all such institutions. Occasionally he went to court, where Marie Antoinette once said to him, "Do you know, M. de Chamfort, that you pleased all the world at Versailles, not because of, but in spite of, your talent?" "The reason, your majesty will see, is quite simple," rejoined Chamfort, with his usual frankness; "at Versailles I am content to learn many things I know from people who are entirely ignorant of them." Chamfort acquired the friendship of the Count de Vaudreuil, who lodged him in his mansion. During this period Mirabeau, who had heard much, who had read more of Chamfort, and met him occasionally, sought his friendship. There was a similarity of tastes and opinions between them. As M. Arsène Houssaye says, in a recent publication, *tous les deux étaient emportés et railleurs*. It is a curious and significant fact, that in this intercourse Chamfort assumed the ascendancy, or probably it would be more correct to say, that Mirabeau, for once in his life, knocked under. Writing to Chamfort, he thus expresses himself. "There is hardly a day I do not find myself stating, '*Chamfort froncerait le sourcil; ne faisons pas, n'écrivons pas cela*;' or, on the other hand, '*Chamfort sera content*.'" No doubt Mirabeau, who was extremely solicitous of literary renown, knew all the advantage he might reap from intercommunion with a mind such as that of Chamfort; and Chamfort, on the other hand, was well aware of the glory to be acquired by allying himself with a personage of the force of character and splendor of eloquence possessed by Mirabeau. Force, impetuosity, passionate sensibility predominated in the character of Mirabeau; delicacy, neatness, subtlety, and finesse, were the characteristics of Chamfort. During the period of this friendship, which was only interrupted by the death of Mirabeau, the great orator submitted to Chamfort not merely his writings for the press, but his opinions, his conduct, his hopes, and his fears. He affected to treat him as even his superior and

his master in moral force. Knowing the character of Mirabeau, one may well doubt the sincerity of this assumed or affected deference. On the other hand, it is certain that Chamfort contributed considerably to Mirabeau's published works. The most eloquent passages in the book on the order of Cincinnatus were written by him.

The epoch of 1789 had now arrived. Both Mirabeau and Chamfort had done everything in their power, by writing and speech, to promote the Revolution. They were accordingly ready to serve the spirit they had powerfully contributed to evoke. Whilst Mirabeau proclaimed the new doctrines in the Assembly in burning words, the whole heart, mind, tongue, and pen of Chamfort seemed to be imbued with the same spirit. Never did this brilliant thinker utter words and phrases clothed in more attractive forms, or which more impressed themselves on the memory and imagination. His republican fervor knew no bounds. He applauded the decree which suppressed pensions, albeit the whole of his fortune was in pensions. The pensions, however, or the void which the absence of them created in his receipts, was replaced by labor, and the *Mercur de France* became doubly valuable from the contributions of his pen. His articles increased daily in interest and attraction.

Chamfort appeared in popular assemblies only when there was danger in showing himself. Accustomed to think and act like a freeman, he could not be made to feel that there was any danger in explaining himself upon men and things. He did not wait for the Revolution to adopt this course. Neither Marat, nor Robespierre, nor any one of the sanguinary tyrants who weighed on France, were safe from his sallies. Indignant at the prostitution of the words "fraternity" and "liberty," traced on all the walls, Chamfort translated them thus: *Sois mon frère ou je te tue*. He used to say the fraternity of these people is like that of Cain and Abel. When it was remarked that he often repeated this word—"You are right," he used to observe; "I ought to say, by way of variation, of Eteocles and Polyneices." These sarcasms were so many crimes for base dilators to note and to denounce—crimes of which Chamfort was later to bear the punishment. Nevertheless, as it was under the mask of patriotism and the name of liberty that men were at this period persecuted, and that tyranny was ultimately established, it was difficult to discover a pretext for incriminating Chamfort; for he had ever been consistent in his opinions, and walked in the leading ranks of the republican phalanx. But he had been named one of the librarians of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* by the Minister Roland, and this was enough to draw down vengeance on his head. Denounced by one Tobiesen Dubuy, a subordinate employé in the establishment, he was arrested with his colleagues, and conveyed to the Madelonettes. To this prison he was conducted in company with the Abbé Barthélemy, whose gray hairs ought to have been his protection. Imprisonment, which so many at this period bore with fortitude and resignation, was particularly odious and irksome to Chamfort. "It is neither death nor life," he cried; "and I want no middle term, for I desire to open my eyes on heaven or to shut them in the tomb." When released, he found himself under the surveillance of a gendarme, who never quitted him. This produced a profound and melancholy impression on his mind, for he saw in it a proof that a prison would again open for him. It was under the impression of these

painful feelings that he inwardly swore to die rather than to be conducted back to his dungeon. Tyranny, however, sustained by public terror, now became day by day more cruel. It was harshly intimated to Chamfort that he should go back to the *maison d'arrêt*. While the myrmidons of authority were waiting to fetch him, he remembered his oath. Retiring to an adjoining room, under the pretext of making preparations to accompany the officers, he locked the door, charged a pistol, pulled a trigger with an intent to blow out his brains, but only succeeded in shooting out his right eye and destroying the bridge of his nose. Astonished at his own maladroitness, and still resolved to die, he seized a razor, and attempted to cut his throat. His hand, however, was not as powerful as his will, and after several attempts the unfortunate prisoner failed too in this object. Next he attempted to reach the heart, stabbing himself in that region, and ultimately tried to open the veins in the arms. Overcome at length by torturing pain, he cried aloud, flinging himself upon a chair. The inmates of the house, as well as the officers of justice, aware that something strange had occurred, and hearing the report of a pistol-shot, rushed to Chamfort's room, and attempted to stanch the blood streaming from his wounds along the floor. But the struggling and suffering man declared that his desire was to die as a freeman rather than again be conducted to prison as a slave. "If you persist in dragging me thus to prison," he said to the officers, "sufficient strength remains to me to accomplish what I have begun. I am a freeman," he added, "and no earthly power can make me enter alive into that prison." Suffering from pain and loss of blood, he explained to those around his reasons for laying violent hands on himself. "You see what it is to be maladroit in the use of one's hands," he exclaimed: "one cannot even kill oneself to escape the fangs of tyranny." Contrary to all expectation, the recovery of Chamfort was most rapid. He amused himself during his convalescence in translating the epigrams of the *Anthology*. Indignant at the atrocities and horrors he saw everywhere committing around him, he said more than once, *Ce que je vois me donne à tout moment l'envie de me recommencer*. Forced now, by the total loss of his means of existence, and by the very considerable expenses resulting from his detention and treatment, to live in privacy, Chamfort retired, with such books as remained to him, to a modest apartment in the Rue Chabanaise. Insensibly and by degrees returning to his literary habitudes and avocations, Guinguené and some other friends of his conceived the project of a journal, to be called *La Décade Philosophique*, chiefly, if not solely, with a view to give a profitable occupation to Chamfort; but the hand of death was upon him, and he never contributed a line to it.

Chamfort expired on the 13th April, 1793, in the 52nd year of his age. Terror prevailed in that infelicitous time to such a degree that it was an act of courage to accompany his remains to their last home. There were only three individuals who shed their tears over the bier of Chamfort. These were MM. Van Praet, Siéyes, and Guinguené.

Chamfort did not foresee, and therefore did not acclaim with enthusiastic welcome, the Revolution. He was much more a man of wit, of cleverness, and of *esprit*, than of thought or foresight; but though his mind resembled that of Rabelais, or Bayle, or Voltaire, and was more critical and carp-

ing than enthusiastic, yet he flung himself with ardor into the democratic passions of the time. He assisted at all the assemblies and at all the clubs, now at the side of Robespierre, now at the side of Barnave; now with Mirabeau at Versailles, now with Camille Desmoulins at the Palais Royal. It is a curious peculiarity in the psychological history of Chamfort, that he entertained in 1790 the revolutionary sentiments of the democrats of 1792; in 1792, on the other hand, seeing the ideas of 1790 about to triumph, he was the first to throw cold water upon them.

Having read the account of the sufferings Chamfort inflicted on himself, the generality of people will express surprise that he did not expire within four-and-twenty, or at all events within forty-eight hours, after the infliction of such self-torture and horrible mutilation. But it is still more extraordinary that the authorities did not abstain from persecuting him and restore to him his liberty. Widely different was the conduct pursued. The surveillance under which he originally labored was still continued, and he was forced to pay a crown a-day to the gendarme who guarded him. No wonder that he said to Sièyes, who saw him in this plight, *Ah! mon ami, je m'en vais enfin de ce monde, où il faut que le cœur se brise ou se bronce*. The opinion of Chamfort himself was, that the pistol-ball was in his head: *Je sens* (said he) *que la balle est restée dans ma tête; ils n'iront pas l'y chercher*.

The youth of Chamfort was irregular and stormy. His birth, his poverty, his passions, his decided taste for letters—a taste which led him away from all lucrative occupation—were all circumstances unfavorable to him in a worldly sense. The lightness and liveliness of his mind—the vivacity and originality of his humor—the readiness of his repartees—his natural causticity, which veiled the kindness of his nature, and caused the goodness of his heart to be unjustly suspected—all contributed to throw around him a certain haze of unpopularity. This feeling was greatly increased by his unconquerable aversion to the numerous race of impudent, unabashed, and self-contented fools with which society is so thickly studded, and by his thorough diabolical and openly expressed contempt for pretenders of all kinds. Such sentiments, ever openly expressed, inspired many with fear, and not a few with hatred. Independently of this, the zeal with which Chamfort embraced the Revolution and its doctrines, made of every one opposed to his opinions a personal enemy. He had adopted from the clubs a custom of speaking out his mind perhaps too boldly, and of substituting loudness and vehemence for that politeness and courtesy of which he had been earlier a model. He has himself truly said, that there is a certain ardent energy incident to, or inseparable from, a particular kind of talent, which often misleads men into imprudences who are well inclined at bottom, and who are not morally wrong.

The events of Chamfort's life prove that he possessed a mind naturally strong and vigorous. Accustomed from early youth to struggle against adversity, he never once allowed himself to be cast down by despondency. After having enjoyed for many years the comforts of ease and independence, he looked with serenity and courage, in the last year of his life, on a prospect less cheering than lay before him at his outset in early youth. His proud spirit compounded with nothing mean or

servile—he abhorred all chains, whether of silk or of gold.

Chateaubriand, who had met Chamfort during the progress of the Revolution, gives us an account of his personal appearance. "Chamfort," says he, "was above the middle height, a little bent, pale-faced, and of a delicate complexion. His blue eye, occasionally cold and veiled when unexcited, sparkled and flashed with fire when he became animated. His open nostrils gave to his countenance an expression of energetic sensibility. His voice was flexible and well-modulated, but during my last moments in Paris it had become harsh and unpleasant. There was the agitated and imperious tone of factions and of clubs."

No man mixed more in the world than Chamfort, and he brought into it a spirit of observation so remarkable and ingenious as to appear to the ablest and shrewdest of his contemporaries almost unerring and miraculous in his judgments. This spirit of observation is most remarkable in that portion of his work with the title of *Maximes et Pensées*. In these maxims and thoughts we perpetually find that which Herault de Sechelles, himself a man of great wit and cleverness, called *les tenailles mordantes de Chamfort*. If it be alleged, on the one hand, that Chamfort is too prone to seek in French society, as it then existed, food for ridicule, or pictures of hypocrisy and insincerity, on the other hand it must be admitted that no one painted these vices in less attractive colors. Chamfort may have inclined too much to the opinion that the extreme development of civilization in the refined society in which he lived led only to corruption of morals, to hateful, ridiculous, and odious vices, to insincerity, to selfishness, and to dissimulation. But, at all events, he gives the reason, if not the justification, for the faith that was in him, in respect to this theory, in the portraits and salient traits which he presents to us, either in full length or *en buste*. It was his daily habit to write out on little slips of paper the results of his observations and reflections reduced into maxims—the anecdotes he had picked up in the great world—in the society of men and women of fashion, or of persons celebrated in the professions or as men of letters. Every trivial fact that could serve to illustrate manners or customs—every *mot piquant* or *spirituel* which escaped from himself or others, he noted down. There is thus infinite variety in his remarks. The court, the camp, the city, the exchange, the theatres, even the churches are put under contribution, and by turns appear as they really existed sixty or seventy years ago, in his brilliant and pictured pages. The following specimens, from the *Caractères et Anecdotes*, will show that our description is not exaggerated:—

It is an undoubted fact that *Madame*, the daughter of the king, playing with one of her maids, looked at the hands of her attendant, and after counting the worthy woman's fingers, exclaimed with surprise, "What! and is it really so? Why, you have also five fingers, like me!" And her royal highness commenced re-counting the fingers by way of assuring herself of the fact.

Marshal Richelieu having proposed a noble lady of a great house (whose name I forget) to Louis XV. *pour maitresse en titre*, the king would not hear of it, saying, that when he was tired of the lady, it would be far too costly a job to send her about her business.

Marshal Biron had a very dangerous illness. Wish-

ing to confess, he said, before many of his friends, "This I owe to God, this I owe to the king, this I owe to the state," &c. &c. A friend interrupted him thus, "Hold! hold! imprudent man that you are. If you don't mind what you are about, assuredly you will die insolvent!"

M—— once said to me, "I have known women of all countries. The Italian woman only believes in the sincerity of her lover when he is ready to commit a crime for her; the Englishwoman when he is disposed to be downright mad in her behalf; and the Frenchwoman when he is disposed to render himself silly and ridiculous for her sake."

A certain gentleman, who shall be nameless, had been, for thirty years, in the habit of passing his evenings at Madame H.'s. At length his wife died. People thought he would marry the lady whose house he frequented, and his best friends encouraged him to perpetrate the deed. He refused, saying, "In that case, my dear friends, where should I find a house of refuge to pass my evenings?"

Madame de Tencin, with the suavest manner in the world, was an unprincipled woman, capable of anything. On one occasion, a friend was praising her gentleness. "Ay, ay," said the Abbé Imblet, "if she had any object whatever in poisoning you, undoubtedly she would choose the sweetest and the least disagreeable poison in the world."

A clever man, M——, who had run counter to the general opinions, pronounced himself strongly against a popular work. In all societies, he was answered, that the public had come to a very different conclusion from his. "The public!" he rejoined, "how many fools must you collect together to form a public?"

A certain gentleman of my acquaintance, who shall be nameless, was in the deepest mourning—in mourning, as they familiarly say, from the crown of the head to the sole of his foot. He wore a black scratch wig, weepers, and pulled the longest of interminably long faces. A friend, addressing him in a subdued tone, said, "Alas, my dear friend, who, then, have you had the misfortune to lose?" "I!" rejoined the man in sables and weepers, "I have lost nothing: the literal fact is, that I have been a widower for some days."

"All that I have seen in the world," said M——, "were undigested dinners, suppers without pleasure, conversations in which there was no confidence on one side or the other, alliances without friendship, and marriages without love."

I once said to an agreeable misanthrope, who had introduced to me a young friend of his, "Your friend, my dear sir, has no worldly tact; he knows nothing whatever of the usages of life." "Ah," said R., "he is already as mournful and downcast as if he knew every title of that of which you reproach him with utter ignorance."

In a large company, many details of the gluttony and *gourmandise* of various sovereigns were mentioned. "What would you have?" said M. de Brequigny; "in the name of Heaven, what would you have? These poor kings must do something, and it is as necessary they should eat as Jack, Tom, or Harry."

"You must flatter or frighten," said M——, "the interest or the self-love of men. Men are asses or monkeys, who only jump for nuts, or skip about in fear of the whip."

The familiarity which the great Frederick of Prussia permitted to those who lived on intimate terms with him, is well known. A certain general, who

shall be nameless, enjoyed this intimacy in the highest degree. The king, before the battle of Rosbach, said to his friend, that if he lost it, he would retire to Venice, and there practise physic. "Ah," replied the general, "*toujours assassin—toujours assassin.*"

During the last illness of Louis XV., which from the first was considered fatal, the physician, Lorry, who was sent for with Borden, in the opinions and advice which he gave, used the words *Il faut*. The king, shocked at this freedom, kept muttering in a low and dying voice, *Il faut! Il faut!*

A friend was complimenting Madame Denis on the admirable manner in which she played *Zaire*. "In order to play the part well," said Madame Denis, "an actress must be young and pretty." "Ah, madame," ingenuously rejoined the complimenter, "you are a living proof of the very contrary."

A friend advised the English satirist, Donne, to denounce profligacy and vice, but to spare the profligate and the vicious. "What!" said he, "denounce the coggled dice and packed cards, and let the players go scot free!"

On the death of Louis XIV. a courtier said, "Well, well, after the death of the king, I really can believe anything."

L'Eclure used to relate, that when quite a young man, and without fortune, arriving at Lunéville, he obtained the place of dentist to King Stanislaus on the very day on which the king lost his last tooth.

When Louis XV. was a young man, it was found necessary to correct him of a habit which he had contracted of tearing the lace of his courtiers. M. de Maurepas undertook this task. He appeared before the king with the most exquisite lace in the world. The king, approaching him, tore one of his ruffles, whereupon De Maurepas himself, with the greatest *sang-froid*, deliberately tore up the other, simply saying, "There's no pleasure in *that*." The king, surprised, blushed slightly, and from that hour was never known to tear lace.

After Stanislaus, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, had granted pensions to many ex-Jesuits, M. de Tressan said to him, "Sire, will your majesty do nothing for the family of Damiens, which is in the greatest distress?"

The Chevalier de Montbarey lived for a time in a provincial town of no note. On his return to the capital, his friends were condoling with him as to the wretched society, &c. "You are quite mistaken," cried he; "the good company of that little town is like good company everywhere, and the bad company is most excellent."

In order to judge what the *noblesse* is, said M——, it suffices to observe, that the living Prince de Turenne is more noble than M. de Turenne, and that the Marquis de Laval is more noble than the *Connétable de Montmorenci*.

While the King of Prussia was talking with D'Alembert, there entered one of the servants, a man of the very handsomest face and person. D'Alembert appeared struck with the circumstance. "That is," said the king, "the very handsomest man in my states. He was for a while my coachman, and I have a great mind to send him ambassador into Russia." *

When M. Dubreuil was on the point of death, he said to his friend M. Pehacéja, "Why is it, tell me, that so many people are in the room? You should be the only one here, for the disease is contagious."

* The Empress Catherine was then on the throne.

Marshal de Broglie married the heiress of a merchant, by whom he had three daughters. It was proposed to him, in the presence of his wife, that one of the daughters should enter a noble religious chapter as a *chanoinesse*. "I have," said he, "in marrying madame, closed against me an entrance to all chapters." "And you have also, by marrying me, closed against you the door of the alma-house," rejoined his wife.

M. de Turenne, seeing a child pass behind a horse in such sort that the urchin might be maimed for life by a kick, called the little truant towards him, and addressed him thus: "My fine little fellow, never pass behind a horse without leaving between you and the animal abundant space to escape unharmed. I promise you that in thus acting you will not travel an additional league in the whole course of your life, and remember it is Turenne who has told you so."

Diderot was asked what manner of man was M. d'Epinal. "He is a man," said Diderot, "who has got through two millions without once saying a good thing or doing a good action."

M. de C——, one day speaking of the government of England in a society in which there were some bishops and abbés, one of the latter, by name the Abbé de Seguerand, said to him, "From the little I know of England, I am not in the least inclined to live there, and I know I should not like the place." "Ah," said M. de C——, "it is because you would find yourself ill at ease and would not like the country that it is in every way excellent."

Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Caylus were one day walking round the pond at Marly. The water was pellucid, and the ladies could see the carp moving slowly about, melancholy and meagre. Madame de Caylus drew Madame de Maintenon's attention to the fact. "Ah," said Madame de Maintenon, "the carp are like me; they regret their native mud."

The coachman of the King of Prussia having upset him, the king fell into an ungovernable rage. "Well," said the coachman, "it is a sad accident, a misfortune that might happen to any one—you, for instance, have you never lost a battle?"

A lady, aged ninety, said to Fontenelle at ninety-five, "Death has forgotten us." "Silence! not a word," said Fontenelle, placing his finger upon his mouth.

M. de Turenne, dining one day at M. de Lamoignon's, the host inquired of his guest if his courage was never shaken at the commencement of a battle. "Yes," said Turenne, "I sometimes undergo great nervous excitement; but there are in the army a great number of subaltern officers and of soldiers who experience none whatever."

The King and Queen of Portugal were at Belem to witness a bull-fight the day of the earthquake of Lisbon. It was this saved them, and it is a fact, which has been averred to me by many French then sojourning in Portugal, that the king never knew the real extent of the disaster. He was first told that some houses were destroyed; then some churches, and, having never returned to Lisbon, it may be said that he was the only man in Europe who had no idea of a disaster which happened within a league of him.

Duclos, not to profane the name of Romans, in speaking of modern Romans used to say an Italian of Rome.

"In the world," said M., "there are three sorts of friends: your friends who like you—your friends who do not care for you—and your friends who hate you."

A relative of M. de Vergennes asked him why he

permitted M. de Breteuil, who was likely to succeed him, to come to Paris. "Breteuil," said he, "is a man who has always filled embassies in foreign countries, and who is not known in Paris. His reputation is quite a fictitious one, though there are many who believe him fit to be minister. It is necessary to deceive these people by producing the Baron de Breteuil, and showing what manner of man he really is."

"My enemies can do nothing against me," said M.; "they cannot deprive me of the faculty of thinking rightly or acting well."

M. de — asked the Bishop of — to lend him a country box to which he never went. The bishop answered, "Don't you know it is necessary to have a place where you never go—a place in which you fancy you might be happy if you went there?" M. de —, after a momentary silence, answered, "That's true, and this feeling it is which has made the idea of Paris so popular."

A man of letters, whom a *grand seigneur* had made to feel the superiority of his rank, was thus addressed by an author: "M. le Duc, I am not ignorant of what I ought to know, but I also know right well that it is easier to be above me than on a level with me."

A village doctor went to visit a patient in a neighboring hamlet, and took with him his gun, that he might wing any game he encountered in crossing the fields. A peasant, meeting him on the way, asked whither he was going? "To see a patient," was the answer. "What, then," said the peasant, "do you really fear to miss him in the ordinary way, that you take your gun with you?"

"You yawn," said a lady to her husband. "My dear friend," said the husband, "husband and wife are but one, and when I am alone I become weary."

A theatrical proprietor, requesting M. de Villars to deprive the pages of the privilege of the free-list, said, "Observe, Monseigneur, that numerous pages make a volume."

A lady, who shall be nameless, was at the representation of *Méropé*, and did not shed a tear. Everybody was surprised. Perceiving which the lady said, "I could indeed have wept, but I am engaged out to-night to supper."

Gabrielli asked for singing for two months 5000 ducats of the Empress Catherine of Russia. "Why," said the empress, "none of my field-m Marshals are paid after that rate." "In that case," replied La Gabrielli, "your majesty may make your field-m Marshals sing."

A very young man, who had been in love with a woman of forty, with whom he had a quarrel, was advised by an elderly friend to require a return of his letters. "Probably she has them no longer." "Yes, yes," said the elderly friend, "undoubtedly she has them, for, after thirty, women very carefully treasure all love letters."

Madame de Talmont, seeing M. de Richelieu, instead of lavishing attention on herself, paying court to Madame de Brionne, a very pretty woman without the least mind, said to him, "Marshal, you are not blind, but I believe you are a little deaf."

The King of Prussia, seeing one of his soldiers with a scar on his face, said to the man, "In what wine shop have you been thus treated?" "In a wine shop in which you well paid your scot—at Collum," rejoined the soldier. The king, who had been well beaten at Collum, found the reply excellent.

After he had learned the details of the battle of Ramillies, Louis XIV. exclaimed, "God Almighty has then forgotten all that I have done for him."

A certain lady had lost her husband. Her confessor *ad honores* came the next day to see her, and found her playing with a well-dressed young man. Seeing the confessor amazed, "Sir," said she, "if you had come half an hour sooner, you would have found me bathed in tears; but I staked my grief against the gayety of this gentleman, and have lost, as you see."

Voltaire, passing through Soissons, received a visit from a deputation of the Academy of that town. The deputation declared that the Soissons Academy was the eldest daughter of the French Academy. "Yes, gentlemen," replied the wit, "the eldest daughter, a prudent, modest, virtuous girl, of whom nobody has ever said a word."

Little Philosophical Dialogues.

A. I am at daggers drawn with her.

B. Why, pray?

A. I've spoken ill of her.

B. I undertake to arrange the affair. What have you said?

A. That she was a coquette.

B. I'll reconcile you.

A. And, further, that she was ugly.

B. Oh! then I'll have nothing more to do with the affair.

Cook. I could not buy that salmon.

Dr. of the Sorbonne. Why not?

Cook. A counsellor bid for it.

Dr. of the Sorbonne. Here, take one hundred crowns, and straightway purchase the salmon and the counsellor

A. The wife you propose to me is not rich.

B. But you are.

A. I wish to marry a rich woman. It is necessary that man and wife should be assorted.

A. The place is respectable.

B. You mean to say lucrative.

A. Respectable and lucrative are one and the same.

A. You know the Count de —, is he agreeable?

B. No; he is a man of noble feelings, elevated mind, cleverness, and acquired knowledge; that's all.

Dialogue between two Courtiers.

A. It is a long time since you have seen M. Turgot.

B. Yes.

A. You have not seen him since his disgrace, for example?

B. I believe so. The fact is, I fear lest my presence should recall the happy time when we daily met at the king's council.

Philosophical Dialogue between the King of Prussia and Darget.

The King. Now for it, Darget. Amuse me by relating the etiquette of the King of France. Commence with his morning toilette. [Darget enters into all these details, describes the officers, valets de chambers, their functions, etc.]

The King (in a fit of loud laughter). Ah! Grand Dieu! If I were king of France I'd make another king to do all those sort of things in my place.

Dialogue between the Emperor and the King of Naples.

The King. Never was an education more neglected than mine.

The Emperor. How is that? (Aside.) There's something in this man.

The King. Imagine to yourself that at twenty years old I did n't know how to make a fricassee of

chicken, and the little of cookery I know has been self-taught.

Why is it that you give nothing new to the public?

Under this head Chamfort assigns many reasons for his silence, some of which we give:—

For this, among other reasons, that the public uses literary men as the chimney-sweeps of the Pont St. Michel serve the climbing boys they enlist in their service. They get ten crowns the first day, are made drunk, and receive more kicks than halfpence for the rest of their lives.

I give nothing new to the public because people press me to write for the same reason that when they go to the window they wish to see passing monkeys or bear leaders.

I give no more to the public because I don't wish to die without having lived.

I give no more to the public because I wish not to act like men of letters in general, who may be likened to donkeys plunging and kicking before an empty manger.

I give nothing to the public because I prefer the esteem of worthy people and my own happiness to some praises, some crowns, accompanied with insults and calumnies.

I give nothing new to the public because I have known all the celebrated men of our time, and have seen them rendered unhappy by this passion for celebrity, have seen them dying degraded in running after it.

Maxims and Thoughts.

You ask how a man makes his fortune? Look at what passes in the pit of a theatre on a day on which there is a crowd. See how some remain behind—how those in the first rank draw back—how those in the last ranks are carried forward. This image is so just that the word which expresses it has passed into popular language. It is called making one's fortune, pushing one's way. For instance, the mass say, "My son, my nephew, will push himself on." Politer people say, "will get on, will advance himself, will arrive at the goal." These softened terms exclude the thought of force, of violence, of coarseness, but the leading idea subsists nevertheless.

There are men who have a need to go on stilts, and to raise themselves above others at whatever price. All is equal to them whether they be placed on the trestles of a charlatan, on the boards of a theatre, on a throne or scaffold, they are equally content, provided they draw attention.

The most utterly lost of all days is that on which you have not once laughed.

Prejudice, vanity, calculation—these are the things that govern the world. The man who only knows as rules of conduct, reason, truth, sentiment, has nothing in common with society. It is in himself he ought to seek and find his only happiness.

The Dutch have no commiseration for men who get into debt. They consider that every man in debt lives, if he be poor, at the expense of his fellow-citizens, and of his heirs if he be rich.

Of society, the great, the rich, and people of the world.

The world is never known by books. This has been often said, but the reason has never been told. It is really that this knowledge is the result of a thousand fine and delicate observations which self-love confides to no one, not even to one's best friend.

Men fear to show themselves as occupied with little things, though these little things are very important to the success of the greatest affair.

In reading the memoirs of the time of Louis XIV.

one finds in the bad company of that day something that is wanting in the good of the present.

That which is said in circles, in drawing-rooms, in public assemblies, in books, even in those books which are published with a view to make known society, is all false and insufficient. One may describe all this by the Italian word, *per la predica*, or by the Latin, *ad populum phaleras*. That which is true, that which is instructive, is what a conscientious man, who has seen much and seen well, would say to his friend by the fireside. Some of these conversations have more instructed me than all books, or than the ordinary commerce of society. They put me on the right road, and cause me to reflect more.

From a thousand characteristic traits which I have heard related, I am sure that if apes had the talent of parrots they would be made ministers of state.

Society is composed of two great classes, those who have more dinners than appetites, and those who have more appetites than dinners.

People give ten guinea dinners to entertain those for whose good digestion of the expensive dinner they would not give a groat.

The friendship of the court may be compared to the faith of foxes and the society of wolves.

You believe that a minister, that a man in place, is imbued with such and such a principle, and you believe it because you have heard him say so. In consequence of this, you abstain from asking him for this or that thing which would place him in contradiction with his favorite maxim. You soon, however, learn that you have been a dupe, and you see him do things which prove to you that a minister has no principles, but solely a habit of making certain declarations.

When one wishes to please in the world one must be resigned to be taught many things which one very well knows by people ignorant of them.

The menace of a neglected cold is for the doctors that which purgatory is for the priests—a mine of wealth.

A man of talent is lost if he does not join to talent energy of character. With the lantern of Diogenes you should also have his stick.

No one has more enemies in this world than an upright, proud, and sensible man, disposed to take persons and things for what they really are, and not for what they are not.

The world hardens the hearts of the mass of mankind. That class of human beings least inclined to become callous are obliged to create for themselves a species of factitious insensibility, in order that they may not be the dupes of men or women.

We know not at all the man we know not thoroughly. There are few men who deserve to be studied. From this it arises that the man of true merit has in general little solicitude to be known. He is aware that few would appreciate him, and that in this small number each one has his connections, his interests, his self-love, which prevent him from forming an unbiased opinion, and from giving to merit its proper place.

On love, marriage, and gallantry.

A man in love is a man who wishes to be more amiable and agreeable than he can be, and this is the reason why almost all men in love are ridiculous.

Women of the middle rank, who have the hope or the mania of being something in the world, enjoy neither the happiness of nature nor of society; they are the most unfortunate creatures I have known.

The most rational word that has been said on the questions of celibacy and marriage is this—whatever decision you take you'll repent of it. Fontenelle, in his latter days, regretted he had not married. He forgot ninety-five years passed in careless indifference.

Of the slavery and liberty of France before and since the Revolution.

The natural character of the Frenchman is composed of the qualities of the monkey and the setter. Merry, frolicsome, and mischievous as the monkey, he is, like the setter, caressing and licking the master who strikes him. Like the setter he submits his neck to the chain; like the *chien de chasse*, too, he leaps with joy when he is let loose for sport.

The most respectable title of the French noblesse, is to have immediately descended from some one of those 80,000 helmeted, cuirassed, iron-braceleted, mailed men, who, mounted on caparisoned horses, trampled under foot eight or nine millions of unarmed and defenceless men, the ancestors of the existing nation. Here is a well-proved, a well-averred right to the love and respect of their descendants. And to render this noblesse still more respectable, it recruits and regenerates itself by the adoption of men who have increased their fortune in robbing the cottage of the poor man not in a position to pay taxes. Wretched human institutions, which, made to inspire contempt and horror, require that you respect and revere them.

The being obliged to be a born gentleman in order to be a captain of a ship (which was the case in France before the Revolution of 1789), is about as reasonable a regulation as the requiring a sailor and cabin-boy to have been one of the king's secretaries.

The only history worthy of reading is the history of a free people. The history of a people groaning under a despotism is but a collection of anecdotes.

France, a country in which it is always necessary to display one's vices, and always dangerous to disclose one's virtues.

Can people believe that despotism has partisans under the pretended necessity of encouraging the fine arts? The number of those who have taken up this notion has been greatly increased by the splendor of Louis XIV.'s reign. According to these sages, the perfection of human society is to have fine tragedies, fine comedies, &c. People such as these and the like of them pardon all the ill done by priests, considering that without priests we should never have had the *Tartuffe*.

Paris, singular city, where you can dine for thirty sous, but must pay four francs for taking the air, one hundred louis for the superfluous in the necessary, and four hundred louis for only having the necessary in the superfluous.

Had space permitted, we should have been glad to give some extracts from the tragedy of *Mustapha and Zéangir*, and from the comedy of the *Merchant of Smyrna*. In the tragedy, the reader would have seen how carefully Chamfort had studied the manner of Racine, and how much he had gained of his suavity and polish.

One of the most striking of the prose pieces of this author, is his *Tableaux of the French Revolution*, written to describe the principal scenes of 1789—such as the taking of the Bastille, the Serment du Jeu de Paume; but having re-read these pieces carefully, though we do not deny they are composed with picturesque vigor, yet it must be admitted they smack too much of the democratic passions and feelings of the time to pass for history. Penned in a time of fierce exultation and

excitement, the burning ardor of the writer would now appear too fervent, more especially as time has dissipated many too sanguine illusions, and dashed to the ground too flattering hopes.

Among the poetical pieces of Chamfort, there are some madrigals and barcaroles, some imitations from Ovid, Martial, and the Anthology, not without grace and causticity, but we see no particular reason for reproducing them. Many of his reviews and *resumés* of French works published in the ten years between 1780 and 1790, are admirable, and may be considered as the papers which, a quarter of a century later, served as models to the Edinburgh reviewers. The letters of Chamfort are not as light and lively as might be expected from an author of so caustic a humor; but some of them, more especially those to Mirabeau and Morellet, will repay perusal. Chamfort had written much on the drama, the theatrical art, and theatres; but the French drama and theatres are so essentially different from our own, that we cannot see any reason for dwelling on the subject. It remains, therefore, for us merely to present certain passages from his *Eloge* of Molière and La Fontaine.

Extracts from the Discourse on Molière.

In this crisis ancient morals and manners contrasted with the new lights and the national character formed by ages of barbarism ceased to harmonize with the new spirit spreading from day to day. Molière sought to reconcile both the one and the other. The savage temper of fathers and husbands—the virtue of women savoring overmuch of prudery—learning disfigured by pedantry, cramped the spirit of society, which became the spirit of the nation. Medical men attached to their costume, to their Latin, to the principles of Aristotle, deserved the eulogium which M. Diaforius gives to his son—namely, that of combating the most self-evident truths. The ridiculous mixture of ancient barbarism and the false modern *bel esprit* had produced the jargon of the *precieuses*; the prodigious ascendant of the court over the city—airs, pretensions, false importance in all orders of the state down to the bourgeoisie. It was in a moment so favorable to his particular talent that the youth of Molière was passed—Molière who has contributed to render reason agreeable, pleasure virtuous, and vice ridiculous.

* * * * *

Molière carefully studied the writings of Aristophanes, the most singular monument of Grecian antiquity. He saw with astonishment the most opposite characters mingle in the character of that poet, cynical satire, ingenious censure, boldness, true comicality, superstition, brilliant sallies, jeering, buffoonery—Rabelais on the boards, such is Aristophanes. He attacks vice with the courage of virtue—virtue with the boldness of vice. A certain comical fervor and aim, and again a certain whirling rapidity, are the theatrical merits of Aristophanes, and these are the only qualities which Molière has despised to appropriate to himself.

What in effect is a good comedy? It is the frank and ingenuous representation of a pleasant action, where the poet, under the appearance of a facile and natural arrangement, conceals the most profound combinations, places in the foreground in a comical manner the development of his subjects and of his characters, contrasting their situations, and hurrying the spectator from surprise to surprise; giving him much, promising him more; causing each incident, sometimes each half word, to weave itself into, or loosen itself from, the plot; producing with one single means many effects, all prepared and not foreseen till the catastrophe discloses a useful moral, and exhibits the philosopher hidden behind the poet. Why is it

that I cannot show the application of these principles to all the comedies of Molière? You may see what extreme art has presided over each of these works, with what boldness he raises himself up in his first scenes to the highest degree of comedy, and presents to the spectators, as in *l'Ecole des Femmes*, a vast and deepening background; with what address he finds comicality in the subsidiary parts, not being able to work it out in the principal; this is the artifice of the *Tartuffe*; with what art a solitary personage, almost detached from the scene, but animating the whole picture, forms a piquant contrast to the inimitable groups of the *Misanthrope* and of the *Femmes Savantes*; with what difference he treats the comic noble and the comic bourgeois, and the advantage he draws from both in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Then, again, the moment he chooses for the entry of his characters, exhibiting to us Harpagon in the happiest moment of his life, when he marries his children, when he marries himself, the day, in fine, on which he gives a dinner.

In another passage Chamfort truly says—

To the most solid common sense Molière joined one of the most observing minds that ever existed. He studied man in every situation; he observed above all, and curiously pried into, that involuntary movement which escapes from the secret soul in its surprise, a movement which reveals the secret of character, and which one may call the *mot du cœur*.

From the *Eloge* of La Fontaine, we can only extract a few detached passages, which will serve to show how justly he appreciated that simple and charming writer:—

Mankind, corrected by Molière, ceasing to be ridiculous may still remain vicious; corrected by La Fontaine, man would neither be vicious nor ridiculous, he would be reasonable and good; and we should find ourselves virtuous as La Fontaine was a philosopher without once doubting the fact. His book is the natural law in action, it is the morality of Montaigne poured into a softer soul, rectified by a more sterling sense, and embellished with the colors of an imagination more agreeable and not less brilliant. La Fontaine is not the poet of heroism, but of common life and of common sense. Labor, vigilance, economy, prudence without restlessness, the advantage of living with one's equals, the need that one has of one's inferiors, moderation in all things, these are the qualities which he loves, and causes to be loved. Where existed before his time, at least to the same degree, this art of preparing and melting together, so to speak, incidents, of generalizing local scenes, of arranging those surprises which form the soul of comedy? who possesses, like him, the charming art of chatting with his reader and playing with his subject? The style of La Fontaine is perhaps the most astonishing of which the literary history of ages offers an example. It was reserved to him to cause to be admired in the brevity of an apologue the agreement and harmony of the most opposite colors. Often in one single fable you find united the *naïveté* of Marot, the *badinage* and *esprit* of Voiture, touches of the highest poetry, and many of those verses tingling with sound common sense which remain forever in the memory. No author has possessed in a higher degree that suppleness of mind and of imagination which yields and lends itself to all the varying hues and movements of his subject. All the reproaches that have been levelled at La Fontaine have not weakened the charm which leads us ever back to him, which renders him the favorite of all nations and of all ages, without even excepting the age of infancy. What magic is it by which all minds and tastes are thus fixed? It is the simplicity of that style in which they find the language of conversation.

Here we must break off. They who would know

more of what Chamfort says of Molière and La Fontaine must refer to his long-neglected volumes.

Whether they deserve to be so neglected, after the specimens we have given of his *esprit* and cleverness, we leave the reader to judge.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

FITNESS.

LOOKING at the shop-windows of our tailors, drapers, and upholsterers, we find a solution of many of those anomalies of our domestic establishments, which prey so upon sensitive and artistic minds. Carpetings, draperies, and dresses all partake of extravagancies, and offend the educated eye with their ludicrous combinations of color and outline. Shirts are now adorned with figures of dancers, chess-boards, and flowers, any of them large enough for the patterns of stage carpets, to say nothing of the absurdity of carrying fifty or sixty ballet girls, birds of Paradise, winners of the Derby, or panoramas of the battle of Waterloo, upon one's linen; or perhaps a whole set of chessmen depicted in blood-scarlet, staring from between the folds of the waistcoat. Colored shirts may be suitable for boating or cricketing, but, in general, neatness, not gaudy extravagance, should prevail. Then we find the upholsterers vying in the production of elegant carpets and hearth-rugs, and verily, as far as colors and textures go, they reach a point very near perfection. But then how absurd to fill up a hearth-rug with a picture of a lion, not a meek dying thing which every donkey might kick, but a vigorous animal, so graphically drawn, that one almost starts at seeing it! In old times it was thought a high reach of manufacturing art to produce rugs bearing representations of lions' and tigers' skins. There was something natural in making a mat of a lion's skin, but now, rug printing and weaving have achieved such triumphs, that we can afford to make ridiculous uses of our achievements, and we tread on lions, tigers, and dogs, as we formerly trod upon their skins. True, these recent productions are of marvellous beauty, but they are at the same time inappropriate in their purpose. Groups of grass and herbage, matted roots, fern leaves, and even gorgeous flowers are admissible, because we are accustomed to tread on such things, or at least, it is natural for them to lie passive on the ground; but everybody should see the unreasonableness of making a mat of a live lion; for if we assert that it is simply a picture of the beast and not the beast itself, we pay a poor compliment to the artist and make the picture none the more appropriate when laid under the feet.

In the management of a house, it is surprising how much may be done towards comfort and elegance, by an appropriate arrangement of furniture, even where the supply and the means are small. Ample means are no guarantee of comfort, if the mistress of the house is devoid of a sense of fitness; for, costly furniture ill-arranged often presents a most odious appearance, while a little, tastefully placed, may successfully compete with it. In the necessary harmony and contrast of color, this is especially apparent; and many a well-furnished house is marred all through by incongruities of color continually offending the eye. In illustration of the attention necessary in the disposition of colors, we might cite the case of her majesty's theatre, which, some years since, was decorated with hangings of a bright orange color, which so

absorbed the light and riveted the eye that it was almost impossible to see the ladies in the boxes with their brilliant attire; while the scenery and dresses on the stage were almost equally eclipsed. It should not be forgotten either that colors are suggestive of sentiments—that every color has its appropriate meaning: thus, blue implies modesty, because blue is a retiring color, and recedes from the eye; whereas orange implies boldness and valor, because it comes forward and approaches the eye. By this recognition of the symbolic ideas of color, and their respective effects on the eye, we are enabled to throw over the breakfast-parlor the idea, as well as the look, of domestic comfort; to give to the drawing-room the colors, as well as the character, of elegance; and not only so, but to make every detail fitting and appropriate, instead of heaping together incongruous things, and disposing their colors so that one outshines another. Lovers of literature are well aware of this, and adapt the bindings of books to the nature of the work. Books on theology are bound in church purple; natural history in green; philosophy in sober brown; chivalric romances in scarlet; and it would be in very bad taste to bind a bridal gift in anything but white, or the palest and most heavenly blue.

SUPERSTITIONS RESPECTING BEES.—With regard to the custom of informing bees of a death in the family, and the penalty of omitting to do so, I can add to the proof of it. I find, among some memoranda I made more than five-and-twenty years ago, the following note: "In Buckinghamshire it is common, on the death of any one of the family, for the nurse to go to all the bee-hives in the garden, and tap gently three times, each time repeating three times these words, 'Little brownie, little brownie, your master's dead;' when the bees, beginning to hum, show their consent to remain. The omission of this ceremony, it is believed, would occasion the loss of the bees by flight, or otherwise."—*From Notes and Queries.*

RESPECTING the invention of that hasty but invaluable servant, the lucifer-match, the *Gateshead Observer* has the following: "A quarter of a century ago, Mr. John Walker, of Stockton-upon-Tees, then (as now) carrying on the business of a chemist and druggist in that town, was preparing some lightning mixture for his own use. By the accidental friction on the hearth of a match dipped in the mixture, a light was obtained. The hint was not thrown away. Mr. Walker commenced the sale of friction matches. This was in April, 1827. 'Young England,' who has come into being since that day, now buys a pocket of lucifers for a penny. Mr. Walker, for a box of fifty, with a piece of double sand-paper for a friction, got a shilling! 'Prometheans' and other competitors beat him down to sixpence; and then, unwilling to be still further beaten down, he renounced the sale."

AN amusing anecdote is just now current in New Jersey. A number of gentlemen were sitting round the bar-room of a hotel, the subject of discourse being the size of a pigeon flight, when one of the number started a new point by saying, "Well, gentlemen, you need not make so much difficulty about the length of that pigeon-streak, as I once saw myself a flight of crows a mile wide, twenty-five miles long, and they wor so thick you could n't see the sun." "Don't believe it, captain," said a tall Vermonter, emphatically. "Well, now, look here," said the crow-man, as he deliberately took in the huge proportions of the sceptic, "you're a stranger here, I calculate, and I don't want to quarrel; so, rather than fight, if you are satisfied, I'll take off *half* a mile from the *thinnest part*!"

From Household Words.

LLOYD'S.

"Who is Lloyd?"

In common with thousands of others, I have often asked this question, while reading in the newspapers of terrible disasters at sea, of loss of noble, richly-freighted ships and richer human lives, of damage done to cargoes, of wrecks found floating on the waste of waters far at sea, of solitary spars, or empty casks, picked up on foreign shores: I had read, too, with gladdened heart—and who has not?—of ships arrived in far-off colonies or Indian ports, with some dear friends on board, and all reported well.

He must be a most wonderful man, this Lloyd, whose Shipping Lists supply all this intelligence. Is he some active and wealthy ship-broker, a native of Wales, wearing a Welsh wig, and busily occupied with long lists of ships in some little dark, dusty office, somewhere down by Custom House Quay? Nobody could tell me, so I resolved to make Mr. Lloyd's acquaintance, and to learn from his own lips how he contrived to gather together such a mass of intelligence as he does gather within the space of twenty-four hours.

My inquiries led me to the Royal Exchange, where I was told I should find Lloyd's, and where, at the end of half an hour of questioning, I actually discovered two gigantic doors, with the sought-for word blazoned over them in burnished brass. The doors were flung wide open, as though one or two ships were going to be launched through them very shortly. Before me, as I entered, rose a noble flight of stairs, as wide almost as a frigate's deck, and up and down these Titan stones rushed past me scores of people in half-abstracted mood. I could have imagined that the men I met rushing out had just heard of some fearful shipwreck, involving the loss of all their worldly possessions, were it not that those who entered seemed to be quite as alarmed and hurried. At the top of this splendid stone stair-case is a lofty room, somewhat circular in shape, and containing numerous doors, which were guarded by two formidable-looking men in red cloaks; of one of these I inquired for the proprietor, and was thereupon referred to the secretary's office, a suite of quite elegant rooms.

The information I gathered in these offices may be classed under three heads: the objects and history of Lloyd's; the external agencies by which it is brought into action; the internal arrangements, by means of which its varied intelligence is received, digested, arranged, and, finally, disseminated.

The Society of Underwriters or Marine Insurers, now known by the designation of Lloyd's, appears to be one of the oldest associations extant. The system of insuring shippers of goods as well as owners of ships against losses at sea, may be traced as long back as the reign of Edward the Sixth—probably still farther; although that is the date of the oldest record of such a practice to be found amongst the State Papers. In the preamble to statute 43d of Elizabeth, marine insurance is mentioned as "an usage time out of mind." At these periods, the merchants and others who insured or underwrote policies, assembled at the "Exchange-house" in Lombard Street, long before the old Royal Exchange was built. After the Great Fire of London, the Society of Underwriters assembled for the purpose of business at a coffee-house in Lombard Street, and afterwards in Pope's Head

Alley, kept by a person named Lloyd—hence the present designation of the body; and they appear to have remained guests of Mr. Lloyd until the year 1774, when they once more took up their quarters in the Royal Exchange, to be again burnt out in 1838.

At present the institution numbers two hundred and seventeen underwriters, one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight members and substitutes, and five hundred and three subscribers to the merchants' room, who pay yearly subscriptions varying from ten guineas to two guineas; these, with entrance fees, make up about nine thousand six hundred pounds yearly. Besides this source of income, Lloyd's receives two hundred pounds a year from each of the five principal Assurance Companies, besides various yearly sums from Dock Companies and sale-rooms, as well as from the editors of such daily papers as have the privilege of early copies of shipping intelligence, making up a total annual income of about twelve thousand pounds. The wealth and liberality of this body may be estimated by the fact, that at the period when this country was threatened with an invasion from Napoleon, a sum amounting to twenty thousand pounds, and afterwards made thirty-five thousand pounds, was devoted by Lloyd's towards the formation of what has since been termed the Patriotic Fund, for the relief of sufferers in the war and their families. Besides this noble gift, the committee has at various times presented nineteen thousand pounds to charitable and patriotic funds.

Let us now see by what machinery this institution is enabled at nearly all times to command the very earliest and best information relative to shipping and cargoes at every part of the civilized world. This is effected by agents, who are located at each port of note in the four quarters of the globe: no maritime town of any consequence is without a Lloyd's agent; and, although no salary attaches to these offices—certain casual fees alone forming their remuneration—so anxiously are they coveted, as bestowing a certain degree of respectability, that it is a frequent occurrence for as many as fifty applications to be made on the occasion of a vacancy. It is the duty of these agents to report by every mail or post the arrivals and departures of ships; all accidents or disasters relative to shipping or cargoes; the appearance of enemies' cruisers in time of war; to render assistance to masters of vessels in any cases of difficulty or danger; to furnish certificates of damage to goods or vessels, and generally to furnish every kind of information likely to prove of service to the underwriters of Lloyd's.

The number of Lloyd's agents in foreign and colonial ports is two hundred and ninety-six: these are chiefly mercantile men; and, not unfrequently, the British Consul at a foreign port is selected to perform the duty of agent.

In the United Kingdom—from the fact of the very dangerous character of most of the sea-coast, and the multitudinous arrivals and departures—the agents amount to not less than one hundred and forty-seven, or one half as many as throughout the rest of the world. To facilitate and simplify the duties of these home agents, the entire coasts of Great Britain and Ireland have been divided into certain portions, from point to point, within which each agent has his functions as accurately defined as have our county magistrates in matters of police. It must be at once apparent that in such serious matters as shipwrecks or other acci-

dents of the sea, it could not be permitted for the least shadow of doubt to exist in the mind of an agent as to any such disaster happening in his or his neighbor's district.

In this way England, Wales, and Scotland are divided into one hundred and twenty-three agencies. No. 1 of this list extends from the eastern limits of the parish of Gravesend to the west entrance of Faversham Creek: No. 2 extends from the east entrance of Faversham Creek to Reculver Church. The districts are carried thus quite round the kingdom, taking in the Channel Islands and those to the north of Scotland, and returning back to the other bank of the Thames as far as Southend Pier, which is the last agency. In Ireland the same division is observed—the duties, however, are there discharged by twenty-four agents.

It becomes the duty of all these four hundred and forty-three agents, at home and abroad, to ascertain the particulars of every casualty of any kind occurring within their respective agencies to ships or cargoes, and to report the same with the least possible delay to the secretary of Lloyd's. The necessity which exists for such early and authentic intelligence will be apparent, when it is remembered that both ships and goods are frequently insured long after their departure from the country, and in the event of a vessel not having been heard of at the expected period, insurances effected upon her are often increased, of course at a much higher rate in proportion to the supposed risk of the transaction.

The home establishment consists of a suite of rooms set apart for the use of the committee and officers; and another range of apartments appropriated to the various subscribers to Lloyd's in the Royal Exchange. There are, of course, a secretary's room, clerks', and waiting rooms, committee and record rooms, as well as an admirably arranged lavatory. The public apartments consist of five rooms. The largest of them is the underwriting room, where the underwriters and brokers transact the multifarious business connected with marine insurances. It is a busy scene towards the afternoon, when persons willing to take risks of insurance, deal, through the medium of brokers, with those who have ships and cargoes to insure. It is quite impossible to form any accurate estimate of the value of property, of all kinds, insured through the year by means of underwriting at Lloyd's; it may be sufficient to observe, however, that by far the greater portion of British shipping and goods imported into and exported from this country, as well as into and from many foreign countries, are here insured. The insurances of America, France, Germany, Spain, and indeed of all other trading nations, are principally effected through the instrumentality of this one body. No other country possesses such an institution. There is, indeed, the "Austrian Lloyd's," but much less important in nature and extent than ours.

It may be readily imagined that with agencies spread over the four quarters of the globe, with mails constantly arriving from beyond sea, the amount of correspondence involved in the getting together the shipping news of the world, which Lloyd's List really is, must be very considerable, and oftentimes exceedingly heavy. In the winter and spring months the advices of casualties multiply; and, on the arrival of an Indian or American mail, the work is necessarily much increased. By special arrangements made with the Post-Office, all letters and packets addressed to Lloyd's are

promptly delivered to their messengers. Railways and steamboats are not rapid enough for the news which has to be transmitted from various parts of the coast, relative to shipping. The electric telegraph is in daily use during stormy weather; and a few hastily deciphered words received at the telegraph branch, at one end of the merchant's room, frequently chronicle the loss of thousands of pounds to the busy men around.

At half-past eight in the morning, the opening of the first receipt of letters commences. By a well-digested method the clerk who opens them assort them as to locality, and others immediately begin the work of copying the various names, dates, and incidents. So rapidly and systematically is this done, that by ten o'clock—when men of business are usually at their offices—a perfect list of arrivals, &c., is made up and posted in one of the public rooms. Simultaneously with this registering, the list is put into type at Lloyd's printing-office below, and rough copies printed on slips of paper, which are marked with the hour and minute when issued; and these, which form the foundation of the daily list published in the afternoon, are despatched to the several Assurance Companies, as well as posted in the reading-room at Lloyd's, so that any error in names, or otherwise, may be seen and rectified before the perfect and final list be published. Inasmuch as mails arrive in London during all hours of the day, a succession of these slips are printed and issued until late in the afternoon.

Lloyd's books, which are in fact transcripts of these slips, are kept closely written up as intelligence comes to hand. They are placed in conspicuous parts of the underwriting room, and are of necessity highly interesting to all persons connected with the shipping interest. In former days every item of intelligence was posted in these huge volumes in the order in which they were received, the accidents and the disasters being distinguished by having the words written in large characters, or double lines, as they were technically called. Now, however, that the business of this establishment has so largely increased, it has been found expedient to adopt something of classification, in order to facilitate the researches of underwriters and others through such a mass of intelligence. The lists, which also contain the sailings and speakings at sea, are therefore transcribed into the two distinct volumes; the one, containing arrivals in all parts of the world, is called the Arrivals' Book; the other, recording losses and casualties, is termed the Loss Book.

Towards the afternoon the various printed slips, with any corrections that may be needed, together with all electric despatches received, are thrown together, and thus form the daily publication known as Lloyd's List. Occasionally shipping news is received by other parties, and communicated to Lloyd's, in which case such advice is embodied in their list. So well known are the facilities of this society for collecting first-rate intelligence, that the Admiralty and the East India Company frequently receive the earliest intelligence through the medium of Lloyd's.

With this daily distribution of intelligence, the labors of the secretary and his staff, however, are by no means completed. The geographical arrangements of shipping news in a series of carefully digested books is found most useful to parties making inquiries respecting vessels, the names of which may be in question, but whose ports of

destination are known; they are of service, too, as at once indicating the shipping transactions of the several ports of the world. One of the most laborious, however, of the daily tasks at Lloyd's, is that of writing up the enormous Indexes to the shipping lists. These are contained in four thick folio volumes, embracing the names of all ships known at Lloyd's from A to Z. The object of these Indexes is to enable persons to trace out the several voyages of any known vessel, or the particular date of the departure or arrival of any ship from or at any particular port in years past. Such date is needed more frequently than might be supposed. For instance, we will suppose a shipper wishes to forward goods to Calcutta by a fast-sailing vessel; several are named to him as taking in cargo, but he cannot ascertain which of them is likely to make the best run out. To satisfy himself on this point he turns to Lloyd's Indexes, and there he finds against the name of each ship long lines of abbreviations and figures in black and red inks. These abbreviations notify the port, the date, and the particular column of a particular issue of Lloyd's List, in which those several movements may be found recorded; and, to simplify these data still more completely, the notices of arrival are in black ink; those of departures or casualties are in red. In this way may be found recorded the passages of every vessel known, to commence from the date of its maiden voyage until it be at last entered (in red) as having foundered. It may be mentioned that these Indexes contain the names of forty thousand sea-going ships, our coasters not being included amongst them. So greatly has the shipping of the world increased of late years—especially that of Great Britain—that the task of writing up these Indexes, which a dozen years since occupied one person for about six hours, is now the work of two index-keepers from morning until the close of the office.

In addition to the supervision of this mass of daily labor, the secretary has not only to keep up the ordinary correspondence with agents in all parts of the world, but to satisfy persons making inquiries respecting the fate of some ship, or of some friend—a passenger or sailor by a vessel not heard of for a long period. To reply to these is certainly no portion of the duties of Lloyd's secretary; yet the arrangements made enable him to attend to these letters, and to afford valuable and interesting information. It must be obvious that, from the very nature and extent of the details of these operations, each day must necessarily see its own work brought to a termination; a single day's arrears would fling the establishment into irretrievable confusion, and seriously impair its usefulness; and this is so well understood that, let the amount of labor be what it may, all remain at their posts until the last stroke of the pen has been made.

The progress of an institution such as this, marching onwards and expanding with the pressure of the times, may well serve to indicate the growth of commerce, not only in our own land, but throughout the civilized world. Now, the oldest published Lloyd's List in existence bears date 1745, and is in possession of the committee of Lloyd's, being somewhat more than a century old; we are thus enabled to draw a tolerably accurate comparison between the shipping operations of the middle of the last century, and the middle of the present century.

The old Lloyd's List appears to have been the last that was published once in the week; it is printed on a narrow slip of paper about a foot in length; and, besides containing the price of bullion and the stocks, gives the rate of exchange on foreign countries; these are on one side. On the reverse is what was then termed "the Marine List;" which gives a list of twenty-three arrivals and twelve departures at English ports, with thirty-four ships at anchor in the Downs. There are also notices of four arrivals in Irish and foreign ports, with advice of three British ships taken by the enemy's privateers. Turning from this document, which gives a week's news, to one of the year 1800, published daily, we find it contains, on an average, notices of seventy-five ships. This was in time of war; and, comparing numbers, we find the ships noticed as ten to one against the previous date. Following up the comparison, we turn to a Lloyd's List for 1850; one of the fullest of these covered fifteen pages in the Arrivals and Loss books for one day, giving the names of about four hundred and sixty vessels, being six times the number of those in 1800, and as numerous as the lists of one entire year in the previous century.

A just idea of the importance attaching to shipping advices by underwriters and others, may be formed from the number of casualties of all kinds occurring on the seas in all parts. The documents existing at Lloyd's show these were, in the year 1847, not less than about two thousand two hundred; of which as many as eight hundred were instances of ships abandoned at sea, or wrecked. In 1850, the total casualties of all descriptions were still heavier, having been about three thousand six hundred. These figures do not include steam-vessels, the casualties relating to which were seventy-one in 1847, and one hundred and eight in 1850.

Amongst the casualties, there were, in the year 1847, not less than forty-nine ships reported as having put to sea, of which no further tidings were heard; these must, of course, have gone down with all hands. To estimate the value of property thus totally lost in each year would be a matter of considerable difficulty; yet we may arrive at an approximation. If we value each of the eight hundred total losses in 1847, with their cargoes, at an average of only three thousand pounds each, we shall find the loss to amount to about two millions and a half sterling. Continuing this estimate to 1850, we might, by a similar mode of calculation, make the total of losses sustained by the underwriters at Lloyd's and elsewhere, on the three thousand six hundred casualties in that year, amount to between four and five millions sterling!

Vast, however, as is the amount of property in constant jeopardy, and heavy as are the yearly losses on the high seas, the Committee of Lloyd's give not all their care to these things; human life claims their frequent sympathy, and these gentlemen find the time and the will, amidst their many duties, to bestow kindly aid to sufferers of many classes. Not only do they contribute to hospitals for the relief of seamen, and to the maintenance of life-boats along our dangerous coasts, but they extend rewards to such as, at risk to themselves, save, or attempt to save, life from shipwrecks. In some cases money is given, but where that would be unnecessary, or when some more lasting memorial of courageous humanity would be more highly esteemed, a medal is awarded. This is cast in

bronze and silver, and given according to the station in life or degree of merit of each particular case. Since the first award of these medals, in 1837, forty of them have been thus bestowed.

From the sketch attempted to be given, it may be seen of what importance and value is this body of underwriters. How it has grown with the growing wants of the age, and anticipated every new or larger demand upon its energies. How governments and chartered bodies look to it for faithful, early news. How none concerned in commerce can live or thrive without its aid.

Like the human body with its many veins and nerves, it feels the least disturbance in the distant corners of the earth. Not a storm can rage in the wide oceans of the South, without a record at Lloyd's. No hurricane can rush through eastern seas, without a chronicle at Lloyd's. Every gale, every squall, let it be where it may, is felt at Lloyd's. The smallest craft that tempts the mighty seas leaves those at home who track it on its way with anxious, throbbing hearts; and when in some fierce storm it founders far from land, and its lost sailor sinks with bubbling groan, it is not soon forgotten; there are those who, hoping against hope, look long, though vainly, in each coming mail for tidings which will never come; and, when long months have passed, the name is scored from off the books at Lloyd's.

From the United Service Magazine.

WRECKAGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast improvements which have taken place in naval science, in patent capstans, anchors, and cables, in the numerous and brilliant "lights" that illuminate the coast of every civilized country of the globe; in the cut of our sails and rigging; in the manner of fixing buoys and beacons; and though last, not least, in the increase of *temperance* ships, still, in spite of these helps to the compass and the sextant, a return of the loss of ships at sea is a terrible document. In addition to its statistical importance, it also possesses the melancholy, but fascinating interest, that unavailing but courageous efforts always inspire in generous minds, when overwhelmed by an irresistible calamity. The narrative of shipwrecks is generally read with a peculiar interest by an insular people, and we see that in this country this interest has continued unabated from the time when Defoe wrote Robinson Crusoe, to the loss of the Amazon and Birkenhead of the present year. And it appears that we are not likely to lack a supply of this stimulant for the future, for we are now in possession of a register of maritime disaster that, we feel confident, will surprise even those who are most familiar with the dangers of the great deep; and there can be no question about the veracity of the document, for it is compiled from that great catalogue of ships in distress, Lloyd's list. This genuine *blue book* was ordered by the House of Commons, and is called, "A return of all collisions, accidents, and wrecks of vessels, specifying the tonnage of each vessel, and the number of lives lost, since the 1st day of January, 1847, up to the 31st day of December, 1850;" and although it is apparent upon every page, that even as a register it is sufficiently dry and bald, all sentiment being sacrificed to statistics, yet no chapter in Hackluyt contains a more instructive or interesting tale. Its

200 folio pages are filled with short, pithy items like the following:—

Date.	Vessel.	Tons.	Nature of Accident.	Lives Lost.
Jan.	Tom and Jerry,	400	On shore on Goose Island.	4
	Golden Grove,	150	Abandoned water-logged,	
	Saucy Jack, . .	95	On shore on the Mumbler,	1
	Hand of Providence, . . .	350	Sailed from London, and not since heard of.	
	Goshawk, . . .	400	{ Dismasted off Tenedos, Beached in a hurricane,	2
	Good Intent, . .	105	{ Picked up at sea abandoned, . . .	
				Crew.

In this way, column after column appears, until the four years are completed, and its eloquent figures prove that in this period there happened at sea upwards of 12,000 casualties, varying in magnitude, from the shipwreck in the dead of the night, with all its consequent horrors, to a clumsy collision in the channel, and a hasty refit in the nearest port. But to bring the amount of damage done to shipping more within the range of a glance, it is necessary to state, that it would require an accident to occur once within every third hour, during the whole period of the four years, by night as well as by day, to amount to the number recorded in Lloyd's books.

The loss of life can only be guessed at, as it often happens, in reporting a wreck, that the number of the ship's company is not known. The only means of arriving at a near approach to the truth in this respect, is to allow a certain number of hands to a certain tonnage, and by this process a tolerably good guess can be made. According, then, to a certain known scale of manning merchant vessels, giving four men and a boy to every 100 tons, it would seem that the annual loss of life by shipwreck, as reported at Lloyd's, averages about 1250, the gross number for the four years being 4298 souls.

Those who, with this blue book in their hand, like to follow the course our commerce takes, may learn its direction, and trace it through all the different channels probed by British industry, and know the exact spots whereon disasters most frequently occur. These things, however, are more readily and more comprehensively known by an analysis of the book itself. By this means we bring the losses of our ships and their crews more impressively before the mind's eye; and the impressions thus produced are not only more vivid, but, when seen in the aggregate, they raise juster notions of the extent of our annual loss, than when placed before us in detail. The single item of a ship's departure from London, and never being heard of again, fails to arrest the attention so forcibly, as when the mind is startled with the astonishing intelligence that upwards of 200 such departures from various ports within the four years alluded to took place, and the ultimate fate of not one of these vessels has ever been known. How suggestive is this statement of the sufferings of the crews, and the agony of suspense of their relatives at home! Visions of starvation in open boats, upon the hastily-constructed raft, the destitution upon the barren rock, or of captivity amongst savage tribes of men, haunt the imagination, which seeks relief in the hope that the misery of the sailor ended when his ship was lost. But, without dwelling upon this painful subject, we will at once introduce

the analysis, and leave its eloquent items to speak for themselves, only remarking that the totals include those disasters only that happened to be reported to Lloyd's. It is evident, then, that the list, extensive as it is, must be incomplete, and can only be taken as a rough estimate of the powers still left at the disposal of Old Neptune, and which alike bid defiance to science, and the improvements which are constantly taking place in the art of navigation.

Upon analyzing the contents of this remarkable blue book, it appears that the total number of casualties, reported at Lloyd's to have happened to ships and other vessels at sea, during the four years of 1847-8-9 and 1850, amounted to 12,000, and a few odd hundreds. Let us, for the sake of clearness, take them at the round number, and we shall find the means by which this enormous fleet was damaged and destroyed, classified under the following heads:—

<i>Canvas.</i>	
Driven on shore by stress of weather—in fog—parted from anchors, &c.—Vessels damaged but got off again. Cargoes partially or totally lost, ...	5117
Collision, at sea, or in rivers, vessels compelled to run into port in a sinking state, ...	2665
Wrecked, ...	2295
Sailed and never heard of again, ...	204
Abandoned at sea—water-logged—dismasted—on fire—crew taking to boats, &c.	679
Foundered at sea in consequence of collision—capsizing—leakage—swamping, &c.	883
Burnt by accident, ...	87
Blown up—7 by Coal-dust; 1 by Spontaneous Combustion; 4 by Gas; 1 by Powder, ...	13
Burnt by cargoes igniting—11, Coals; 1, Flax; 1, Wool; 3, Cotton, ...	16
Damaged by Ice, ...	51
Struck by Lightning, ...	15
Plundered by Pirates, and destroyed, ...	13
Taken possession of by Convicts, and wrecked, ...	1
Struck by a Whale and abandoned by crew, ...	1
Struck by a Waterspout, ...	1
	12,041

The Captain Pasha's Turkish Man-of-war, blew up on the 8th Nov. 1850, when upwards of 1000 lives were lost, not included in the above catalogue.

ACCIDENTS TO COMMERCIAL STEAM VESSELS.

<i>Steam.</i>	
Driven ashore, but got off again, ...	103
Collision at sea, ...	146
Wrecked, ...	17
Foundered, ...	30
Burnt, ...	8
Partly burnt, ...	7
Abandoned at sea, ...	2
Dismasted, ...	2
Capsized, ...	1
Put into port in a sinking state, ...	2
Sunk and raised again, ...	5
Supposed to have foundered, ...	1
	324

ACCIDENTS TO WAR STEAMERS SINCE THE 1ST OF JANUARY, 1847, UP TO THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1850.

<i>British.</i>	
Collision.—Torch, Mastiff, Sphynx, Salamander, Volcano, Dwarf, Trident, Simoom, ...	8
Wrecked.—Avenger, Cuckoo, ...	2
On Shore.—Sharpshooter, Arrogant, Stromboli, Medusa, Plumper, Sphinx, ...	6
	16

<i>French.</i>	
Collision.—Auvergne, ...	1
<i>Russian.</i>	
On Shore.—Achimedes, ...	1
<i>Turkish.</i>	
Two Vessels ashore, ...	2

On one of the chief features in this catalogue of disaster is the consoling fact, that but few accidents have occurred to ships ably manned and commanded. Out of the 12,000 and odd casualties only 65 are recorded against ships above 700 tons. In vessels of that size, and upwards, more care is generally shown in the selection of a crew, and in the appointment of a competent captain. It is to vessels ranging from 90 tons up to 500 tons that nearly all the accidents have occurred. And these are the vessels that are most likely to be weak-handed, badly found, and commanded by men with no other recommendation for filling the responsible office of captain, than being part owner. Such a union of evils affords but a sorry chance of a successful voyage, and we find the consequence of such an alliance in Lloyd's list. Recent experience has proved that educated men turn out better navigators and seamen, and sooner accommodate themselves to the audacity of commercial enterprise, than the bluff and hardy, but too often intemperate captains of the past generation; and if we would compete successfully with our American brethren in the great struggle now going on between us for naval supremacy, we must obtain a class of men to command our merchant ships, capable of acting upon their own judgment, not only when afloat, but who can foresee the wants, the necessities, ay, and even speculate upon the caprices and fluctuations of distant markets. We have, it is true, been endeavoring to remedy the evil arising from the incompetency of too many of the masters of our mercantile navy, by introducing an educational clause into the Mercantile Marine Act. Let us hope that it will have a beneficial effect upon our maritime population, and that under its well-meant provisos a body of intelligent men may grow up, from amongst whom the ship-owner may, for the future, find no difficulty in selecting fit and competent persons for commanders.

Another remarkable feature discernible upon the face of the blue book is the very large number of vessels driven ashore. Making every allowance for faulty anchors, chafed cables, and bad holding ground, foggy nights, and lee shores, still the sum total is startling. Without wishing to be uncharitable, we should like to know what proportion the insured vessels run ashore bear to the uninsured under similar circumstances!

Another important item is the number of vessels abandoned on the high seas, in consequence of being water-logged, on fire, or dismasted by tempests, collision, &c.; the crew, it is presumed, taking to boats and leaving the vessel to her fate. But, perhaps, the most memorable item is that which states the number of vessels that sailed from various ports and were never heard of again. We all remember the sensation created in the public mind when the President steam-ship was overdue a few years back, and that it required months to extinguish hope in some breasts that she would some day return to her port again. But in case that event should have been forgotten, we have, unfortunately, an instance immediately be-

fore us, of the tenacity with which the mind clings to the memory of cherished objects, in the yearning of a nation to know the fate of the gallant Sir John Franklin and his brave companions. Knowing this, how shall we attempt to describe the anxious hopes and fears of the thousands of widows and orphans of the crews of the 204 missing vessels that Lloyd's List assures us sailed from their various ports between the 1st January, 1847, and the 31st December, 1850, and have never been heard of again?

To descend from generals to particulars, it appears that out of the 204 missing vessels, only 59 have the amount of tonnage placed opposite the name of the ship, brig, or schooner, as the case might be, which shows that of these 59 vessels, 15 were between 50 and 100 tons, 14 between 100 and 200 tons, 12 between 200 and 300 tons, 9 between 300 and 400 tons, 3 between 400 and 500 tons, 5 between 500 and 600 tons, and 1 of 700 tons.

The various other items, containing the number of vessels which have foundered at sea after collision, or by swamping, striking upon rocks, &c., seem very large; while the number annually destroyed by fire is less than might have been anticipated, considering the inflammable nature of the materials of which ships as well as their cargoes are often composed. Of those vessels which are burned in consequence of their cargoes igniting, it seems that the great majority of these accidents arose in consequence of the vessels being freighted with coals; and, also, that out of the thirteen vessels *blown* up, seven are attributed to coal-dust, four to gas, one spontaneous combustion, while only one was destroyed by *powder*. These curious statistics also show that more vessels are damaged by ice than by lightning, and that thirteen vessels were in the four years between 1847 and 1850 plundered by pirates and destroyed. The scenes of these depredations were principally confined to the East Indies and Black Sod Bay. Two vessels were, however, pillaged off Erris Head in 1849, and the *Corsyra* was taken possession of by pirates in the Mediterranean as late as the 8th of October, 1850. Upon the whole, however, the safety with which the seas are now traversed in every direction, affords a pleasing contrast to the insecurity with which distant voyages were performed half a century ago, when a run to China, the Pacific, or even the West Indies, was almost certain of being relieved of its monotony by a brush or a chase with some of these roving gentry. The two concluding items in the list of casualties to sailing vessels are curious, and show the various powers man has to contend with at sea. For, if he is fortunate enough to escape shipwreck by rocks and tempests, or being burned or blown up, or destroyed by ice or lightning, or plundered by pirates, there are still left unsuspected means, as little calculated to excite alarm, as the whale or the waterspout, by which he may be in a moment hurried into eternity.

The few accidents to merchant steamers during the same period of four years, proves the comparative safety with which these vessels perform their voyages. And if it is impossible to draw any other than conjectural comparisons between canvas and steam as applied to our mercantile marine, in consequence of the great disparity in the respective numbers of the two classes of vessels; yet, if we take into consideration the repeated trips a steamer makes in the course of a year, when compared with a sailing vessel, we shall find that this

difference is more apparent than real, and tends to bring their numbers more upon an equality.

Admitting, however, that a great superiority in respect to numbers exists on the part of sailing vessels, still the casualties reported to have occurred to steamers appears comparatively trifling, and when Lloyd's List asserts that only 103 of these vessels were reported to have got on shore during the multitudinous voyages made by them during four years, we are more than ever confirmed in this opinion. It seems that the greatest number of fatal accidents that happen to steamers arises from their foundering. Thirty of such events happened, while only seventeen were wrecked. It does not appear, however, that a single steamer *blew* up during the whole period of the four years, and that only eight were totally destroyed by fire, and seven partially burned. Of sailing vessels during the same period there were burned and blown up 116, so that, even allowing the advantage of numbers to this class of vessels, there appears less chance of being burned or even blown up in a steamer than when under canvas; and, paradoxical as it may appear, there is more reason to fear being blown up by coals than powder. With respect to the casualties to war steamers, it is presumed that the list is incomplete, and only contains those that were reported to Lloyd's. The same remark applies also to the list in general, which must only be accepted as a rough guess of the losses to be debited in the ledger of Great Britain, and a few other maritime states.

These losses, however, must be tremendous, for, if we take the number of wrecked vessels reported at Lloyd's at 1000 per annum, this would give 4000 for the four years. The tonnage, however, not being marked against every ship, it is impossible to arrive at the dimensions of the vessels wrecked, by which means alone a guess at the money value of the lost ships can be made. To arrive at the exact solution, it would be necessary to ascertain this fact, but that being impossible, conjectural quantities must be taken. Let us then say that these vessels would average 250 tons each, which, perhaps, is taking a medium figure, yet this would return the astonishing number of one million tons of shipping lost in four years. And estimating the cost of building these vessels at £10 per ton, the sum required would be £10,000,000, an amount that seems to warrant that they could not all have been insured, particularly if to this great sum be added the loss of their cargoes, the amount of which must be left to more daring arithmeticians to determine.

And yet this enormous loss goes on year after year, and this country, to which nearly the whole of the wrecked vessels belonged, not only bears it, but, if we may believe statistics, is thriving beyond any kingdom on the earth.

In following the beaten tracks of commerce, as indicated by the wrecks in the blue book, we expected to find certain spots whereon accidents were more than ordinarily common, and naturally looked upon the Goodwin Sands as the great stumbling-block in the way of navigation in our own narrow seas. In order to ascertain its character we applied to Lloyd's List for information, to enable us to judge of the extent of mischief this renowned sand still inflicts upon the shipping interest. It appears then that, during the year 1847, ninety-four disasters of all kinds happened between Dun-geness and Gravesend, and that out of this number thirteen were wrecked upon the Goodwin, or about one-seventh of the whole. But when the

enormous amount of ships that sail to and from the port of London as well as from the northern ports is taken into consideration, this will appear but a small amount of wreckage. By another document, also compiled from Lloyd's List, it appears that 364 disasters of all kinds happened between Gravesend and Dungeness, during a period of eighteen months, commencing from the 1st of January, 1849. To account for the great difference between these two returns it must be mentioned, that the latter not only includes total wrecks, vessels driven on shore and got off again, but, also, those ships that required to be supplied with anchors and cables in the Downs, during gales of wind, while the first document contains only wrecks, collisions, and vessels stranded. The average number of vessels wrecked upon the Goodwin, however, by both documents is shown to be fourteen per annum.

This, considering the wide-spread fame for evil these sands have obtained, is a very low estimate, particularly when it is known, that in three separate gales of wind, occurring in 1821, 1824, and 1829, there were wrecked 169 vessels, between the Humber and the river Tees. On the 13th of January, 1843, there happened a memorable gale of wind, which wrecked 87 vessels on the East Coast of England, and in 1846 as many as 40 vessels got ashore in Hartlepool Bay alone; and yet these disasters have not left such an impression behind them, as is often made by a solitary wreck upon the Goodwin Sands. It would seem, indeed, that after speculating upon the manifold causes of the mishaps at sea, whether resulting from violent winds—collision—fire—the incompetency of some captains, the drunkenness of others—mutinous crews—chafed cables and faulty anchors, that there is one idea common to the apprehension of most Englishmen, that equals, if not surpasses them all, and that is, being cast away upon the Goodwin Sands; for in the popular estimation they are an abyss, a ship-swallower, a sandy whirlpool; a maelstrom, that engulphs everything that once touches their brink or comes within the sweep of their vortex. Whereas, in truth, the Goodwin Sands are not the cause of more wrecks than any of the adjacent sands, and it is even doubtful whether it would be better for the navigation of this country if they were removed and the channel left entirely open. For though, as we have shown, it sometimes happens that very distressing catastrophes occur upon them, yet it ought to be at the same time remembered that they form a most convenient break-water to the anchorage of the Downs, and, but for their shelter, ships while passing through these narrow seas would be exposed to all winds. The best argument that can be advanced in proof of the convenience and safety of a roadstead, is that ships run to it for shelter and protection, and in this respect, the Downs, owing to the security afforded by the Goodwin Sands, is the most thronged anchorage in the world. And thus, while it is impossible to avoid regretting the annual loss of life, of ships, and cargoes, upon these sands, still of two evils we must choose the least, and console ourselves with the knowledge, that these losses would in all probability be greatly increased if they were removed. An artificial breakwater would be just as dangerous, and be open to the same objections as the Goodwins, if placed in their position, as a safeguard to the anchorage in the Downs, but no person would question the utility of its being so placed because one vessel in a thousand happened

to run against it, particularly now that every precaution has been taken to indicate its position, with lights, buoys, and beacons.

Another prevalent opinion respecting these sands is, that ships wrecked upon them are almost immediately swallowed up. Nearly every writer has described them as voracious, whereas, the truth is, they are just the reverse; the difficulty seems to be, to penetrate any depth below their surface, unless aided by science, and it was not until Dr. Potts' method of driving piles by atmospheric pressure was discovered, that they were entered to any depth. It is a little surprising how such an idea originated and still continues to be believed, in defiance of repeated demonstrations to the contrary; for it is a matter of history, that the Vanguard, of 90 guns, was, during the last French war, aground there for 19 tides, and was ultimately got off, through the dexterity of the Deal boatmen, with very little damage. Captain Bullock's beacon stood for four years, without sinking an inch, and might have remained until now, but for an accident. Besides, ships of the largest size, after being wrecked, have been observed rolling about upon the Goodwins, until the sea has broken them up, and washed them away piecemeal. Again, Mr. Bush's caisson, although composed of iron, occupies the same position as when abandoned years ago.

A few words will explain why these sands have been considered voracious. In the first place, it depends upon what part of the Goodwin a ship strikes, to say whether she will disappear suddenly or not. We have before observed that the outer edge or eastern part of the sand is in some places as perpendicular as a wall, and in others as steep as the ridge of a house, and against this part of the sand the seas break during strong winds, as if they were beating against a solid rock. Of course the fate of a ship striking against this steep face of sand may be conjectured. She bilges of course, and settles down bodily into deep water, and seems to be swallowed up; and so in fact she is, but not by the sand, but by the sea.

With respect to vessels of small draft of water, the mode of destruction is different. From being of light draft, they naturally strike nearer to the top of the Goodwin, and are in the course of time lifted by the seas higher and higher upon the sand. In this state they are sometimes seen by the Deal boatmen, rolling about, to use their own phrase, like empty barrels, until they are broken up by the heavy battery of the breakers, and scattered like lathwood in every direction.

The fate of the Trinity Beacon confirms this hypothesis. It was placed near the outer edge of the sand, where the Goodwin suddenly shelves away into deep water. After it had been erected some weeks it appeared to be getting lower and lower, and, to superficial observers, seemed to be undergoing the process of being gradually swallowed up. But a closer inspection proved that it was not sinking into the sand, but sliding down it. In this manner it ultimately disappeared, its departure no doubt being somewhat hastened by the great storm in which it made its exit. And perhaps, if it was possible to drain away the water, we should find it on the floor of the ocean, mixed higgledy-piggledy with worm-eaten hulls of ships, rusty anchors, rotten blocks, and drowned tars, like a mighty toy in a gigantic marine store.

It is difficult, however, to divest oneself of the idea, while walking over these sands, that beneath

our feet lies buried unmeasured wealth, and that if we could only dig down deep enough we should glut our eyes with

Visions of fearful wrecks,
Thousands of men that fishes gnaw upon,
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
Some in dead men's skulls, &c.

Nevertheless, it is pretty certain, if we expected to find a heavy amount of wreckage buried in the Goodwin, that we should be disappointed. But on the eastern side of the sand, at the foot of that steep slope before described, down which it is believed scores of ships have slipped into deep waters, an odd collection of the maritime ventures of all climes and nations might possibly be found ; though this statement must be received with caution, for the spot referred to is often trawled over by the Deal and Kingsdown fishermen, and they rarely find anything, nor do they complain of much damage being done to their gear by the foulness of the bottom. It is extremely difficult to say what becomes of a large vessel sunk under such circumstances, and nothing but repeated descents in a diving-bell can settle the question. Indeed, considering the heavy amount of wreckage that has taken place upon these sands for ages past, it has often been the subject of remark, how little has ever been found, and this has fostered the belief that ships and cargoes have been buried in the sand. This, as we have shown, is not likely to be the case, for with the exception of an old piece of ordnance, picked up by the Deal men some years ago, while sweeping for anchors near the Gull stream, very little has ever been recovered from the sea in this quarter.

ETHER AS A MOTIVE POWER.—Some years since, a French civil engineer, M. du Tremblay, invented a method of applying the vapor of ether in combination with steam as a motive power. His method consisted in the employment of steam after it has exerted its elastic force in one cylinder, for the purpose of vaporizing ether to be employed in another cylinder, at the same time condensing the exhausted steam by bringing it into contact with the surface of the generator containing the ether. The mode of its use was either with a single engine with two cylinders, or with two distinct engines having a cylinder each, one of the pistons being worked by steam generated in the ordinary manner, the other by the vapor of ether produced by the following process : Upon the exhausted steam from the steam cylinder being brought into contact with the surface of a vessel charged with ether, a large portion of its caloric is absorbed by the liquid, which thus becomes instantly vaporized ; while the steam, by being deprived of its caloric of vapor, becomes condensed, and returns into the boiler, which, by this means, is periodically and regularly supplied. The vapor obtained from the ether by the action of the steam then passes into a second cylinder, and, after exerting its elastic force upon the piston, is itself condensed by means of cold water, and in this form returns into the vaporizer. This invention of M. Du Tremblay attracted the anxious attention of the French government at the time, and commissions were appointed by the French admiralty to examine into its merits and capability. The result of these commissions was that the French government ordered an engine to be built upon M. Du Tremblay's principle. This was accordingly done, and the engine was found to work so admirably, that it was confidently expected its use would realize a saving of at

least fifty per cent. in the expenditure of fuel. A difficulty, however, subsequently arose which had not been anticipated, and this was the highly inflammable character of ether, a quality which rendered it inexpedient to adopt it on board of ship. This difficulty has, however, been removed by the ingenuity of M. La Fond, a French naval officer of high scientific attainments and professional accomplishment, who proposes to make the system of Du Tremblay available for marine purposes by substituting chloroform for ether. The French government has approved of M. La Fond's invention, and, under his direction, two engines, of sixty-horse power, upon this principle, are now in the course of building, and are on the eve of completion. The engines, when completed, are to be put on board the *Galilée*, a man-of-war, constructed expressly for the purpose. The principal advantage promised by this new system of locomotive power, is the great saving of fuel which will be thus attained, and consequently thus extend the sphere of usefulness of the steamer beyond the limits which at present restrict its performance to comparatively short voyages. Another advantage gained, is, of course, the space, which, under the present system, is occupied by coal. In this latter respect, the principle seems to offer especial advantages to the commercial marine. While we write, there are actually in operation several engines constructed upon the principle of M. Du Tremblay, and the French government have, besides the *Galilée*, ordered two vessels to be fitted with engines upon the same principle. —*Steam Navigation Gazette*.

From Household Words

THE PATH OF FAITH.

PERCHANCE thou deemest it is hard
To have no foresight of thy life,
Unwarned, thy doubtful feet to guard
From wandering in the paths of strife ;
But though thou hast no prescient sense
Thou hast a watching Providence.

With trustful labor weave the web
Of high emprise and noble need ;
Heedless if life should flow or ebb,
Let bravely doing be thy creed ;
That Faith will make thee happier far
Than if thou read'st each glistening star.

Should stormy fortune lurk behind
Thy curtained fate, and darkly loom—
Thank God thou canst not feel the wind,
Nor hear the distant thunder boom ;
The tempest, with soft breezes blent,
May, ere it reaches thee, be spent.

Should brilliant sunshine bursting there
Upon thee, sudden and sublime,
Instant reflection of its glare
Might haply blind thee for the time,
By pouring on thy dazzled sight
Rays of intolerable light ;

But Faith will nerve thee for the fight
Against misfortune's darkening power :
And flood thy road with tempered light,
Until thou reach, in heaven, that hour
When prescience shall be thine at will—
Prescience of good unmixed with ill.

Two sorts of persons are to be alike avoided—those who offer you an explanation of everything, and those who care not for full explanation of anything.

From Household Words.

SHAWLS.

In that part of Asia where some of our brave countrymen have penetrated only to die—in that country where Charles Stoddart and his friend Connolly, whose faces will never be forgotten by some of us, and whose voices still sound in our ears, consoled each other through a loathsome imprisonment, and went out together to lose their heads in the market-place of the capital; in that distant and impracticable country of Bokhara, which we are ready to say we will never have any connexion with—there are people always employed in our service. We are not now thinking of the Bokhara clover, which is such a treat to our cows and horses. We owe that, and lucerne, and others of our green crops, to the interior of Asia; but we are thinking of something more elaborate. In Bokhara, the camel is watched while the fine hair on the belly is growing: this fine hair is cut off so carefully that not a fibre is lost; it is put by until there is enough to spin into a yarn, unequalled for softness; and then it is dyed all manner of bright colors, and woven in strips eight inches wide of shawl patterns, such as—with all our pains and cost, with all our Schools of Design and study of nature and art—we are not yet able to rival. These strips are then sewn together so cunningly that no European can discover the joins. The precious merchandise is delivered to traders who receive it on credit. On their return from market they pay the price of the shawls at the Bokhara value, with 30 per cent. interest; or, if they cannot do this, in consequence of having been robbed, or of any other misfortune, they stay away, and are never seen again in their native land.

Where is this market? So far away from home that the traders wear out their clothes during their journey; and their fair skins become as brown as mulattoes. On, on, on they go, day after day, month after month, on their pacing camels, or beside them, over table-lands, mounting one above another; over grass, among rocks, over sand, through snows; now chilled to the marrow by icy winds; now scorched by sunshine, from which there is no shelter but the flat cotton caps, with which they thatch their bare crowns: on, on, for fifteen thousand miles, to the borders of Russia, to sell the shawls which are to hang on ladies' shoulders in Hyde Park, and where beauties most do congregate in Paris and Vienna.

The passion for shawls among all women everywhere is remarkable. In one country, the shawl may flow from the head, like a veil; in another, it hangs from the shoulders; in another, it is knotted round the loins as a sash; in yet another, it is swathed round the body as a petticoat. Wherever worn at all, it is the pet article of dress. From a time remote beyond computation, the sheep of Cashmere have been cherished on their hills, and the goats of Thibet on their plains, and the camels of Tartary on their steppes, to furnish material for the choicest shawls. From time immemorial, the patterns which we know so well have been handed down as a half-sacred tradition through a Hindoo ancestry, which puts even Welsh pedigrees to shame. For thousands of years have the bright dyes, which are the despair of our science and art, been glittering in Indian looms, in those primitive pits under the palm-tree where the whimsical patterns grow, like the wild flower springing from the soil. For thousands of years have Eastern poten-

tates made presents of shawls to distinguished strangers, together with diamonds and pearls.

At this day, when an Eastern prince sends gifts to European sovereigns, there are shawls, to the value of thousands of pounds, together with jewels, perfumes, and wild beasts, and valuable horses; just as was done in the days of the Pharaohs, as the paintings on Egyptian tombs show us at this day. And the subjects of sovereigns have as much liking for shawls as any queen. At the Russian Court, the ladies judge one another by their shawls as by their diamonds. In France, the bridegroom wins favor by a judicious gift of this kind. In Cairo and Damascus, the gift of a shawl will cause almost as much heart-burning in the harem as the introduction of a new wife. In England, the daughter of the house spends the whole of her first quarter's allowance in the purchase of a shawl. The Paris grisette, and the London dressmaker go to their work with the little shawl pinned neatly at the wrist. The lost gin-drinker covers her rags with the remnants of the shawl of better days. The farmer's daughter buys a white cotton shawl, with a gay border, for her wedding; and it washes and dyes until, having wrapped all her babies in turn, it is finally dyed black to signalize her widowhood. The maiden-aunt, growing elderly, takes to wearing a shawl in the house in mid-winter; and the granny would no more think of going without it at any season than without her cap. When son or grandson comes home from travel, far or near, his present is a new shawl, which she puts on with deep consideration; parting with the old one with a sigh. The Manchester or Birmingham factory girl buys a gay shawl on credit, wears it on Sunday, puts it in pawn on Monday morning, and takes it out again on Saturday night, for another Sunday's wear, and so on, until she has wasted money that would have bought her a good wardrobe. Thus, from China round the world to Oregon, and from the queen down to the pauper, is the shawl the symbol of woman's taste and condition. Whence come all these shawls? For it is clear that the supply which arrives from Asia over bleak continents and wide oceans, can be only for the rich and great. Some of the shawls from Bokhara sell, in the market on the Russian frontier, for two thousand four hundred pounds each. Whence come the hundred thousand shawls that the women of Great Britain purchase every year?

Some of the richest that our ladies wear are from Lyons; and the French taste is so highly esteemed that our principal manufacturers go to Lyons once or twice a year, for specimens and patterns. Some of our greatest ladies of all, even the queen and certain duchesses and countesses, offer to our chief manufacturers a sight of their treasures from India, their Cashmeres, and other shawls, from a patriotic desire for the improvement of our English patterns. From these, the manufacturers of Norwich and Paisley devise such beautiful things that, but for the unaccountable and unrivalled superiority of the Orientals in the production of this particular article, we should be all satisfaction and admiration. The common cotton shawls, continually lessening in number, worn by women of the working-classes, are made at Manchester, and wherever the cotton manufacture is instituted. In order to study the production of British shawls in perfection, one should visit the Norwich or Paisley manufactories.

If any article of dress could be immutable, it would be the shawl; designed for eternity in the

unchanging East; copied from patterns which are the heirloom of a caste, and woven by fatalists, to be worn by adorers of the ancient garment, who resent the idea of the smallest change. Yet has the day arrived which exhibits the manufacture of three distinct kinds of shawls in Paisley. There is the genuine woven shawl, with its Asiatic patterns; and there is that which is called a shawl for convenience, but which has nothing Asiatic about it; the tartan—which name is given not only to the checks of divers colors which signify so much to the Scottish eye, but to any kind of mixed or mottled colors and fabric—woven in squares or lengths to cover the shoulders. The third kind is quite modern; the showy, slight and elegant printed shawl, derived from Lyons, and now daily rising in favor. The woven kind is the oldest in Paisley. The tartan kind was introduced from Stirlingshire—without injury to Stirlingshire—which makes as many as ever, but to the great benefit of Paisley. The printed kind has been made about six years; and it is by far the greatest and most expanding manufacture. The most devoted worshippers of the genuine shawl can hardly wonder at this, considering the love of change that is inherent in ladies who dress well, and the difference of cost. A genuine shawl lasts a quarter of a lifetime. Ordinary purchasers give from one pound to ten pounds for one, and can give more if they desire a very superior shawl; a process which it is not convenient to repeat every two or three years. The handsomest printed shawls, meantime, can be had for two pounds, and they will last two years; by the end of which time, probably, the wearer has a mind for something new. The time required for the production answers pretty accurately to these circumstances. It takes a week to weave a shawl of the genuine sort; in the same time ten or twelve of the tartan or plaid, and twenty or thirty of the printed can be produced.

The processes employed for these three kinds of shawls are wholly different; and we will therefore look at them separately, though we saw them, in fact, under the same roof. As for the tartan shawls, there is no need to enlarge upon them, as their production is much like that of any other kind of variegated cloth. We need mention only one fact in regard to them, which is, however, very noticeable; the recent invention of a machine by which vast time and labor are saved. As we all know, the fringes of cloth shawls are twisted—some threads being twisted together in one direction, and then two of these twists being twisted in the opposite direction. Till a month ago this work was done by girls, in not the pleasantest way, either to themselves or the purchaser, by their wetting their hands from their own mouths, and twisting the threads between their palms. The machine does, in a second of time, the work of fourteen pairs of hands; that is, as two girls attend it; there is a saving of twelve pairs of hands and some portion of time, and the work is done with thorough certainty and perfection; whereas, under the old method, for one girl who could do the work well, there might be several who did it indifferently or ill. The machine, invented by Mr. Hutchison, must be seen to be understood; for there is no giving an idea, by description, of the nicety with which the brass tongues rise to lift up the threads and to twist them; then throw them together, and rub them against the leather-covered shafts, which, instead of human palms, twist them in the opposite direction. In seeing this

machine the old amazement recurs at the size, complication, and dignity of an instrument contrived for so simple a purpose. The dignity, however, resides not in the magnitude of the office, but in the saving of time and human labor.

Of the other two kinds of shawls, which shall we look at first? Let it be the true and venerable woven shawl.

The wool is Australian or German—chiefly Australian. It comes, in the form of yarn, from Bradford, in hanks which are anything but white, so that they have first to be washed. Of the washing, dyeing, and warping we need not speak, as they are much the same to the observer's and therefore to the reader's eye, as the preparation of yarns for carpets in Kendal, and of silk for ribbons in Coventry. While the washing and drying, and the dyeing and drying again are proceeding, the higher labor of preparing the pattern is advancing.

But how much of the lower kind of work can be done during the slow elaboration of the higher! It really requires some patience and fortitude even to witness the mighty task of composing and preparing the pattern of an elaborate shawl. Let the reader study any three square inches of a good shawl border; let the threads be counted, and the colors, and the twists and turnings of the pattern; and then let it be remembered that the general form has to be invented, and the subdivisions, and the details within each form, and the filling up of the spaces between, and the colors—as a whole, and in each particular; and that, before the material can be arranged for the weaving, every separate stitch (so to speak) must be painted down on paper in its right place. Is it not bewildering to think of? Much more bewildering and imposing is it to see. As for the first sketch of the design, that is all very pretty; and, the strain on the faculties not being cognizable by the stranger, is easy enough. There goes the artist-pencil—tracing waving lines and elegant forms, giving no more notion of the operations within than the hands of a clock do of the complication of the works. Formerly, the employers put two or three good foreign patterns into the artists' hands, and said, "Make a new pattern out of these." Now that we have Schools of Design, and more accessible specimens of art, the direction is given without the aids. "Make a new pattern;" and the artist sits down with nothing before him but pencil and paper—unless, indeed, he finds aids for himself in wild flowers, and other such instructors in beauty of form and color. By degrees, the different parts of the pattern shape themselves out, and combine—the centre groups with the ends, and the ends grow out into the sides with a natural and graceful transition. Then the portions, properly outlined, are delivered to the colorers; who cover the drawing with oiled paper, and begin to paint. It would not do to color the outlined drawing, because there are no outlines in the woven fabric. It is dazzling only to look upon. Much less minute is the transferring to the diced paper which is the real working pattern. The separate portions of the finished pattern of a single shawl, when laid on the floor, would cover the carpet of a large drawing-room. The taking down such a pattern upon paper occupies four months.

The weaving is done either by "lashing," or from Jacquard cards. The Jacquard loom answers for the eternal patterns, and the "lashing" method suffices for those which are not likely to be repeated. The man seated at the "piano-machine," playing

on a sort of keys, from the colored patterns stuck up before his eyes, is punching the Jacquard cards, which are then transferred, in their order, to the lacing-machine, where they are strung together by boys into that series which is to operate upon the warp in the weaving, lifting up the right threads for the shuttle to pass under to form the pattern, as in other more familiar manufactures. The "lashing" is read off from the pattern, too, in the same way as with carpet patterns at Kendal; so many threads being taken up and interlaced with twine for a red stitch, and then so many more for a green, and so on. Boys then fasten each symbol of a hue to a netting of whippcord, by that tail of the netting which, by its knots, signifies that particular hue; so that, when the weaving comes to be done, the boy, pulling the symbolic cord, raises the threads of the warp—green, blue, or other,—which are required for that throw of the shuttle. Thus the work is really all done beforehand, except the mere putting together of the threads; done, moreover, by anybody but the weaver, who is, to say the truth, a mere shuttle-throwing machine. The poor man does not even see and know what he is doing. The wrong side of the shawl is uppermost; and not even such a wrong side as we see, which gives some notion of the pattern on the other. Previous to cutting, the wrong side of a shawl is a loose surface of floating threads of all colors; of the threads, in fact, which are thrown out of the pattern, and destined to be cut away and given to the paper-makers to make coarse gray paper. One pities the weaver, who sits all day long throwing the shuttle, while the boy at the end of his loom pulls the cords which make the pattern, and throw up nothing but refuse to the eye. He has not even the relief of stopping to roll up what he has done; for a little machine is now attached to his loom, which saves the necessity of stopping for any such purpose. It is called "the up-taking motion." By it a few little cog-wheels are set to turn one another, and, finally, the roller, on which the woven fabric is wound as finished.

The bundles of weaving-strings and netting, which regulate the pattern, are called "flowers." From the quantity of labor and skill wrought up in their arrangement, they are very valuable. A pile of them, on a small table, were, as we were assured, worth one thousand pounds. We may regard each as the soul or spirit of the shawl,—not creating its material, but animating it with character, personality, and beauty. We have said that it takes a man a week to weave a shawl; but this means a "long" shawl, and not a "square." The square remain our favorites; but the female world does not seem to be of our mind. It is true the symmetry of the pattern is spoiled when the white centre hangs over one shoulder. It is true, the "longs" are heavy and very warm, from being twice doubled. But they have one advantage which ladies hold to compensate for those difficulties; they can be folded to any size, and therefore to suit any figure—tall or short, stout or thin. We are assured that, for one square shawl that is sold, there are a hundred "longs."

A capital machine now intervenes, with its labor-saving power; this time, of French invention. Formerly, it took two girls a whole day to cut off the refuse threads from the back of a shawl. But this machine, superintended by a man, does it in a minute and a half. A horizontal blade is traversed by spiral blades fixed on a cylinder, the revolving of which gives to the blades the

action of a pair of scissors. The man's office is to put in the shawl, set the machine going, and to beat down the refuse as fast as it is cut off.

The upper surface of the shawl remains somewhat rough—rough enough to become soon a rather dirty article of dress, from the dust which it would catch up and retain. It is therefore smoothed by singeing. This very offensive process is performed by a man who must have gone through a severe discipline before he could endure his business. He heats his iron (which is like a very large, heavy knife, turned up at the end) red-hot, spreads the shawl on a table rather larger than itself, and passes the red-hot iron over the surface, with an even and not very rapid movement. What would that Egyptian dragoman have said, who, being asked to iron out an English clergyman's white ducks, burned off the right leg with the first touch of his box-iron? That box-iron was not red-hot, nor anything like it; yet there is no such destruction here. There is only the brown dust fizzing. Pah! that's enough! let us go somewhere else.

In a light, upper room, women and girls are at work, sitting on low stools, each with a shawl stretched tightly over her knees. Some of these are darning, with the utmost nicety, any cracks, thin place, or "faults" in the fabric; darning each in its exact color. Some are putting silk fringes upon the printed shawls, tacking them in with a needle, measuring each length by eye and touch, and then knotting, or, as it is called, "netting" the lengths by cross-ties. One diminutive girl of nearly ten, is doing this with wonderful quickness, as she sits by her mother's knee. The girls do not come to work before this age; nor the boys before twelve. In other rooms, women are seated at tables, or leaning over them, twisting the fringes of plaid shawls, or picking out knots and blemishes with pincers, and brushing all clean, and then folding them, with sheets of stiff paste-board between, ready for the final pressure in the hydraulic press, which makes them fit for the shop.

The fabric for the printed shawls is light and thin, in comparison with the woven. The thinness is various; from the *barége* to the lightest gossamer that will bear the pressure of the block. The whole importance of the production consists in the printing; for the fabric is simple and common enough. A man can weave ten yards per day of the *barége*; and the silk gauze, striped or plain, requires no particular remark.

The designing is done with the same pains and care as for the genuine shawl, but the range of subjects is larger. While something of the Oriental character of the shawl patterns must be preserved, much of the beauty of French figured silks and brocades and embroidery may be admitted. Thus the designing and coloring-rooms contain much that pleases the eye, though one does not see there the means and appliances which fill some apartment or other of Birmingham factories—the casts from the antique, the volumes of plates, the flower in water, and so on. The preparation of the blocks for printing, and, yet more, the application of them, reminded us of the paper-staining, which we had certainly never thought of before in connexion with shawls. The wood used is lime-wood. Some of the blocks are chiselled and picked out, like those of the paper-stainer. The cast-blocks are more curious. A punch is used, the point or needle of which is kept hot by a flame, from which the workman's head is defended by a shield of metal. He burns holes by puncturing with this

hot needle along all the outlines of the block he holds in his hands, much as a little child pricks outlines on paper on a horse-hair chair-bottom. There is a groove along the face of each block, to allow the metal to run in. The burned blocks are screwed tight in a press, their joined tops forming a saucer, into which the molten metal (composed of tin, bismuth and lead) is poured. In it goes, and down the grooves, penetrating into all the burnt holes; and, of course, when cool, furnishing a cast of the patterns desired, in the form of upright thorns or spikes on a metallic ground or plate. These plates are filed smooth at the back, and fixed on wood, and you have the blocks ready to print from; one representing one color, another another, and so on, till the plates for a single shawl of many colors may mount up in value to a very large sum.

Before printing, the fabric has been well washed; the *barége* being passed, by machinery, over cylinders which apply and squeeze out a wash of soap, soda and glue. All roughnesses had previously been removed by a "cropping" machine. After drying, it comes to the printing-table, where it is treated much like a paper-hanging. This is all very well; but what is to be done in case of a shower of rain? a not improbable incident in the life of a shawl. A paper-hanging would not stand a driving rain. Are ladies imposed upon in this matter, when they are offered a gay-printed shawl as wearable out of doors? By no means. Nobody knows how it is, but the fact is certain, that a good steaming, at a tremendous heat, fixes the colors by some chemical action, without in the least hurting their lustre; so the shawls go into the steaming-box, and come out of it able to bear as many washings as you please, without any change of color. After drying, in a heat of one hundred and ten degrees, they go upstairs to be surveyed, fringed, folded and pressed.

It seems a pity that the fat, easy, lazy Bokharian, and the slim, lithe, patient Hindoo, should not come to Paisley, and see how shawls are made there. To the one, shaving his camel on the plain, and the other, throwing his antique shuttle under the palm, how strange would be the noise, and the stench, and the speed, and the numbers employed, and the amount of production! To the one, it may be the work of years to furnish to the travelling merchant strips of eight inches wide, enough to make a shawl; and, to the other, the production of such an article is an event in life; while here, at Paisley, if the pattern requires months, the weaving of the most genuine and venerable kind occupies only a week. We do not believe that the simple and patient Oriental will be driven out of the market by us, because there is no promise, at present, of our overtaking their excellence. We hope there will be room in the world of fashion for them and us forever—the "forever" of that world.) We shall not go back to their methods, and it is not very likely that they should come up to ours; so we shall probably each go on in our own way, which is what everybody likes best.

From the Times, 9th Sept.

NATIONAL RETRIBUTION.

It is a fearful, but at the same time an encouraging reflection, that the destiny of a nation is left by the order of Providence in a great measure in its own hands. If it is to fall, its own vices and weaknesses are selected as the means of punishment; if to rise, its virtues are the wings to bear it aloft

and enable it to fulfil its glorious destiny. There is but one power which is to conciliate the apparent contradiction of individual free will and providential direction, and into the hands of that power the destinies of nations are committed. If Poland be divided and annihilated, her own divisions gave the signal to the spoiler, and suggested the partition under which she fell. If Italy groans under a grievous and degrading yoke, it is because she omitted to cultivate the manly virtues which make men free and valiant, and abandoned herself to the miserable discord and jealousy which have placed twenty-four millions of Italians at the feet of 100,000 strangers; and Ireland, whose orators and writers, whose clergy and laity, rack their ingenuity in perpetually devising new solutions of the problem presented by her misery and poverty,—is not Ireland, more manifestly than any other country in the world, the author of her own misfortunes, the architect of her own ruin!

To men familiar with the vast exuberance of capital in this country it must appear almost incredible that so small a portion of our superabundance finds its way across the Channel. While the smallest and most uncertain gains among nations of the most doubtful faith and unstable independence are eagerly sought for by British capital, it is an undeniable fact that there are very few countries in the world which have not received more of the overflow of British prosperity than Ireland. While we have lent 150,000,000*l.* to the faithless government of Spain, have covered with roads and railways the repudiating States of North America, are deep in the mysteries of Mexican finance, and profound in the secrets of Peruvian and Chilian bonds, we pass by a beautiful and fertile island close at our doors, and leave its resources undeveloped by the capital we so lavishly squander elsewhere. The reason is only too clear;—we have to deal with a nation of homicides, a nation whose feet are swift to shed innocent blood, but slow and lingering when called on to avenge the crime. Property we may lose elsewhere, and lose without much repining, for the gains of one place compensate for the losses of another; but a man's life is a venture which cannot be apportioned or divided; he sets it all on one cast when he runs into danger, and nowhere does that danger meet him in so fearful and repulsive a form as in Ireland. Men will, for a very small reward, or even for sport, face the open dangers of the field; but to see in every wall a fortress for the lurking assassin, in every coppice an ambuscade, in every peasant a murderer or an accomplice, and to know that from these things you are protected by no innocence of life, by no courtesy of demeanor, by no liberality, by no justice, by no mercy, by no sacrifice, by no popularity, and that these endearing qualities often attract the blow by rendering the vengeance of the secret tribunal more signal and more inscrutable, is a trial which shakes the nerves of the boldest, and renders men ready to brave anything anywhere rather than wither under the feverish and agonizing anxieties of a life in the disturbed districts of Ireland. The abstinence from murder is the first condition of the reorganization of Irish society. It is not much we ask, but, little as it is, it cannot be granted. The priests continue to stir up the fierce passions of the peasantry, the peasantry unite in a vast conspiracy against those on whose capital they depend for bread, and, when they slay those who feed them, they wonder that they are fed no more. The prophets prophesy falsely, and the people love

to have it so; and therefore to prophets and to people no other refuge is left, save to fly from a land which they drag down with them by their follies and their crimes.

The recent murder of Mr. O'Callaghan Ryan, which has suggested these remarks, seems to have been an ordinary affair, neither rising much above nor sinking much below the usual level of Irish agrarian atrocity. The unfortunate gentleman was, as appears very usual on these occasions, a person of popular manners, much kindness of heart, and held in high and well-deserved estimation. Such a victim was peculiarly calculated to strike terror. The cause also was, as usual, the determination to retain possession of land. Mr. Ryan had been on a visit of conciliation to some troublesome tenants, against whom he was unwilling to proceed to extremities. On his return he suddenly received a shot in his side, fell from his horse, was dragged off the road, and had his skull literally beaten to pieces by the assassins with large stones and a hatchet. Two men are in custody on suspicion.

The tragedy is so trite, the details so ordinary and well understood, that we almost owe our readers an apology for dwelling on the well-known and universally recognized features of Irish crime. Whether it be Mr. Bateson, Mr. Mauleverer, or Mr. Ryan, the details are almost identical, and no harder task could be devised for the memory than retaining distinctly for any considerable time the details of several Irish murders. It is exactly this which is so awful and so hopeless. In other lands murder is the result of individual temperament. A monster arises—a Rush, or a Manning, an Elissabide, or a Papavoine—marked out by strong and sharply defined peculiarities from the rest of the human race, and dips his hands in innocent blood; but in Ireland murder is a pursuit, a habit, almost an institution. A book of practice describing the action of ejectment would hardly be perfect which did not note the particular period at which the suit is most frequently abated by the murder of the lessor or the plaintiff. While the one is preparing his case the other is loading his blunderbuss, and the issue is removed from the courts of law to the lonely coppice, the secluded by-path, or the deserted stone-quarry.

So long as these things continue—and there is no prospect that they will speedily come to an end—so long as the priests shall testify their sympathy if not their open approbation of deeds such as these, philanthropy may preach and Parliament may legislate, but Ireland will remain a field of blood, a land to be avoided by all those whom imperious necessity has not chained to her blighted soil. The crimes of the nation most justly become its punishment; it makes a common cause with the murderer, and vengeance does not fall on the murderer alone, but is shared by the whole land which he contaminates by his crime. It is a scourge wielded by their own bloody hand, which is driving this people forth to expiate in eternal exile the crimes and the sympathy with crime that turn from their shores all who would aid or relieve them. It is left to them to execute vengeance on themselves, and they are doing it completely. Until this curse be rooted out there is no solid prosperity for Ireland. Gleams of hope there may occasionally be,—for who can help hoping for the future of a country so richly endowed by nature!—but solid prosperity there can be none till a man feels that his

life as well as his money will be safe on Irish ground. All that a man has will be given in exchange for his life, and little will broad estates or well-paid rent-rolls avail him if his steps are dogged by murder and his thoughts disturbed by the reasonable apprehension of sudden and violent death.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.—The following description of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer is given by N. P. Willis in his *Pencilings by the Way*. The parties met at a dinner given by Lady Blessington:—"Disraeli had arrived before me, and sat in the deep window, looking out upon Hyde Park, with the last rays of daylight reflected from the gorgeous gold flowers of a splendidly embroidered waistcoat. Patent leather pumps, a white stick with a black cord and tassel, and a quantity of chains about his neck and pockets, served to make him, even in the dim light, rather a conspicuous object. Disraeli has one of the most remarkable faces I ever saw; he is lividly pale, and but for the energy of his action, and the strength of his lungs, would seem a victim to consumption. His eye is black as Erebus, and has the most mocking and lying-in-wait sort of expression conceivable. His mouth is alive with a kind of working and impatient nervousness, and when he has burst forth, as he does constantly, with a particularly successful cataract of expression, it assumes a curl of triumphant scorn that would be worthy of a Mephistopheles. His hair is as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats; a thick heavy mass of jet black ringlets falls over his left cheek almost to his collarless stock, while on the right temple it is parted and put away with the smooth carefulness of a girl's, and shines most unctuously

With thy incomparable oil, Macassar.

Disraeli was the only one at table who knew him (Beckford), and the style in which he gave a sketch of his habits and manners was worthy of himself. I might as well attempt to gather up the foam of the sea as to convey an idea of the extraordinary language in which he clothed his description. There were, at least, five words in every sentence that must have been very much astonished at the use they were put to, and yet no others, apparently, could so well have conveyed his idea. He talked like a racehorse approaching the winning-post—every muscle in action, and the utmost energy of expression flung out in every burst. It is a great pity he is not in Parliament. I have been told that he stood once for a London borough; a coarse fellow came up at the hustings, and said to him, 'I should like to know on what ground you stand here, sir?' 'On my head, sir,' answered Disraeli. 'The populace had not read *Vivian Grey*, however, and he lost his election.'

ON LOVING.—The more tenderly and warmly one loves, so much more does he discover in himself defects rather than charms, that render him not worthy of the beloved. Thus are our little faults first made known to us, when we have ascended the higher steps of religion. The more we satisfy the demands of conscience the stronger they become. Love and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight, the air of the apartment is pure and undisturbed by a single particle; but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about!—*J. P. Richter.*

From Household Words.

THE PRESENT HOLLOW TIME.

THE golden age, whensoever it may have had existence on the face of the earth, was an age of solid gold, there is no kind of doubt. It has been observed by innumerable philosophers and moralists—sometimes a little disappointed or misplaced, may-be, but sound sages and impartial judges none the less—that every succeeding age, in its turn, has been hollow. The last has always been the hollowest. We must admit of the present time that it is a very hollow time indeed, though not a worse time than another, perhaps, in the sage and moral sense aforesaid.

It is an undoubted and an instructive fact that hollowness now plays an important part in engineers' and mechanical constructions; and that it is one mode of carrying out a vast economy of materials. A sheet of iron and a few rivets now perform the duty of ponderous castings or huge erections of brick, or stone, or timber. A beam of timber or a mass of iron may be treacherous within-side, owing to some inequality of structure which escapes the eye of the workman; and in such case the interior portion is not merely useless; it is a positive burden and incumbrance, a delusion and a snare, an income-tax of a very annoying kind, a bottomless pit in which the pay-master loses his money and the engineer loses his temper; it renders no service itself, and prevents the sounder portions from rendering their service. It is, on the contrary, one of the characteristics of the plate-and-rivet system (if we may coin a phrase to designate it), that there is no waste material, no neglected material, no material so far beneath the surface as to escape its due share of preparation and annealing. None of the iron particles—like individuals in an Exeter Hall chorus of seven hundred—can hide their defects by being buried among a mass of others; they are all brought near the front row, and must bear a fair amount of scrutiny.

If we watch the making of these plates or these rivets, we shall soon see that the iron passes through an ordeal which must greatly toughen and strengthen it. The molten iron, liberated from its stony companions by the heat of the blast furnace, flows in a golden stream from an aperture in the lower part of the furnace, and fills up a series of channels in the sandy floor of the foundry—a big channel being the sow, and sundry little channels the pigs. These pigs, when cold, form oblong masses of crude, brittle, and very imperfect iron, quite unfitted in this state for any engineering or mechanical purposes; they are refined in one furnace and puddled in another, to effect certain changes in the iron; the iron, in masses of sixty or seventy pounds, receives a few mighty thumps from a shingling hammer weighing five or six tons; then it is pressed between enormous rollers, then heated again, and then rolled again to its proper thickness as sheet-iron. Like as dough becomes toughened by good kneading, does the iron become toughened by these repeated meltings and beatings, and rollings and pressings. And the rivets, too, share this quality with the sheets, for they are formed of bar-iron or rod-iron, which has undergone a similar course of treatment.

The well-kneaded sheets and rivets, as we have said, take part, in a remarkable degree, in modern engineering. Steam-engine boilers and steam-vessel funnels are examples familiar to every one.

The sheets are cut to the proper sizes by shears of most irresistible persuasion, which sever the material as effectually and as quietly as the clasp-knife of the coalheaver severs his bread and cheese into coalheaver's mouthfuls; another machine punches rivet holes around the margin of each sheet, quickly and cleanly; and a third machine cuts off pieces from a rod of iron to form tough and sturdy little rivets. Then, in order that the flat sheets may acquire a curvature similar to that of a boiler or a funnel, they are hammered on an anvil, a gauge or pattern being used to prevent the iron from over-leaping the bounds of propriety, and acquiring too great a convexity. And now comes the riveting. The riveter has a boy at his elbow, which boy is commander-in-chief over a small portable forge; the edges of two sheets are lapped one over another, a rivet is made hot, it is put through the coinciding holes in the two plates, and two men batter away at the two ends of the rivet with huge hammers, until the spreading ends of the rivet bind with intense pressure the two plates together. Thus does the iron cool, and thus do the rivets succeed each other, and thus is a boiler or a funnel built up. It is hollow, but it is, nevertheless, strong.

As a rule, keep at least half a mile away from a boiler factory; for, of all the wild and bewildered noises presented by industrial art, nothing approaches in intensity that which results from thousands of rivets being hammered by dozens of lusty arms, day after day. And yet (as extremes meet) we would really suggest a visit to a boiler factory to see what our Fairbairns and our Garfords of the busy north have done towards the silencing of this hullabaloo. Many may recollect the two riveting machines which found a place in the Great Exhibition, but which, unfortunately, could not be shown in action; the rivets are not hammered, but the two ends are treated with such a loving embrace as effectually to bind the rivet and the two plates together. There is a lesson also in the philosophy of "strikes" afforded by these machines. Mr. Fairbairn, in the Official Illustrated Catalogue, gives us this bit of information: "The invention of the riveting machine originated in a 'turnout' of the boiler-makers in the employ of the exhibitor about fifteen years ago. On that occasion the attempt was made to rivet two plates together by compressing the red hot rivets in the ordinary punching press. The success of the experiment immediately led to the construction of the original machine." Improvements suggested themselves from time to time, until, about eight years ago, the present riveting-machine was brought to a state of great efficiency. "The machine effects by almost instantaneous pressure what is performed in the ordinary mode by a long series of impacts. The machine fixes in the firmest manner eight three-quarter-inch rivets in a minute." And what is more, the process is a sober, quiet one, and the riveting is said to be better effected than by the hammer.

It is to the humble plate-and-rivet that we owe the magnificent Britannia tubular bridge—beautiful in an engineering, though not in an æsthetic sense. The difficulties which pressed upon Robert Stephenson in his attempt to carry the Chester and Holyhead Railway over the Menai Straits, have become notorious. He was required to make a bridge flat at the bottom, and rigid enough to support railway trains with very little flexure. At the point chosen the length of the whole bridge is one thousand

three hundred and fifty feet, or thereabouts; but the fortunate existence of the Britannia rock in the middle of the stream, causes the entire width of the water there, nine hundred feet and upwards, to be divided into two spans of about four hundred and fifty feet each. These distances were required to be kept open throughout their whole length, so that vessels of large size might pass everywhere under the bridge, the bottom part of which was to be one hundred feet, at least, above high-water mark. These rigorous conditions were a sore puzzle to the engineer; and, after all other kinds of bridge were considered and abandoned, the plate-and-rivet principle was thought of. Then occurred the remarkable experiments of Mr. Fairbairn and Mr. Hodgkinson, and the wonderful proofs of strength which such construction afforded—sixty-nine thousand six hundred and sixty-four pounds of pulling force required to separate plates kept together by a half-inch rivet! Then came the cutting up of nearly six thousand tons of iron into plates, and seven hundred tons of bars into rivets, and the fitting of eighty miles of angle-iron, and the punching of seven million holes for rivets and bolts, and the gradual building up of these enormous tubes. Let it be regarded as a wonderful evidence of economy of materials, of strength produced by judicious arrangement, that this bridge, with its half-inch walls (the plates are seven-sixteenths to three-quarters of an inch in thickness), requires no chains to hold it up, and scarcely yields either to railway trains or to hurricanes of wind. The present is, indeed, a very hollow time; but what a triumph is this hollowness when considered (as it ought to be) in connection with strength and efficiency.

This tubular bridge, this Menai marvel, has produced mighty results in the few short years which it has yet lived. Engineers and machinists are becoming quite tubularly inclined; cast-iron is at a discount, and plate-and-rivet is above par. Iron is used in bridges in various ways. In the simple cast-iron arch there are often difficulties as to the height of the water-way beneath; in the simple cast-iron girder, the difficulty of casting and the weight in handling give a limit of something like fifty or sixty feet to the length attainable; in the built-up girder, formed of separate castings fitted closely at the joints and bolted together, bridges of a hundred and twenty feet long have been obtained; in the trussed girder there are separate castings strengthened by tension rods, but the union of cast-iron with wrought-iron is seldom a happy one. They cannot agree, and disastrous family jars often result. They cannot expand and contract equally, and thus (as is supposed) originated the disastrous fall of the Dee bridge a few years ago. In the bow-string girder, with a roadway suspended from an iron arch, there has been found an efficient principle for many recently built bridges. But the tubular bridge differs from all these in the simplicity of its construction, and the profitable way in which every ounce of iron renders its due service. Mr. Fairbairn's experiments led to his being invited to make two tubular bridges for the Bolton and Blackburn railway, of about seventy feet span; and the excellence and cheapness of these bridges have had their wonted effect. A cockney may see how ugly these girder bridges may be made, in the examples furnished by the railway which rejoices in the ample name of "The London and Birmingham and East and West India Dock Junction;" but as

there is no good reason why that which is statically beautiful should be æsthetically ugly, we may yet hope to see graceful forms here married to structural efficiency.

The route across North Wales has afforded us the first example of this tubular plate-and-rivet system of bridge-building; but let us not forget that the route to South Wales has just furnished another, comprising a double application of this singular principle. When the South Wales Railway was about to be carried over the Wye, the tremendous tide of that river at Chepstow (sixty feet difference of level between high and low water!) puzzled the engineer exceedingly, and led him to adopt a strange form of bridge, in which one-half is supported and the other half suspended. The bridge itself belongs to the plate-and-rivet genus; and the suspended portion hangs from enormous tubes, which are themselves plate-and-rivet. Each tube is above three hundred feet long, by nine feet in diameter; it is circular in section, and was built up on shore of plates and rivets. The hoisting of the first of these tubes, in April, 1852, was a great work. The traveller over this unique bridge has rivets above him, rivets around him, rivets beneath him; he would be riveted to the spot, if he were not whizzed away by the train.

The plate-and-rivet bears its honors proudly in our noble iron steamers, and in nothing does the system display itself more remarkably. Is it not noteworthy, for instance, that the Great Britain, which bore its rude fate so bravely on the Irish coast, and which is now going to show its iron sides among the Australians, should be built up of sheet-iron, much in the same way as a boiler or a funnel? An iron keel, six inches deep by three in width, will suffice for a ship of a thousand tons' burden; the ribs, analogous to the futtocks of a timber ship, are often smaller and less heavy per yard than ordinary rails for railways; and the sheets of iron are cut and punched and bent and riveted with an ease which shows that the thickness is to be measured, not by inches, but by eighths of an inch.

The hollowness of the present time is well illustrated by certain lighthouses; built to bear the bluff attacks of wind and rain. A few years ago, Mr. Gordon constructed an iron lighthouse on a lagoon in Jamaica; where, owing to local difficulties, it was computed that a tower of masonry could not have been constructed for less than twenty thousand pounds, or in a less period than six years, with the almost inevitable loss of many lives. Mr. Gordon designed an iron tower, formed on the model of the round towers of Ireland; in eight months after the plan was determined on, the iron skeleton was ready for shipment from England; and in nine months after that, the lighthouse was erected and ready for lighting. This lighthouse is formed of nine tiers of cast-iron plates, each about ten feet by five, each curved to the required degree of convexity, and each fastened to its neighbors by bolts and screws, and nuts and rivets. So well did this iron novelty do its duty, that another such lighthouse was built a few years afterwards at Bermuda; it is a hundred and five feet in height, and is formed by about a hundred and fifty curved iron plates, connected in the way before noticed. These lighthouses are not strictly examples of riveted wrought-iron, but of bolted cast-iron; nevertheless, the two methods are first cousins, and serve to illustrate the economy of material to which our modern industry is tending.

Surely, if solidity be looked for anywhere, it might be expected in gates and barriers against which water is pressing. But in this hollow time we have altered all that; our friend plate-and-rivet has wedged in his hollow principles even here. Let us look at the Keyham steam-dock, now in process of formation at Devonport. Here is a basin, the water of which is confined by a gate eighty-two feet long, thirteen feet wide, and forty-two feet deep; and although the flood occasionally presses on one side of this gate, or caisson, with a force of fourteen hundred tons, uncompensated by any pressure on the other side, yet is this barrier as hollow and honey-combed as the tubular girders and bridges. Mr. Fairbairn (the presiding genius of this species of hollowness) has so managed matters that this caisson will rise and sink, and permit or obstruct the flow of water with singular ease. Plate-and-rivet is the magic agency, not only to the economy of material, but to the great furtherance of the purposes for which the basin is intended. And that which is good at Devonport cannot be far otherwise at Hartlepool, where tubular dock-gates have just been applied. The mightily busy coal people of Hartlepool require enlarged docks for their increasing trade; and they have consequently opened recently a new dock fourteen acres in extent. The dock is connected with the harbor or basin at one end, and with the old dock at the other; and, at these points of junction, there are lock-gates fifty or sixty feet across, formed almost wholly of wrought-iron plates riveted together. Hollow as they are, they swing on their hinges, and resist the watery pressure more bravely than gates formed of ponderous timbers.

The gullant spirit of plate-and-rivet yields neither to pulling nor pushing, to hanging nor pressing, to water impulse nor dry impulse. A crane, the well-known instrument for lifting heavy weights, might reasonably be expected to present a thorough solidity in every part; yet Mr. Fairbairn, as if to show that he can beat every one hollow by everything hollow, now makes his cranes hollow, and of the very self-same kind of plates and rivets as he makes his bridges and girders, and caissons and gates. Sir David Brewster, at the meeting of the British Association in 1851, took occasion to speak of these remarkable cranes in the following terms:

"These structures indicate some additional examples of the extension of the tubular system, and the many advantages which may yet be derived from a judicious combination of wrought-iron plates, and a careful distribution of the material in all those constructions which require security, rigidity, and strength. The projection or radius of the jib of these cranes is thirty-two feet from the centre of the stem, and its height thirty feet above the ground. It is entirely composed of wrought-iron plates, firmly riveted together on the principle of the upper side being calculated to resist tension, and the under or concave side—which embodies the cellular construction—to resist compression. The form is correctly that of the prolonged vertebrae of the bird from which this machine for raising weights takes its name; it is truly the neck of the crane."

One of the cranes, thus built up of mere sheet-iron, has had as great a weight as twenty tons (nearly forty-five thousand pounds) suspended from it without any fracture or injury.

Wherever we turn, east, west, north, or south, in the old world and in the new, we find a deter-

mination existing to make a hollow time of it everywhere. Bending sheet-iron into flutes or hollows is the new way of constructing portable houses—for California, if you choose to go there. California! What! the tubular principle, the Fairbairn hollowness, the plate-and-rivet, going to California! Even so. It is now almost as easy to go to the diggings with an iron house to your back, as to go to Alabama with a banjo on your knees. The Eagle Foundry at Manchester will tell us all about this corrugated iron. In 1849, iron houses for California began to be made at those works. One such house was twenty feet long by ten wide; it comprised a sitting-room and a bedroom, one outer and one inner door, and a window to each room. The walls and roof were formed of sheet-iron, only one-eighth of an inch in thickness, in sheets sixty inches by thirty. The upright supports were of hollow rolled iron filled up with wood; the doors had frames of bar-iron, with panels of sheet-iron, and the window shutters were similarly constructed. Every sheet, and every bit of angle-iron and T-iron and bolt and rivet, were numbered, so that three or four men could put up the house in three or four days; and thus was a fifty pound house built in a Manchester factory in a week, and neatly packed off ship-wise to the far west. Another iron house for California was of loftier pretensions—and if it ever come to the hammer of a Californian auctioneer, he will doubtless describe it in his advertisements as "a spacious detached residence, capable of accommodating a family of distinction"—it was twenty-seven feet long by twenty-two wide, was two stories high, and had eight rooms; but still its walls and roofs were mere sheet-iron. The Prince Consort admired, it is said, a little model iron house at the Great Exhibition, and forthwith ordered a corrugated ball-room for Balmoral; that is, a convenient sheet-iron detached building; which, without provision as a living room, might be serviceable for balls and occasional purposes. This iron pavilion is about sixty feet long, twenty feet wide, and seventeen high to the ridge of the roof; it has cast-iron pilasters (hollow, of course,) and base plates, two plate-iron doors, eight French windows, and corrugated sheet-iron walls and roof. Perhaps this is the first ball-room, except one of canvass, which has walls only one-sixteenth of an inch in thickness; yet the wind is always busy; and, sometimes, outrageously powerful in that part of the country.

And thus—with tubular bridges, tubular girders, tubular caissons, tubular lock-gates, tubular cranes, sheet-iron ships, and sheet-iron houses—with the hollowness of all sorts of materials producing economy and strength, the present is indeed the hollowest of hollow times.

POETRY seems to know most of God's world, History of the devil's world.

AMBITION often plays the wrestler's trick of raising a man up merely to fling him down.

WHEN man writes of woman, it is curious to observe how much more frequently he mentions her weakness than his own vice.

To despair is to sulk with God.

THEY who have true light in themselves seldom become satellites.

MEASURE not men by Sundays, without regarding what they do all the week after.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE TIMES.

[See State of France, p. 94, Living Age.]

From the Paris Moniteur, Aug. 25.

WE have had several times occasion to remark the malevolence towards the French government of certain articles in the English journals. We remained silent as long as they only attacked persons, but at present the entire nation is attacked, and it becomes a duty to reply. The *Times* has devoted a long article in one of its last numbers to accumulate insult upon France. It compares it to the Bas-Empire, and condemns it to eternal infamy. If the *Times* was an organ of a nation, ours might be affected by its attacks, but that paper, the passionate interpreter of hostile parties since the 2d of December, merely represents an interested opposition; what credit, consequently, is to be given to its opinions? What right is there to endure them? Who, in fact, could believe, as the *Times* dares to pretend, that we are disinherited of all our rights, and that political life exists no longer for us? Universal suffrage in France is the most unlimited exercise of the power of election for a nation. We have said that the *Times*, in our eyes, is not the organ of the nation in the name of which it would pretend to speak. Far from us, therefore, to recriminate against the English institutions; but could not others, less well disposed, do so? Could not they ask the *Times* whether England can oppose to the tranquillity and good order of our universal suffrage its limited suffrage and its elections accomplished in the midst of all the scandals of disgraceful jobbery? Could it not be said to the *Times* that in England seats in Parliament belong almost always to the richest—that in France they are free to all without distinction; that there fortune decides—that here the people choose; that with us everything is the expression of the national will; that the Chief of the State, the *Corps Legislatif*, the Councils General of Departments, Councils of Arrondissement, Municipal Councils, all are elected by the universality of the citizens—that, on the other side of the Channel, on the contrary, everything savors of the inequality of fortunes as well as the restriction of rights? The *Times* may, if it please, call this first essay of the most unbounded liberty infamy; but does it select a happy moment to draw vanity from a system which conduces to the apprehension of public voting and to the demand of the substitution of secret voting in place of public election? The *Times* applauded the days of July under the monarchy of 1830. It approved the republican ovations after the 24th of February. Was that because of the conquests made by the people? No; it was on account of the blood which was shed. Its glorifications then were as suspicious as its present disparagement is odious. The sarcasm against the 15th of August was consequently the natural effect of antipathy and calculation. Vainly were propositions made to the Chief of the State to celebrate the anniversaries of the 10th of December, 1848, the 2d and 20th of December, 1851. He would not celebrate the one because it regarded himself alone and his triumphs; nor the other, because it was connected with a painful feeling, and because he wished, above all, to bury in oblivion even the last recollection of our civil discord. The anniversary of the 15th of August has been alone consecrated, and it happened by a fortunate coincidence that the festival of the Virgin, the

patroness of France, is celebrated the same day as that of the emperor. The nation comprehended that noble idea, and associated itself with it throughout the country with enthusiasm. This is the secret of the envenomed polemic of the *Times*. Far be it from us to entertain the idea of stopping it. We trust that our prosperity will for a long period supply it with materials. But truth, manifested by facts, will among serious men ever obtain an advantage over the anonymous pamphlet inspired by interest or by passion.

From the Times, 28 Aug.

REPLY OF THE LONDON TIMES.

WE have received from the French government the only honor which a government so constituted has in its power to bestow—the honor implied in its fear and its hatred. In the *Moniteur* the official organ of his government, the president endeavors to answer our remarks of this day week on the melancholy position of the French nation, deprived altogether of public life, and reduced to seek in the childish amusements of fireworks and scene-painting an equivalent for its degrading exclusion from the earnest drama of real life, from the duties of the citizen, and the honors of the statesman. Our remarks, such as they were, seem to have penetrated into the recesses of that imperial solitude in which Monsieur Louis Bonaparte spends the happy and dignified hours which he can save from the toil of destruction and confiscation. At the head of an enormous army, with his foot on the neck of a prostrate nation, a few lines traced in a foreign language by an unknown hand have shaken the impassable man of destiny, and probed the depths of a conscience not easily accessible to the voice of truth. We cannot refuse to enter the lists with such a champion. He has a right to be heard on his own behalf, as well as on behalf of the seven million five hundred thousand votes of the 10th of December. We only wish that he would give our reply the same extended publicity in France as we give to his vindication in England. But this he dares not do. Groundless as Monsieur Bonaparte may call our censures, he dares not make his own nation the judge of their justice, and all the people whom he mocks with the name of liberty will ever know on the subject will be so much as it is deemed prudent to notice in the columns of the *Moniteur*.

We will not be led aside from the point really at issue by the sarcasm which Monsieur Bonaparte levels against the English constitution. We are quite content that it should be denounced by the man "who swore to remain faithful to the republic, and to fulfil all the duties imposed by the constitution;" who "declared that this oath should command his future conduct, and that he would fulfil it like a man of honor;" who "denounced as enemies of the country all those who should endeavor to change, by illegal means, that which all France had established;" and who, after these things, made the revolution of the 2d of December, 1851. Such a man is no judge of compacts—for him they have no existence, and we are well content that our glorious constitution should be honored by his hatred and sanctified by his fear.

Neither will we be led aside by the imputations which the Autocrat of the Elysée does not disdain to throw upon ourselves. We are content to

receive such unfounded imputations as "a first warning," but cannot condescend to answer them, although brought forward by the absolute lord and master of thirty-six millions of the bravest and most intelligent of the human race. Let Monsieur Bonaparte call us "the passionate interpreter of hostile parties," "the representative of an interested opposition," and strive to persuade the nation which he has duped and dragooned, that his government can have nothing to fear from honest conviction. True, as he says, we are not, like the *Moniteur*, the organ of a nation; but in this instance, at any rate, we are something more—the organ of the conscience of the human race, the organ of that feeling which distinguishes man from brute, the mouthpiece of that unbending law of morality which perjured judges cannot pervert, and all the prestige of success cannot elude. To one accusation, however, which the irritation of Monsieur Bonaparte has induced him to make against us, we must reply. We approved, he says, of former revolutions, not because they were conquests made by the people, but on account of the blood which was shed. It is, therefore, we suppose, because the 2d or rather 4th December was bloodless, that we have been unable to give in our adhesion to its success? Surely the recommendation of blood, if that were to our taste, was not wanting, when, in the broad daylight, in the most public thoroughfares of Paris, twelve hundred harmless passers-by, unarmed, and without a show of resistance, were murdered by the drunken soldiery whom Monsieur Bonaparte had bribed for that purpose! No; if we dissent from the revolution of the 2d of December, it is not because it has not shed blood enough. The proper anniversary is the 4th of December, and it should be celebrated at the *Marché des Innocens*. The name, at any rate, might recall mothers murdered with children in their arms, old men slain on their thresholds, children of seven years old massacred, as well as the other glories which the president takes so much credit to himself for not commemorating.

The real question is, have we been dreaming all this while? Is it a pretence that France is disinherited of all her rights, that political life exists no longer for her, as the *Times* dares to assert? And is she, on the contrary, as Monsieur Bonaparte declares, making the first essay of the most unbounded liberty? If France has political life, we shall find it, like animal life, in the perfection of her organs, her senate, her legislature, her generals, her magistracy, her local councils, and, above all, in her press. Her courts are at this moment presided over by the very men who met together on the 2d of December to declare the president deposed for treason and perjury, who took the oath of fidelity to this very person in the month of April, and who now administer in his name so much of the law as he has suffered to exist, so often as he allows it to have its course. The army is commanded by the same General Magnan, who, on the trial of Monsieur Bonaparte before the Chamber of Peers for the attempt at Boulogne, overwhelmed him with his contempt for his unsuccessful attempt to corrupt him. Since then the attempt has been renewed, and with better success. Here, also, we can find no political life. The Senate is a band of mercenary pensioners, without power, and without character, and the legislative body is barely allowed to testify its disapprobation of the ruinous extravagance it is not permitted to check. There is no life here. But

there is universal suffrage, and, though every institution which that suffrage can appoint is sedulously denuded of all authority and dignity, universal suffrage compensates for this trivial defect by the splendor of its name. But, to make this suffrage anything, the elector should be allowed not merely a vote, but a choice. Liberty implies an alternative, and that alternative the French government does not allow. As well not elect at all as be forced to vote for the nominee of the government, and thus disgrace an institution they are not permitted to use. We are, then, justified in concluding that in France at present there is no political life; and, if we pass from institutions to acts, we shall find in the plunder of the Orleans family, and the hulks of Lambessa and Cayenne, gorged with thousands of unconvicted exiles, the best proof that the great end of human society—protection of person and property from the aggressions of lawless power, is not included in the plan of the present government of France.

If this be a faithful picture of the present state of France—and who can deny that it is so!—have we not a right to wonder at the degeneracy of a nation which, under the load of degradation and misery which this man has brought upon it, can find time or taste for reviews and processions, for rockets and transparencies? And does not the spectacle of Cæsarean France, with her servile senate, her mercenary generals, her mixed ministries of pleasure and business, her fierce pratorians, and her pliant magistrates, necessarily force upon us a comparison with the darker periods of the Roman empire? Monsieur Bonaparte aims at too much. The press of France would long since have said so, but her press is mute. Her tribune would have said so, but her tribune is dumb. A nation may be free and proud, or enslaved and submissive; but it is idle to expect that France can be made by any art vain of her slavery and proud of her dishonor. In the false praises of the *Moniteur* there is more offence than in our honest and open censures. Servitude is only the more galling when it is called freedom, and despotism never so insulting as when it wears the mask of liberality. Monsieur Bonaparte repudiates comparisons with the Lower Empire of Rome. Can he trace no family likeness to one personage, at least, in the sketch which Gibbon gives of Commodus? "Amid the acclamations of a flattering court he was unable to disguise from himself that he had deserved the contempt and hatred of every man of sense and virtue in his empire; his ferocious spirit was irritated by the consciousness of that hatred, by the envy of every kind of merit, and by the just apprehension of danger."

SOME critics are like the valiant flies mentioned by Shakspeare, who dare to eat their breakfast on the lip of a lion.

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

DESPAIR gives the same fatal ease to the mind that mortification does to the body.

SELF-ESTEEM is a high-bred steed, that bounds over the asperities of life. Self-conceit a blind hack, which knocks its head against every impediment.

FANATICISMS are the sudden blazings-up of loose-textured minds.

From the *Athenæum*, 28th Aug.

LORD MAHON AND MR. SPARKS.

Reply to the Strictures of Lord Mahon and Others on the Mode of Editing the Writings of Washington. By JARED SPARKS.

Letter to Jared Sparks, Esq.; being a Rejoinder, &c. By LORD MAHON. Murray.

A PAPER war is raging between Lord Mahon and Mr. Jared Sparks, the American editor of the twelve-volume edition of the writings of Washington. In the last published volume of his "History of England," the English writer accused the American editor of having tampered with the integrity of his texts. Mr. Sparks replied—and Lord Mahon has answered the reply. From the two published letters, it is possible to obtain a clear perception of the cause and state of the controversy—which, in a few words, we will lay before our readers. Lord Mahon's accusation—an accusation, let us say, not made for the first time by him—was threefold; it charged Mr. Sparks with having omitted certain passages from the letters of Washington—with having altered others—and with having added some. Mr. Sparks admits the first and second charges, and justifies his practice. Having to condense into twelve volumes as much matter as would have filled fifty, it was necessary to omit a good deal—and in some of the rejected passages it is easy, he allows, to find notices of events or traits of character which a neutral person shall consider of public interest. With respect to alteration, Mr. Sparks contends that he has only corrected obvious slips of the pen, bad spelling, false grammar, and so forth. Had he done no more, there would have been little occasion to complain; but we are of opinion that the examples of change and suppression adduced by Lord Mahon go a long way towards proving that the system of the American editor was based on a desire rather to please certain States and families in the Union by the omission of passages, than to preserve the integrity of historical truth. The most serious charge—that of adding to the text—Lord Mahon has seen good cause to withdraw as not sustainable; and he has done this with so much frankness and unreserve as in some measure to atone for the haste and rashness with which it was originally made.

From the same, 4th Sept.

IN our Gossip columns of last week we gave our readers some insight into the particulars of a literary dispute which has arisen between Lord Mahon and Jared Sparks relative to the manner in which the latter had dealt with the letters and papers submitted to him for his edition of the writings of Washington. Less for the sake of the immediate quarrel itself than for that of once more asserting our view of the principles which it involves—and which are of vital importance to the integrity of history—we think it well here to treat the subject at somewhat greater length.

The question, in fact, has taken a shape more general and important from the way in which it has been handled. As Lord Mahon had charged three special offences on the editorial shoulders of Mr. Sparks, only one of which could be met with a distinct negative, it seemed necessary to the American writer to quit the special ground of defence to the indictment preferred against him, and go in search of reasons for maintaining—not

that the facts were contrary to the charges, but that the charges were not sustained by the law of the case. With respect to Washington's letters and papers, he does not deny that he has altered and omitted very considerably; but he contends that what he has done in these respects has been done in conformity with the rules. The question, then, is—What are the rules? What are the limits of an editor's license in dealing with the texts which come into his hands for publication? On this important point there are considerable differences of opinion between Mr. Sparks and Lord Mahon;—and, for ourselves, we feel bound to differ from them both. It is the more necessary to look into this matter on account of the literary papers with which one of the parties to the controversy is already charged. Lord Mahon—as our readers know—is the literary executor of Sir Robert Peel and of the Duke of Wellington; and it is of considerable importance to recent and contemporary history, that no false theory of an editor's duty should interfere to injure the truth and completeness of the historic documents which it has become his duty to prepare and publish.

Mr. Jared Sparks—who, let it be fully acknowledged, edited Washington's papers on a system which, whether right or wrong, he avowed and described in the first volume of his work—is of opinion, that "it is the solemn duty" of an editor "to correct obvious slips of the pen, occasional inaccuracies of expression, and manifest faults of grammar, which the writer himself, if he could have revised his own manuscripts, would never for a moment have allowed to appear in print:"—and to that extent Lord Mahon—whose charge against Mr. Sparks is for tamperings of a more serious kind—is willing to concede the duty—or, at least, the right. But we suspect that most men of letters will consider this a very dangerous assumption of editorial authority; and we think that Lord Mahon is not sufficiently alive to the perils involved in the concession of such powers. A conscientious historian will not trust himself with so dangerous an exercise of responsibility. They who know the power of even a comma to alter the complexion of a sentence, will carefully refrain from even the slightest chance of miscoloring the original draft. The text of the historian will of course reflect his own reading of the documents on which it is based;—but the documents which are the final witnesses for or against him must when produced in their own name have no interpreters but themselves. Remembering the transforming value of a word, we must not have a single foreign word put into the mouths of the witnesses, even for the sake of euphony. Since a meaning may disappear at the conjuration of grammar, we cannot suffer the schoolmaster to interfere with the materials of history.—Even on lower grounds than the importance of keeping the evidence ungarbled, we cannot agree with Mr. Sparks or with Lord Mahon. We might be quite willing to receive Washington's final version, with corrections, of his own earlier writings—though even in that case much that is characteristic, and even much that is true, must be lost. The thought of yesterday modified by the reflection of to-day is historically false. The exponents of passion—which is the modeller of action—subjected to the revision of the philosophic mood, lose their relation to the passion and their power of illustrating the action. Still, if there is to be correction, it must be only in the original handwriting. How is Mr. Sparks to discover what Washington would,

or would not, have allowed to appear in print? At the time when he wrote, he would probably have left in his publication all the passion, heartiness, and vehemence—at the end of a century, the sage of Mount Vernon would as probably have cancelled much, and altered more, before allowing his papers to go to press. Then, even if an editor had a right to put himself in Washington's place, and strike out of his letters what *he* "would never have allowed to appear in print," which Washington must such editor personate—the young general, in the thick of the fight, with the emotions of the scene upon him—in a word, the *historical* man—or the abstract and imaginary sage poring coldly over the documents in which the story of a revolution is written nearly a hundred years after the events? Certainly the first, if either. What is wanted by the world—not only as a matter of integrity, but as a matter of interest—is, the story of the trials, the passion, the vicissitude of the time as they existed—not as a person looking back to them may prefer that they should have occurred. Thus, for a chronological, if for no better, reason, Mr. Sparks cannot have been able to put himself in Washington's place—and he had therefore no right to change a word on that ground. Besides, what is gained by such alteration as Lord Mahon charges against the American Editor? To quote one or two examples:—

Where, for example, Washington in familiar correspondence mentions "Old Put," you have made him say "General Putnam" (April 1, 1776); that where he speaks of a small sum as "but a flea-bite at present," you have substituted the words "totally inadequate to our demands at this time" (November 28, 1775); that where, in the same letter, he complains of an incompetent secretary, and adds, "I shall make a lame hand, therefore, to have two of this kidney," you prefer to lean on the preceding paragraph that they cannot "render that assistance which is expected of them." . . . You will not allow him, as he appears in your pages, to call Lord Dunmore "that arch-traitor to the rights of humanity" (Dec. 15, 1775); or the English people "a nation which seems to be lost to every sense of virtue, and to those feelings which distinguish a civilized people from the most barbarous savages" (Jan. 31, 1776). Again, where Washington really wrote that in the Carolinas, "Mr. Martin's first attempt [through those universal instruments of tyranny, the Scotch] has met with its deserved success," you leave out the passage within the brackets (April 1, 1776).

The loss is here apparent. Some racy and idiomatic expressions, as full of character as they are redolent of the tent and of the strife in which the great actor was engrossed, are dropped out of the record of the day—and some cold and commonplace paraphrases, without life or soul in them, are given, not as Mr. Sparks' emendations, but as Washington's own language.

Lord Mahon puts a case to Mr. Sparks:—

There is [he writes] a letter of Washington's in which he complains that in an affair at Haerlem (Sept. 16, 1776) two brigades which he mentions had behaved ill—in fact, had run away. Now let us suppose that the first intelligence had proved inaccurate, and that these troops had really done their duty. Why, then, might not a later Editor argue on your principle, that Washington, were he alive, would have no other wish than to do justice to his soldiers—that he would have been eager to correct his false impressions—that his Editor is bound to bring his despatch to the same state as he would have brought it—that

the change may be easily made (let us suppose) by half a word—and that, therefore, instead of "behaved ill," we ought to see in print "behaved well!" In short, I would ask you, sir, upon the principle which you seem to think the privilege of an Editor, what safe line for historic truth can possibly be drawn?

The truth is, we repeat, that there is but one safe rule for an editor to adopt. If he is editing original papers—and publishing them as originals—he must re-produce them textually and literally. A low word often involves a trait of character. A mis-spelling or a slip in the grammar—if habitual, is a part of the writer's story—if not, is a comment on the text, which may serve, like the blot of a tear, to explain the circumstances under which it was written.—The historian, of course, is not fettered by the same laws as the editor. He is bound to produce the substance of his documents, but in his own form, and according to his own interpretation. He may translate and paraphrase:—the editor must be exact and literal.

From Chambers' Journal.

THINGS TALKED OF IN LONDON.

AN official notice from the Post-office states, that from the first of the present month London is to be placed on the same footing, with respect to letters, as the rest of the country—that is, they must either be stamped before being posted, or sent unpaid. This is a measure which will materially diminish the labor of keeping accounts at the central office; and the more that labor is saved, the more will there be left to facilitate postal communication. Books and periodicals can now be sent to most of our colonies at the rate of a shilling a pound—a fact which those who have hitherto sent their parcels at any one's trouble and expense but their own, will do well to bear in mind. Ocean Penny Postage is growing into favor, and is talked about in such a way as to show that the project will not be left to take care of itself.

The French are going to send a new Scientific Exploring Expedition to South America, chiefly for researches in Brazil and Paraguay. Perhaps the veteran Bonpland, who was so long detained by the dictator Francia, may be induced to come home in it, as he has written to express his desire of returning to France. And something has been said, at Washington, about sending a couple of frigates to survey the great river Amazon, in which, as the official document states, there is a sufficient depth of water to float a large ship at the foot of the Andes, 1500 miles from the sea. America will surely be well known some day. Meanwhile, we are extending our knowledge of Africa; a map of that country is about to be published, comprising the whole region from the equator to nineteen degrees of south latitude. In this recent discoveries will be laid down, and we shall see Mr. Galton's route of 1600 miles from Walfish Bay to Odonga, near a large river named the Nourse, and to the country of the Ovampo, described as an intelligent tribe of natives. We shall find, also, that the snow-peaked mountains seen by the German missionaries, and considered to be the source of the White Nile, are not more than about 300 miles distant from the eastern coast; and it is said that no more promising enterprise could be undertaken than an attempt to ascend and explore them, starting from Mombas. Barth and Overweg were at

the eastern end of Lake Tchad when last heard from ; and we are told that the slave-traders, finding their occupation decreasing on the western coast, have lately, for the first time, penetrated to the interior, and tempted many of the natives to sell their children for showy European goods. Lieutenant Macleod, of the Royal Navy, proposes to ascend the Niger in a steam-launch, and, when up the country, to cross over to, and descend the Gambia, with a view to discover new sources of trade ; and Mr. Macgregor Laird is still ready to carry a vessel up any river of the western coast to which government may please to send him. Besides the travellers mentioned, there are others pushing their way in different parts of the south ; and the French are not idle in the north—they have added to our information concerning Abyssinia, and the countries bordering on the Great Desert. But, in addition to African geography, all these explorations have added to our knowledge of African geology. A vast portion of the interior is supposed to have been an inland sea, of which Ngami and other lakes are the remains ; fossil bones of most peculiar character have been found, but only of terrestrial and fresh-water animals. A name is already given to a creature of a remote secondary period ; Professor Owen, from the examination of a few relics, pronounces it to be a *Dicynodon*. According to Sir R. Murchison, such have been the main features of Africa during countless ages ; "for the old rocks which form her outer fringe, unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the *dicynodon* flourished at a time when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of our globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes, rivers, or marshes, extending from Lake Tchad to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are, therefore, but the great modern, residual, geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age."

Research is as active as ever in France. M. Bernard, who is well known as a physiologist and anatomist, after a careful study of the salivary glands, finds that each of the three, common to nearly all animals, furnishes a different secretion. The saliva from the sublingual gland is viscous and sticky, fit to moisten the surface of substances, but not to penetrate them, giving them a coat which facilitates their being swallowed ; that from the parotid gland, on the contrary, is thin and watery, easily penetrates substances taken into the mouth, and thereby favors their assimilation ; while the saliva from the submaxillary gland is of a nature between these two. These facts were verified by soaking portions of the membrane in water, as well as by experiments on the living subject ; the liquid in which they were soaked presented the same character as that of the secretions.

The varying of the parotid secretion with the nature of the food taken, is considered by M. Bernard to be a proof that this secretion is especially intended to favor mastication. A horse kept on perfectly dry food gives out a far greater quantity than when the food is moistened. Experiments on the dog and rabbit supplied similar results ; and, extraordinary as it may appear, the gland will secrete saliva in the course of an hour weighing eight or ten times as much as its own tissue. A striking example this of the rapidity with which saliva can be separated from the blood under certain circumstances, and of the fallacy of founding

conclusions on the quantity secreted within the twenty-four hours.

The sublingual gland is inert during mastication, and only begins to act as swallowing commences, when it envelops or lubricates the chewed substance with a fluid that assists its passage to the stomach. The function of the submaxillary has much to do with taste ; the fluid which it pours out dilutes and diminishes the pungent flavor of sapid substances, and at the same time weakens the energy of their contact. The three organs are identical in texture, though so different in their secretions ; "each gland," as M. Bernard says, "having a special act, its function is exercised under separate and independent influences. Notwithstanding their discharging into and mixing in the mouth, their use remains distinct," as above stated. To complete this brief summary of an interesting subject, it may be added, that birds and reptiles have but one kind of saliva, answering to the viscous in mammalia.

M. F. SUDRE'S "UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE."

We were present, in the Hanover-square Rooms, says the "Morning Chronicle," at a series of experiments intended to demonstrate the possibility of a system of "Universal Language," of which M. Sudre claims to be the inventor. So far as we could make out, however, the invention appeared to be rather one for facilitating expression or communication, from individual to individual, in any language—in fact, a sort of vocal short-hand—than anything which can lay claim to being a universal tongue. M. Sudre takes the seven notes of the octave—the *do, re, mi, &c.*, in fact—and manages to express, by means of them, any short sentence. That he can do so, he proved by the following process. Upon the platform of the Hanover-square Rooms was placed a young lady. M. Sudre took his station beneath this platform, on a level with the spectators, and invited any of the latter to write a French sentence upon a board perfectly invisible to the young lady, who was the interpreter. We ought to mention that the musical alphabet can be conveyed by a musical instrument, by the voice enunciating the *do, re, mi, &c.*, and by signs of the fingers, like the deaf and dumb alphabet. The first sentence written was *Quelle heure est il ?* M. Sudre played a few disjointed notes on the violin, and the interpreter at once enunciated the sentence. This process was repeated at least a dozen of times with different phrases. Sometimes the young lady stated that she could not make out every word, but that she had deciphered enough to understand the thought expressed, a position which any short-hand reporter will perfectly appreciate. The written sentences were afterwards conveyed by the enunciation of the symbols formed by the names of the notes of the octave, and with the same success. M. Sudre enunciated very distinctly such a sentence as "do-sol-fa-mi-si-re-la-do," and so on, and the interpreter repeated the French words written on the board. The process of conveyance was then shown by gesture, on the ordinary principle of the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, which it was evident would apply to the new system as well as to ordinary language ; and the experiments terminated, leaving—so far as we were concerned—the impression that M. Sudre had invented an ingenious process of vocal stenography, but that the universal language was still left in the dark.

We had, next, experiments demonstrating the Telephonic system, of which the same gentleman is the inventor. Telephony is a simpler form of the "Langue-Universelle" principle, and is destined for the conveyance of military and naval orders. It seems to be capable of being practically useful, more so, indeed, than the more pretentious application of the theory. Thus M. Sudre takes a book of French military signals, and one of the company selects from it a phrase—perhaps, "L'ennemi nous attaque au droit." A bugler placed at the extreme end of the room, under M. Sudre's directions, sounds a few notes, and the young lady interprets them into the communication selected. The same thing was done with peculiar rolls of the drum—and also by means of combinations of strokes upon bass drums—intended to represent the tones of cannon of different calibre, each tone standing for a note, but only three notes being used—the octaves and the intermediate fourth of G.

That M. Sudre has invented a very ingenious method of abridging words so as to represent them either by the seven musical sounds or by the names of the seven musical sounds of the octave, and that his plan can, under certain circumstances and for certain purposes, be made very useful, is at all events indisputable. In reference to the universal language, our ideas are still unenlightened, but we cordially recommend our readers to attend M. Sudre's very curious *séances* and judge for themselves.

FARMER'S ALMANAC.—Mr. Livermore, of this city, has published No. 57 of Leavitt's Farmer's Almanac. The preface announces that Mr. Dudley Leavitt, the author, after having edited the successive numbers of this work for more than half a century, died September 20, 1851, aged 80 years. One might have anticipated, from such an event, that the successive numbers of the Almanac would cease, or at least that the labor of preparing them would have devolved upon another hand. But it seems that Mr. Leavitt was so fully prepared for the event, as far at least as his astronomical labors were concerned, that not only the Almanac for the then ensuing year was completed, but the preface adds:—

"Mr. Leavitt had in his hands, *perfectly prepared for the printer*, in his legible chirography, the manuscripts of his Almanac, each carefully and neatly sewed into a book, for *every year up to 1857 inclusive*. Besides the incalculable labor required to bring these manuscripts into their present perfect shape, Mr. Leavitt had prepared *tables for his Almanac from 1858 to 1899, inclusive*."

This is a degree of punctuality, of which there are few examples, especially in the editorship of a periodical work.—*Daily Advertiser*.

From Household Words.

KILSPINDIE.

KING James to royal Stirling town
Was riding from the chase,
When he was aware of a banished man
Returned without his grace.

The man stood forward from the crowd
In act to make appeal;
Said James, but in no pleasant tone,
"Yonder is my Gray-steel."

He knew him not by his attire,
Which was but poor in plight;
He knew him not by his brown curls,
For they were turned to white;

He knew him not by followers,
For want had made them strange;
He knew him by his honest look,
Which time could never change.

Kilspindie was a Douglas bold,
Who, when the king was young,
Had pleased him like the grim Gray-steel,
Of whom sweet verse is sung:

Had pleased him by his sword that cropped
The knights of their renown,
And by a foot so fleet and firm,
No horse could tire it down.

But James hath sworn an angry oath,
That as he was king crowned,
No Douglas ever more should set
His foot on Scottish ground.

Too bold had been the Douglas race,
Too haughty and too strong;
Only Kilspindie of them all
Had never done him wrong.

"A boon! a boon!" Kilspindie cried;
"Pardon that here am I;
In France I have grown old and sad,
In Scotland I would die."

Kilspindie knelt, Kilspindie bent,
His Douglas pride was gone;
The king he neither spoke nor looked,
But sternly rode straight on.

Kilspindie rose, and pace for pace
Held on beside the train,
His cap in hand, his looks in hope,
His heart in doubt and pain.

Before them lay proud Stirling hill,
The way grew steep and strong,
The king shook bridle suddenly,
And up swept all the throng.

Kilspindie said within himself;
"He thinks of Auld Lang Syne,
And wishes pleasantly to see
What strength may still be mine."

On rode the court, Kilspindie ran,
His smile grew half distressed;
There was n't a man in that company,
Save one, but wished him rest.

Still on they rode, and still ran he,
His breath he scarce could get:
There was n't a man in that company,
Save one, with eyes unwet.

The king has entered Stirling town,
Nor ever graced him first;
Kilspindie sat him down, and asked
Some water for his thirst.

But they had marked the monarch's face,
And how he kept his pride;
And old Kilspindie in his need
Is water's self denied.

Ten weeks thereafter, severed still
From Scotland's dear embrace,
Kilspindie died of broken heart,
Sped by that cruel race.

Ten years thereafter, his last breath
King James as sadly drew;
And though he died of many thoughts,
Kilspindie crossed him too.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

The History of Mary Queen of Scots. By F. A. MIGNET. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

AMONGST all the modes of settling a dispute, and satisfying the earnest longing for justice which disturbs the heart of man, perhaps the old method, by single combat, presents most points of immediate satisfaction; there is something so entirely congenial to the feelings in seeing a cause personified, and adequately represented. Much of this present satisfaction is experienced when we find in the page of history some grand struggle maintained, some vital question worked out, by men alive to their responsibilities, equal to the important interests they support, and with minds and tempers akin to the principles they advocate. Such a combat and such champions we find in the period we are now called on to consider—a period not less remarkable for the mighty interests involved in the battle then fought out, than for the personal qualities of those engaged in it, and their singular adaptation to the parts they severally played. It may be said, indeed, that circumstances have the power of moulding characters, and fitting them to the form assigned them, but the adaptation here is something much more particular and appropriate. Had any of the leading characters in this drama changed places, we see that the results might have been altogether different, and these differences of such magnitude, as to alter the whole face of society abroad and at home, even down to the present day.

The course of events connected with the unhappy queen whose character is the subject of our article, by turns brings before us all the principal personages of that period; around her they often group themselves, and with her all were intimately concerned; so closely, indeed, that the contact always develops their inner nature, unmasks their designs and motives, and tests and tries them, as some great power of nature tests every substance that is brought within its influence. It is a test popularly considered fatal to the magnanimity of our great Elizabeth, and to the disinterestedness of Scotland's great statesman: a test to bring out in glaring relief all the fierceness of Knox's nature; to reveal the secret sources of France's duplicity; and the cruelty, the treachery, the ambition of Spain; and to make manifest the utter corruption which lay on the surface at least of the old religion, and to expose every failure of sincerity, reverence, and charity, in that form which superseded it. False herself, Mary of Scotland is yet the mirror of truth to those who approach her; we see in every instance the bad in blacker colors, and the pure gold of the best sullied by an alloy, which need not have been detected, but for the severe trial she brings them to.

The fair, candid, impartial mind finds in the records of Mary and her times lessons of such rare interest and importance, such a far and clear insight into persons, motives, and the secret springs of great events, as will repay the toils of the most laborious search. But for any real good, for the ascertaining of truth, for fulfilling any of the uses

and purposes of history, candor and impartiality are so important, are indispensable in so stringent a sense of the term, that we may say it is better not to study them at all, than to do so in any other spirit; and experience shows us how hard it is for those who bring themselves within reach of Mary's fascinations, to preserve these qualities. For her beauty lives still; three hundred years have passed, and her smiles and tears have yet power to move the heart, and to pervert the judgment. Those well-known features reign over the imagination as though we beheld them with our eyes; we look in her face and forget, not only all that can be said, but, alas! all that can be proved, against her. If this be so now, it was surely a happy thing for England that while all this beauty lived and breathed, our country lay under a woman's rule. Most unfortunate Mary must have deemed it. No king could have withstood the temptation once to behold those charms, no man could have resisted their influence. What would have been the end, who can tell? Had she once come a suppliant before him, the world might have seen the ancient tale realized—

In robe and crown the king came down
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

And so she might have slid into the unguarded throne, which she never abandoned the hope of one day possessing. Even Elizabeth seems to have known that her safety lay in distance, that it was risking too much to indulge a natural curiosity. We can hardly, indeed, overrate what might have been Mary's living power under favoring circumstances, when we see to what an extent her fascinations blind the moral sense of her historians and apologists at this distant period of time; when we note the tender names they give to her errors, what efforts they make to elude them, how shrinkingly they approach the mention of them, how hastily they pass them over, how petulantly unjust it renders them to all beside, applying all the severer moral standard to her fellow-actors for the license they allow themselves in her solitary exceptional case.

M. Mignet, her latest biographer, and whose work, ably condensing as it does much new matter, has given the subject a fresh interest, is better described as Mary's admirer than her apologist; for having a taste, and, we must believe also, a tender conscience, for historic accuracy, there is no want of fairness to complain of in his detail of the facts of his heroine's story; her worst enemy (the epithet invariably applied to every conscientious believer in Mary's guilt in the one great transaction of her life) never brought together so great a weight of evidence against her. In fact, he believes all the bad she has ever been charged with. The remarkable point in M. Mignet is, that this conviction of guilt in no way seems to affect his feelings towards her. She still occupies in his mind the niche of injured innocence and virtue. Now and then, it is true, the urgency of the case drags from him some unwilling phrases of condemnation; but the tone of his work is sympathizing

admiration. We know not what may be the secret cause for this perverted judgment. Whether it is to be found in his pride, as a Frenchman, in Mary's beauty and grace, herself half a Frenchwoman by birth, and wholly by education; or whether it proceeds from an equally patriotic hatred of Elizabeth as a main author of our national greatness, it is not easy to decide; probably both these motives have their influence; certain it is that Elizabeth gets all the hard words, is the object of all the virtuous indignation our author has to bestow; and that the same faults which in Mary are passed over without comment, or even sometimes with a lofty tribute of praise to her talent, ingenuity, and matchless resources, are in Elizabeth denounced in a storm of righteous censure. The course of our narrative will afford sufficient proof of this, without lingering at the outset to substantiate our charge. We who are compelled, however ungallantly, to take Mignet's facts—borne out as they are by every trustworthy previous history—and to form our own severer conclusions upon them, must proceed, without further delay, to detail these facts as recent search has confirmed, and thrown new light upon them; first attempting to show that in spite of the elegance of Mary's education, and the apparent promise of her youth, there was nothing in her early training to render the darker pages of his history impossible, nor more uncongenial and unnatural than great crimes must always be, when we set ourselves deliberately, and in cool blood, to account for them.

Mary is universally called unfortunate and unhappy—too often, to screen her from severer and more appropriate epithets. But unhappy and unfortunate she may be truly called in the circumstances of her childhood and of her education. For what greater mishap could have befallen a beautiful and innocent child, than to be taken from a mother's care to be reared in the bosom of the Court of France, under the eye and immediate superintendence of her uncle the Cardinal of Lorraine, the most infamous member of the house of Guise, and under the maternal care and example of her mother-in-law, Catharine of Medici, that type and byword of falsehood and cruel treachery! Of this court M. Mignet gives us the following picture:—

This court was then the most magnificent, the most elegant, the most joyous, and, we must add, the most lax in Europe. Still retaining certain military customs of the middle ages, and at the same time conforming to the intellectual usages of the time of the *renaissance*, it was half-chivalric and half-literary, mingling tournaments with studies, hunting with erudition, mental achievements with bodily exercises, the ancient and rough games of skill and strength with the novel and delicate pleasures of the arts. Nothing could equal the splendor and vivacity which Francis I. had introduced into his court, by attracting thither all the principal nobility of France, by educating as pages therein young gentlemen of all the provinces, by adorning it with nearly two hundred ladies belonging to the greatest families in the kingdom, and by establishing it sometimes in the splendid palaces of Fontainebleau and St. Germain, which he had either built or beautified on the banks of the Seine, and sometimes in the spacious castles of Blois and Amboise, which his predecessors had inhabited on the banks of the Loire. A careful imitator of his father's example, Henry II. kept up the same magnificence at his court, which was presided over with as much grace as activity by the subtle Italian, Catharine de Medici, whose character had been formed

by Francis I., who had admitted her into the *petite bande des dames favorites* with whom he used to hunt the stag, and frequently sport with alone in his pleasure-houses! The men were constantly in the company of the women; the queen and her ladies were present at all the games and amusements of Henri II. and his gentlemen, and accompanied them in the chase. The king, on his part, together with the noblemen of his retinue, used to pass several hours every morning and evening in the apartments of Catharine de Medici. "There," says Brantôme, "there was a host of human goddesses, some more beautiful than others; every lord and gentleman conversed with her he loved best; whilst the king talked to the queen, his sister, the dauphiness (Mary Stuart), and the princesses together with those lords and princes who were seated nearest him." As the kings themselves had avowed mistresses, they were desirous that their subjects should follow their example, "and if they did not do so," says Brantôme, "they considered them coxcombs and fools."—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 87.

It is of this court, and its influence upon the susceptible mind of childhood, that M. Mignet ventures to say, that Mary "during this period only gained benefit from it" (p. 40), as if, because she was not old enough to take an active share in its immoralities, that therefore her moral sense was not infected by the atmosphere in which she lived. Whereas it was this union of elegance and polish with deep depravity which constituted its chief danger. She might under another aspect have learnt to view sin with horror and disgust; but in this gay domestic social scene of wickedness, in which even religion was by no means shut out, and was universally acknowledged and respected, such a foundation of laxity and tolerance of evil was laid, as offers the readiest solution for all the subsequent errors of her life. Mary had infinite charms and graces, but there is hardly any indication of her possessing a conscience; as far as in them lay, those polished princes and cardinals strangled it in the cradle, to make her more like themselves, more the creature of their designs. Nothing is more fearful amongst these masters of dissimulation and profligacy, of which that bad court furnished so many examples, than the absence of remorse after their ill deeds are done. Less sinners show us a mind in torment, full of anguish, if not repentance, when the tempter abandons them to their fate; but these gigantic criminals, these wholesale plotters, and poisoners, and assassins, who filled the earth with their deeds of violence, seem to have been able to sustain their courage and their audacity to the end. No lifted veil reveals what should have been the terrors of Charles IX.'s last hours; he died calmly, his hand clasped in that of his mother Catharine. We might call it an exemplary end, but that there is no sign, no confession, not one symptom of repentance for one of the blackest crimes that disgrace our nature. And the reason for this must be that with them the very salt had lost its savor; their religion was corrupt, as being disconnected with purity of life. Party spirit, no less than self-indulgence, led to this fatal result. With many a grievous failing in Christian love and charity, the Reformers did yet preach morality; and because they did so, and had used the universal decay of it as a powerful weapon against the religion in power, therefore those in spiritual high places did too often only the more defy and disregard the moral precepts of the Gospel, only the more held monstrous transgressions of purity and truth as

venial, because that opposite party sternly upheld them. And when Mary early learnt to abhor John Knox, and to reverence and to yield herself to the guidance of her profligate uncle, she learnt, alas ! at the same time, to hate along with him the stern moral law which he preached. She learnt to form a wholly different standard of what constituted a faithful child of the church ; and, in spite of the sins of her life, it does not seem that according to her own judgment she ever fell short of it.

The difficulties which exist against forming a correct and unanimous judgment on the character of this queen cannot certainly be attributed to a want of materials. No period of history was ever laid more bare, more completely exposed for subsequent investigation ; and this constantly in the very handwriting of the parties most concerned. What was scarcely whispered three hundred years ago, is now proclaimed on the house-tops—plots and dark designs, which it would have been rack and torture, and death to reveal then, all the world may now peruse in all the comfort of fair type and drawing-room security. The schemes against this nation in particular, what Mary wrote to Philip, and Philip wrote to the Pope, and all that the Pope replied, and all that Alva advised and projected, which would once have made the faint-hearted give up their country for lost, are now food for easy triumph or amused speculation. In addition to the innumerable histories and narratives contemporary, or composed at intervals for different ends down to the present current year, we are informed by Prince Labanoff that in our State-paper Office alone the letters and papers relating to Mary Queen of Scots, collected and classed with the greatest care in chronological order, amount to sixty-nine bound folio volumes. The archives of France and Spain also contribute their share of curious confirmation. Mary's own letters which have escaped to this time amount to 736, and in the midst of documents of little interest, formal announcements, demands for safe conduct, and professions of friendship, which flowed so readily from Mary's pen, and meant so little, are some which reveal her very heart ; letters written in the heat of passion, and with a startling force of expression which brings her whole soul before us—and many equally remarkable for dignity of remonstrance, for a clear, terse statement of facts, and for readiness in turning those facts to her own advantage. At a time when most ladies could not write a letter at all ; when they could neither spell the words, nor compose a sentence, nor knew how to use these accomplishments for the purpose of expressing their thoughts, had they possessed them, Mary was an accomplished letter-writer ; the pen was her weapon—her letters, as compositions, may stand a comparison with those of the wisest and greatest men of her time. She began to write early, and the melancholy circumstances of her life, and her own indomitable spirit and restless temper, kept her in continual practice. Writing was the occupation of her life.

We need not remind our readers that Mary, a "beautiful infant" in her sixth year, accompanied by her "four Maries," the daughters of noble Scotch houses of the same age and name as herself, after being affianced to the dauphin, was committed by her mother, Mary of Lorraine and queen dowager of Scotland, to the care of her relations, and the French king, to be educated in her adopted country till she was of age to complete the marriage contract—a measure deemed necessary

from the disturbed state of Scotland, and the constant attempts of each party to obtain possession of the person of the young queen. In France she received an education fitted to develop every gift of nature.

She early displayed the varied gifts of her rich and charming nature. At ten years of age she astonished all who knew her by her maturity, and wrote to the queen dowager with delicate and precocious good sense. When thirteen years old she recited a Latin speech of her own composition in presence of the king, the queen, and the whole court, in the hall of the Louvre.—*Ibid.*, p. 41.

And again :—

Her mental and personal attractions were early developed. She was tall and beautiful ; her eyes beamed with intelligence and sparkled with animation. She had the most elegantly-shaped hands in the world. Her voice was sweet, her appearance noble and graceful, and her conversation brilliant. She early displayed those charms which were destined to make her an object of universal admiration, and which rendered even her infancy seductive. She had been brought up with the daughters of Catherine de Medici, and under the superintendence of the learned Margaret of France, the sister of Henry II.—*Ibid.*, p. 38.

She was educated with great care. She understood and spoke Latin with facility—she had considerable knowledge of history, knew several living languages, and we learn from Brantôme that she had a fine poetical taste.

She loved poetry and poets ; but, above all, M. de Ronsard, M. du Bellay, and M. de Maisonneuve, who have written beautiful verses and elegies on her. She herself composed and wrote verses, of which I have seen some beautiful and well written. She sang very well, accompanying herself on the lute, which she touched very prettily with that beautiful white hand of hers, and those fair, well-shaped fingers.—*Ibid.*, p. 43.

Her uncle, the cardinal, thus writes of her to his sister, the queen dowager of Scotland, when she had attained her tenth year :—

After having assured you of the prosperity and health of the said lords, I will tell you of those things which are most important to yourself, and from which you will receive most pleasure and satisfaction. It is, that the said lady, your daughter, is so grown, and, indeed, increases every day in height, goodness, beauty, wisdom, and virtues, that she is as perfect and accomplished in all things honest and virtuous as it is possible for her to be, and there is no one like her to be found, either among noble ladies or others, of what low or mean condition they may be. And I am constrained to tell you, madame, that the king takes such a liking to her, that he often amuses himself in chatting with her for an hour at a time, and she knows as well how to entertain him with good and wise conversation as any woman of five-and-twenty would.—*Labanoff*, vol. I., p. 9.

And going on to make arrangements with his sister for forming a separate establishment for her, suited to her rank, not being satisfied with the existing state of things :—

I advise that there should be nothing superfluous in the order of it, nor yet mean or sordid, which is what she hates more than anything in the world. And, believe me, madame, she has already so high and noble a courage, that she makes great demonstrations of being vexed, seeing herself in this inferior position.

and for this reason desires to see herself removed from the present guardianship, and to live in authority.

And at the end of the same letter :—

As for me, madame, all my happiness will lie in serving the mother and the daughter, and I will always attend to what it will please you to command me, and I hope so to manage that you shall be content. I only beg you, madame, to believe me satisfied that never was a daughter calculated to give greater contentment, or better brought up ; and I must not conceal from you that Madame de Parroys (her governess) does the best that it is possible to do, and be sure that God is well served, and after the old fashion. The bearer of this will tell you of the harangue which the queen, your daughter, made to the king.—*Ibid.*, p. 14.

Elsewhere he says :—

I can assure you, madame, that there is no one more beautiful and more virtuous than the queen, your daughter ; she governs both the king and the queen.—*Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 36.

It was probably unhappy for Mary's moral training that she was so charming and so teachable. Besides the importance for their own ends, which was the primary motive with her guardians, there was a positive pleasure in witnessing her aptitude for the part they designed her to play, and her quickness and docility in receiving their lessons ; the earliest lesson of this school—the great weapon of their policy—the art to be initiated into with the first dawn of reason and pursued and perfected through life, being duplicity and dissimulation. This poor child at ten showed herself no mean proficient—she showed herself at least thoroughly alive to its importance, and jealous of her own credit in this particular. There is something at once pretty and melancholy in the following letter to her mother, written at ten years old, which is justly quoted as an evidence of her precocious talent, and with less reason, for the promise which these early years held out. Children dearly love a secret ; it is quite congenial to their nature to have mysteries, and with requisite training they may become early adepts at concealment. It was Mary's misfortune, rather than her fault, that this natural propensity should have been cultivated and developed, and set off to her own mind with a great show of duty towards her mother :—

1552.

Madame—I have received the letters which you have been pleased to write to me by Axtus Asquin, by which I have learnt the pleasure you have felt that I have kept secret the things which it pleased you to send me. I can assure you, madame, that nothing that comes from you shall be known by me (*ne sera sceu par moy*). . . . I humbly beg you to believe that I shall not fail to obey you in everything in which you are pleased to command me, and to think that the chief wish I have in the world is to be obedient and agreeable to you, doing you every possible service as I am bound. I have seen, by your letters, that you beg me to approve the marriage-gift of the late M. Asquin to his son, who is here. I humbly entreat you never to give me anything but your commands, as to your very humble and very obedient daughter and servant, for otherwise I shall not think I have the happiness of being in your good graces. As for my master, I will do as you have told me. I have shown the letters you have been pleased to write to me to my uncle, Monsieur de Guise, thinking that you would wish it, though, after the directions you have given me, I should not have

shown them but that I was afraid I could not arrange things without his help. I write two other letters with my own hand ; the one concerning Mde. de Parroys, and the other for my master, that you may be able to show that of my said master without this, so that they may not think that you have told me anything about it. . . . I should have written to you in cipher, but my secretary has told me that it was not necessary, and that he was writing to you in cipher. I write also to my natural brother (*frère bastart*), according to the advice of my uncle, M. de Guise. The said letters are open, in order that you may deliver them if you approve of them.—*Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 6.

What a maze for a poor child's head of secrets and mysteries, and with what satisfaction our queen throws herself into these arcanæ ! We have no doubt she could at this time quite command both speech and countenance, so that no one about her should guess she knew what she did not choose to be supposed acquainted with. This is all very ingenious and clever in a child, but we do think may fairly make us mistrust the intrinsic sincerity of the " frank artless manner," and the " open and unsuspicious temper" her panegrists so constantly extol in her, and by which they will always interpret the hard facts of the case which give so contrary an impression. But our readers may think us harsh in deducing such consequences from a little girl's dutiful letter to her mamma. It is solely to show her an apt pupil in a bad system. This same bad system must also share the greater part of the blame in a subsequent act of atrocious duplicity, in the well known matter of the secret bonds she was induced to put her hand to when she reached the age of fifteen. Previous to her marriage with the Dauphin, and before the arrival of the Scotch commissioners, who were to bring the articles of agreement from the Scotch parliament, Henry and her uncles, the Guises, got her to sign three secret bonds. The first of these acts (Mignet, vol. i., p. 46) was a full and free donation of Scotland to the Kings of France, in case of her dying without heirs, in consideration of the services which those monarchs had at all times rendered to Scotland by defending her from England, *her ancient and inveterate enemies*, and especially for the assistance which she had received from Henry II., who had maintained her independence at his own expense during her minority ; the second act made over all the revenues of Scotland to France till a certain impossible sum, alleged to be due but not acknowledged by Scotland, should be paid ; and the third confirmed these preceding documents, *whatever public articles of agreement she might be induced to sign*. After stating that for certain reasons she had no means of opposing openly measures in Scotland which she disapproves, the protestation goes on :—

For this reason she has protested, and protests, that whatever agreement or consent she had made, or may make, to the articles and instructions sent by the estate of her kingdom, in case she dies without heirs, she wishes and intends that the dispositions made by her in that case for and to the profit of the Kings of France, remain entire, and have their full and entire effect in spite of the agreements and consents that she makes, or will make, hereafter, if any she makes, on these articles and instructions, or otherwise, as things that will be made directly against her will, desire, and intention.—*Labanoff*, vol. i., p. 66 ; *Tytler*, vol. vi., p. 70.

These three documents she signed voluntarily

and fifteen days after, with equal willingness, she signed publicly before the Scotch commissioners acts and agreements of a directly contrary import, securing the integrity of Scotland, its independence of France, and appointing an heir chosen by them in case of her dying without issue. The sin of this iniquitous transaction lies so heavily on the French court, that, by comparison, Mary, a child of fifteen, may be hardly said to bear the guilt of it; but it at least illustrates what her education had been, and what principles and practices she was already made familiar with.

It is quite in conformity with the tone of her education, that Mary should send a letter to her mother by these same commissioners, full of smooth, graceful satisfaction with everything and everybody, the king, the queen, her young husband, her relations and friends, and also with the favors that had been bestowed on these same duped commissioners, who "had been so well received and gratified in every possible way;" (*de tout ce qu'il a esté possible.*)

Mary is justly termed unfortunate, though not, as we have said, from the circumstances which are understood to obtain for her this affecting epithet; her misfortune seems really to lie in the fitness and congeniality of the position in which she was now placed with the leading features of her character. There was in herself nothing counter to the training she received—no resolute, independent sense of right and wrong to resist this false teaching. Things around her were all smooth, easy, and delightful, and she seems to have acquiesced without a doubt in the fact, that this was the way kings reigned, and nations were ruled. She at once acquired high ideas of the rights of sovereignty, especially of its superiority to, and independence of, every earthly tribunal; and low ones of the responsibilities of this exalted station, and of the duties which it imposes. Her sojourn in France deprived her of all feelings of nationality, so that she regarded her own country only as a dependency on her adopted kingdom, important to her as the source of her own power and greatness, but mere banishment and expatriation as her home. It is hardly a censure to say that Mary wanted patriotism, so removed was she from everything to excite this virtue; but still, on this point, we find a great contrast between her and her rival (to adopt the received phraseology) Elizabeth. We do not believe, that, had Elizabeth, even at the same early age, been exposed to the same temptation, she could have been induced by any power, or for the sake of any personal advantage, so to sign away her people and her country by a stroke of her pen. But the deep duplicity in which Mary was bred made nothing seem true or real. No promise was binding, nothing was what it seemed to be; and, consequently, the only objects worth striving for were pleasure and personal aggrandizement, and the only intellectual endowments to be cultivated were such as furthered these ends—external graces and accomplishments, and a certain subtle penetration, as far removed from the qualities of a sound judgment as cunning is from wisdom. What real good Henry and the Guises could have proposed to themselves by this sacrifice of the young queen's integrity, it is difficult to make out; any honest man would have seen it was a measure as impossible to carry out as it was unjust in conception, but it was only too much in conformity with the treacherous policy of those times. Beyond its moral influence on those concerned, and as illus-

trating the principles on which Mary's character was formed, it did, in fact, produce no fruit—it came to nothing. The next step taken by her under their advice had more definite consequences, though in itself less reprehensible. It was the first of the many "fatal" measures which mark her reign; fatal, as filling her own mind with pretensions she could never realize, and never abandon; and fatal, as bringing upon her the permanent jealousy and mistrust of that great queen, whose genius always ruled over Mary's. For if we will amuse ourselves with ideas of fatality, apart from the inevitable consequences of men's actions, to Mary might well have been addressed the soothsayer's warning words:—

Thy dæmon, that 's the spirit which keeps thee, is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where *hers* is not; but, near *her*, thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpowered; therefore
Make space enough between you.

It was an evil hour for Mary, when, insulting Elizabeth's honor and daring her vengeance, she called herself Queen of England;—an empty claim, as we regard it now, for Elizabeth knew so firmly how to keep her own, that we cannot understand what a strong grasp it needed; but no empty claim to either queen, never forgotten by her who was injured by it, nor in her inner intention once renounced by Mary. And it should be kept equally in mind by the student of those times, that, on Mary Tudor's death, Mary of Scotland did assert herself her heir to the English throne by virtue of the bull which declared Elizabeth illegitimate. For here we find a key to much of that "malignity," "vindictiveness," "envy," and "jealousy," which is ascribed to Elizabeth in all her dealings with Mary; sometimes most unjustly ascribed—for often Elizabeth acted like the truest friend to her rival, and did what her best friends did, or ought to have done—but, on other occasions, with too much color of truth. The jealousy that Elizabeth felt against Mary was not, we believe, that weak, personal sentiment, which it is assumed to be. It was not a vain woman's jealousy of another's superior attractions, but it was a queen's jealousy of a powerful rival, who had gifts and talents to assert her claims, and followers to maintain them. Elizabeth, great woman as she was, had yet too high an opinion of her own right to general admiration, and too many flatterers to feed these notions, to have much room for jealousy. All Mary's lovers had been rejected by herself; she was the object of universal homage and unbounded adulation; and, perhaps, none of all the judgments of posterity regarding herself would have surprised her more than its unanimous award of the palm of beauty and grace to her sister queen.

Our author, though full of prejudice against Elizabeth, is yet alive to her great qualities. It is thus that he introduces her to his readers. We omit a long and well-known extract, which occurs in the middle of the passage, from the account of her person and manner left by the Venetian ambassador:—

What was the character of this princess, whose hostility the court of France did not fear to excite against Mary Stuart, who, from that moment, became her rival, both as a queen, and a woman? High-spirited, imperious, extremely proud, with great energy, astuteness, and capacity, Elizabeth had long been compelled to dissimulate her feelings and her religious faith during the terrible reign of her sister, who would have proscribed her but for the support

given her by Philip II. She had lived at a distance from the court under strict surveillance, and had thus acquired those habits of deception which combined in her with the haughty and violent passions she inherited from her father. . . . To the most solid learning Elizabeth united the most agreeable accomplishments. She was an excellent musician, and danced to perfection. Certain gifts of person, great mental attractions, all the adornments of a brilliant education, much originality without sufficient grace, and the resources of a strong and lively imagination, rendered her remarkable as a woman; whilst her acute and penetrating judgment, her unwearied application, her haughty and politic disposition, and her active ambition, destined her to be a great queen.

On the day of her accession she displayed those qualities which characterized all the rest of her life. She took possession of the throne as a matter of course, and passed from oppression to command without either surprise or uneasiness. Adopting the policy which was destined to constitute the glory of her reign, she pursued it assiduously, but without precipitancy. We cannot say she was a zealous Protestant, but she was averse to Catholicism as the religion which had oppressed her youth, and still menaced her crown. She felt more disposed to detest than to contest it. She said she had read neither Luther nor Calvin, but St. Jerome and St. Augustine, and she considered that the points of difference between the various Christian communities were of very little importance. She therefore restored Protestantism rather from policy than conviction, in order to give the direction of affairs and the government of the state to her own party, and withdraw it from her adversaries.

She immediately surrounded herself with men of great ability or entire devotion to her service. Her two principal advisers were Lord Robert Dudley, one of the sons of the Duke of Northumberland, whom she appointed her master of the horse, and who remained her favorite as long as he lived; and William Cecil, whom she made secretary of state, and who was her prime minister for forty years. Careful to retain those whom she had chosen, she was always well served. She never permitted her favorites to become for a single moment her masters, and her most experienced ministers were never more than her useful instruments. On all occasions, though she sought counsel, she acted upon her own decisions. Her will, guided solely by either calculation or interest, was sometimes slow, often audacious, always sovereign. In less than a month after she had succeeded Mary Tudor, the Spanish ambassador wrote to Philip II.:—"She is held in incomparably greater dread than her sister. She orders and does whatever she pleases, just as absolutely as the king, her father." Speaking of herself, with a full consciousness of what she was and what she could effect, Elizabeth said, about this time, "that she would let the world know that there was in England a woman who acted like a man, and who was awed neither by a Constable of Montmorency like the King of France, nor by a Bishop of Arras like the King of Spain."—*Mignet*, vol. i., pp. 51—55.

Such was the woman whom Mary so rashly provoked. We do not esteem M. Mignet a judge of how far Elizabeth was influenced by religious feeling. He probably does not understand the position of the English Church, and its middle course between two extremes, which Elizabeth in her arbitrary way helped to establish. But there is truth, though unfriendly truth, in the rest. Elizabeth had duplicity. It was the art and study of the times, and she was an adept in it, as far as gaining her ends proves it.

But the practice of duplicity being universal, we must learn to discriminate between different

kinds. That for which the Court of France of the period is so infamously distinguished was *aggressive* in its character, and so far unprovoked. It used it as a weapon of offence, as an assassin uses a dagger. Elizabeth's dissimulation was first assumed to protect her very life, which one rash word would have sacrificed; and in a general review of her subsequent conduct we still see the same principle of self-defence—defence of herself and of her kingdom—in her practice of it. Mary began by claiming the throne of England, and though afterwards circumstances obliged her apparently to withdraw it, we see now, and doubtless Elizabeth knew then, that at any favorable moment the claim would be renewed. To guard against this favorable moment ever dawning, was henceforth one of the main objects of her policy, sometimes by very crooked means, it must be granted, but it was adopted towards Mary to secure her own position rather than to encroach on that of others. If Mary had let her alone, and if her attitude from inevitable circumstances had been less threatening, Elizabeth, as much from inclination as good sense, would have maintained a sincere good understanding with her.

But between Mary and Elizabeth there was a still further difference in the character of the duplicity each practised; the one is politic, and bound up with politics and state craft, the other, selfish and personal. Mary's crying sins of this nature were against the interests and feelings of her country, for private motives and the indulgence of personal ends; though she too, under French influence, could adopt their large aggressive plans of deception. Elizabeth's motives were national and patriotic. Perhaps circumstances may have aided this happy union of interests, but, as a fact, no private feeling ever led her to forget the welfare of her people; all her personal wishes for greatness and prosperity were bound up in theirs; in this sense she may be said to have had no private ends. When she sinned against honesty and truth, it was under a false notion that she was promoting her people's advantage as much as her own. Her private feelings and fancies were ever subservient to the public cause. She was often arbitrary and tyrannical, but she never forgot that the course she pursued required of her great personal sacrifices, and she knew she had no right to enact the absolute queen and the self-indulgent woman at the same time. Pleasure and the gratification of natural desires were always made to yield to greatness. She showed her people that if she ruled them with a strong hand she could control herself as sternly. Even her follies and vanities she contrived to make useful. "The artificial politics of Elizabeth" (says Hume) "never triumphed so much in any contrivances as in those which were conjoined with her coquetry;" and she was not ridiculous without rather helping on the cause in hand than obstructing it.

Mary, on the contrary—and it is the secret of her influence—was a woman in the full meaning of the word. First a woman, and then a queen. She could not give up her inclinations to her position. She could *act* the queen to perfection, but she was unequal to the constant sacrifice, the long self-control needed by those who wield sovereign power. Like the Egyptian queen, whom she in some points resembles, she was

Even a woman, and commanded
By such poor passions as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest charrs.

And on this unqueenlike nature were engrafted perfect grace and beauty, constituting her queen of hearts, perhaps, but not queen of her people. At twenty-five Elizabeth felt herself the mother of her people; Mary, through her whole life, shows no touch of this maternal instinct. Her interests, her plots, her wishes, were all personal and private ones. Patriotism, such as it was, was to be found amongst her opponents—Murray and even Knox are examples of it; but Mary had apparently no conception of this sentiment. Her cause, and it was sometimes as much her misfortune as her fault, never at the best included more than a very small minority.

Both training and nature conspired to make these women opposites. Elizabeth's youth had been one of fear, and caution, and restraints, and her deportment always bore traces of this hard discipline in its stiffness and want of grace. Mary's had been tenderly fostered; she was admired and even beloved, as far as the denizens of that court had hearts to love. Her "charming nature" could expand in all the sunshine of general approval—there were no cold checks shutting her up within herself; her manner was therefore open, frank, engaging, and cordial—how should a prosperous, joyous beauty's ever be otherwise! but it was only an accomplishment, formed not by the heart so much as by external circumstances. She had no need in her youth for habitual circumspection, and her general demeanor was the gainer by it. But her biographers claim much larger admissions, and expect us to believe in it against positive fact, as if amiable manners were incompatible with great crimes, and the deception which belongs to them; as if Elizabeth must be the dissembler, and Mary the generous victim of impulse, because the one betrays an awkward consciousness of a discreditable secret, the other shows an open smiling face through all and can keep up two distinct currents of thought, the one represented by the unruffled *viso sciolto* the other far down in the depths, away from sight and thought, and only stirred when the moment of action arrives. It only shows she was the more accomplished dissembler of the two, according to all the rules of art. All this was understood in their own day, and the general judgment of that time accords with our own. Elizabeth was beloved by her people because she loved them; because she acted for them, they revered and feared her, but still more did they love her; they identified their safety with her own, and unfortunately the conscience of that period was not easily shocked by ordinary duplicity, where they themselves were the gainers. But Mary was neither feared nor loved nor respected by her people. The misfortune of religious differences might in part cause this; her path craved wary walking; but they never saw her acting for them as a whole; when she was most queenlike and most public-spirited it was yet for herself. She could win over partisans, but she never gained her people to her side; when she plotted, it was against them, and not for them, and where treachery was an every-day vice, she yet by one act succeeded in raising a storm of genuine, sincere abhorrence, which amongst the *people* of her own land was never allayed.

Thus gifted, with such pretensions; ambitious, energetic, loving pleasures and excitement, and unscrupulous in the modes of obtaining them; with an ardent, cultivated imagination and a cold heart; with impulses sometimes generous, but with a con-

sistent indifference to truth; with a zeal for religion, but no submission to its precepts—Mary, after her long minority and upon her early widowhood, eluding the English fleet which Elizabeth, in her indignation at the recent insult, had sent to impede her course, returned to her kingdom—unwillingly returned; nor can we wonder, for never did a prince enter upon his reign under more difficult circumstances, never was country less fitted to obey and submit itself to female rule. She returned to Scotland, then a seething hot-bed of dissensions, where social misrule and centuries of civil war had undermined all ideas of law and justice, and disorganized the whole framework of society; where the nobility had neither loyalty nor patriotism, nor honor towards one another, but all was for self, and personal or family aggrandizement; where the people were reduced to extremity and desperation by the alternate oppressions of contending factions; while, to add to these long-standing evils, this country seemed to be chosen for the arena in which the old and new principles of religious faith should fight out their differences with the least restraint from the hand of power—or rather, with so equal a balance of physical strength to assist the intrinsic merits of the question, as made the conflict more a religious, as opposed to a political one, than in any country in Europe. While Hume tells us that the English were so passive with regard to religious changes that throughout the Tudor dynasty they altered their faith with each reign more willingly than the order of succession, the populace of Scotland were ardent theologians. Weary with oppressions, disgusted by the monstrous immoralities of the churchmen in power, and ripe for change, the principles of a change in religion spread like wildfire or like light through the land, bringing (to their minds) not only hope of spiritual illumination, but anticipations of freedom, power, learning, cultivation, whatever is most enchanting to the hopes of an awakened people, in their train; and history seems to show that while the preachers of the Reformation brought zeal and sincerity—tarnished, it is true, by a fierce intolerance—to the conflict, their antagonists, too like that wicked steward taken at unawares, eating and drinking with the drunken, had little to oppose to the new truths brought to light, and the errors sometimes deduced from them, but an unreasoning bigotry and a vain endeavor to quench the whole movement by persecution.

It was a lasting misfortune to Scotland that there was then no one of power and genius and zeal to stand up for the old truths, which in the flood of new light were too likely to be forgotten, and thus that the mind of one man was left to organize the religion of this country. The hand which pulls down is not commonly fitted for reconstruction; and Knox, remorseless in his destruction of what he called idolatries, has left her religious edifice bare, not only of all graceful ornament, but of its most needful supports and defences.

Mary had conceived a great hatred of Knox, yet it seems clear that, trusting to her powers of fascination, she hoped much from her personal influence. He was too powerful to be put down by the strong arm, which would have been the natural and readiest method; but what effect might not her charms produce in softening the force of his fierce attacks upon her Church and its professors, or even winning him to her side! But Knox was the only man of her day whom Mary could not in-

fluence; who was blind to her fair face, deaf to her eloquent and pathetic words, callous even to her tears—never shed by Mary but as a last resource. Very early he seems to have settled Jezebel as her appropriate type, and Jezebel she always was to him so long as he lived to call her so. It would be more fair to charge Knox with brutality towards his queen, had his sombre prophecies and suspicions not been too fully verified by subsequent events. But it is impossible to read his interviews with her without being scandalized at the audacious freedom of his address, and without partaking too in Hume's cynical amusement at the scene they presented. "This rustic apostle," as he calls him, "though he once condescended so far as to tell the queen that he would submit to her as Paul did to Nero, remained not long in this dutiful strain." Poor Mary might well be bewildered at such a mode of address. The French court had furnished her with no parallel examples. But though she was at first dismayed at the wild rudeness of manners in her new kingdom, it does not seem that she was permanently dispirited by the change from all the elegance she had been accustomed to. Youth, health, love of adventure, and greater freedom of action, seem soon to have reconciled her to a country which appeared simply barbarous to her at first; and, though rude and uncouth, her people were not insensible to those charms which had left so deep an impression in the country she had quitted. On one of her first public appearances Tytler thus describes her court, and the impression she herself produced:—

The Parliament which met was held with unusual pomp. Mary, surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade, rode in procession to the Tolbooth, where the estates assembled; the hall was crowded, not only by the members, but glittered with the splendid dresses of the ladies of the court, who surrounded the throne and filled the galleries. The extreme beauty of the queen, and the grace with which she delivered the address in which she opened the proceedings, surprised and delighted her people. Many exclaimed, "May God save that sweet face! She speaks as properly as the best orator among them."—*Tytler*, vol. vi., p. 280.

Nor did the austere morality of the reforming party, and their hatred of every class of amusements, withhold her from indulgence in them to an extent dangerous at least to her character for prudence and royal dignity. So extreme was the popular animosity against the ceremonies and the professors of the old religion, and so ignorant of the principles of charity and toleration were their teachers, that even had Mary observed an austerity of manners equal to their own, so long as she had been zealous and devoted in the practice of her faith, it would have needed policy as well as prudence to maintain her position. She might even have been in the end a martyr to her fidelity. She *might* have been—but her panegyrists and Roman Catholic historians say that she *was*, and she herself died under the same persuasion—and it is this which we deny, and which the whole course of her life disproves. That cause must be ill off for bright examples—must be driven to strange shifts in its defence—that raises Mary, under the most favorable view that ingenious special pleading can take of her character, into a martyr for any good cause. The old faith of Scotland had no doubt its true martyrs, but they were not to be found amongst its leading sup-

porters. Mary was one of the many on whom mistrust and suspicion produced recklessness rather than caution, and she was soon brought under the censures, not only of "sour fanatics," but of prudent men of the world, for the bold departures from dignity and queenly decorum to which her love of ambition and passion for every form of diversion led her. Angry and jealous eyes did watch her, to note down that she who maintained "the idolatry of the mass" in her chapel, against all their remonstrances, and refused to profit by the godly exhortations of their ministers, was, as they esteemed it, consistent in her derelictions, in bringing upon herself such indignities as led to the death of her mad lover, Chastelard. But though they might complain of her personal obstinacy in maintaining the faith in which she had been born and bred, in spite of their not very persuasive efforts for her conversion, the Reformers had really very little justice on their side so long as Murray was in power to act out Mary's professions of universal toleration—professions which she was always ready to make so long as there was nothing better to be done. Her government under his administration was really a wise and beneficent one, nor is there any stronger cause of quarrel with those times and their monstrous practices, their crying evils, and the equally desperate remedies which were then tolerated, than that they should bring so great a man as Murray under just suspicion of sometimes sharing, or at least conniving at, them. A true patriot, where all besides were for themselves—just, where justice was almost forgotten, and wise in a large sense, where private ends and petty schemes had obscured the general judgment, we are sometimes at a loss to understand how a man of such undoubted qualities should ever be brought into the questionable positions in which we see him.

It was an evil day for Mary, when, in opposition to his earnest remonstrances, she chose Darnley for her husband, and thus turned her best adviser into something very like a rebel, in attitude at least, if not in intention. But, in the first place, Mary liked the "long boy," as Elizabeth called him; next, it did seem as though, if she waited till all who had a right to a voice were of one mind, especially till Elizabeth (with whom Murray was commonly agreed) was satisfied with her choice of a husband, she would probably never be married at all; in the third place, Darnley, as being her cousin, and also connected through the mother's side with the house of Tudor, might help on her open claim to be acknowledged successor to Elizabeth, and the secret one (which in her own mind always went along with it), her present right to the English throne; lastly, he was a Roman Catholic, and Mary was urged by her foreign allies, and was also herself inclined, in spite of her professed policy of conciliation, to make a push for the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion by mere force. Nothing, we think, can better show that the defence of Mary involves a general depreciation and blackening of character towards all concerned with her, than the line Mr. Fraser Tytler takes on this point towards Murray. We will quote his words.

Murray gave, as the ground of his opposition to the marriage, that the Protestant religion was endangered by it; upon which Mr. Fraser Tytler says—

Nothing upon the part of Murray could be more futile and unfounded than the pretence that the Prot-

stant religion was in danger, or that the queen at this moment had adopted any measures which threatened its security. It is happy for the truth, that on such a point we have the declaration of Murray and Lethington themselves. On the thirteenth of July, 1564, they stated to Cecil that the presence of Lenox in Scotland, even if he should be fortunate enough to ally himself with the most powerful person in the state, would be totally ineffectual to shake the national religion from that firm foundation on which it rested. These declarations were made, indeed, a year before this, but during the course of that year, not only had the Scottish queen introduced no one measure which could by any ingenuity be deemed an attack upon the national religion, but she had shown the most decided determination to support it as the religion of the state, and to enforce the cruel and unjust laws against those who adhered to the public exercise of a contrary faith. It is evident, therefore, that the Earl of Murray and the party of the nobles who opposed the marriage had raised the cry of "danger to the church" merely to cover their own designs.—*Tytler*, vol. vi., p. 345.

Now a year at such a period may lead wise men to change their opinion. Murray spoke when he was in power, and could therefore answer for the conduct of matters according to his wishes; he raised his objection when his own influence was at an end, when Rizzio, acknowledged to be in the Pope's pay, whom his penetration would mistrust, though he might not then know all that we do of his secret workings for Rome, was rising in power. Nor would Mary's professed zeal to carry out the "unjust laws" against her own religion be likely to deceive such a man into a belief of her sincerity; rather it might well produce a different effect. Though this was one of the very acts which afterwards succeeded under Charles IX. in lulling the suspicions of the Huguenots, the wiser Murray may have seen in these professions only an attempt to reconcile her Protestant subjects to the marriage she had at heart.

But what are the real facts of the case at this period, or at a time very little removed from it, when Mr. Tytler so boldly asserts that all fears were futile? It is true that in July, 1565, she writes to a Scottish Laird in the Scotch of that period:—

July 16, 1565.

Trusty friend, we greet you well. The evil bruit and untrue report spread by seditious persons among our lieges has grieved us indeed, as that we should have intended to impede or molest any of our subjects in the use of their religion and conscience freely. A thing which never entered in our mind, although over many has credited the report; and to the effect that this vain bruit may vanish as a thing without ground or occasion, we have directed our letters to signify our sincere meaning to all our good subjects, &c.—*Labanoff*, vol. i., p. 275.

But her earlier private letters to her uncle and the Pope are in a very different strain; not blamable in themselves, but showing another spirit altogether. The fact, however, which shows us Mary's real feeling, through all this profession of toleration, is, that the very first use she made of her power, within a very few months of the date of this letter, the first time that she felt free to act, on subduing with so much spirit and success the rebellion that arose on her marriage with Darnley, was to sign the Band, as it is called, or League of Bayonne. It was under no sense of fear, but rather in the indulgence of revenge and in the triumph of success, when she for the first time felt

emancipated from the restraints that had held her, that she signed what is thus described by Mr. Tytler himself. We give Mary the benefit of his opening apologies for her:—

Had Mary been left to herself, there is little doubt that the rebels would have been pardoned. Her natural generosity, and the intercession of some powerful friends, strongly impelled her to the side of mercy, and she had already consented to delay the parliament and to entertain proposals for the restoration of the banished lords, when an unforeseen circumstance occurred which led to unfortunate results. This was the arrival of two gentlemen, De Rambouillet and Clernau, on a mission from the French Court. Their message was outwardly one of mere ceremony, to invest the young king with the order of St. Michael; but amid the festivities attendant on the installation, a more important and secret communication took place. Clernau, the special envoy of the Cardinal Lorraine, and Thornton, a messenger from Beaton, the Scottish ambassador in France, who had come to court about the same time, informed Mary of the coalition which had been concluded between France, Spain, and the emperor, for the destruction of the Protestant cause in Europe. It was a design worthy of the dark and unscrupulous politicians by whom it had been planned, Catherine of Medicis and the Duke of Alva. In the summer of the preceding year, the Queen Dowager of France and Alva had met at Bayonne during a progress in which she conducted her youthful son and sovereign Charles IX. through the southern provinces of his kingdom; and there, whilst the court was dissolved in pleasure, those secret conferences were held which issued in the resolution that toleration must be at an end, and that the only safety for the Roman Catholic faith was the extermination of its enemies.—*Tytler*, vol. vii., p. 15.

Rizzio, the paid emissary of Rome, now all-powerful in Mary's counsels, urged her assent, and in spite of the dissuasions of some, she signed the League, and at the same time determined to carry matters to extremities against her rebel subjects; and here Tytler and Mignet, both favorers of Mary, take different lines; for while the first says, "Her intention of pardoning Murray and her other rebels was opposed by these foreign envoys;" and again, "Mary was not naturally inclined to harsh and cruel measures, and for some time she vacillated," Mignet says, "But Mary was too passionate to be politic; she preferred to pursue her schemes of vengeance, and far from listening to Melvil's representations that persons should not be urged to extremity lest they became dangerous; she angrily told him, 'I do not fear them. What would they dare, or what could they undertake?'" (Vol. i., p. 200.)

She imagined herself [says Mr. Tytler] a supporter of the Catholic Church, when she was giving her sanction to one of the worst corruptions of Romanism:

an apology which may be made with equal justice for all the actors in this affair. Mary had private revenge to gratify, and was actuated by this motive to precisely the same degree as the rest were. Previous to this event Mary had addressed an autograph letter to Philip of Spain, asking his assistance, beginning:—

Sept. 10, 1565.

Monsieur, my good Brother—The affection with which you have always employed yourself for the maintenance and support of our Catholic religion has made me before seek your favor and aid, foreseeing what now has happened in this kingdom, which tends

to the entire ruin of the Catholics, and to the establishment of those unhappy errors, the which wishing to resist, the king my husband and myself will be in danger of losing our crown, and by the same means the right which we claim elsewhere (*le droit que pretendons ayllleurs*), if we have not the aid of one of the great princes of Christendom.—*Labanoff*, vol. i., p. 281.

The King of Spain sent twenty thousand crowns in answer to this appeal, and wrote for her to the Pope who sent her eight thousand. Any other succor it was not convenient for him to give, though he adds that they must not renounce the idea of asserting by armed force the Queen of Scotland's right to the succession of England. "This project," he said, "concerns the cause of God which is mentioned by the Queen of Scotland, since it is evidently the only door by which religion can enter into the kingdom of England, for all others are now shut." (*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 192.)

Subsequent to her signing of the League she summoned a parliament for the condemnation of Murray and others; on which M. Mignet says:—

A short time before the meeting of this assembly, which she destined to further her revenge, and was desirous to associate in her plans in favor of the ancient Church, she sent the Bishop of Dumbane to assure the new Pope, Pius V., of her devoted obedience. She besought him to grant her both temporal and spiritual assistance, "in order to change," she wrote, "the deplorable and unfortunate state of our kingdom. The moment is propitious, because our enemies are partly banished, and partly placed within our hands . . . If God and your Holiness, whose cause we maintain, come to our aid, with such assistance we shall overcome all obstacles."—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 200.

After this, we leave it to our readers to decide whether the alleged reasons for Murray's alarm and opposition to her marriage and its consequent change of counsels were so "futile" and groundless. In the meanwhile, Mary enjoyed the life which these disturbances brought her into. At the beginning of the campaign—on horseback, with pistols at her saddle-bow—she put herself at the head of her army, and carried all before her, declaring she would rather peril her crown than lose her revenge; she wished to be a man, that she might know what it was to lie out on the field all night and to walk the rounds; and on one occasion some noblemen of her retinue having represented to her that she would fatigue herself by so much riding, and by following the army in inclement weather, she replied, on the report of Paul de Foix, the French ambassador, "that she would never cease to continue such fatigues until she had led them to London:" a threat probably not heard by Randolph, the English envoy, who accompanied her in the expedition, and, quite inspired by this restoration of the days of chivalry, thus wrote to Cecil: "What desperate blows would that day have been given, when every man should have fought in sight of so noble a queen and so many fine ladies—our enemies, to have taken them (our honors) from us, and we, to save our honors, and not to be bereft of them—your honor may easily imagine."

But the scene soon changed from this triumphant success. Events succeed one another rapidly in this part of Mary's history, and every turn of the page brings us upon something new and strange. Shakespeare might well talk of the whirligig of time in his day, for nowhere in man's

history do we find such instances of its revenges. nowhere do the actors in the busy scene so rapidly change and reverse their positions towards one another. Faithful subjects become traitors, and are back again to their allegiance, and in favor, before we know how it can have been effected. We cannot tell who are plotters and who are confidential friends; who are faithful, who designing; for all are each by turn. Elizabeth's lovers make no scruple of planning her death; she in her turn is now an ally, now an enemy; no one knows where to have her. Mary is now pursuing her rebel brother to the death, then weeping tears of reconciliation in his arms; at one moment she is on the pinnacle of power, with all her enemies banished, or at her feet; and then, by some sudden turn, for which it is hard to find an adequate cause—by the death of one man, and he an insignificant adventurer—the tables are turned; she is the prisoner, and her enemies coolly concert what is to be done with her.

We need not go into the familiar details of her change of feeling towards her young husband; the wild excitement and freedom from restraint which would follow upon a warlike campaign, and the greater liberty of action which her success would prompt her to, might make the ordinary routine of decorous female life insupportable to Mary, and Darnley had nothing in him to counteract these ill influences. Blinded by a weak and childish pride, the consequence of Mary's unwise favors, he took no pains, after his marriage, to confirm his hold on her affections. She grew disgusted with and weary of him, and soon gave him cause for disgust in his turn, by the wilful intimacy she indulged in with her low-born secretary, Rizzio. She was entirely guided by his counsels, which were well known to be all on the side of severity to the proscribed noblemen, and of active measures for the restoration of the old religion and the suppression of the new. As if all these causes did not sufficiently excite popular feeling against him, he assumed a great state and retinue, and was proud and intolerable in his deportment. Darnley, with good grounds, was jealous. The nobles were indignant at his political power. The people hated him for being a foreigner and a papist. Knox and his coadjutors regarded him as the representative of all the enemies of "God's people" (as they exclusively designated their followers and themselves), from Oreb and Zeeb to Hannan, and thought themselves divinely commissioned to sanction his destruction.

Rizzio's murder, with all its savage details, strangely illustrates the times. The public motives for which it was undertaken, and the sort of judicial character assumed by the murderers, seem to resolve it into an exercise of Lynch law, while the circumstances of brutal atrocity towards the queen rank it amongst the most savage deeds of blood of any age. Nor is Mary's courage and self-command amongst the least remarkable features in the affair. She never lost her powers of thought and action, nor was she as overwhelmed by it as the most courageous woman would now be. It was something more within possibility, more conceivable, more a part of the general experience of the age. All persons were inured to the thought of blood; and here, if anywhere, here only lies the excuse for that great deed of blood in which Mary herself so soon after engaged—that the practices of murder and assassination were too common in Scotland for them to be held in quite the same

awe and horror, or so utterly abhorrent to our nature as the law of our being holds them to be in peaceable times. We do not say it is an excuse; but with the weight of evidence we have, it would be more reasonable for Mary's apologists to make it one, than to attempt to clear her from the guilt altogether, as some have attempted to do.

And here we may see how Mary was prepared for the part she so soon acted. First, in the deep hatred with which Darnley's share in the murder inspired her towards him, expressed in the natural threat of the moment, "Well, it shall be dear blood to some of you;" and chiefly in her power over herself at the same time to conceal this hatred, and actually, while her heart was yet sore with the death of her favorite, the scene of passionate recrimination with her husband, and the humiliating insults to herself, to dissimulate with him, to get up a reconciliation, to separate him from the conspirators, making him as contemptible to them as to herself by a public denial of his share in the plot, and to make him assist her in her escape from the power of the conspirators. With extraordinary spirit and energy Mary escaped from their hands, and in a very short time was again in power, ruling paramount in Edinburgh, where she had so lately been a prisoner, avenging the death of Rizzio; and, to show her adherence to the course she had taken, appointing his brother secretary in his place. But all men saw that in her heart she hated Darnley, nor could she be persuaded, after the purpose of their apparent reconciliation was effected, to conceal her aversion. His life was miserable. She withdrew him from all share of public business, and forbade those about her to hold converse with him. "He went up and down," says Melvil, "all alone, seeing few durst bear him company." Her confidence was given to the Earl of Bothwell (who now first appears prominent in her history), Huntley, whose sister he had married, and the Catholic Bishop of Ross, who was so long her faithful adherent; but, says Mignet, "Mary did not proceed to further extremes against Darnley, until her passion for another was added to her increased repugnance to himself."

On the 19th of June, 1566, she gave birth to a son, which event was immediately communicated to Elizabeth, who, on the moment of receiving the news, by a sudden pang of grief and envy, showed how much the course she had so firmly chosen for herself really cost her. She was giving a court ball; while she was dancing, Cecil went up to her, and whispered in her ear. Interrupting the dance, she sunk dejectedly into an arm-chair and said to the ladies who surrounded her, "that the Queen of Scots was mother to a fair son, while she was but a barren stock."

The birth of this son revived the question of the succession, always so distasteful to Elizabeth. The English parliament thought it an occasion for expressing their anxious wish to have the question settled, though they were presently silenced by their queen, and Mary was not less eager on her side. But here, on entering upon the darkest page of Mary's history, we will quote from M. Mignet's straightforward narrative:—

Notwithstanding Mary Stuart's ardent desire, the English succession remained in the same state as before. She still retained her claims, but had not succeeded in obtaining their recognition. She soon, however, compromised them, and, moreover, exposed herself to the loss of the crown of Scotland. After the

birth of the prince royal, the misunderstanding increased between her husband and herself—a fatal passion at this time took possession of her heart. The object of this passion was the Earl of Bothwell, the most enterprising and dangerous man in Scotland. James Hepburn, fourth Earl of Bothwell, was then thirty years of age. He had succeeded his father in 1556, was possessed of large property, and held important offices in the kingdom. By his marriage with Lady Jane Gordon, he had become the brother-in-law of the Earl of Huntley, and had united one of the most powerful families of the south with the most powerful family of the north. He was distinguished for great bravery, consummate audacity, boundless and unscrupulous ambition. Equally undisguised in his plans as in his vices, he aspired first to gain the affections of the queen, and then to marry her. Although he was far from handsome, his martial bearing, his taste for pleasure, the undaunted resolution of his character, his air of chivalrous devotion, and the easy and elegant continental manners beneath which he concealed the wild and extravagant passions of his country, charmed the imagination of the queen, and gave Bothwell great influence over her. Mary Stuart sought to render Bothwell a faithful and useful servant, but she speedily found in him a lover and a master.—*Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 235.

Side by side with this description, we will give his character by Mr. Fraser Tytler, remarkable for the ingenuity with which he turns Mary's toleration, not to say absolute indifference to his infamous morals, into a sort of merit, which is reflected, in some degree, back upon the man himself:—

His ambition and audacity were unbounded. He was a man of notorious gallantry, and had spent a loose life on the continent, from which, it was said, he had imported some of its worst vices. In attaining the objects of his ambition he was perfectly unscrupulous as to the means he employed, and he had generally about him a band of broken and desperate men, with whom his office of border warden made him familiar; hardened and murderous villains, who were ready on the moment to obey every command of their master. In one respect Bothwell was certainly better than many of his brother nobles. There seems to have been little craft or hypocrisy about him, and he made no attempt to conceal his infirmities or vices under the cloak of religion. It is not unlikely that, for this reason, Mary, who had experienced his fidelity to the crown, was more disposed to trust him in any difficulty than those stern and fanatical leaders, who, with religion on their lips, were often equally indifferent as to the means they employed. It is certain that from this time she began to treat him with great favor, and to be guided by a preference so predominant that it was not unlikely to be mistaken for a more tender feeling.—*Tytler*, vol. vii., p. 46.

Mr. Tytler never absolutely denies the reality of Mary's affection for Bothwell; he only tenderly delays the admission of it, his honesty as an historian compelling him to a detail of facts which can allow of no other construction. We have, throughout his story, little apologetic hints, preparatory to this disgraceful feature of Mary's character; such as—"It was Mary's weakness to be hurried away by the predominating influence of some one feeling and object." "It was the misfortune of her ardent disposition that she was always under the domination of some strong and engrossing feeling, which sometimes led her to disregard appearances, and to believe she could never sacrifice enough to the object of her approval." Only Miss Strickland ventures on the bold line of *entirely denying* that Mary ever cared for Bothwell

at all—decidedly the best line, we should say, for a lady to take, who advocates the cause of this unfortunate queen—but a line so glaringly opposed to the facts of the case, to the universal consent of all that deserves to be called history, to every document worthy of respect, and to the whole course of Mary's public and private conduct, as proves that feminine zeal for the honor of her sex has unfitted her, on this occasion at least, for the rigid and severer duties of the historian:—

It is impossible (she says) for any one who reads those details (Du Croc, the French ambassador, had described a quarrel between Mary and Bothwell after their marriage), and remembers that they were written by a person who was behind the scenes, and related that which he had heard and seen, to believe for one moment that Bothwell was ever the object of Mary's love, or that her marriage with him originated from any other cause than dire necessity.—*Miss Strickland's Letters of Queen of Scots*, vol. i., p. xxvii.

Du Croc's letter proves nothing of the kind, nor did he think anything of the kind, nor desire to convey this impression when he wrote it; on the contrary, he says, just after the said quarrel had happened, that the marriage is *already* repented of by Mary, which implies a *change* of feeling, and not that she had always been averse to it. This has been a digression, but it is amusing to see upon how slight a foundation a theory can be formed, against overwhelming opposing evidence, and also to what slender straws Mary's advocates have to trust in their defence.

Her contemporaries, at least, were not of this mind; all parties joined in observing this growing preference. Politicians wrote to one another, commenting on the increasing favor of the new favorite, which "miscontenteth many;"—a circumstance which seems always to have acted as a sort of spur to Mary, who was stimulated by opposition;—and poor Darnley augured all sorts of evils from it to himself. He wrote secretly to the Pope, accusing the Queen of lukewarmness in religion (Bothwell being a Protestant), and feared for his life, which, with his ill conscience, and in the present aspect of affairs, was not unreasonable. He even meditated retiring to the Continent, but wanted resolution; indeed, he had always an affection for Mary, which the slightest kindness on her part could revive. But the time was not come for such experiments with his feelings. She preferred exposing his weakness, and bringing him into general contempt, and making all the world party to her private sentiments towards him. She did not care who should see the "great grudges she entertained in her heart against him," and always had entertained since Rizzio's murder. This event, which had so naturally disgusted her with her husband, had also been the means of bringing Bothwell forward, as his services had materially strengthened her position, and from that time he obtained unbounded influence over her. She heaped favors and offices upon him;* and, upon occasion of his being wounded in some Border quarrels, betrayed such an amount of anxious alarm as seems to have raised general suspicion. Her visit to him on this occasion has been disputed, in every stage; its purposes, dates, results, are all canvassed and concluded upon, according to the view of the writer. It is the first great skirmish before the regular battle. M. Mignet has thus concluded upon it:—

* See Laing, vol. i., p. 13.

On the 6th of October (1566), the queen sent hither the Earl of Bothwell, with the title of lord lieutenant, to repress these disorders, and restore tranquillity. On the 8th, she repaired in person to Jedburgh to hold her assizes, and to add the sanction of justice and armed force. On that same day Bothwell had with great bravery engaged in personal conflict with John Elliot, of Park, a notorious freebooter. In the scuffle Bothwell was severely wounded, and it was found necessary to convey him without loss of time to the neighboring castle of Armitage. His illness furnished most conclusive proofs of Mary's attachment to him. "Understanding," says Crawford, "the certain report of this accident, the queen was so highly grieved in heart that she took no repose of body till she saw him. The discharge of her judicial functions detained her at Jedburgh until the 15th of October, but no sooner was she at liberty, than she took horse and hastened to the castle where her favorite lieutenant was lying wounded. She was accompanied on her journey by Murray, and some other nobles. Although Hermitage was eighteen miles distant from Jedburgh, she went and returned the same day.* She spent an hour with Bothwell, and notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, she sat up until late at night writing to him whom she had just left. The prostration of strength which ensued, and," adds Crawford, "the great distress of mind for the Earl of Bothwell, threw her the next day into a most dangerous illness. She fell into a swoon, and remained for some hours at the point of death. She was then seized with a violent fever, and continued insensible for several days. When she had somewhat recovered from this apparently desperate state, she thought her end was approaching, requested the nobles who were present to pray for her, confided her son to the guardianship of the Queen of England, and sent to inform her husband of her precarious condition. Bothwell, now convalescent, had hastened to her with other members of the privy council, and many of the most important nobles of the kingdom. Darnley did not arrive at Jedburgh until the 28th of October, two days after a favorable crisis had placed the queen's life out of danger. Finding her so much recovered, he remained at Jedburgh only one night, and returned immediately to Glasgow.—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 240.

From this time dates the history of the Darnley murder. Mary recovered slowly, and was overwhelmed with melancholy. On the 20th of November she arrived at Craigmillar, a castle about a league from Edinburgh, careworn and ready to sink under the contradictory feelings which agitated her. "The Queen is not at all well," writes the ambassador Du Croc to the Archbishop of Glasgow. "I believe the principal part of her disease to consist of a deep grief and sorrow; nor does it seem possible to make her forget the same; still she repeats these words—'I could wish to be dead.'" And Lethington, who so soon devised a mode for releasing her from her troubles, says, in a letter to the same person, "It is a heart-break for her to think that he should be her husband; and how to be free of him she sees no outlet." "This knowledge of Mary Stuart's private feelings," says Mignet, "originated a number of fatal ideas in the minds of those that surrounded her;" and of the introduction of these fatal ideas, Mary herself has given an account in the Protestation she wrote and sent to the Earls of Huntley and Argyre, to sign at the Westminster Conference.

* Laing says, "The difficulties and haste of the journey are still preserved in the tradition of the country; that her white palfrey sank in a morass which retains the name of the Queen's Moss, and that she was accompanied only by ten attendants, who extricated her."—Vol. i., p. 17.

Of course it was written to defend herself from guilt, but how far it exonerates her is another matter. The murderers of Rizzio—Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsey—were connected by ties of friendship and kindred with many members of the Privy Council. It occurred to these that there was one acceptable service by which they might procure for them the queen's pardon. If they had been banished for one murder, they might be recalled to another. Lethington, clever and absolutely unscrupulous, first introduced the idea to her mind. This extraordinary conference is thus described by Mignet. Our readers must remember that the facts are taken from Mary's own admission; and it should be noted at the same time that Murray always denied the part attributed to him:—

He communicated his plan to Bothwell, who joined in it with all the ardor of his headstrong ambition, and made it known to Argyle and Huntley. According to the statement of the queen's friends he mentioned it also to Murray, who offered no objection to the scheme. After having concerted this matter among themselves, the new confederates repaired to Mary Stuart. Lethington addressed her in their name. He reminded the queen of the great and intolerable injuries that she had received from her husband, laying much stress upon the ingratitude which he had displayed towards her, and upon the offences of which he was daily guilty. He then added, that if her majesty would be pleased to pardon the Earl of Morton, and the Lords Ruthven and Lindsey, they, in concert with the rest of the nobility, would find means to separate her from her husband by a divorce, so that she would no longer be involved in disagreement with him. This proposition caused her no surprise. She at first gave her consent, upon condition that the divorce should be legal, and should be no prejudice to the rights of her son. But a divorce was not so easily obtained, since it would be necessary to allege as the reason for it their near relationship, in reference to which the Pope had granted them a dispensation, or to bring Darnley to trial for adultery, or else to prosecute him on the charge of treason.

These difficulties could not escape Mary's notice, and she knew that she would be exposed either to the delays of an uncertain negotiation, or to the scandal of a disgraceful trial. She accordingly affected scruples, and said that she would willingly retire into France, and leave Darnley in Scotland until he acknowledged his faults. But Lethington replied to her, that the nobles of her kingdom would not allow her to do so; and he even ventured, in mysterious terms, to inform her of their dark designs. "Madame," he said, "souce ye not, we are here of the principal of your grace's nobility and council, that shall find the means well to make your majesty quit of him without prejudice of your son; and albeit that my Lord of Murray here present be little less scrupulous for a Protestant than your grace is for a Papist, I am assured he will look through his fingers thereto, and will behold our doings and say nothing of the same." The queen understood the full meaning of this insinuation, and replied that it was her pleasure nothing should be done by which any spot might be laid upon her honor, but she displayed no great indignation at the idea, and contented herself with saying, "Better permit the matter to remain in the state it is, abiding till God in his goodness put remedy thereto." Lethington took no heed of this slight opposition, and answered, "Madame, let us guide the business among us, and your grace shall see nothing but good, and approved by Parliament."—*Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 245.

The conversation from this extract is Mary's own recording, and very shortly after it took place,

the banished lords were recalled; men whom she knew to be capable of any violence, and naturally anxious by any service to restore themselves to her favor. A month after this meeting, the baptism of the young prince took place with great pomp, on the 17th of December, at Stirling Castle. Elizabeth was godmother (or gossip, as she calls it), and presented a golden font for the occasion, the fate of which was to be presently after melted down to furnish money for carrying on the war. Mary conducted herself towards the assembled guests with infinite grace and amiability. Bothwell, though a Protestant, had the ordering of the Catholic service, and Darnley, solitary and sullen, remained under the same roof, but did not show himself nor take any part. The king was condemned in his own court; the father had no place at the baptism of his son. After the excitement which any occasion called out, Mary again sunk into despondency, and Du Croc writes, "I can't pretend to foretell how all may turn, but I will say that matters cannot subsist long as they are, without being accompanied with sundry bad consequences." How can we doubt that at this period she was making up her mind to her share in the tragedy that so soon followed? Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsey, by what Mr. F. Tytler calls "a judicious extension of mercy," were pardoned, and returned, and, about the same time (Dec. 23), she restored the Archbishop of St. Andrew's consistorial jurisdiction, which had been suppressed since the Reformation, a measure to which subsequent events give a dark significance.* Their pardon was declared early in January, an event which naturally filled Darnley with alarm. They were the men who had been once his accomplices, and he had denounced and deserted them. He at once left the court, and went to his father, the Earl of Lennox, at Glasgow, where he fell ill. It at first looked like the effects of poison, but presently proved to be small-pox. While he lay helpless, the plot against his life went on, Bothwell being the principal actor in it. He sought an interview with Morton immediately on his return, and pressed him to join the plot, assuring him that the queen had given her consent. But Morton, grown wary by experience, refused without her hand writ for a warrant. On this, Bothwell returned to the queen in the hope of persuading her to write what was required, but he failed; upon which Lethington sent a messenger with directions "to show to the Earl of Morton that the queen † 'will hear no speech of that matter appointed to him;'" an oracular sentence, which is accepted by some as her indignant condemnation of the plot, with how much justice, connected with subsequent events, our readers can judge. But she would certainly, in any case, know better than to commit herself in so needlessly formal a manner. On the 20th of January, Mary writes to the Archbishop of Glasgow at Paris, detailing a conspiracy which she affects to have discovered of Darnley's attempt to gain the person of the young prince, his son, and goes on as follows:—

His behavior and thankfulness to us is equally well known to God and the world, especially our own indifferent subjects see it, and in their hearts, we doubt not, condemn the same. Always we perceive him occupied and busy enough to have inquisition of our

* Laing, vol. i., p. 23.

† Morton's Confession, Laing, vol. ii., p. 28.

doings, which, God willing, shall always be such as none shall have occasion to be offended with them, or to report of us in any ways but honorably, however he, his father, and their fautors speak, which we know want no good will to make us have ado, if their power were equivalent to their minds. But God moderates their forces well enough, and takes the means of the execution of their pretences from them.—*Ibid.*, p. 251.

This letter is written on the 20th of January. Next day she departed for Glasgow, accompanied as far as Callender by Bothwell and his brother-in-law, Huntley having engaged Bothwell's confidential servant, who goes by the name of French Paris, and whose subsequent confession is so remarkable, as her chamberlain. On Thursday, the 23d, she arrived at Glasgow. Darnley, having heard of her approach, was seized with an undefinable fear, and sent a gentleman to meet her—"he was still infirm," he said, "and did not presume to come to her until he knew her wishes, and was assured of the removal of her displeasure." To this Mary briefly replied, "that there is no medicine against fear," and, passing on towards Glasgow, came into Darnley's bed-chamber. Here, though nothing had transpired to change her opinion since the previous Monday, she employed all her art to bring about a reconciliation, to reassure his mind, to remove his suspicions, and gain his confidence. "At heart," says Mignet, "Darnley had always been strongly attached to her, and his unrequited affection and wounded pride had been the cause of his withdrawal from court." He was ready now to confess his errors, and to promise everything that she required. He entreated her not to leave him again, and when she asked him to accompany her in a litter to Craigmillar, he gladly consented, on condition that the harmony of former times might be restored. We have a very full and minute account of this interview; strangely circumstantial, indeed; and from whose hand? From Mary's own, in a letter to Bothwell full of most graphic detail, most vividly given. Our readers all know the "Silver Casket" and its contents. Yet we must pause in our narrative upon this first mention of it. How little did she think when, too excited by guilty love, guilty consciousness, and the weight of a wicked deed in the very act of its performance, to sleep, she traced those passionate, impure, most treacherous lines, that what was then done in secret, at dead of night, with injunctions for immediate destruction, should remain to bring damning evidence against her, to be treated of in Parliaments and read in Councils, to be translated, canvassed, word by word critically analyzed, to stand forever a witness against her which could not then, and cannot now, be escaped from or evaded!—feebly denied, indeed, in her own day, the more confidently, as distance and time drew their veil over this perplexed and stormy period; but, as the science of historic investigation advances, only the more firmly established by every attempt to disprove their genuineness; till the only resource of those who will not believe that these letters were from Mary's hand, is indiscriminate, unsupported denial and assertion, which might as justly be applied, and would be as conclusive, against the most universally received fact in history. Our limits will not allow us to do more than assert our full conviction of their genuineness, as literal translations, that is, in English and Scotch, of Mary's original French, of which, per-

haps, we should explain, nothing remains but the opening sentence which heads each letter. But for any who wish to pursue the question and judge for themselves, we would recommend the perusal of Laing's "Dissertation on the Darnley Murder," where all these letters and papers may be found, together with the confessions of the principal actors in the murder, and very clear, masterly conclusions upon them. One point of evidence, however, he does not dwell upon, being, we think, insensible to the literary merits (they possess no other), of these papers. They are full of nature and feeling, such as it is. We might almost say it is impossible that they should be forgeries, though people have not scrupled to attribute them to one plotter after another, as if any man of business in that period of epistolary stiffness and formality, could assume at the moment a clever, excited, passionate woman's style; and was equal to the task of expressing the conflicting emotions of a mind in a course of sin, and on the verge of committing a great crime.

These papers consist first of eight letters to Bothwell, four of which were written previous to the murder—two from Glasgow and two from Kirkfield—and three from Stirling after the murder, which relate to the concealed scheme for her abduction by him previous to their marriage; and an eighth letter from Linlithgow immediately preceding that event; of two contracts of marriage between them—one supposed to be written before her husband's death, the other signed by her and Bothwell, but written by Huntley previous to Bothwell's divorce from his present wife; and a series of twelve sonnets addressed by Mary to Bothwell. Of these remarkable documents Laing observes:—

The very disappearance of the originals demonstrates that they were genuine. During the administration of the four regents they were carefully preserved. From Murray they passed successively to Lennox and Morton, on whose execution they were conveyed secretly to Ruthven, created Earl of Gowrie, one of the confederates, from whom Elizabeth's solicitude to obtain the custody of the casket attests her conviction that the letters were authentic. It appears, however, that they were retained by Gowrie for the vindication of the confederates. As the young king was informed that they were then (1582) in his hands, as Mary was solicitous to get them delivered up or destroyed, and as the Duke of Lennox, his favorite, who was entirely in her interest, had applied to detain them, their disappearance on the attainder and execution of Gowrie (1584) must be ascribed to the desire of her son to suppress those documents of his mother's guilt, which, if spurious, would neither have been preserved by the four regents nor destroyed by James.—*Laing*, vol. i., p. 332.

M. Mignet has no doubt whatever of the authenticity of the letters, and quotes largely from them. Some extracts from the "Long letter" must be given in continuation of our narrative. It must have filled several sheets, taking up nine octavo pages of print. We must give the French opening by which it is known and the words of which must be so familiar to all controversialists on the subject.

Estant party du lieu ou j'avois laissé mon cœur, il se peult aysement juger quelle estoit ma contenance, veu ce qui peult un corps sans cœur, qui a esté cause que jusque à la disnée je n'ay pas tenu grand propos, aussi personne ne s'est voulu avancer jugeant bien qu'il n'y faisait bon.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 146.

After describing her journey, and the messenger sent her from Darnley, she says—(we quote indiscriminately from the Scotch or English translation, as the sense seems to be best rendered) :—

He said he was so glad to see me that he welcomed to die for gladness. He found great fault that I was pensive. I departed to supper. This bearer will tell you of my arriving ; he prayed me to return, the which I did. He declared to me his sickness [grief], and that he would make no testament, but only leave all things to me, and that I was the cause of his malady because of the regret he had that I was so strange to him. And thus, he said, "You ask me what I mean by the cruelty contained in my letter, it is of you alone that will not accept my offers of repentance. I confess that I have failed, but not into that which I ever denied, and so have many other of your subjects, and you have well pardoned them I am young May not a man of my age, for lack of counsel, fall twice or thrice, or in lack of his promise, and at last repent himself and be chastised by experience ? If I may obtain pardon, I protest I shall never make fault again ; and I crave no other thing but that we may be at bed and board together as man and wife, and if you will not consent hereunto I will never rise from this sick-bed. I pray you tell me your resolution. God knows how I am punished for making my god of you, and for having no other thought but on you." I did still answer him, but that would be too long to write at length. . . . In the end he desired much that I should lodge in his lodging. I have refused. . . . He said to me, "I have heard say you have brought a litter with you, but I would rather have gone with yourself." I told him that so I would myself bring him to Craigmillar, that his physicians and I also might serve him without being far from my son. He said he was ready when I would as for myself he would rather lose his life than do me the least displeasure, and used so many kind flatteries, so coldly, and so wisely, as you would marvel at. . . . He would not let me go, but would have me to watch with him. I made as though I thought all to be true, and would think upon it. I have excused myself from sitting up with him this night, for he says that he sleeps not well ; you never heard him speak better nor more humbly. And if I had not proof of his heart to be as wax, and that mine were not as a diamond whereunto no shot can make breach but that which comes forth of your hand, I would have almost had pity on him. But fear not, the place shall hold unto the death. Remember, in recompense thereof, that you suffer not yours to be won by that false race that would do no less to yourself. I believe they have been at school together ; he has ever the tear in his eye ; he salutes everybody, yea, unto the least, and makes piteous caressing unto them, to make them have pity upon him This is my first day's work, I shall end the same to-morrow. I write all things, though they be of little weight. . . . I am in doing a work here that I hate greatly. Have you not desire to laugh to see me lie so well, at the least to dissemble so well, and to tell him truth so betwixt hands ? He hath shown me all on the bishop's behalf, and on Sunderland, without touching any word to him of that which you showed me, but only by much flattering him, and praying him to assure himself of me. . . . You have heard the rest. We are tied to two false races God forgive me. God knit us together forever, for the most faithful couple that ever he united. This is my faith ; I will die in it. Excuse if I write ill, you may guess the half of it, but I cannot mend it because I am not well at ease, and yet very glad to write unto you when the rest are sleeping. . . . I am weary and asleep, and yet cannot forbear scribbling as long as there is any paper.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 154.

There are many passages unfit for transcription, interspersed again with aspirations for God's blessing, and sentiments of shame at the course she is pursuing. The next day she continues her letter, beginning with speaking of a bracelet she is making him (Bothwell), which he is to keep out of sight, and for the hasty workmanship of which she apologizes, and then she remembers the loathed task in hand :—

I go to my tedious talk. You make me dissemble so much that I am afraid thereof with horror, and you cause me almost to do the office of a traitress. Remember how, if it were not to obey you, I would rather be dead than do it. My heart bleeds at it.—*Ibid.*, p. 170.

And then another scene with her husband is detailed, in which she brought him round to her wishes :—

To be short, he will go anywhere upon my word. Alas ! I never deceived anybody, but I remit myself wholly to your will, and send me word what I shall do, and whatsoever happen to me, I will obey you. Think also if you cannot find any more secret invention by medicine, for he is to take medicine at Craigmillar and the bath also. He may not come forth of the house this long time. To be short, by all that I can learn he is in great suspicion, and yet, nevertheless, trusts upon my word, but yet not so far that he will show anything to me. But, nevertheless, I shall draw it out of him if you will that I avow all to him. But I shall never be willing to beguile one who puts his trust in me ; nevertheless you may do all, and do not esteem me the less for that cause, because for my own particular revenge I would not do it to him. . . . To conclude, for certainly he suspects of the thing you know and of his life. But as to the last, so soon as I spoke two or three good words to him, he rejoices and is out of doubt. I have not seen him this evening for finishing your bracelet, but I can find no clasp for it. It is ready for them, and yet I fear it should bring you ill-hap, or that it should be known if you are hurt. . . . Burn this letter, for it is over dangerous, and nothing well said in it, for I am thinking upon nothing but fasherie. . . . Now seeing, to obey you, my dear life, I spare neither honor, conscience, nor hazard, nor greatness ; take it in good part and not after the interpretation of your false brother-in-law, to whom I pray you to give no credit against the most faithful lover that ever you had or shall have. See not also her (his wife) whose feigned tears you ought not more to regard than the true travails which I endure to deserve her place, for obtaining of which against my own nature, I do betray those that would let me. God forgive me, and give you, my only friend, the good luck and prosperity that your humble and faithful lover doth wish unto you, who hopeth shortly to be another thing unto you, for the reward of my pains.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., Appendix, p. 146.

The other letters are in much the same strain. They are given in the same work at full length, and also the notes drawn from them by the English and Scotch commissions when the matter was brought before Elizabeth. There is something almost ludicrous, if it were not too revolting a subject for such feelings, in the gravity of these documents. We have, from a paper endorsed by Cecil, "A brief note of the chief and principall pointes of the quene of Scottes lettres written to Bothaill, which may tend to her condemnation, for her consent and procurement of the murder of her husband, as farre forth as we coule by the reading gather," and by the Scotch commissioners a longer list coolly separating from the maze of

love, hatred, jealousy, and fantastic fancy, which agitated by turns the mind of the writer, such passages as bore on the matter in hand, and transcribing them in their uncouth Scotch translation, as for example—(we simplify the spelling):—

Item, "As to me, howbeit I hear no farther news from you, according to my commission, I bring the man with me to Craigmillar" (where it was at first planned to commit the murder), on Monday, "where he will be all Wednesday." *Item*, very shortly after: "Summa, ye will say he (Darnley) makes the court to me, of the which I take so great pleasure that I enter never where he is, but incontinent I take the sickness of my side, I am so fashed with it. . . . I pray you advertise me of your news at length, and what I shall do in case ye be not returned when I come there, for, in case ye work not wisely, I see that the whole burden of this will fall upon my shoulders." *Item*, "I pray you, according to your promise, to discharge your heart to me, otherwise I will think that my malheur and the good handling of her that has not the third part of the faithful nor willing obedience unto you that I bear, has won, against my will, that advantage over me which the second love of Jason won; not that I would compare you to ane sa unhappy as he was, nor yet myself to ane sa unpitiful a woman as she. Howbeit ye cause me be somewhat like unto her in anything that touches you or that may preserve and keep you to her, to whom you only appertain, if it may be sure that I may appropriate that which is worn though faithful, yea only loving of you, which I do and shall do all the days of my life, for pain and evil that can come thereof."—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 215.

Mary seems to have entertained a great jealousy of Bothwell's wife. Like Cleopatra, she could not, in spite of her power and her matchless attractions, for one moment forget "the married woman." The sonnets abound in allusions to her; her "false tears and feigned affection," contrasting her own great sacrifices for him:—

*Elle pour son honneur vous doit obeysance,
Moi vous obeyssant j'en puis recevoir blâme.
N'estant, à mon regret, come elle vostre femme.**

Third Sonnet, Laing, vol. ii., p. 224.

* Miss Strickland, in her self-sacrificing devotion to her heroine, summarily sets down all the letters of the casket as forgeries, in a series of arguments which have hardly any semblance of weight and authority when uncontradicted, but which fall to the ground the moment the other side is heard. She thinks the sonnets may have been in Mary's own writing, but because they do not contain any mention of Bothwell's name, suggests that they might have been the composition of some troubadour which she had copied before quitting France. Their apparent relevancy to the matter in hand, would, if this were the case, be one of the most perverse of the many perverse coincidences which Mary's advocates have to assert and to lament over. As conclusive of her views of forgery, she clenches the argument by adducing the following solitary testimony as to the public opinion of Mary's contemporaries. It is in a letter from La Motte Fénelon, French ambassador to Catherine de Medici. We cannot receive it as so entirely settling the question:—

"Truly, it is believed by those of the queen's side, that these letters are false, and that those seen are suppositious and counterfeited; and that since their malice and subtlety has been great enough to dispossess a rightful queen of her crown, they would not stand at counterfeiting her hand; and also they allege that should their queen have done anything of the kind, she never would have done it, excepting under the magic compulsion and sorcery of the Earl of Bothwell, as he knew well that trade, having made it his greatest occupation from the time he was at school, to read and study books of necromancy and forbidden magic." Here it is observable that the writer does not give his own opinion at all, and next, seems to think that the queen's friends laid more stress on the magic than the

We could go on multiplying extracts and proofs of guilt, but our readers will think we have already given them too much on a most unprofitable theme. We can only assure them that, from respect to them and to our pages, we have refrained from some passages and allusions which are even more conclusive of her guilty hatred and guilty love, while, on the other hand, for what we have given, our apology must rest on our strong sense of the impropriety and mischief of bringing serious charges without also adducing proofs. No man has a right to take away or injure the character of another by his own unsupported word. Nor would we cast an additional slur on the dead without giving the causes and reasons that have influenced us.

The details of the murder we need not enter into; all know that Mary continued her attentions and endearments to the last. She had arranged, through "Paris," with Bothwell and Lethington, that the place was to be changed from Craigmillar, to which Darnley had expressed a dislike, to Kirk of Field, on the pretence of its pure air. Thither, when he was well enough to travel in a litter, she took him. Her power over him was truly a *fascination*; he did all she wished him, and yet he mistrusted her. "I have fears enough," he said to Thomas Crawford, his friend (whose account remains to us); "but may God judge between us! I have her promise only to trust to; but I have put myself in her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me."

The place was inconveniently small, and unsuited for such high guests; but Mary remained under the same roof with him, while Bothwell was making his arrangements for the murder. Here the help of Hubert, or, as he was called, French Paris, whom the queen had just received from his service into her own, was necessary. The evidence of this man, which he gave before his execution, throws light upon the whole transaction, and has, of course, been doubted, but bears strong internal evidence of truth. It is given with a garrulous *naïveté*, as if he had really enjoyed easing his mind of his share of the matter. We need not say it is conclusive against the queen. He seems to have wished to satisfy himself of her share in the work in hand; for, when Bothwell bid him move the queen's bed (her room was exactly under the king's, and her bed just under his), as the gunpowder was to be placed there, Paris neglected the order, and when Mary came into the room in the evening, she herself ordered him to change the position of the bed.

The queen said to me, "Fool that you are, I will not have my bed in that place," and so made me remove it; by which words I perceived in my mind that she was aware of the plot. Thereupon I took courage to say to her, "Madame, my Lord Bothwell has commanded me to take to him the keys of your chamber, because he intends to do something in it, namely (and this explanation is supposed to be to his examiners), to blow up the king with gunpowder." "Do not talk about that at this hour," said she, "but do what you please." Upon this I did not venture to say anything more.—*Second Deposition of Paris, Mignet, vol. i., p. 264. Laing, vol. ii., p. 285.*

Her self-possession and regard for little things at that time, are amongst the most terrible traits of her character, of which no proof, either here or at any time, is attempted. That must have been regarded as a very hopeless case that had recourse to such a defence.

of her character, and connect her in our minds with many of the world's great historic criminals : the well-known care for the new velvet bed, on the ground that it would be soiled by Darnley's bath, and the substitution of an old purple travelling-bed in its place ; also, her great solicitude about a rich coverlet of fur which she would not have blown up along with her husband. The queen remained with Darnley in his room on Sunday night, till those who were in the secret could hear the fatal sounds of preparations going on below, so that Bothwell came down to bid them make less noise. He returned to the king's room with Paris, a signal that all was ready ; who had not been there but the "length of a paternoster," when the queen, affecting to remember that she had promised to be present at a mask on the marriage of one of her servants, suddenly quitted the place, and left her victim to his fate.

He beheld her departure with grief and secret fear. The unhappy prince, as though foreboding the mortal danger by which he was threatened, sought consolation in the Bible, and read the fifty-fifth Psalm, which contained many passages adapted to his peculiar circumstances. After his devotion, he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor his young page, lying beside him in the same apartment.—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 266.

The noise of the explosion which followed awoke all Edinburgh. With what sound did it fall on Mary's ears, who, in the midst of her festivities, must have been listening and watching for it ! This can never be known ; we only know that the first person admitted to her presence afterwards, was the murderer. At ten o'clock on the following morning, the news having been previously told her, she had got up all the external signs of mourning. Paris entered the queen's chamber, from which the daylight was excluded ; her bed, from which she had not yet risen, was hung with black, and one of her ladies was giving her her breakfast. Here Bothwell came in, and had a secret conference with her under the curtain. He soon left her, and reported to those without that the queen was overwhelmed with grief. The day after, she sent the following cool account of the matter to the Archbishop of Glasgow, her ambassador at Paris :—

Edinburgh, Feb. 10, 1567.

Most Reverend Father in God, and trusted Counsellor, we greet you well.

We have received this morning your letters of the 27th of January, by your servant, Robert Drury, containing in one part sic advertisement as we find by effect over true, albeit the success has not altogether been sic as the authors of that mischievous fact had preconceived and had put it in execution ; an if God in his mercy had not preserved us as we trust to the end that we may take a rigorous vengeance of that mischievous deed, which ere it should remain unpunished we had rather lose life and all. The matter is so horrible and strange, as we believe the like was never heard of in any country.

This night past, being the 9th of February, a little after two hours after midnight, the house wherein the king was lodged was, in one instant, blown into the air, he lying asleep in his bed, with sic a vehemency that of the whole lodging, walls and other, there is nothing remaining ; na, not a stone above another, but all either carried far away or *dang* in dross to the very ground stone. It must be done by the force of gunpowder, and appears to have been a mine. By whom it has been done, or in what manner, appears not yet.

We doubt not, but according to the diligence our council has begun already to use, the certainty of all

shall be *usit* shortly, and the same being discovered, which we *wot* God will not suffer to lie hid, we hope to punish the same with sic rigor as shall serve for example of this cruelty to all ages to come. Always whoever has taken this wicked enterprise in hand we assure ourself it was dressit as well for ourself as for the king (for we lay for the most part of all last week in that same lodging, and was there accompanied with the most part of the lords that were in this town), and that same night at midnight, and of very chance tarried not all night there by reason of some masks at the abbey (Holyrood) : But we believe it was not chance but God that put in our head.

We despatched this bearer upon the sudden ; therefore write to you the more shortly. The rest of the letter we shall answer at more leisure within four or five days by your own servant. And so for the present we commit you to Almighty God.

At Edinburgh the 11th day of Feb. 1566-67.—*Letters of Mary Queen of Scots*, vol. i., p. 44.*

Mary, after the murder, manifested an uncommon dislike to the mention of Darnley's name, which is one of the nearest approaches to remorse that we can find in her. What she said to the Archbishop in this letter she maintained through life, when forced to speak of him at all. But though we see from this example that she did not affect to consider her feelings wounded by the event, there was something about the affair that she would rather keep out of sight. Is there anything in history more detestable than the whole of this letter ! The coldness, the hypocrisy, the falsehood ; and yet it was by her adherence in the course here first adopted that she, in fact, gained over her adherents in her own and present times. Partly, it is hard to believe in that long subsequent life of impenitence ; men are shaken, in spite of their reason, by consistent assertion and consistent denial. She would be too wicked if it were all true ! So, as soon as the overwhelming evidence is a little shoved out of sight by other coming events, Mary gets the benefit of these misgivings and difficulties. But, in fact, her guilt is indefinitely increased by this obstinacy in it. Every good Christian ought to stand aghast at such a picture of impenitent sin. We are tempted here, though out of chronological order, to show our readers what is *M. Mignet's* mode of judging of character, and how far we are to value anything but his *facts* ; and to begin with his just and fair notice of her conduct immediately after the murder :—

What was the effect produced upon Mary Stuart by this terrible occurrence which filled Edinburgh with indignation and mistrust ? She appeared overwhelmed with sorrow and fell into a state of silent dejection. She manifested none of that activity, anger, resolution, and courage, which she had displayed after Rizzio's murder ; but shut herself up in her room, and would communicate with her most faithful servants by the medium of Bothwell alone. Darnley's murderer was the only person admitted to her presence. Even were we not furnished with the most unquestionable proofs of her complicity by the confessions contained in her letters, the authenticity of which we have established elsewhere, as well as by the declarations made in presence of their judges and upon the scaffold, by the subaltern actors in this tragic drama, her conduct both before and after the murder would suffice

* To this letter Miss Strickland appends the following extraordinary comment : " If Mary had had any evil intentions against poor Darnley, she must have given some hint of them to her chief confidant, the Archbishop, to whom this letter was addressed."

to convince us that she was a party to the crime.—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 272.

He then recapitulates what we have already gone through, and continues :—

But if her conduct previous to the commission of the crime thus deeply criminales Mary Stuart, what must we think of her proceedings after its perpetration? Her behavior, both as a wife and a queen, render her guilt all the more flagrant, because far from avenging the husband upon whom she had so recently lavished her hypocritical caresses, she rewarded his murderer, and eventually married him.—*Ibid.*, vol. i., p. 273.

Having thus established her guilt so entirely to his own and others' satisfaction, we must show our readers what is the occasion M. Mignet chooses for a burst of admiration for this wicked queen. We somewhat purposely anticipate the course of events, that our readers may not be tempted to the very common error, that distance of time softens unrepented sin; that is, that a criminal without an act of repentance is, in fact, by the mere passage of time, in some sort cleansed from his crime. We do not believe that M. Mignet could have expressed himself as he does in the following passage, had the scene he describes taken place within a week of Darnley's murder, instead of after a lapse of two years of deserved misfortune; and if, instead of some chapters' change of subject, he had had to proceed to the recording of it before the ink of the last sentence was dry or the page turned over. When Mary took refuge in England, and was detained by Elizabeth, the charge of murdering her husband was brought against her by her own subjects, who supported the charge by producing the letters in the silver casket. Many hard words are applied to Elizabeth, for pressing for a direct answer; for urging Mary, in fact, to defend herself from the charge, giving her the choice of three separate modes of doing so.

Mary declined this insidious request. She would not condescend to appear as the accused party. Adroit and courageous, sometimes perplexed but never cast down, she now displayed all the resources of her mind and all the energy of her character. After having tried every means to prevent the publication of the documents which criminated her; after having had recourse to the skilful manoeuvres of Lethington and the prudent counsels of Norfolk; after having once offered to abdicate, and frequently to forgive, even when she was most grievously offended—she now stood up with all the dignity of a queen, and proved herself as bold as she had previously appeared accommodating. Instead of defending herself, she attacked Murray. On the 19th of December she wrote to her Commissioners: "Forasmuch as the Earl of Murray and his adherents, our rebellious subjects, have added unto their pretended excuses, produced by them for coloring of their horrible crimes and offences committed against us their sovereign lady and mistress, the charge that, as the Earl of Bothwell was the principal executor of the murder committed on the person of Harry Stuart, our late husband, so we knew, counselled, devised, persuaded, and commanded the said murder—they have falsely, treacherously and wickedly lied; maliciously imputing to us a crime of which themselves were authors and inventors, and some of them even executors." Repelling the charge of having impeded the proceedings of justice against Darnley's murderers, and of having given her consent beforehand to her marriage of Bothwell, she alluded with consummate ability and eloquence to the danger to which the lords declared that she had exposed her son; [she had in fact wished to

give him into Bothwell's hands.] "That calumny," she pathetically observed, "should suffice for proof of all the rest. The natural love of a mother towards her bairn confounds them; but in the malice and impiety of their hearts, they judge others by their own affection."—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 53.

For our own part, so far are we from sharing in M. Mignet's admiration of this unparalleled audacity, that we find ourselves on the contrary responding, in a way we could not have anticipated, to Knox's denunciations of the course and character of this woman; his language is strong, we do not defend a subject for using such language towards her who once at least was his sovereign; but our readers shall judge if it is not in most points deserved. It is from one of his sermons :—

I am further accused, that I speak of their sovereign (mine she is not) as that she were reprobate, affirming that she cannot repent; thereto I answer, that the accuser is a calumniator and a manifest liar, for he is never able to prove that at any time I have said that she could not repent; but I have said, and yet say, that pride and repentance abide not in one heart of any long continuance. . . . What I have spoken against the adultery, against the murders, against the pride, and against the idolatry of that wicked woman, I spake not as one that entered into God's secret counsel, but being one, of God's great mercy, called to preach according to His blessed will revealed in His Holy Word, I have oftener than once pronounced the threatenings of His law against such as have been of counsel, knowledge, assistance, or consent, that innocent blood should be shed.—*Tytler*, vol. vii., p. 287.

There is something in simple magnitude which attracts some minds; even a crime may be pardoned if it is only large enough and maintained with spirit enough. We have traced Mary's attitude for so great a crime to her education in the Court of France, and to the principles which she imbibed there. The murder of Darnley and its consequences were direct fruits of those principles and of that teaching; and, as a remarkable confirmation of this view, we find the same teaching producing the very same results in France itself only two years after. We need hardly remind the youngest or the most forgetful of our readers, that the Massacre of St. Bartholomew was designed and carried out by those who had especially the direction of Mary's education, Catharine de Medicis and the Cardinal of Lorraine; and by her fellow-pupils, Charles IX. and his brother, the Duke of Anjou. And in the crimes themselves there are many points of resemblance; in part arising from the dissimulation which is the feature and crowning aggravation of each; and also from the circumstances themselves, which in the domestic act of treachery anticipate on a small scale, and shadow forth, those of the more gigantic enormity. Nor are there wanting points of striking analogy in the minor personage. Each tragedy has its innocent, accidental victim. And the Lady Jane Gordon, forced to a divorce from her husband, represents Margaret of France, compelled to a marriage against her heart and feelings; each being equally gainers by the act of injustice and apparent cruelty. Mary represents the king and court of France; Darnley must stand for the Admiral and the Huguenot party; and the Kirk of Field is Paris.

Mary's open, impulsive, impetuous temper is sometimes brought forward to show her naturally incapable of an act of deliberate perfidy. But Charles' disposition might have been supposed

quite as great an obstacle to his long-sustained effort of patient, watchful, insidious, profound dissimulation. Mary had only Darnley to delude; Charles was matched with Coligni and his party, able men, whose lives had been passed in suspicion, experienced in the arts of deception, and in the task of unmasking the covert designs of the most perfidious court in the world. Mary had but a few days of dissembling; Charles, for many months, might not relax nor indulge himself in one natural outbreak. What must it not have cost a young king, absolute in position, impatient in temper, and utterly unscrupulous in principle, to maintain that long course of concession to his enemies, by which he at length gained his ends! from the first conference with his mother and the other conspirators, up to the successful issue of the plot formed there; the feigned peace—the support of the Protestant religion, and severe repression of the outrages of his own party against it;—his affected displeasure with the House of Guise;—the disgrace into which he brought himself with his Catholic allies, Spain and the Pope, by a course which he could neither justify nor explain;—the connecting himself by the forced marriage of his sister with one of the detested heretics—the whole series of measures necessary to bring within his net the Huguenots whom he had resolved to exterminate. What unremitting watchfulness, what self-restraint were necessary; what sacrifices must be made to lull their jealous suspicions, what perpetual benignity of aspect veiling the smothered rage within, what toleration of high pretensions and bold demands must he persevere in!—but the end reconciled him to all. That it was an effort we know from that scene with his mother, when he believed her to have let out the plot, and he, on his side,

grievously complained to her that she should have made known those secrets, which he with so much patience, and resistance from his own mind, putting constraint on his natural disposition, had concealed; to which words the queen, smiling, replied that she did not need to learn from him the art of silence, bidding him to consider if he himself, by his own impatience, had not let out what he suspected others to have done.*

That he succeeded we know, not only from the result but from the *naïve* admiration Davila expresses for a crowning act of dissimulation by which he distinguished himself. This was on the occasion of Coligni's arrival at Paris.

It was a notable thing (*cosa notabile*) to see the admiral, grown old in ambitious pretensions and proud thoughts, now conscious in himself of his errors; all France for the theatre, and before the eyes of his own partisans; brought to so public a repentance, that he was seen with a copious effusion of tears, prostrated at the knees of that king, whom he had so frequently offended; *but it was much more notable* that the king, so young in years, of a nature so precipitate and irascible, now seeing before him the man who had so often endangered his crown and dominion, knew how to dissemble so perfectly, that, calling him father and raising him with his own hands, he made every one believe him to be sincerely and entirely reconciled to him.—*Davila*, vol. ii., p. 273.

Coligni's attempted assassination, under the king's orders, and the subsequent visit of affectionate condolence paid to the wounded man by Charles

and his mother, and the surrounding him with his own guard, in pretended care for his safety, are all points of analogy with Mary's course, which we need not dwell upon. Mary, it is true, eventually denied her share in the murder, and Charles avowed his; but he had designed to conceal it, depending upon a despairing insurrection of the Huguenots, which did not take place; so that the massacre was obliged to be a more orderly and deliberate affair than it had been planned to be. What lies were left to him to tell we need not say he did tell. Perhaps in one point Charles and his mother stand in honorable distinction from Mary, for she would have given up her infant son to the murderer of its father, if she could; and Catharine and her son, having connected themselves by the ties of blood to Henry of Navarre, found themselves almost, to their surprise, bound by them, so that they used exertions, and disobliterated the Duke of Guise, in order to save him and his brother; an act of impolicy, according to Davila; who, treating the whole affair as a political coup d'état, remarks on the great mistake it is to mingle isolated acts of mercy with "extreme measures."

And now to return to our narrative. However anxious, for various motives, historians have been to release Mary from the actual guilt of her husband's death—some from political, some from religious reasons; some from a chivalrous gallantry towards the sex, of which she was externally so fair an ornament, and some indulging the subtle intellectual pleasure of disputing obvious conclusions—writers may be called unanimous in their admission that Mary did all she could by her subsequent conduct to attach the guilt to herself. Nothing could be more shameless, more blind to common decency, more utterly insensible, than the course into which she immediately plunged. Feeling no remorse, and expressing no sorrow, she was simply intoxicated by one sentiment. She cared for no one but Bothwell, and she allowed every individual in her kingdom to see that this was so. Never, we must say, was the principle of loyalty put to so terrible a test. While the whole world—not suspected, but—*knew* him to be the murderer, she would not endure him out of sight; while high and low felt the deed a national reproach, within a fortnight she was playing games, "shooting at the butts with him at Seton, and forcing those lords who lost with them to pay the forfeit in a dinner." Engaged in these becoming recreations, she took no active steps towards discovering her husband's murderers; her first care, on the contrary, was to reward various subordinate actors in it by places and pensions.* She had, it is true, on the 12th of February, offered a reward of £2,000 to any who would come forward with information—something must be done for the sake of appearances to foreign courts, and

Scarcely was this made known, when public opinion gave voice to its convictions, and a paper was fixed during the night on the doors of the Tolbooth, or common prison, in which Bothwell, James Balfour, and David Chambers (another of Bothwell's intimates), were denounced as guilty of the king's slaughter. Voices, too, were heard in the streets of Edinburgh, at dead of night, arraigning the same persons. A second placard charged the queen's servants with the crime, and mentioned the names of Signor Francis, Bastian, John de Bourdesaux, and Joseph, David Rizzio's.

* Davila's "*Historia di Francia*," vol. ii., p. 269.

* Laing, vol. i., pp. 34—48.

brother. The queen took no steps to secure the subaltern conspirators, and kept the greatest criminal of them all by her side.—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 274.

No council was assembled, and nothing was done. Pictured placards appeared in public places:—the initials, M. R., holding a sword, and Bothwell's, with another instrument of death. The Presbyterian ministers preached with "sombre vehemence," exhorting men to fasting and prayer, and calling on God "to reveal and revenge." The queen's complicity became more and more suspected. Bothwell rode into Edinburgh with an armed force, and bullied and threatened, but, by his suspicious and guilty bearing, only confirmed men's minds against him. Darnley's father wrote pathetic letters, imploring Mary to take steps to discover the murderer; to which she returned affectionate but evasive answers. Elizabeth wrote to her, as we think, a very good and sensible letter, giving Mary the advice of a true friend, though Mignet characterizes it very harshly; our readers shall judge. It is a specimen of the sort of language he always uses towards our great queen.

Elizabeth despatched a letter, by Sir Henry Killigrew, in which she hinted her suspicions of Mary's implication in the murder, and displayed the *passionate hatred which she entertained against her*, in the vehemence of her ill-concealed reproaches, and the feigned character of her hypocritical condolence: "Madame," she wrote, "my ears have been so astonished, and my mind so grieved, and my heart so terrified at hearing the horrible sound of the abominable murder of your late husband and my deceased cousin, that I have, even now, no spirit to write about it; and although my natural feelings constrain me greatly to deplore his death, as he was so near a relation to me, nevertheless, boldly to tell you what I think, I cannot conceal from myself that I am more full of grief on your account than on his. O madame! I should not perform the part of a faithful cousin and an affectionate friend, if I studied rather to please your ears than to endeavor to preserve your honor; therefore I will not conceal from you what most persons say about the matter, namely, that you will look through your fingers at taking vengeance for this deed, and have no intention to touch those who have done you this kindness, as if the act would not have been perpetrated unless the murderers had received assurance of your impunity. Think of me, I beg you, who would not entertain such a thought in my heart for all the gold in the world." She then went on to urge her, in the strongest terms, not to leave so great a crime unpunished. "I exhort you," she adds, "I advise and beseech you to take this thing so much to heart as not to fear to bring to judgment the nearest relation you have, and to let no persuasion hinder you from manifesting to the world that you are a noble princess, and also a loyal wife."—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 279.

Letters of condolence are proverbially difficult things, and should always be read with the tenderest indulgence. Who would desire his heart or his understanding to be tested by his own performances in this line! But we must say the difficulty is indefinitely increased when it seems probable, from circumstances, that the person addressed is herself the main cause of the catastrophe we deplore; while yet it would be unjust as it would be discourteous, to charge our correspondent downright with the fact. Indeed, *suspicion* is all that is in the mind; we do not *believe*, we only *mis-doubt*. So we think, on the whole, that Elizabeth did very well; and are only glad it does not fall to our lot to have such a correspondent. Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow and ambassador in France,

writes in just the same strain; imploring her to use vigorous means to bring the offenders to justice; informing her that in France "yourself is greatly and wrongously calumniated to be the principal motive of the same;" conjuring her to take a rigorous vengeance, observing "that rather than it be not actually taken, it appears to me better, in this world, that you had lost life and all." Mary, however, had sinned, and risked all, for the present—for present pleasure; this she would have, and was perfectly headstrong and bewitched in her methods of obtaining it. Therefore, when compelled to have Bothwell tried, she so managed, and used such palpable and manifest injustice, as still more to implicate herself and him. She utterly despised not only popular opinion, but every form of it. She had still some difficulties in the way of attaining her ultimate object; serious ones to most minds, but mere straws to her in her present disposition. First, Bothwell *must* be tried for Darnley's murder; secondly, he was already married to another woman; and, thirdly, her husband had been dead but a few weeks. She chose to overcome these obstacles in this order: Bothwell, himself ordering all the arrangements of his trial, and attended by four thousand armed men, loaded by her favors, supported by her public countenance, and mounted on the late king's favorite horse, presented himself for trial, and was tried and acquitted, no one appearing against him, and, as a sequel to this scene, he procured, by an act of bullying audacity, which was a lasting disgrace to the Scotch nobility, a bond, signed by many of them, recommending his marriage with the queen. Next, she contrived with him the celebrated abduction to which some of the letters in the casket relate; a very barefaced piece of acting, by which she affected to show herself to her people a prisoner to Bothwell's unprincipled violence, and her actions therefore no longer in her own power. This affair came off on the 24th of April; he met her with an armed force, as she was returning from a visit to her son, and, taking her horse by the bridle, carried her off to the Castle of Dunbar. While here, the divorce with his wife was effected;—in the Catholic courts, in behalf of Bothwell, through that consistorial court whose powers she had restored before the murder; in the Protestant, in behalf of Jane Gordon, his wife; his previous course of life furnishing sufficient ground. The sentence was pronounced on the 3d of May, and on that day Mary returned to Edinburgh with Bothwell by her side, where she declared his pardon not only for the late outrage on herself, but for *all other offences*, and announced her intention of marrying him. Although this had long been expected, it filled the country with furious indignation; no fair words or promises could silence the Presbyterian ministers in their denunciations. Craig refused to publish the banns till the law compelled him, and then added from the pulpit these words: "I take heaven and earth to witness that I abhor and detest this marriage as odious and slanderous to the world, and I would exhort the faithful to pray earnestly that a union against all reason and good conscience may yet be overruled by God, to the comfort of this unhappy realm." Nothing daunted, Mary, on the 12th of May, created Bothwell Duke of the Orkneys and Shetland, and placed the coronet on his head with her own hands. On the 15th she was married.

From this period date Mary's misfortunes, as they are always called; that is, being permitted

to attain the object for which she had sinned, she was not allowed to enjoy it with impunity. From that moment vengeance and retribution opened on their pursuit, nor once lost sight of their victim still she paid the forfeit of her crime with her own blood. And this should never be forgotten by those who read her subsequent history. It is true that Mary, who had made a mockery of law and justice when it suited her purpose, suffered in her turn from the neglect of their requirements. But we must never say that Mary suffered unjustly. We may charge Elizabeth with harshness and duplicity; she may have erred, and did err, in assuming rights she did not possess; but Mary's punishment was not the less, as far as she is concerned, a just one.

The very day of her marriage she had a quarrel with her husband; he seems to have discovered that the best mode of sustaining her affection was to be continually testing it. He was rough and harsh in his demeanor, suspicious, jealous, exacting, and it was her pleasure, while her affection lasted, to submit to all this. Her letters to him previous to the marriage are in an abject strain of deprecation. "Refuse me not dear life, and suffer me to make some proof by my obedience, by faithfulness, constancy, and *voluntary subjection*." "I would I were dead, for I see all goeth ill. . . . Absence hath power over you, who have two strings to your bow [another wife]. I desire not but sudden death, and to testify unto you how lowly I submit myself unto your commandments. I have sent you in sign of *homage*," &c. It was a favorite form with Mary to wish herself dead, as we see in these letters; on her wedding day she was heard to call for a knife "to stick herself, or else," she added, "I shall drown myself." She was, in fact, subject to paroxysms of rage, when things were going very ill indeed with her, though ordinarily her temper was not at fault; and now Bothwell was interfering with her freedom of action. "Even since the day of her marriage," wrote Du Croc to Catharine de Medici, "she has passed her time in nothing but tears and lamentation, as he (Bothwell) will not give her liberty to look at any one, or allow any one to look at her, although he knows that she loves to take her pleasure and pass her time agreeably, as much as any one." However, these were only lovers' quarrels, from which they were soon aroused by the serious aspect of their affairs. A formidable league had been formed against them, of the chief nobility; nor should the anxiety of the court of France to join them be forgotten, as it was a fact very likely to influence Mary in her final choice of an asylum.

In fact, the court of France, seeing that Mary Stuart multiplied the commission of degrading disorders and destructive errors, and fearing that Scotland might thereby fall under the dominion of England, had preferred to abandon the queen rather than lose the kingdom. Charles IX. sent Villeroi to Du Croc with secret instructions, from which we extract the following curious passage:—"The said Sieur de Villeroi will say that his majesty having made known to him the opinion which he entertains of the pitiable success of the affairs of the Queen of Scotland, seeing what has been written to him of her behavior by the said Sieur du Croc, and the strange news which he has received from other quarters; and being also concerned that the enterprise of the said lords is secretly assisted and favored by the English—whose charity would only entail their ruin—the king wishes

the said Sieur du Croc to know, that the desire and principal intention of his majesty is to keep the kingdom of Scotland in its attachment to himself, without permitting it, under the pretext of the many follies which are committed, to rebel and alienate itself from its attachment to himself, as it is certain it would do, towards the said English, whom the said lords would seek as their protectors in this affair, if they saw they would have no assurance from the king." It appears that Du Croc, in conformity with these instructions, offered the confederate lords a company of men-at-arms, and pensions to several noblemen and gentlemen.—*Mignet*, vol. i., p. 307.

But the confederates preferred to have the support of Elizabeth. And here began her difficulties—and very genuine ones they were throughout, though not always creditable ones. Her feelings and principles were entirely opposed to rebellion, under any circumstances. She was sincerely shocked at the thought of deposition—it was a personal question with her; and also at subjects standing up in judgment on their princes' faults. On the other hand, all respect for Mary must have been at an end; it was not possible to regard as sacred the rights of such a woman, and it would never do to allow France to get so powerful a hold upon Scotland as was threatened. So Mignet, after reflections on her tortuous policy, and on actions rarely corresponding with words, concludes with Cecil's promise to the lords, to make his mistress' feelings subordinate to her interests, and to lead her slowly, but surely, to adopt those resolutions which were least agreeable but most advantageous. Mary at first despised the threatened danger, but was soon compelled to view it in a more serious light; and just a month from the date of her marriage, we find her taking the field in person, "mounted on horseback, preceded by the royal standard of Scotland, and dressed in a red gown which reached only to her knees." The confederates, hearing of her intrenching herself on Carberry hill, advanced from Edinburgh to give her battle, bearing a banner on which was painted the body of the murdered king lying under a tree, with the young prince kneeling beside it, and underneath, the motto, "*Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!*" The sight of this banner greatly moved the people, animated the confederate soldiers, and affected the loyalty of the queen's men. At this crisis Du Croc attempted to effect a compromise, but he found the queen very resolute and animated, and not at all willing for a compromise, though she promised pardon on their submission. Then followed proposals for settling the affair by single combat. Bothwell was ready to fight for his cause, and on the other side there were contentions for the office of champion; but in the mean while desertion began amongst her own troops, and Mary at length found herself forced to treat with her rebel subjects; and she agreed to deliver herself up to the confederates if they would allow Bothwell to escape; they in their turn promising, on condition of his dismissal, to return to their allegiance. And thus Mary took leave of her husband, probably with the hope of soon being rejoined by him. They were observed to speak together with much agitation, and then to separate "with great anguish and grief." Bothwell asked the queen whether she would keep the promise of fidelity which she had made to him, of which she assured him, and gave him her hand upon it. Thereupon he mounted his horse, with a small company of about a dozen of his friends, "and

went off at a gallop, taking the road to Dunbar." She never saw him again.

Mary's love was not of a nature to bear a long absence, nor was he an object of pure attachment; yet for a few weeks or months she clung obstinately to him, after which time his remembrance, for all we know, passed away from her. She got engaged in other plots, and had new objects, to whom she must at least pretend to give her interest. He disappears from the scene till, eight or nine years after, we again come upon the mention of his name. Our readers will remember Bothwell's fate;—that he turned pirate, was captured by a Norwegian vessel, and kept prisoner in Norway till 1576, when he died mad. However, there was a rumor of a confession, and Mary thus writes on the event to her ambassador at Paris:—

I have been informed of the death of the Count of Bothwell, and that before his decease he made an ample confession of his faults, and declared himself the author and guilty of the assassination of the late king my husband, of which he frees me, expressly swearing upon the damnation of his soul for my innocence, &c.—*Laing*, vol. ii., p. 307.

She bids Beton, therefore, try to procure this confession. He in his turn, coldly answers that he had heard of it long ago, and that it had given her son great joy, but that he could not procure an authentic copy without money for the messenger's journey, to which Mary (who really never wanted money) replies coolly enough—"It seems to me that the journey of Monceaux (her messenger) is not necessary for this purpose, as from what you tell me the queen-mother has sent;" and so the authentic copy never came.* But this is a peep into the cold future. Mary, after this parting, gave herself up to the confederates, from whom she received a loyal and courteous reception; but on seeking to communicate with the Hamiltons, who had collected a body of men in her cause, she found herself no longer a queen, but a prisoner. The confederates feared a renewal of the war, and the recall of Bothwell, and would not permit her to hold correspondence with her partisans. Upon this she first realized her position, and giving way to most impolitic but not unnatural anger, exhibited all the "rage, resentment, and despair," especially attributed to

Youthful kings in battle seized alive,

and for once forgot both policy and dissembling. She called for Lindsey, and bade him give her his hand. He obeyed. "By the hand," said she, "which is now in yours, I'll have your head for this." Morton and Athol she threatened to "hang and crucify," with other impotent threats, which only served to widen the breach by showing the use she would make of power should she ever be suffered to regain it. However, Mr. Fraser Tytler admires her spirit, quoting her really effective promise of vengeance to Lindsey, and keeping in the background the wilder fury of her threats of crucifixion. He thus describes her miserable entrance into her capital. He is disgusted with her people's reception of her, and their indignation expresses itself no doubt in a sufficiently barbarous mode. The passage is remarkable to us as con-

* Upon this *Laing* is certainly justified in saying, "The testament is a shallow forgery, of which Mary and Beton were both conscious; and Bothwell himself, as he died mad, was incapable of a genuine confession at his death."—*Laing*, vol. ii., p. 61.

taining some evidence of remorse. It was the consciousness of her crime alone which caused her despair. A most wretched picture it is:—

It was now evening, and the queen, riding between Morton and Athol, was conducted to the capital, where she awoke to all the horrors of her situation. She was a captive in the hands of her worst enemies. The populace, as she rode through the streets, received her with yells and execrations; the women, pressing round, accused her in coarse terms as an adulteress stained with her husband's blood; and the soldiers, unrestrained by their officers, kept constantly waving before her eyes the banner on which was painted the murdered king, and the prince crying for vengeance. At first they shut her up in the provost's house, where she was strictly guarded. It was in vain she remonstrated against the breach of faith; in vain she implored them to remember she was their sovereign; they were deaf to her entreaties, and she was compelled to pass the night, secluded even from her women, in solitude and tears. But the morning only brought new horrors. The first object which met her eyes was the same dreadful banner, which, with a refinement of cruelty, the populace had hung up directly opposite her window. The sight brought an agony of despair and delirium, in the midst of which she tore the dress from her person, and, forgetting that she was almost naked, attempted in her frenzy to address the people.—*Tytler*, vol. vii., 113.

But we will not pursue the familiar course of history—her imprisonment at Lochleven, her obstinate adherence to Bothwell, the discovery of the casket, the threatened trial by her own subjects, from which she was preserved by Elizabeth; the forced abdication—drawn from her, there is good reason to believe, by the knowledge of the fatal evidence that existed against her;—her escape, the final battle, her flight into England, and the life of imprisonment which followed. Mary's history had events enough in it to furnish excitement for a very long life; what then must have been the tumult of existence in which her six years in Scotland were past! Within seven years she had had three husbands, and had been queen of two kingdoms; had headed campaigns in person; had suppressed insurrections and outwitted statesmen, subdued enemies, fought battles; had found time in these severe occupations for all the delights of society and for every form of amusement; she had had innumerable admirers, and had experienced every gradation of sentiment, from simple coquetry to the most enthralling passion; she had known too the darkest excitements of conspiracy and crime:—always changing scene, and place, and occupation; riding, hunting, dancing, fighting, alternating from failure to triumph, from success to despair, and sustained through all by high spirits, reckless courage, and indomitable pride. What recollections, what habits, what dispositions and character were these with which to plunge suddenly into the monotony of a lifelong imprisonment!

That truly must have been a strong spirit which never once failed or yielded under the trial—which for twenty years planned, and schemed, and flattered, plotted, conspired, cajoled, and, we must add, *lied* with unabated energy and unflagging hope; and this under the consciousness of a great crime, and the, to her, heavier consciousness that all with whom she had to deal knew and were fully persuaded of her guilt. What bold bad woman was it who said, "*Une femme comme moi n'est jamais compromise!*" This must have been

Mary's confidence, a trust in resources which could not be exhausted—a belief that if she could only see men, she could win them—a knowledge of the power of her very remarkable position and her lofty pretensions. There was another thing, too, to sustain her in captivity.

Writers talk much of Elizabeth's hatred of Mary. We believe Mary's feeling towards Elizabeth was a much deeper one. Elizabeth hated Mary* (we take it for granted, as so many say so), because she was a thorn in her side, the pretender to her throne, her prisoner, whom she dare not set at liberty, and yet could plead no just right to detain; one who was perpetually putting her to difficulties; a load on her fears, on her conscience, and on her credit. But Mary hated Elizabeth, because she knew she was known and despised by her, because her crimes had put her in her power, and even more because she was something to think of, and some one on whom to lay the blame for her misfortunes, diverting the train of bitter thought from herself. She was an object for revenge, some one to plot against, to hope against, to ruin if she could. Elizabeth, in the multiplicity of her affairs, could think only occasionally of Mary. Elizabeth was the barrier, the ultimate end and thought of every scheme of Mary's.

We have already alluded to the examination of Mary's letters to Bothwell. Our limits forbid our entering into the really interesting details of their production. All the astutest wits of the two kingdoms were engaged on this question. It was an encounter of wits, and all parties, it must be admitted, showed more cleverness than honesty;—Mary and her commissioners scheming, promising, negotiating, to prevent their being produced—Murray and his party, alive to the advantages which might accrue to them by acceding to this wish, wise, cautious, guarded, alert—Elizabeth and her ministers, on whom Mignet heaps an endless amount of virtuous vituperation, more than a match for both parties, and selfishly alive to the advantages to be derived to her cause by bringing them to light. All those who are most lavish of abuse on Elizabeth, are candid at least in the admission of the extreme difficulty and peril of her situation. It must never be forgotten that Mary had asserted her right to the throne of England, and that there were foreign powers to support her right at any fitting opportunity. France and Spain

only needed a favorable moment on their side, or a crisis in English affairs, to interpose in the Catholic cause. It was only Elizabeth's matchless genius and vigilance which preserved her country from such a crisis. What, then, was to be done with Mary? She could not be sent back to Scotland without an army to support her cause, and surely none who believes in Mary's guilt requires this from Elizabeth's generosity. And if she had been permitted to retire to France, it was giving the party most opposed to Elizabeth on religious grounds a weapon of which persons perhaps hardly realize the importance. Mary's gifts of person and mind also made her all the more formidable. Elizabeth, on her arrival in England, had sent envoys to receive her, whose report of the beautiful fugitive was somewhat of the same character and import as that of the spies of old times; "We found her," they said, "in her answers to have an eloquent tongue and a discreet head; and it seemeth by her doings that she hath strict courage and liberal heart joined thereto." This was an alarming account of the woman who had asserted superior claims against her, and whom she *knew* to be wicked and unscrupulous in a desperate degree. She must have known, as we all know, that Mary was not to be believed or trusted. M. Mignet is absurdly indignant against Elizabeth for refusing to see Mary till her character was cleared. "When the envoys," he says, "had informed her (Mary) of the hypocritical regret and offensive refusal of their mistress, Mary Stuart, with tears in her eyes, sorrowfully complained," &c.; but in this our queen was certainly justified, and it cannot be denied that it was of importance to Elizabeth to have the guilt she fully believed in proved against her rival. This point, which it was more her interest to attain than even Murray's, she brought about as far as suited her purpose, though her respect for royalty prevented her publicly pronouncing the judgment arrived at. And having put some of the leading Roman Catholic lords on her commission, she secured that they should be aware of Mary's true character. Had Mary not been what she was, we do not believe Elizabeth would have detained her a prisoner. We are not justifying her for thus constituting herself her judge, but all must see that it is a different degree of error to oppress an innocent person and a guilty one. Elizabeth kept Mary prisoner because it suited her interest—because she dare not let her go. But while she probably knew in her heart that *she* had no right to do this, she could take comfort at least in the conviction that Mary deserved it.

Amongst those convinced of the authenticity of the letters was the Duke of Norfolk, though ambition afterwards so far overcame all decency of feeling that he would have married Mary, as he did rebel for her, and was one of the many victims in her cause. Elizabeth had very early charged him with the projected marriage, when "he did with great oaths deny it, and added, Why should I seek to marry so wicked a woman, such a notorious adulteress and murderess? I love to sleep upon a safe pillow. . . . Besides, knowing as I do, that she pretendeth a title to the present possession of your majesty's crown, if I were about to marry her, your majesty might justly charge me with seeking to take your own crown from off your head." In spite of these professions, in less than three years we find him reviving the plan of marriage, organizing with the Roman Catholic party

* Mr. Frazer Tytler quotes a reported message of Elizabeth to Cecil at the time when Mary was a prisoner at Lochleven, and in danger of her life from the vengeance of her subjects, which we think points to her general state of mind towards her, and proves that her "hatred" was not proof against pity for her condition, nor against the accusations of conscience for her own want of strict integrity in her dealings with her. "Tell Cecil that he must instantly write a letter, in my name, to my sister, to which I will set my hand, for I cannot write it myself, as I have not used her well and faithfully in these broken matters that be past. The purport of it must be to let her know that the Earl of Murray never spoke defamedly of her for the death of her husband [it was before any communication could have reached Elizabeth from him on the subject of the *casket*], never plotted for the secret conveying of the Prince into England, never confederated with the lords to depose her; on the contrary, and in my sister's misery, let her learn from me this truth, and that is, that she has not a more faithful and honorable servant in Scotland."—*Tytler*, vol. vii., p. 130.

There is nothing mysterious or unfathomable in this. No triumph in her rival's misery, but a natural revulsion of feeling towards her.

a general insurrection, and "plotting on the continent with the Pope and the King of Spain to change the religion and overthrow the government." He was found guilty, and previously to his execution spoke with great bitterness of the siren who had led him to his present misery.

He sayeth very earnestly with vow to God, that if he were offered to have that woman in marriage, to choose that or death, he had rather take this death than that he is going to a hundred parts; and he takes his Saviour to witness of this. He sayeth that nothing that anybody goeth about for her prospereth, nor that else she doth herself; and also that she is openly defamed.—*Letter from Henry Skipwith to Dr. Burghley, 16th Feb., 1572. Mignet, vol. ii., p. 159.*

In spite of the tears Mary wept for Norfolk, we believe he was more sincerely lamented by the queen he conspired against. She most unwillingly suffered his execution. She could not sleep while the question was pending, and wrote bitterly to Mary for having seduced him from his allegiance. His treason being manifest, the House of Commons and her ministers urged his death, and even ventured to demand that of Mary, her life being, they said, incompatible with the safety of the kingdom; they said that the axe must be laid at the root of the tree; but Elizabeth replied, "She could not put to death the bird which to escape the pursuit of the hawk had fled to her feet for protection." So Norfolk died; and Mary lived to "betray more men."

Foreign archives reveal how great had been Elizabeth's danger in the recent conspiracy. The rebels were in communication with Alva, the king of Spain, and the Pope; the object being to restore the Roman Catholic religion in England. Norfolk and Mary had asked for arms, ammunition, money, and an army of ten thousand men. Recent discoveries have brought to light a long letter of twenty pages from Alva to Philip on this subject, in which he enters warmly into the plan, but is afraid of Elizabeth's vigilance, and suggests her assassination under the following significant form: "If the Queen of England should die either a natural death or any other death, or if her person should be seized without your majesty's concurrence, then I should perceive no further difficulty." Ridolfi, the messenger of the conspirators, is also charged with letters to the Pope, and is the bearer of letters from him to Philip, earnestly entreating Spanish intervention in the plot.

On the 7th of July, Ridolfi was questioned at the Escorial regarding the enterprise which he had come to propose by the Duke of Feria, whom Philip had deputed to hear his statements. His answers were written down in the handwriting of Zayas, the secretary of state. It was proposed to murder Queen Elizabeth. Ridolfi said that the blow could not be struck in London, because that city was the stronghold of heresy, but while she was travelling; and that a person named James Graffs had undertaken the office. On the same day, the council of state commenced its deliberations upon the proposed assassination of Elizabeth, and conquest of England. The subject of the discussion was, whether it behoved the King of Spain to agree with the conspirators "to kill or capture the Queen of England," in order to prevent her marrying the Duke of Anjou, and putting to death the Queen of Scotland; whether the blow should be struck while she was travelling, or, which would be easier still, when she was at the country-house of one of the conspirators, who had surrounded her with persons on whom they could depend; and

whether they ought not to be assisted in case they carried out their intentions, which they would not do without the orders of the Catholic king. The councillors of state severally gave their opinions, which were committed to writing, and have been preserved to this day. The Duke of Feria spoke first. "Under present circumstances," he said, "the affair is embarrassing, but the Catholic king must not postpone it. The Queen of Scotland is the true heir to the realm of England, and she will rightly discharge the duties of religion and friendship towards us. If we allow her to be crushed, we entail destruction on all those that are devoted to her. The proximity of the Duke of Alva greatly facilitates the matter; not an instant must be lost if we intend to engage in the enterprise."—*Mignet, vol. ii., p. 144, from the Archives of Simancas Inghilterra, fol. 828.*

The Duke of Feria, who gives this unscrupulous counsel, had been engaged in very different relations towards Elizabeth, as he was the ambassador chosen by Philip to offer his hand to her on her accession to the English throne. All the council gave their different suggestions. The Inquisitor-General voted that the sum of 200,000 crowns should be placed in Alva's hands, and that he should proceed in conformity with the declaration made by the Pope's bull; he added that Ciapino Vitelli had offered to go in person, with a dozen or fifteen resolute men, to seize the Queen of England in one of her pleasure-houses, and that he would present himself before her under the pretext of demanding justice; but the Duke of Feria, profiting by his English experience, did not think it would be easy for a dozen men to capture the Queen of England. How extraordinary these deliberations sound in our ears! how strange that they should exist to this day to convict the authors of them! how wonderfully was Elizabeth's life hedged about and defended from the mischief that walketh in darkness! Mary and Elizabeth were both bold women, but if we must admire the natural virtue of courage, we admire it much the most in Elizabeth. It is impossible to contemplate her situation—the dangers open and concealed by which she was surrounded throughout her reign, and which her wise and vigilant nature kept her constantly conscious of—and not be affected and stirred by her lion-like bearing and invincible resolution. What a train of secret treasours and open aggressions does not her history lay before us, from the vacillating treachery of Norfolk, the interminable plots of Mary, the atrocious deliberations of Spain, down to the last mighty effort of her enemies against her. It is in contrasting her with these enemies that we see her greatness; and in comparing her with Philip, or the Pope, or Charles, or Mary, we are tempted to forget her many not easily forgotten faults; and for a moment she stands as nobly distinct and magnanimous as when her poet's fancy drew her the

Fair vestal thrond in the West.

All these detestable deliberations preceded but a little while the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which might well infuse a universal suspicion on the great acknowledged heads of the Roman Catholic cause. It decided Elizabeth to detain Mary in perpetual captivity. The two Houses of Parliament went further in their "hatred and fanaticism," and wished to proceed against her by a bill of attainder, which Elizabeth suppressed by proroguing Parliament. But a commission was sent down to Mary to interrogate her on the Norfolk conspiracy. "The answers," says Mignet, "were

more prudent than sincere;" the nearest approach to a censure of her habits of unscrupulous falsehood that we can remember to have met with in his work. However, he is at one time ashamed for his heroine; when, finding all other means fail, and her spirit really subdued by loss of adherents, stricter confinement, and the failure of plots, she begins to flatter Elizabeth, and makes pretty knick-knacks for her; employing her uncle, the cardinal, to send little articles of *vertù* from France, which might please the English queen, and busying herself in ordering gold lace and silver spangles to make a head-dress for Elizabeth, which she is overjoyed at her accepting. Mary must be doing something for her cause, and she knew that when anything new occurred, these delicate attentions need not stand in the way of more congenial designs; accordingly, on turning over a page or two, we find her deep in new negotiations with Philip, who must have been a very provoking ally—so slow and ponderous in his movements, promising much, ready to listen to all propositions, but spoiling all by delay. This new negotiation is remarkable for the use she made of her son, to which we call the reader's attention, not because they resulted in anything, but as bearing upon one of the most impressive scenes previous to her execution.

He (Philip) would not suffer himself to be tempted by the offer which Mary Stuart made to place her son in his hands, and which was somewhat difficult of realization, although she continually recurred to it. Nor was this the only offer she made; after having proposed to place her son as a hostage for Catholicism, in the hands of Philip II., Mary Stuart went so far as to contemplate his disinheritance by the transfer of all her rights to the powerful defender of her religion in Europe. Her frequent attacks of illness, the dangers which beset her captivity, and the consequences which might result from her plots, led her to project a will containing the following clause, which, though doubtless very Catholic, is certainly very unmaternal, and quite as unmonarchical. "In order," she says, "not to contravene the glory, honor, and preservation of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Church, in which I wish to live and die, if the Prince of Scotland, my son, shall be brought back to its creed, in spite of the bad education he has received, to my great regret, in the heresy of Calvin, among my rebellious subjects, I leave him the sole and only heir of my kingdom of Scotland, and of the right which I justly claim to the crown of England and its dependent countries; but if, on the other hand, my said son continues to live in the said heresy, I yield, and present, and transfer all my rights in England and elsewhere . . . to the Catholic king or to any of his relations whom he may please, with the advice and consent of his holiness, and this I do not only because I perceive him to be now the only true supporter of the Catholic religion, but also out of gratitude for the many favors which I and my friends, recommended by me, have received from him."—*Mignet*, vol. ii., p. 178. *Labanoff*, vol. iv., p. 354.

This will was written in February, 1577. Now we find her in the pathetic scene which preceded her death, on the very way to the scaffold—that occasion on which so much of the interest in her character is founded—expressing herself to Melvil in the following words:—

Bear these tidings that I die firm in my religion, a true Catholic, a true Scotchwoman, a true Frenchwoman. May God forgive those who have sought my death! The Judge of the secret thoughts and actions of men knows that I have always desired the

union of Scotland and England. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have never done anything that could prejudice the welfare of his kingdom, or his quality as king, nor derogated in any respect from our sovereign prerogative.—*Mignet*, vol. ii., p. 360.

She was false to the last. Our space fails us, nor yet is it needful to enter into the endless train of plots which the peculiar circumstances of the time engendered. The Roman Catholic party in England, oppressed and kept down, were ready to enter into any scheme. The Jesuits in the foreign seminaries were as unscrupulous in the means they sanctioned as their worst enemies could assert them to be. Philip had money for all Elizabeth's enemies, and had a host of pensioners. Bigotry and treason supplied men willing to take the active part in assassination. Mary, under the strict surveillance of Sir Amias Paulet, could no longer plot with them freely as before, but her willingness to fall in with the most desperate measures was perfectly understood. But while the science of plotting and conspiracy was thus developed, Elizabeth's ministers on their side were growing still more skilful in the arts of detection, and very mean arts indeed they often were, and what in the present system of division of labor would be held very derogatory to the character of a gentleman. Though in these purer days we venture to guess that men in office are not curious to inquire *how* intelligence is gained, and criminals brought to justice.

In Elizabeth's time her ministers were their own police, and seem to have felt a genuine relish for unearthing a conspiracy, outwitting plotters, and counter-plotting, to make them convict themselves. They were weary of Mary, the whole of Protestant England desired her death—they verily believed her deserving of it, and felt that neither Elizabeth's nor their own lives were safe while she lived. Under these circumstances did Walsingham make the use he did of Babington, Ballard, Morgan, and the rest, and allowed Mary again such apparent liberty of action as to be able to enter into the plot they had formed; and by means of a double-dyed traitor, Gifford, she was entrapped into a correspondence with the conspirators, in which she warmly entered into a Spanish invasion, and renewed her promise to make Philip her heir; and, upon Babington communicating to her the scheme for Elizabeth's assassination, she gave it her consent. Every letter she wrote or received had passed under Walsingham's eyes, who seems to have had no scruples or repugnance to the means he employed or the agents he worked by. We must regard such devices with abhorrence, but our censures of Walsingham are no sort of exculpation of Mary. She was a free agent, and voluntarily wrote what was brought as proof of her complicity in the plot. She had no scruples in doing so; we can hardly expect her to have them, when Philip, without her provocations, so warmly entered into the schemes, extremely commending Mary for having subordinated her love for her son to the service of God and of Christendom, and regarded the six gentlemen who were to murder Elizabeth as under the protection of God. As soon as the conspiracy was ripe, Walsingham laid before the queen the plans for the invasion of her kingdom and her own assassination, which he justly thought likely means to bring her to the desired point; the suddenness, the wide extent of the plot, her

own imminent peril and that of her country did produce fear, and altered her purposes, and in some way her state of feeling towards Mary. Elizabeth, on the question of the trial, the sentence, and the part which then fell on herself, and which she could not evade—the signing of the death-warrant—showed unequivocal dissimulation, a dissimulation which we despise. But this is not incompatible with true feeling, and may often be seen working with it. All her prejudices were against putting a queen to death; her principles were on one side, her personal danger and what she might well plead as necessity on the other; and while she wished to be rid of Mary, she very sincerely detested having to do it. Vacillating counsels constantly look like dissembling, but it seems certain that her ministers were really afraid of not being able to bring her to the point, and braved her displeasure at the last with an air of being more really apprehensive than subsequent writers upon the event seem to realize. Elizabeth was not sanguinary; compared with her times and with the example of her fellow-sovereigns, she was even merciful, and frequently showed a very remarkable forbearance towards her enemies, and a magnanimity for which she does not get sufficient praise. As an instance, Mary at one time in a fit of passion wrote an insulting letter to Elizabeth, incompatible we should say with any delicacy, not to say decency of mind, pretending to repeat a number of gross slanders uttered against Elizabeth by the Countess of Shrewsbury. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the letter; Labanoff has seen it and vouches for this; but he and M. Mignet think it probable that the letter never reached Elizabeth, for no other reason than that we can see but that she never took any notice of it or avenged it, as it was in her power to do. But our concern is with Mary, not with that strange compound of great and little qualities—of what is admirable and (must we say) despicable!—of magnanimity, tinctured, as Hume expresses it, with “malignity”—of genius, wisdom, prudence, penetration, foresight, vanity, and coquetry, our English queen; who, however far we must abate our admiration and temper our respect with opposing sentiments, must yet be acknowledged for one of the greatest women, and, beyond this, one of the greatest sovereigns that ever lived.

The history of Mary's death, when considered in relation to her life, is very remarkable. Doubtless she conducted herself with great grandeur, with an undaunted courage, and, what is more, with seeming Christian resignation. Her last hours were calculated to make a great impression on all who witnessed them. But yet we are forced to the conviction that it was a scene, that she was consciously *acting* before the present spectators, and before posterity, for to the very last she was asserting, with every circumstance of solemnity, things that were not *true*, in regard both to her son and to Elizabeth. It was probably impossible for bystanders not to believe her in that solemn hour—at least, those who interrupted the awful pageant with their mistimed doubts, get set down for brutal fanatics—witnessing her dignified composure, her unshaken courage, her religious deportment; but irrefragable evidence proves that what she so emphatically denied was yet true—that with an unflinching constancy, for no other purpose but to sustain her credit and to die grandly, she was false to the last—that she entered the presence of God with a lie in her right hand. It

is startling to write such things, it is terrible to believe them, but history leaves us no other course. M. Mignet, who details with enthusiastic admiration Mary's last hours, has by the whole tenor of his previous facts taught his readers to shudder where he himself sees ground for reverence and the most excited praise. Such courage, such constancy in the very face of death, were genuine. It is evident that she thought herself a martyr, that she believed she died in God's favor and for His cause, and yet the wicked habit of her life stuck to her. Truth and purity had never been any part of her religion; her moral sense, tainted at its source, was utterly depraved. She did not know God as a hater of evil. The Church for which she died was—as *she had known it* from her cradle to her grave—evil and corrupt. She had been inured to see its wickedness in high places—she knew it under no better aspect. She was the martyr, not of the Church Catholic, nor yet of the Church of Rome, but of its corruptions. It was those corruptions which misled her through life, it was those corruptions which held back remorse and terror at her death, and enabled her to die as she had lived, dauntless and heroic in a bad cause.

Such, then, was Mary; brave, high-spirited, princely, full of talent and intellect, radiant with beauty and grace; blessed too with an even temper, a happy disposition, a freedom from petty weaknesses and foibles, and gifted with all companionable and social qualities—but heartless and unprincipled, and, as her whole life shows, living, acting, hoping, joying, grieving, plotting, sinning, for *self* alone.

From Chambers' Journal.

A DIRGE OF LOVE.

BY W. E. L.

Yes! she is dead; the splendor of her eyes
Sleeps 'neath the lids forever; on my sight
Never again shall flash their high delight,
Tender and rich with love's sweet ecstasies.

Never again, deep down from vulgar ken,
Shall the pure gushing of her soul rejoice,
And we stand silent, as to hear the voice
Of waters falling to a soundless glen.

And scarce again from other lips shall come
Such beauteous truths, such fresh imaginings,
As, like the warm south-wind, upon their wings
Bear off our fancy to their own bright home.

Yet am I calm; though hard it be to smooth
Waters upshaken from the deepest deep;
Though it be hard to watch, yet never weep,
The darkening cynosure of passionate youth;

Yet am I calm. The heart I had to bring
Was marred with imperfection and decay,
Now the free spirit, riven from the clay,
Drinks at the fountain whence all love must spring.

O passed from earthly to celestial love!
O reft from me and from my clinging grasp,
And circled straightway by the close, warm clasp
Of seraph bosoms in the land above!

I will not weep thee more. But if I long
Too sorrowfully for thy presence here,
Not vainly on thy turf shall fall the tear,
But thy dead name shall blossom into song.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE POSTHUMOUS PORTRAIT.

A COUNTRY town is not a very hopeful arena for the exercise of the portrait-painter's art. Supposing an artist to acquire a local celebrity in such a region, he may paint the faces of one generation, and then, haply finding a casual job once a year or so, may sit down and count the hours till another generation rises up and supplies him with a second run of work. In a measure, the portrait-painter must be a rolling stone, or he will gather no moss. So thought Mr. Conrad Merlus, as he packed up his property, and prepared to take himself off from the town of C—, in Wiltshire, to seek fresh fields and pastures new, where the sun might be disposed to shine upon portrait-painting, and where he might manage to make hay the while. Conrad was a native of C—. In that congenial spot he had first pursued the study of his art, cheered by the praises of the good folks around him, and supported by their demands upon his talents. While, in a certain fashion, he had kept the spirit of art alive in the place, the spirit of art, in return, had kept him alive. But now all the work was done for a long time to come; every family had its great portraits, and would want him no more yet awhile; and Conrad saw, that if he could not turn his hand to something else, and, in place of pencils and brushes, work with last, spade, needle, or quill, make shoes, coats, till the ground, or cast up accounts, he should shortly be hardly put to it to keep himself going. He had made and saved a pretty tolerable little purse during his short season of patronage, and determined to turn that to account in seeking, in other places, a continuation of commissions. His father and mother were both dead, and, so far as he knew, he had no near relative alive. Therefore, there were no ties, save those of association, to bind him to his native place—"No ties," sighed Conrad, "no ties at all."

It was Monday evening, and the next day, Tuesday, was to behold his departure. His rent was paid, his traps were all packed up in readiness, and he had nothing to think about, saving whither he should proceed. He walked out, for the last time, into the little garden behind the modest house in which he had dwelt, pensive and somewhat *triste*; for one cannot, without sorrowful emotions of some sort, leave, perhaps forever, a spot in which the stream of life has flowed peacefully and pleasantly for many years, and where many little enjoyments, successes, and triumphs have been experienced. Even a Crusoe cannot depart from his desolate island without a pang, though he goes, after years of miserable solitude, to rejoin the human family. It was the month of August, and the glory of the summer was becoming mellowed and softened. The nights were gradually growing longer and the days shorter, the reapers were in the harvest-fields, the woods and groves were beginning to show the autumn tint, the sun sank behind the hills earlier and earlier day by day, and the broad harvest-moon reigned throughout the sweet and fragrant nights. Conrad felt the influence of the season, and though he had for some time contemplated his departure from his home with all the cheerfulness which the spirit of adventure imparts to young men, he now, as the time arrived, felt inclined to weep over the separation. He was indulging in reveries of a mournful complexion, when he observed his land-

lady leave the house, and, entering the garden, bustle towards him in a great hurry. Assured by the manner of the worthy old lady that he was wanted, and urgently, by some one or other, he rose from the rustic seat on which he had been sitting, and went to meet her. A gentleman had called to see him, in a phaeton, and was waiting in the parlor in a state of impatience and excitement which Mrs. Farrell had never seen the like of. Wondering who the visitor could be, Conrad hastened into the parlor. He found there an elderly individual, of gentlemanly appearance, who was walking to and fro restlessly, and whose countenance and demeanor bore affecting evidences of agitation and sorrow. He approached Conrad quickly.

"You are a portrait-painter, Mr. Merlus?"

"Yes, sir."

"The only one, I believe, in this neighborhood?"

"Yes."

"I am anxious," continued the gentleman, speaking in a low tone, and with a tremulous earnestness that rendered his speech peculiarly emphatic—"I am anxious to have painted the portrait of one who is—who was—very dear to me, immediately—*immediately*, for a few hours may make such a performance impossible. May I beg that you will submit to some sacrifice of convenience—that you will be good enough to set aside your arrangements for a day or two to execute this work? Do so, and you shall find that you have lost nothing."

"Without entertaining any consideration of that sort, sir," answered Conrad, deeply touched by the manner of his visitor, which betokened recent and heavy affliction, "my best abilities, such as they are, are immediately at your service."

"Many thanks," answered the gentleman, pressing his hand warmly. "Had you declined, I know not what I should have done; for there is no other of the profession in this neighborhood, and there is no time to seek further. Come; for Heaven's sake, let us hasten!"

Conrad immediately gave the necessary intimation to his landlady; his easel, pallet, and painting-box were quickly placed in the phaeton; the gentleman and himself took their places inside; and the coachman drove off at as great a pace as a pair of good horses could command.

Twilight was deepening into dusk when, after a silent and rapid ride of some ten miles, the phaeton stopped before the gates of a park-like demesne. The coachman shouted; when a lad, who appeared to have been waiting near the spot, ran and opened the gates, and they resumed their way through a beautiful drive—the carefully-kept sward, the venerable trees, and the light and elegant ha-has on either side, testifying that they were within the boundaries of an estate of some pretensions. Half a mile brought them to the portal of a sombre and venerable mansion, which rose up darkly and majestically in front of an extensive plantation of forest-like appearance. Facing it was a large, level lawn, having in the centre the pedestal and sun-dial so frequently found in such situations.

A footman in livery came forth, and taking Conrad's easel and apparatus, carried them into the house. The young artist, who had always lived and moved among humble people, was surprised and abashed to find himself suddenly brought into contact with wealth and its accompaniments, and began to fear that more might be

expected of him than he would be able to accomplish. The occasion must be urgent indeed, thought he nervously, which should induce wealthy people to have recourse to him—a poor, self-taught, obscure artist—merely because he happened to be the nearest at hand. However, to draw back was impossible; and, although grief is always repellent, there was still an amount of kindness and consideration in the demeanor of his new employer that reassured him. Besides, he knew that, let his painting be as crude and amateur-like as any one might please to consider it, he had still the undoubted talent of being able to catch a likeness—indeed, his ability to do this had never once failed him. This reflection gave him some consolation, and he resolved to undertake courageously whatever was required of him, and do his best.

When they had entered the house, the door was softly closed, and the gentleman, whose name we may here mention was Harrenburn, conducted Conrad across the hall, and up stairs to an apartment on the second story, having a southern aspect. The proportions of the house were noble. The wide entrance-hall was boldly tessellated with white and black marble; the staircase was large enough for a procession of giants; the broad oaken stairs were partly covered with thick, rich carpet; fine pictures, in handsome frames, decorated the walls; and, whenever they happened in their ascent to pass an open door, Conrad could see that the room within was superbly furnished. To the poor painter, these evidences of opulence and taste seemed to have something of the fabulous about them. The house was good enough for a monarch; and to find a private gentleman of neither rank nor title living in such splendor, was what he should never have expected. Mr. Harrenburn placed his finger on his lips, as he opened the door of the chamber already indicated; Conrad followed him in with stealthy steps and suppressed breath. The room was closely curtained, and a couple of night-lights shed their feeble and uncertain rays upon the objects within it. The height of the apartment, and the absorbing complexion of the dark oaken wainscot, here and there concealed by falls of tapestry, served to render such an illumination extremely inefficient. But Conrad knew that this must be the chamber of death, even before he was able to distinguish that an apparently light and youthful figure lay stretched upon the bed—still, motionless, impassive, as death alone can be. Two women, dressed in dark habiliments—lately nurses of the sick, now watchers over the dead—rose from their seats, and retired silently to a distant corner of the room as Mr. Harrenburn and Conrad entered. Where does the poor heart suffer as it does in the chamber of the dead, where lies, as in this instance, the corpse of a beloved daughter? A hundred objects, little thought of heretofore, present themselves, and, by association with the lost one, assume a power over the survivor. The casual objects of everyday life rise up and seize a place in the fancy and memory, and become invested with deep, passionate interest, as relics of the departed. There is the dress which lately so well became her; there the little shoes in which she stepped so lightly and gracefully; there the book which she was reading only yesterday, the satin ribbon still between the pages at which she had arrived when she laid it down forever; there the cup from which she drank but a few hours back; there the toilet, with all its

little knick-knacks, and the glass that so often mirrored her sweet face.

Thus Conrad instinctively interpreted the glances which Mr. Harrenburn directed at the objects around him. The bereaved father, standing motionless, regarded one thing and then another with a sort of absent attention, which, under other circumstances, would have appeared like imbecility or loss of self-command, but now was full of a deeply-touching significance, which roused the sympathies of the young painter more powerfully than the finest eloquence could have done. He seemed at first to shun the bed, as if the object lying there were too powerful a source of grief to bear—seemed to be anxious to discover in some minor souvenirs of sorrow, a preparatory step, which should enable him to approach with seemly and rational composure the mute wreck of his beloved child—the cast-shell of the spirit which had been the pride and joy, the hope and comfort of his life. But presently he succeeded in mastering his sensibility, and, approaching the bed, motioned Conrad to follow him. He gently drew aside the curtain which had concealed the face of the figure that was lying there. Conrad started. Could that be death? That hair, so freshly black and glossy; those slightly-parted lips, on which the light of fancy still seemed to play; the teeth within, so white and healthy-looking; the small well-shaped hand and arm, so listlessly laid along the pillow; could these be really for the grave? It seemed so much like sleep, and so little like death, that Conrad, who had never looked upon the dead before, was amazed. When he saw the eyes, however, visible betwixt the partly-opened lids, his scepticism vanished. The cold, glazed, fixed unmeaningness of them chilled and frightened him—they did really speak of the tomb.

“My daughter,” said Mr. Harrenburn, to whose tone the effect of self-command now communicated a grave and cold severity. “She died at four this afternoon, after a very short illness—only in her twentieth year. I wish to have her represented exactly as she lies now. From the window there, in the daytime, a strong light is thrown upon this spot; so that I do not think it will be needful to make any new disposition either of the bed or its poor burden. Your easel and other matters shall be brought here during the night. I will rouse you at five in the morning, and you will then, if you please, use your utmost expedition.”

Conrad promised to do all he could to accomplish the desire of the afflicted parent, and, after the latter had approached the bed, leaned over it, and kissed the cold lips of his child, they left the room to the dead and its silent watchers.

After a solemn and memorable evening, Conrad was shown to his bedroom, and there dreamed through the livelong night—now, that he was riding at frightful speed through woods and wilds with Mr. Harrenburn, hurrying with breathless haste to avert some catastrophe that was about to happen somewhere to some one; now, that he was intently painting a picture of the corpse of a beautiful young lady—terribly oppressed by nervousness, and a fretful sense of incapacity most injurious to the success of his labors—when suddenly, O horror! he beheld the body move, then rise, in a frightful and unnatural manner, stark upright, and with opened lips, but rigidly-clenched teeth, utter shriek upon shriek as it waved its white arms, and tore its streaming hair; then, that his landlady, Mrs. Farrell, came up to him,

as he crouched weeping and trembling by, and bade him be comforted, for that they who were accustomed to watch by the dead often beheld such scenes; then that Mr. Harrenburn suddenly entered the room, and sternly reproached him for not proceeding with his work, when, on looking towards the bed, they perceived that the corpse was gone, and was nowhere to be seen, upon which Mr. Harrenburn, with a wild cry, laid hands upon him as if to slay him on the spot.

"You do not sleep well." A hand was gently laid upon his shoulder; a kind voice sounded in his ear; he opened his eyes; Mr. Harrenburn was standing at his bedside. "You have not slept well, I regret to find, I have knocked at your door several times, but, receiving no reply, ventured to enter. I have relieved you from an unpleasant dream, I think."

Conrad, somewhat embarrassed by the combined influence of the nightmare, and being awakened suddenly by a stranger in a strange place, informed his host that he always dreamed unpleasantly when he slept too long, and was sorry that he had given so much trouble.

"It is some minutes past five o'clock," said Mr. Harrenburn. "Tea and coffee will be waiting for you by the time you are dressed; doubtless, breakfast will restore you, and put you in order for your work; for really you have been dreaming in a manner which appeared very painful, whatever the experience might have been."

Conrad rose, dressed, breakfasted, and did undoubtedly feel much more comfortable and light-hearted than during the night. He was shortly conducted to the chamber in which he had received so many powerful impressions on the preceding evening, and forthwith commenced the task he had engaged to perform. Conrad was by no means a young man of a romantic or sentimental turn, but it is not to be wondered at that his present occupation should produce a deep effect upon his mind. The form and features he was now endeavoring to portray were certainly the most beautiful he had as yet exercised his art upon—indeed, without exception, the most beautiful he had ever beheld. The melancholy spectacle of youth cut off in the first glow of life's brightest season, and when surrounded by everything that wealth and education can contribute towards rendering existence brilliant and delightful, can never fail to excite deep and solemn emotion. As the artist labored to give a faithful representation of the sweetly serene face, the raven hair, the marble forehead, the delicately arched brow, the exquisitely formed nose and mouth, and thought how well such noble beauty seemed to suit one who was fit to die—a pure, spotless, bright being—he had more than once to pause in his work while he wiped the tears from his eyes. Few experiences chasten the heart so powerfully as the sight of the early dead; those who live among us a short while, happy and good, loving and beloved, and then are suddenly taken away, ere the rough journey of life is well begun, leaving us to travel on through the perilous and difficult world by ourselves; no more sweet words for us, no more songs, no more companionship, no more loving counsel and assistance—nothing now, save the remembrance of beauty and purity departed. How potent is that remembrance against the assaults of evil thoughts! How impressive the thought of virtue in the shroud!

With one or two necessary intervals, Conrad worked throughout the day, and until the declining

light warned him to desist. The next morning he resumed his palette, and in about four or five hours brought his task to a conclusion, taking, in addition to the painting he was commissioned to make, a small crayon sketch for himself. It was his wish to preserve some memento of what he regarded as the most remarkable of his experiences, and likewise to possess a "counterfeit presentment" of a face the beauty of which he had never seen equalled. Mr. Harrenburn expressed himself highly gratified by the manner in which Conrad had acquitted himself—he only saw the painting, of course—and taking him into his study, bade him persevere in his art, and paid him fifty guineas; a sum which almost bereft the young man of his senses, it seemed so vast, and came so unexpectedly, after all his misgivings, especially in the presence of one who, to judge from the taste he had exhibited in his collection, must be no ordinary connoisseur.

It is difficult to describe the remarkable influence which this adventure exercised upon the young artist. His susceptible mind received an impression from this single association, with a scene of death on the one hand, and an appreciating patron on the other, which affected the whole of his future life. He returned to C—, bade adieu to his landlady and friends, and, placing himself and his luggage upon the London coach, proceeded to the metropolis. Here, after looking about him for some time, and taking pains to study the various masters in his art, he made a respectful application to one who stood among the highest in repute, and whose works had pleased his own taste and fancy better than any he had seen. After much earnest pleading, and offering very nearly all the little wealth he possessed, he was accepted as a pupil, to receive a course of ten lessons. With great assiduity he followed the instructions of the master, and learned the mysteries of coloring, and a great number of artistic niceties, all tending to advance him towards perfection of execution. He was really possessed of natural talents of a high order, and in the development of these he now evinced great acuteness, as well as industry. His master, an artist who had made a reputation years before, and who had won high patronage, and earned for himself a large fortune, thus being beyond the reach of any feelings of professional jealousy, was much delighted with Conrad's progress, was proud to have discovered and taught an artist of really superior talent; and generously returning to him the money he had lately received with so much mistrust and even nausea—for a raw pupil is the horror of *cognoscenti*—he forthwith established him as his protégé. Thanks to his introduction, Conrad shortly received a commission of importance, and had the honor of painting the portrait of one of the most distinguished members of the British aristocracy. He exerted all his powers in the work, and was rewarded with success; the portrait caused some sensation, and was regarded as a *chef-d'œuvre*. Thus auspiciously wooed, Fortune opened her arms, and gave him a place among her own favored children. The first success was succeeded by others, commission followed commission; and, to be brief, after four years of incessant engagements and unwearied industry, he found himself owner of a high reputation and a moderate independence.

During all this time, and throughout the dazzling progress of his fortunes, the crayon sketch of poor Miss Harrenburn was preserved and prized, and carried wherever he went with never-failing

care and solicitude. Sanctified by indelible associations, it was to him a sacred amulet—a charm against evil thoughts, a stimulant to virtue and purity—this picture of the young lady lying dead, gone gently to the last account in the midst of her beauty and untainted goodness. Its influence made him a pure-minded, humble, kind, and charitable man. Living quietly and frugally, he constantly devoted a large proportion of his extensive earnings to the relief of the miseries of the unfortunate; and such traits did not pass without due recognition; few who knew him spoke of his great talents without bearing testimony to the beauty of his moral character.

But everything may be carried to excess; even the best feelings may be cherished to an inordinate degree. Many of the noblest characters the world has produced have overreached their intentions, and sunk into fanaticism. Conrad, in the fourth year of his success, was fast merging from a purist into an ascetic; he began to weary of the world, and to desire to live apart from it, employing his life, and the fortune he had already accumulated, solely in works of charity and beneficence. While in this state of mind, he determined to proceed on a continental tour. After spending some time in France, where many an Hôtel Dieu was benefited by his bounty, he travelled into Switzerland. At Chamouni, he made a stay of some days, residing in the cottage of an herbalist named Wegner, in preference to using the hotels so well known to tourists.

One evening he had walked some distance along the road towards Mont Blanc, and, in a tranquil and contemplative mood, had paused to watch the various effects of sunset. He leaned against a tree by the roadside, at the corner of a path which led from the highway to a private residence. Again it was August, exactly four years since he had quitted C—, exactly four years since the most singular event of his life had occurred. He took from his breast the little crayon sketch, carefully preserved in a black morocco-case, and, amid the most beautiful scenery in the world, gave way to a reverie in which the past blended with the future—his thoughts roaming from the heavenly beauty of the death-bed scene, to the austere sanctity of St. Bernard or La Trappe. Strange fancies for one who had barely completed his twenty-seventh year, and who was in the heyday of fame and fortune! Suddenly, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard. Conrad hastily closed the morocco-case, replaced it in his breast, and was preparing to continue his walk, when an elegant female figure abruptly emerged from the bypath; and the features, turned fully towards him—O Heavens!—who could mistake! The very same he had painted!—the same which had dwelt in his heart for years! The shock was too tremendous; without a sigh or exclamation, Conrad fell senseless to the ground.

When he revived, he found himself lying upon a sofa in a well-furnished chamber, with the well-

remembered form and features of Mr. Harrenburn bending over him. It seemed as if the whole course of the last four years had been a long dream—that Mr. Harrenburn, in fact, was rousing him to perform the task for which he had sought him out at C—. For a while Conrad was dreadfully bewildered.

"I can readily comprehend this alarm and amazement," said his host, holding Conrad's hand, and shaking it as if it were that of an old friend, newly and unexpectedly met. "But be comforted; you have not seen a spirit, but a living being, who, after undergoing a terrible and perilous crisis four years ago, awoke from her death-sleep to heal her father's breaking heart, and has since been his pride and joy as of yore—her health completely restored, and her heart and mind as light and bright as ever."

"Indeed!—indeed!" gasped Conrad.

"Yes," continued Mr. Harrenburn, whose countenance, Conrad observed, wore an appearance very different from that which affliction had imparted to it four years previously. "The form on the bed which your pencil imitated so well, remained so completely unchanged, that my heart began to tremble with a new agony. I summoned an eminent physician the very day on which you completed the sad portrait, and, detailing the particulars of her case, besought him to study it, hoping—I hardly dared to confess what. God bless him! he did study the case; he warned me to delay interment; and, three days after, my daughter opened her eyes and spoke. She had been entranced, catalepted, no more—though, had it not been for this stubborn unbelief of a father's heart, she had been entombed! But it harrows me to think of this! Are you better now, and quite reassured as to the object of your alarm? I have watched your career with strong interest since that time, my young friend, and let me congratulate you on your success—a success which has by no means surprised me, although I never beheld more than one of your performances."

Mr. Harrenburn had passed the summer, with his daughter, at Chamouni, in a small but convenient and beautifully situated château. He intended to return to England in a few weeks, and invited Conrad to spend the interim with him—an invitation which the latter accepted with much internal agitation. For three weeks he lived in the same house, walked in the same paths, with the youthful saint of his reveries—heard her voice, marked her thoughts, observed her conduct, and found with rapture that his ideal was living indeed.

After a sequence, which the reader may easily picture to himself, Conrad Merlus and Julia Harrenburn were married. Among the prized relics at Harrenburn House, in Wiltshire, where he and his wife are living, are the "posthumous" portrait and the crayon sketch; and these, I suppose, will be preserved as heirlooms in the family archives.

GIRLS PLAYING.—There is hardly another sight in the world so pretty as that of a company of young girls—almost women grown—at play, and so giving themselves up to their airy impulse that their tiptoes barely touch the ground. Girls are so incomparably wilder and more effervescent than boys, more untamable, and regardless of rule and limit, with an ever-shifting variety, breaking continually into new modes of fun, yet with a harmonious propriety through

all. Their steps, their voices, appear free as the wind, but keep consonance with a strain of music inaudible to us. Young men and boys, on the other hand, play according to recognized law, old traditional games permitting no caprices of fancy, but with scope enough for the outbreak of savage instincts; for, young or old, in play or in earnest, man is prone to be a brute.—*Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance.*

A GLIMPSE OF MAURITIUS.

To English people generally, Mauritius, or the Isle of France, possesses perhaps less interest than any other of our colonies, which may be attributed to its insignificant size and remote situation; whilst the whole of the white population, with the exception of the military quartered there, a few government officials, and some half-dozen estate holders, is entirely French, who retain their language and customs, and have few ties to connect them with the mother country. I have, however, been surprised to meet with many well-educated persons, who seemed ignorant of its geographical position and natural productions; and I have been more than once asked, "if Mauritius were not near the Isle of France?" But most people know that it is "somewhere in the Indian Ocean," and is the scene of Bernardin St. Pierre's affecting little romance of "Paul and Virginia." During my residence in the island, I made several inquiries as to the facts on which this story is supposed to have been founded; but all I could learn was, that a young lady, engaged to a Creole gentleman, had been sent to France, at the request of some relatives there, to complete her education; but on her return, after the lapse of some years, to fulfil her engagement, was wrecked on the shores of her native island. The spot where the wreck occurred is still called the St. Geran Pass, from the name of the vessel, and, some years afterwards, a French gentleman erected a tomb to the memory of Virginia, at the head of a little bay, which takes its name from the circumstance, and is called Tombeau Bay.

Mauritius has been eloquently termed the "brightest gem in the British crown;" but its value to us depends almost entirely upon its military position, and as being a secure depot, where our fleets may refit after the fierce storms of the Indian Ocean in time of war. It certainly cost us much money and many valuable lives, and by referring to the naval history of the period of its acquirement (1810), many a story of British daring and enterprise will be found recorded of the gallant Willoughby and his comrades. An amusing story is told, either of him, or one of his captains, who was cruising off the coast of the island, and, being in want of fresh provisions, sent a boat on shore to forage. They were unsuccessful in finding what they sought, but they managed to capture a French major, who was in command of a military post, and took him on board. The frigate sailed round to Port Louis, and a negotiation was opened, under a flag of truce, for his ransom. Being asked how much he would give the major up for, the Englishman replied, that "they should have him back for a few ducks and geese, and some vegetables." These were immediately sent off, and the military hero released, very much disgusted at his valuation.

As a military quarter, Mauritius has been very much overrated, and I have heard people talk about it as quite the paradise of Eastern stations. I have no doubt it was a very pleasant quarter some years ago, when the planters were in prosperous circumstances, and had their pockets full of the indemnification money for their slaves, which they spent in the most open hospitality, and promoting every kind of amusement and social intercourse. But, like other parts of the world, Mauritius has fallen in evil times, and the inhabitants, with all the will in the world, have not the means

to live as they used. The officers get on remarkably well with all classes of society, and dinners and balls are given, where all meet with true cordiality. Dancing is the chief amusement, and with the Creoles is quite a passion. Let the weather be ever so hot, they are always ready for a dance. The ladies are better and more tastefully dressed at these assemblies, than in any other part of the world I have been. A simple white dress, exquisitely made, with a single flower in the hair, is the prevailing fashion, and cannot, I think, be improved upon. The climate, however, is so hot and relaxing, that, after a residence of two or three years, an Englishman will not find much pleasure in a ball-room. One of the most favorite means of passing time is yachting, though this is rather a dangerous amusement, on account of the sudden squalls, which come down from the mountains without a moment's warning. Those who love researches in natural curiosities, find an agreeable occupation in forming collections of shells; and, perhaps, those found on the reefs of this island are unrivalled. The best shells are obtained by fishing with a deep sea line. In the ravines and on the mountain sides are to be found many beautiful species of ferns and grasses. The scenery of the island has been described by Darien as being intermediate between Tahiti and the Galapagos. I have not seen those islands, but I cannot conceive anything more delightful than the general aspect of Mauritius. The mountains, from their volcanic origin, are of the most fantastic and picturesque forms, and several of them rejoice in curious appellations, from their fancied resemblance to different animals, as the Lion Mountain, the Cat and Kittens. The rivers are little more than mountain streams (torrents during the rainy months), and tumble down from the mountains in a succession of foaming cascades, and are occasionally lost in some wild ravine, which almost prevents any attempt to follow their course. A friend of mine, fishing in one of these ravines, lost himself and, night coming on, wandered about for hours, lacerated by the brambles and jagged stones, till at last he succeeded in climbing a steep acclivity, and eventually found a house whose occupants he knew, who gave him dinner, and a suit of clothes, for his own were in tatters.

The town of Port Louis is situated in a kind of amphitheatre, formed by mountains, the principal of which is called La Ponce, from the resemblance its summit bears to an upraised thumb, and is about 2,000 feet in height. The streets are wide and clean, and the houses, for the most part, built of wood, one story high, and the walls painted a light yellow, with windows and doors of a lively green. They stand detached in court yards surrounded by a deep verandah, and shaded by trees and flowering shrubs. The shops are mostly French, and bear curious inscriptions, instead of the name of the occupants, as "Le petit Noir," "Le Canoni Vert," "Le pauvre Diable." Many of them contain a most curious assortment of wares, and you may procure a set of tea cups, or a grand piano from the same man, whose best designation perhaps would be "general merchant." A peculiarity, which would immediately attract the notice of a stranger, is the entire absence of chimneys, and, consequently, smoke, which certainly contributes to the clean and pleasing appearance of the town. Charcoal answers for all the purposes of cooking, though it must be confessed that meats cooked over a charcoal fire are very inferior to a "roast." The suburbs are chiefly a collection of

mud huts, thatched with straw, and are very appropriately named Black Town, from the color of the inhabitants. The public buildings in Port Louis have no architectural beauties to boast of. Government house is more like a huge barrack than a gentleman's residence. The governor, however, usually lives at a private villa, called Reduir, situate in the hills, and of course much more desirable, on account of the difference in temperature. The Protestant Church was formerly a powder magazine; but, by enlarging it, and putting a steeple upon it, it has become a commodious and well-ventilated building. It was consecrated last year by the Bishop of Ceylon. The theatre is handsomely decorated, and capable of containing about 2000 persons, and a company of French comedians perform operas and vaudevilles three times a-week. The music, assisted by the military band, is very good. A general taste for music is very prevalent amongst all classes, and it is astonishing with what quickness the black boys in the streets pick up the last new piece, which you may hear whistled all over the town. At the back of the town, immediately at the foot of the mountains, is the Champs de Mars, an open grassy space, many acres in extent, and which serves as a promenade, race-course, and review ground. The races which take place once a-year, are mere hack affairs, got up by the officers of the garrison, but they are, nevertheless, looked forward to with great anxiety. It is a universal holiday for all classes, and the appearance of the Champs de Mars on these occasions is very animated and striking, from the admixture of many colored races, with every variety of costume, from the Parisian dandy to the half-naked Hindoo. You may see John Chinaman cantering about on a well-clipped donkey; the turbaned Parsee lounging in a phaeton, drawn by two shaggy mules, and Malabar women with rings in their ears and noses, bracelets and anklets, and flowing robes, squatted on the green turf. The "grand stand" presents a fair share of beauty, and the dresses of the ladies are perfect. Fun and laughter are the order of the day. Swings and roundabouts, greased poles, foot races, sack races, pony and donkey races, succeed one another, till the shades of evening close o'er the scene. On the right of the race-course, on a considerable eminence, stands the Citadel, or Fort Adelaide, which commands the town and harbor. This, with two small forts on each side of the harbor, are the only fortifications kept in repair, though all round the coast may be seen the crumbling mounds of the old French batteries, with rusty guns, and shot and shell, lying scattered about. In the harbor are ships of all nations, and from all parts of the world, and not unfrequently a visit is paid by a French or an American frigate, or one of our own Mozambique cruisers. The arrival of a French ship of war is a considerable addition to the society of the island, as they invariably give a ball on board, got up with that taste so peculiar to Frenchmen, and of course find themselves quite at home with so many of their countrymen around them. The planters are mostly the descendants of old families, who, in the time of the French revolution, despairing of peace and prosperity in their native country, invested what capital they had in this distant island, and, so far from desiring to return to "la belle France," have acquired a passionate attachment to the land of their adoption, to which they have given the name of "La Belle Isle."

There is little in the way of sport to be obtained,

and the fatigue of prosecuting it, with the heat of the climate, will soon diminish the ardor of the most zealous. There are both the brown and the red-legged partridge, but neither in abundance; quails and hares, but the latter are small and poor. There are also deer in the mountains, and, at particular seasons of the year, large parties assemble for what is called a "chasse au cerf." It is conducted in this way:—Each sportsman is placed in a position where it is probable the stag may pass when pursued by the dogs, and remains there all day, to take his chance of a shot. The keepers make a large circuit with the hounds, and drive the deer towards the ambuscade. This is exceedingly poor fun, as it is just ten to one that you neither see nor hear anything, and I strongly recommend, on these occasions, a book and cigar-case, or you may find the hours pass very wearily; and it is hardly safe to leave your station before the appointed time, as some more eager sportsman than yourself may take a chance shot on hearing a rustling among the leaves. Fishing is a much more profitable amusement, although there is no great variety in the fresh-water fish, carp and gouramin being the principal kind. For the soldiers I cannot conceive a more stupid quarter than Mauritius, their only amusement being a couple of ball courts, in very bad repair, and the usual barrack library, with perhaps an occasional game of cricket, when *there happens to be no evening drill*. They manage, however, to get up theatricals in a style which does them great credit, the scenery and decorations being all painted by members of the "corps dramatique," and they have a performance every month. The day, however, must pass very heavily on their hands, as they are not permitted to leave the barracks between the hours of eight in the morning and four in the afternoon. I think myself that, if each man were furnished with a strong cotton umbrella, this restriction might be taken away, and they would certainly not be in more danger of getting a *coup de soleil* than the officers, who frequently go out at all hours of the day. The umbrella, indeed, is here an indispensable necessity, and a man would as soon think of going out in the sun without his umbrella, as he would without his pocket-handkerchief. The barracks at Port Louis are situated to the left of the town, under the signal mountain; they would easily contain 1200 men, and the square is quite large enough for battalion drill. There were formerly the service companies of three regiments stationed in Mauritius, but there is at present only one (the 5th Fusiliers), and two companies of artillery, a major-general being in command. The officers' quarters are very superior to the wretched places which frequently bear that name in England or Ireland. Each consists of two rooms, large and airy, and the whole are raised upon a terrace, and protected to the front and rear by long verandahs, which form a good promenade in hot weather.

There are several other military stations in different parts of the island, but most of them have been given up, and let to the inhabitants as store-houses and *boutique*, since the reduction of the forces quartered here. Mahibourg is the principal of these out-stations, and is situated in a large bay, on the windward coast, and it is consequently several degrees cooler than Port Louis. It is a capital place for boating, bathing, and fishing; but there is no society for miles round. The barracks were built by the French, and are close to the sea, and the mess house and officers' quarters are wooden

bungalows, mostly with a small garden attached, and scattered here and there within the compass of half a mile. It is a most dreary spot in the rainy months; nor is the out-of-door prospect the only disagreeable part of it. The thermometer frequently stands at 92°, night and day, and centipedes, cockroaches, and all manner of "creeping things," walk into your house to get out of the wet, and not unfrequently invade your bed. Everybody has heard of the nuisance of the mosquitos; but there is a far more noxious insect, of whose exact species I do not know the scientific term, but he is vulgarly called the flying-bug.

In the fine weather, from the very end of October, it is pleasant to make excursions on foot in different parts of the island; as there are many curious caves, and the extinct craters of volcanoes, and other natural curiosities worthy of a visit. The misfortune, however, is, that in a year you have exhausted all these, and you begin to chafe at the narrow bounds which confine your enterprising spirit, and long for change and the excitement of new scenes and new faces. I have before said that a great deal of hospitality and good-fellowship is exhibited by the inhabitants to the military; but, as is generally the case with small and isolated societies, "trifles light as air" become magnified into the most shocking scandals. A great many idlers seem to find their most agreeable occupation in this sort of mischief-making, and, as everybody is known to everybody, they find constant opportunities for exercising their talents.

Mauritius is a capital quarter for a married officer, as the allowances are very good, and there are few chances of shiftings. One drawback is, that they find it difficult to get their children educated according to their English ideas, and generally have them sent home for that purpose. The climate is healthy for the tropics, but very enervating, on account of the heat; and as there is a lack of amusement and occupation, "blue devils" is a very common complaint. The pencil is a most enviable resource against a heavy hour and "music has charms," not only to soothe "the savage heart," as Pope says, but also to wile away the dull leisure time of many an unfortunate hut. Books are, however, an inexhaustible fund of entertainment, and they may be very easily obtained. There is a subscription library in the town, but it is rather expensive. Several performances have been given by the officers in the theatre in aid of public charities, and always to a full house, though many of the audience could not have understood a word of what was said; and even those who understood English tolerably well, would be at a loss to comprehend the allusions and slang expressions of an English farce.

Ten years is, perhaps, too long to keep a regiment stationed at one place, as mind and body are both apt to stagnate from want of change. Why not send it on to Ceylon after completing five years at Mauritius? I suppose the old answer would be given. Too expensive. It is sincerely to be hoped that the line of steamers to Calcutta, by way of the Cape, Mauritius, and Ceylon, may be determined upon; as it would bring the island a little more into the world, and the news be received with regularity and punctuality. At present, Mauritius is virtually further from home than Calcutta, as the Overland Mail has to be conveyed from Pointe de Galle in a sailing packet, and is, of course, very uncertain. By-the-by, the arrival of this

packet is a matter of intense excitement as the time of its being due draws near; bets as to its being in before a certain day being laid, and telescopes directed all day long from the different verandahs towards Signal Mountain, to see if a schooner be signalled, and when it has come in, such a rush for papers and letters! and, for one day at least, everybody becomes a reading man.

I have now brought my slight sketch of the Island of Mauritius to a close, and if I have succeeded in giving some general idea of the place to those who have friends and relations quartered there, my object will have been fully attained; and hoping, for the sake of my French friends, that it may ever prosper, I bid adieu to "La Belle Isle."

THE POTATO DISEASE.—The *Evening Post* publishes some notes on this subject, the result of the investigations of Mr. Molloy, of Rochester-avenue, a magistrate of the County of Dublin. It says:—According to Mr. Molloy's explanation, there are two species or distinct types of the potato rot—one produced by atmospheric influence, and the other caused by aphids or insects. In the case of that species of rot now under consideration, there is a small insect of the locust species, about the size and color of a flea, and fully as rapid in its movements, and active in its habits of concealment. This insect feeds upon the under side of the leaf, and in the dusk of the evening they can be seen in thousands committing their depredations, but if the slightest touch be given to the plant they instantly disappear. Whether they perforate the leaf has not been fully ascertained, but Mr. Molloy has satisfied himself that the spot they bite, when exposed to the sun, the upper or smooth surface of the leaf, becomes marked with a brown circle, which spreads day by day, until the entire foliage becomes of the same color, and destitute of every principle of vegetable life. But it is not alone in the *utter ruin* of the leaves that the ravages of this minute locust are most destructive. Mr. Molloy has traced its operation further. He has discovered that the insect deposits eggs, which, after a few hours'—perhaps a day or two—exposure to the atmosphere, produce larvæ, so minute as to be almost imperceptible to the naked eye, and these little creatures are so rapid in their movements, and so subtle in penetrating the earth, that they are scarcely perceived ere they disappear, so quick is the transition. This larva—a millipede—grows to the length of about a sixteenth of an inch, and from the hour it is disengaged from the shell to the period at which it assumes the form and habits of the locust, it feeds upon the tuber, burrowing beneath the surface, and leaving a poisonous deposit there, which diffuses its pernicious agency throughout the entire tuber, producing a dusky hardness in the first instance, and rottenness and fetid pulp afterwards; so that this insect, whether in the larvæ or the locust state, is equally destructive to the potato—in the latter it poisons and destroys the leaves, and in the former it poisons and destroys the tuber. Mr. Molloy has been at considerable pains in his inquiries as to the origin of the potato disease, and it was not until lately that he discovered the existence of this locust, which, in size, form, structure, habits, subtilty of movement, and evasion of detection, appears beyond all doubt—at least to us—to be a new creation in this country of the insect tribe. We never before saw anything like it, either in the larvæ or the insect state. From his investigation of their operations and effects, he is perfectly satisfied that they are the origin of that terrible calamity under which this country has so deeply suffered.—*Dublin Express*.

From the Eclectic Review.

Le Robinson Chrétien. Par Madame LE PRINCE.
Paris : 1851.

In this extraordinary book we have a story intended to illustrate the wretched character of infidelity. The unreasonable doctrines of what is styled rationalism are dealt with by a master pen. The author chooses a new scene of adventure, and, basing her plot on the favorite history of Robinson Crusoe, has written a narrative of intense excitement, but all directed to a noble purpose. Instead of criticizing her production, we may more profitably employ a few pages in laying the substance of it before the reader.

Solitude is the nurse of great thoughts, and forms the crucible in which our reflections become refined and purified. Great minds have loved it, because, by the force of fancy, what is loveliness to others is not such to them; for shapes and forms of beauty people the copse, the woodland, and the vale, which breathe inspiration upon them as they pass, and plant the first germs of those ideas which are destined afterwards to burst in superior grandeur upon the world. But to the young the charm of solitude is the boundless thought of independence it infuses. To be responsible to none, to be sole sovereign of a territory, sole possessor of its productions, to live in perpetual excitement and apprehension of danger, such is the fascinating ambition which inspires the boy when he peruses the adventures of "Robinson Crusoe." Hence the popularity which has ever attended works of this description; and numerous are those which have appeared in emulation of the great original.

The trials and sufferings, however, of the Christian Robinson, lead but to one result—his conversion from unbelief to belief. Thrown, at an early age, into the dangerous society of Voltaire, and the disciples of his school, he imbibed their notions, and became reckless of his own opinions and their expression. His state of mind was such as few can conceive. Supported by false philosophy, buoyed up by unstable conjectures, he lived in perpetual excitement, scarcely daring to project his fancy forward, haunted by desire to know something, yet fearing to know the truth. His mind presented a hideous blank, dark thoughts overwhelmed his soul, and, retreating, left a desert covered with wrecks and shattered fragments of all to which spirit once clung. And the degrading idea of annihilation bounded his existence to the brief span which experience has set as the limit of human life.

The pride of this creature's heart refused to recognize the truth of Christianity; he was a miserable sceptic, and was in perpetual perturbation. The soul of man, in its passage through this transitory state, requires a resting place on which to repose its weakness. It refuses to be content with pleasures which result from the mere indulgence of earthly appetites and passions. It shrinks as the sensitive plant recoils from the touch of man, each time that we are led into forgetfulness of the spiritual and divine portion of our nature. The God that called all things into existence implanted in our hearts a yearning for something purer than the delights of this world to distinguish and elevate us above other portions of the creation. He gave us thought, and the power of arranging thought with order and method, and the faculty of projecting our imaginations into a future, which is, in other words, the hope of im-

mortality; of nourishing a never fully to be satisfied desire of eternal life, which, acting as a beacon through our mortal existence, beckons us forward, and teaches us how best we may attain to it. And this insatiable desire is the very essence of religion, by which mankind and states must stand or fall. They must be led by it to glory, or crumble to ashes. Each earthly fabric that has risen without it has fallen, the most glorious efforts of human genius have perished, the expansions of the finest intellects have been dimmed without its presence.

To understand the story of Robinson, for such we must call him, it is needful to reflect on his early career. In Paris he had mingled in every description of society; the lofty and inspiring oratory of Mirabeau and Lameth fired his enthusiasm; Robespierre subdued him by the fire of his genius. Into these ranks he entered, and was welcomed; but venturing to protect the cause of the Girondists, he was compelled, in order to avoid the vengeance of Robespierre, to fly from France. England, the universal shelter of the oppressed, was open to receive him, but it created for him no home. His thoughts were his worst enemies, continually urging him hither and thither, lashing him like scorpions into perpetual excitement; his faith in holy and spiritual things was shaken; and, instead of repelling the assailant, he took it into his bosom and nourished it.

The vast, intricate, and subtle theories of metaphysics spread before him, his mind was too weak to follow out their investigation, to trace them back to their one origin. All we know, all we behold, the study of the stars, the planetary system, the dim glimpses we obtain of other worlds, of planets inhabited by beings like ourselves, confused and bewildered him; and, pausing on the threshold of research, he retreated with his mind overpowered, and his reflective faculties apparently annihilated by the intricacies of philosophy.

It is but too often that a superficial glance at metaphysics leads to this result; therefore, it is the duty of those to whose care the task of instructing the young is confided, to impose upon them the necessity of either bending their whole powers of thought and reflection upon the study of this branch of philosophy, and faithfully pursuing it, or of leaving it alone altogether. The young student, eager to grasp his subject at once, to embrace it in its whole extent, glances hither and thither, and, imagining he perceives on its surface a few discrepancies and inconsistencies, not being able at a glance to reconcile all that he beholds, hastily retreats with a disordered and shattered state of mind, from whose ill-regulated thoughts spring a series of doubts and hesitations, which ultimately lead to loss of faith and dependence on a higher power. Then comes a pause. A reaction speedily takes place; the soul, not having its natural resource to fly to, steals about in its nakedness, seeking rest and finding none. Man shatters by one weak impulse of thought the great and glorious system on which the theory of the universe is founded, without being able to raise up another in its stead. In vain does he seek to supply a wiser and nobler reason for the things that be. Each day his own weakness becomes more felt, as well as his incapability to soar upwards and look down upon the world, and comprehend the causes which maintain its balance. And, because of such results, we say, it is far better for man to rest in ignorance of these things, than to

go only so far in the study of them as to unsettle his thoughts upon higher and more important kinds of knowledge.

Religion is as necessary to our real happiness as light is to our existence. Without dependence on some higher and nobler influence than his own, how weak is man! And this principle is developed throughout every part of creation. The little child must have the support of its mother; without her care it prolongs its existence with difficulty; the mother of that child requires the support of a husband; that husband is dependent on the community, without whose direct or indirect assistance he cannot procure the means of daily existence. All mankind are indissolubly linked together; all created things draw nourishment one from the other; the fishes of the sea find sustenance from small ones of their own species; the plants require the shelter of hills and oftentimes the shade of trees; the stately oak is fed by the rain and the moist earth; the coral must be washed by the great ocean; the diamond nestles amidst rougher stones; the bird seeks a home in the friendly copse or lonely dell; the flower must have its proper warmth and light; and light is regulated by Him from whom it flows. Hence, if we examine all things, we shall find all creation, all material things, united in one grand chain, one of whose links cannot be broken without injury to the whole.

Robinson now joined a vessel on the point of starting upon an expedition through the Arctic Sea. We pass over the details of the voyage until the vessel, on the point of return home, is suddenly surrounded by frozen water, and detained amidst a mass of floes; the cold was intense, and, alternating between hope and fear, exposed to tempests, and speculating on the danger which threatened if detained in these seas, and surrounded by the bergs, the crew of the Ptolemy passed a monotonous time. After a sojourn of many weeks amidst the frozen waters, diversified only by the sound of cracking floes as they swept past the vessel's side, the supposed appearance of land ahead was hailed with joy by the whole crew. A boat was let down, which soon returned with the intelligence that the supposed land was a belt of bergs, slowly but surely advancing upon them, and by the aid of glasses its undulating motion on the surface of the horizon could be clearly discerned. To retreat was their first impulse; and a faint breeze which now sprung up took them on a few knots, when suddenly the wind was hushed, the sails flapped against the must, and a sort of stagnation passed over the face of everything. Their very breath seemed congealed; and so intense was the cold, that, forgetful of the danger likely to come to the vessel, even the men on the look-out were compelled to descend below. The few waves that had hitherto washed the vessel's sides sank, and a leaden silence proclaimed that the sea was one vast frozen mass. Strange fears of abandonment in that voiceless solitude stole over the hearts of the crew; the surrounding of the ice, the blockade of their vessel was so sudden that they had scarcely in imagination prepared for it, and now they had nothing to do but to watch the grandeur of their ice-bound territory, and hope for the appearance of water faintly oozing up between the floes and bergs. For months this state of things continued; but gradually a mildness seemed to steal over nature, and they were enabled once more to appear upon deck, and look out for the excitement of the chase.

One day whilst the crew were taking their ordi-

nary recreation of walking up and down, a group of large bears made their appearance within gunshot of the vessel, which they at last were so hardy as to advance to attack. Foxes, rein-deer, &c., were successively seen, and flights of birds swept above their heads too high to ascertain their species. These facts induced the supposition that there was some island near at hand, which proved to be the case, and permission was accordingly given to the staff to go on a hunting expedition. At first the greatest discipline was maintained. The lieutenant was desired to keep a sharp look-out upon his charge, to see that they did not stray out of sight. By degrees, however, they expanded imperceptibly into small groups, as the strict discipline at first observed was relaxed, and further approach upon the island seemed to inspire them with security. Robinson, at the head of one or two, advanced forward in the pursuit of a flight of birds, and hastening on, without looking back, called out to his companions to follow. Onward he went, and at length shot down one of the birds, which, however, wounded as it was, rose to continue its flight, but soon fell dead. Proud of his capture, Robinson turned to receive the congratulations of his friends, but found himself utterly alone. Crying out their names, no answer but the echoes of his words was heard. A fear of being surrounded by the bears was at first his only apprehension, since he felt certain that the moment he was missed others would be sent in search of him; but as time stole on, and his cries and volleys continued unnoticed, his distress became great. A small barrel of rum, his sword and gun, constituted his stock of wealth; and, overcome with fear, he stole hither and thither, bending down his ear to the earth to listen for some sound to break the dreud silence. The night—a long night—passed at length, and the sun rose upon the sublime solitude of the frozen territory, but it aided him no more than the stars had done before. Another day was spent in wandering to and fro, in scanning the horizon in every direction through his spy-glass, to discover traces of the vessel; but nothing around gave him hope. No sign of life disturbed the grandeur; all was still, deserted; and his own wildly-throbbing heart seemed the only thing that did not rest. The vast ocean was quiet and glassy. A frozen hand had passed over and stilled its waves. Vast broken substances reared themselves from its surface, forming mountains, and hills, and hillocks, from which darted irregular peaks and arms of frozen water. During this time his barrel of rum, the bird he had slain, and the pure snow that glistened around, had formed his sustenance; but the desire of sleep after a waking so unnaturally prolonged, now became so strong that he saw no resource but to lie down, and accept the death which this exposed slumber should bring to him. But courage and the desire of life inspired him once again. He rose from the earth with a bound, and continued his course, in the hope of discovering a safe retreat for the night. At length, following the track of some foxes, he came to a fissure in the mountains, which presented to his view two openings. Into one of these he fired the contents of his gun, and five or six foxes immediately crept out on the other side and made off. Into this place he succeeded in creeping; and when within, a bit of twine dipped in rum served him for a torch. Here, wrapping himself in the skin of a deer he had previously killed, he fell asleep, and did not awake

for more than eleven hours, as he discovered by consulting his watch. The next morning beheld his temporary home crushed by the melting of the snow, and underneath it were buried his gun, his barrel of rum, the reindeer's skin, &c. These losses were great. They left him with a pair of pistols and a knife to defend himself against the attacks of bears, and to procure himself food. Regrets, however, were vain, and he once more set out in the hope of discovering some traces of his vessel. Faint tremblings of the earth, and a sound in the distance as of thunder tremulously muttering at broken intervals, inspired him with the fear that he was standing on a volcanic isle, a fear that was but too soon realized! At some little distance ahead he beheld a dark mass spreading over the snow-covered ground, which attracted his attention. Advancing rapidly towards it, he discovered a troop of polar dogs surrounding the carcass of a huge bear. The animals took to flight on his approach. The creature had been lately wounded, and, as it proved, upon examination, by guns; and had evidently crawled thither from some spot at no great distance to breathe out its last. By the lingering twilight he still saw the track of blood distinctly marked on the glistening snow. Hope fired him once more. Following the dark traces, he hastily proceeded, confident that he should be able to discover his friends. Night, however, fell, and about midnight he came upon the spot where the combat must have occurred. Three bodies, freshly skinned, lay around. Certainty that he was not far distant from those he so anxiously sought to join animated him, and with a light heart he awaited the dawn, that, following still the tracks of blood, he might come upon the ship. Early as light shone upon his path he advanced, and as the morning fog cleared away he beheld the white sails of the ship gleaming in the sun. They were, however, spread, and, intently watching, he perceived that they were in motion, filled with a light breeze, and were steadily, slowly, bearing her away. His heart seemed about to break with its fearful agony. He had seen her for the last time! His companions had then quietly deserted him! With a cry of despair he rushed forward, and flung himself upon a small berg, which he hoped, driven by the waves, might overtake the rapidly disappearing ship. For a time his ice boat rose and fell on the crest of the waves, and faint hopes kept him from the last agony of despair; but ere long it ceased to move, and he knew it had struck upon some strand. When he strained his eyes athwart the strange sea, he discovered no sign of the ship; the bergs alone, in their grand threatening aspect, travelled and rocked on the waves, and he once more felt himself abandoned to all the horrors of his position.

A series of sufferings and of protracted struggles between hope and despair convinced him of the necessity of action; and the chance sustenance he had hitherto relied on, save birds, and the uncooked flesh of the reindeer, inspired him with the natural desire of providing something better to satisfy himself. Cinders, sulphureous incrustations, ravines, and basaltic rock, convinced him of the nature of his island; and, as escape from it seemed impossible, he resolved to find for himself a habitation. Excavations and grottoes, formed by volcanic stones, served him for a home; and, selecting one, he set about clearing it, and soon converted it into a broad open hall. Here he located himself, and spent his time in reconnoitring his

territory. In one part of the island he discovered an anchor, and portions of her cable, which proved that some wreck had taken place within a few years. Proceeding further, he came upon a rivulet gushing from beneath a mass of lava, and rendering the earth upon its banks green and fertile. Other signs strewn around convinced him of the existence of some village, once filled with human beings, but now completely engulfed beneath the surface. Searching about, he at length found the earth give way under his feet, and was himself precipitated some considerable distance down. Here he discovered a grotto, evidently formed by the hand of man, strewn with signs of its former inhabitants—dried fish, cooking utensils, and rough beds, decorated the apartment; and the state in which all these things still existed, proved that much time had not elapsed since their occupation.

A fearful eruption overtook him as he was journeying back to his grotto. A muttering sound arose as from the midst of the sea, whose waves rushed to land with such violence as to engulf the border of the island. They were like mountains, lashing each other and foaming; tall bergs rocked to and fro, and the mountain on which Robinson stood, participating in the general disorder of nature, opened in the centre, and rolled down vast portions of her rocks to the ocean. Blood-red clouds swept over the sun, and waves rose, all colored as with ruby flames, to meet the overhanging and lowering horizon, while streams of fire burst upward from the sea, casting a lurid glare upon the surrounding scene. Gradually these sounds became hushed and the convulsions stilled; and when the morning rose, a few streams of smoke slowly curling upward, were all that remained of the tempest, save that an infant islet rested on its green waving bosom, born from the commotions of the night.

A few weak efforts at procuring himself sustenance by smoking the birds he had killed, and amusement by wandering in and out of his grotto, diversified the early days of his sojourn on the volcanic isle. Each day the lingering hope of being discovered inspired him; but as it grew more faint, he became habituated to his position, and inspired with courage to confront it. His first experiment was to manufacture salt by evaporation, since without that preservative it was useless to attempt a store of provisions against the winter. After much labor and pains, he succeeded in his attempt. In the buried grotto he discovered some few utensils, some tools, foxes' skins, a wooden box full of pointed bones, probably intended for the points of arrows, and a few other useful articles. Fishing, now, by means of skins cut into strips, constituted his principal employment. The first day that he threw his strange line over the water he was very fortunate; but, inspired by this success, he set his line by night, fully anticipating that on the morrow he should rise to a plentiful harvest. What was his mortification at discovering that the skins had dissolved, or been washed away by the force of the waves, so that there remained nothing but the stakes by which they were fixed to the earth! Fresh endeavors upon the hair of the fox, by twisting it inwards, proved no more successful, and he found himself compelled to renounce this mode of fishing. Chance directed him to a hollow, however, filled with crabs and lobsters. The number of these fish was enormous; they formed a complete incrustation, and he procured more than would suffice for many days' food. The next day

other fish made their appearance, and in a short time Robinson had dried and salted enough to serve him for twelve months. His next care was to collect within his grotto fuel for cooking and procuring warmth in the winter, which was partially supplied by a hot spring which bubbled up within his little dwelling. Besides, condemned to a long sojourn there, he knew that he should require some means of employing his time, so that he might not find it to hang wearily upon his hands. The next want that made itself felt was that of oil; how else should he procure a light during the long hours of darkness inseparable from a winter in these ice-bound regions? The scheme at first sight presented little prospect of accomplishment; but the strong necessity for its being carried into effect suggested the means. He set about constructing a raft from pieces of wood and reindeer skins, which he formed into balloons, and set up his large cloak for a sail. This little bark he launched upon the water, and in it went on a famous fishing expedition. Herring floated in such abundance around, that he came home laden several times in the course of the day. Depositing these in a sheltered spot, dry at low tide, but frequented by large fish when it was high, he continued to entice thither the sea-wolf, sea-cow, and other amphibious creatures from which oil was capable of extraction. These animals having the greatest horror of sulphur, Robinson collecting a large quantity, and propelling himself forward over the water in his raft, strewed considerable quantities over its surface. With dismay the creatures snuffed and reared their heads, and fled exhausted towards land in such vast numbers, that, following up his victory, he pursued and easily overtook and killed more than were sufficient for an enormous supply of oil. Some he destroyed, for their skins, with which he proposed to construct flasks to contain the oil he should manufacture from their flesh; the intestines of others would do, instead of glass, to spread over the aperture that admitted light, and their bones would make cooking utensils, or arms for hunting.

The oil made, the wood collected, the fishes dried, he saw himself protected against darkness, cold, and hunger; therefore, while fishing still occupied his attention, he found leisure between the intervals further to explore the capabilities and resources of his isle. Some discoveries which betrayed the shocks to which it had been subject inspired him with dread, but others proved causes for rejoicing and thanksgiving. He came one day upon a little stream of fresh water, whose borders were faintly strewn with green verdure. Fine grasses struggled into existence, and a few other plants peeped out from crevices in the rock. Even this little spot of green, in the midst of the coldness and desolation by which he was surrounded, came to him like an oasis bursts upon the sight of the traveller as he journeys through wild wastes and tracks. Each blade of grass, each trembling plant, was stored with a thousand memories. One, he had watched budding into life in that far-off valley when his tiny hand was grasped by a mother, whom he could look up to and meet love and encouragement in her eye; another had flourished in his father's meadows; another had been washed by the waters of his native well-loved river. In an instant he had overleaped space and time; he had abandoned these ice-bound retreats, and sought the warm precincts of a home rendered dear and sweet by absence, and the impossibility of beholding it. No gentle sound, no voice broke the

stillness; yet what is that? He listens; a soft low murmuring, like the lullaby of childhood, floats upon his ear; he bends down his head; he almost fancies his cheek presses the soft bosom of his mother. No, Robinson, it is the gentle, low, and broken voice of the rivulet that everlastingly makes its music here; it is a link between thee and others who are listening in like manner to similar sounds elsewhere, but it is no mother's voice! The thousand joys of childhood, its security, its pleasurable griefs, his brilliant youth career, the companionship of man, the bustle of discussion, the stormy revolution, the burning eloquence of the orator, the vast, the ennobling sentiments of ambition, what were they? Remembered amid these silent caverns, these sulphureous odors, these streams of lava, these hillocks of ice, these still waters, these gigantic bergs, they seemed like attributes of another world; and Robinson woke from his memories and found himself the sole, the solitary sovereign of an untenanted land, where people had passed away, and which, perhaps, while nations were rising to greatness or crumbling to decay in the far distant universe, would remain untrodden, save by that solitary human being, cast like a reed upon its strand. Softened and armed by these memories, Robinson prayed earnestly, and looked upwards for protection to the Heavens in meekness and humbleness, as he had in childhood gently reposed on the protection of the mother's eyes that had bent over and so often watched him.

To protect and nourish this little verdant spot was his constant care. Every evening he watered the grass and plants, and constructed on either side a sheltering bank, composed of cinders, which kept off the winds and cold. Beyond, a little space sheltered by overhanging hillocks, but now buried beneath a mass of cinders, was discovered. Here a few raspberry plants and juniper trees were faintly struggling for life, and mosses and lichens struggled here and there upon the calcined earth. A few small trees inspired him with the hope of converting this spot into a garden, although the rapid approach of winter gave him little time to develop its resources that year.

Large flights of birds now made their appearance, journeying towards the south, and while they proclaimed the coming of the cold, inspired Robinson with the most melancholy feelings. He beheld them happily sweeping through the heavens, close to the very clouds, onward to those regions where he could not go. Those senseless beings, those creatures that find no delight save in material impulse and sensations, could travel to scenes which were a thousand fold endeared to him by their distance. Perhaps one of these winged things would flutter near his wife, mourning his absence on the far Alps; perhaps would form the amusement of his little children, who would clap their tiny hands and watch its circuits in the air, and laugh, and be all unconscious that their father has sat in utter hopelessness, and watched that same bird wing its way unheeding abroad to those spots of happiness, while he must remain behind to mourn and watch their happy flight through the cloud-built heavens.

Robinson made himself a bow and some arrows, and attempted to bring down some of these creatures; but by the time his bow was completed they had become less numerous, though troops of falcons hovered on the heights, apparently waiting the approach of the birds. Some of these he shot,

but his object was to catch, not to destroy them, and he succeeded at length in capturing two, which he conveyed to his grotto. He one night placed a lamp in front of an aperture in his dwelling, in the hope that the light might attract some birds to it, but though he watched for hours, nothing came, so he retired to bed. Scarcely had he fallen soundly asleep before he was roused by a loud cry above his head, followed by a shower of dust and cinders, which extinguished his lamp. The two falcons trembled with agitation, and fluttered incessantly. Another cry they now made was heard, accompanied by a loud snort close above his head; the aperture, though not large enough to admit a bear, was still sufficient to awaken alarm. Relighting his lamp, he saw the same endeavors at enlarging the orifice above continued, and he discovered that the wolves and hyenas were busily engaged in seeking a method of descent upon their prey. When Robinson saw who his strange visitors were, he smiled at his own terror, and set about tantalizing them by throwing them scraps of food, which irritated instead of satisfying their hunger. In order to be the better enabled to secure them ultimately, he enlarged the opening, so that they were induced to insert therein, first their fore-paws, then their hind-legs, then their noses, performing between each endeavor restless manœuvres, and giving utterance to wild cries of anger. When he had prepared his nooses, Robinson stealthily placed them so as to secure their legs by one pull, and no sooner did a proper opportunity occur than, hastily drawing it, he secured them both, to their infinite rage. In the morning he killed them, and put aside their skins for his own use, while the flesh he preserved for his falcons. Whilst snaring these birds, and striving to tame them, a thought suddenly struck him, which he immediately put into execution. He tore a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a letter on it with his blood, describing his position, and attaching it to the largest hawk, set him free, with a faint hope that it might reach some spot where his letter might find a response. With a strange wild throb of hope he let loose the beautiful bird, and watched its glad flight through the air, as it dipped and rose, and seemed to dance on the tiny clouds for very joy that it had its loved freedom again. He watched its course for a long, long time, but soon it grew as a speck on the far horizon, smaller and smaller, until his eye rested on vacancy. His winged messenger had fled; his silent prayer for rescue had careered through the heavens, but would that bird seek the habitation of man? Would it rest in his home, and send back an answer speedily!

To fortify himself against the ensuing winter more strongly was now the care of our hero. From a rough natural cavern he had, by hewing away large masses of rock, converted his grotto into a habitable dwelling. The roof showed no opening save the fissure by which the hyenas had peeped in, and a door in front, seven feet above the level of the ground, and ascended without and within by natural steps in the rock. And this at once protected him against the snow, and, partly, wild beasts. One aperture in the wall admitted light, and permitted him to gaze forth upon the expanse of frozen waters, and at night upon the spangled firmament, and served also as a look-out to mark the approach of wild beasts. Through this also he obtained snow to serve him as drink, since the hot spring within was of too mineral a nature to

answer this purpose. The smoke from his fire evaporated through the window, and over the door, when the real chimney was blocked up by snow. In the furthestmost recess of the grotto were piled his logs for the winter; those intended for other use were placed in another pile. His flasks of oil were ranged on the left on a bed of hay, covered over with dried bones. His victuals occupied the right of the grotto, with smoked birds, dried and salt fish, that resembled most the flesh of animals, in one place; parcels of a few vegetables, moss for medicinal purposes, veronique for tea, seeds of the plants whose budding and growth he had watched, were ranged in different compartments, while the birds taken in the autumn, quarters of the sea-cow, and various plants, were stowed away in various places. Then there were besides various liquids, oil, vinegar, or that which served him for such, a sort of beer, his juniper wine, and the raspberry wine he had manufactured from the wild raspberries. A few miscellaneous articles completed his stores, and here with his falcon he was to pass the long winter months. His clothes had suffered, as might be expected, during his vicissitudes; but these, by ingenuity and skill, he trusted to repair, ere the summer and the time for action came.

Once within his domicile, secure from the wild confusion without, protected against the heavy falls of snow that wreathed the summits of the tottering bergs, and crested the frozen hillocks, yet not shut out from their view, Robinson set industriously to work. His time was now his own. He had provided against his material wants; he had laid up a store; there was no need either to hunt or to fish, and his hands required employment. The first thing he did was to fashion a cross, the rude symbol of his religion, and before it he offered up, in sincerity, prayers of deep earnestness. To construct tools was his next attempt, out of the anchor which had, as it seemed, been cast so providentially in his way. Various implements, after great patience, were constructed, and then the grand object of his ambition was commenced—the formation of a boat. With what dim object this was undertaken, whether with a faint view of future deliverance, whether he intended to confide his slight bark to the mercy of the waves, or whether it was to serve him as an amusement, or the means of extending his researches, he scarcely owned to himself. Earnestly, however, he set to work, and in his regular employment the hours flew by, and his winter retreat ceased to display itself in all its monotony. His mind was becoming reconciled to his condition, and the more so as his work proceeded. In six weeks a canoe was formed, rude, perhaps, but compact, strong, and complete. A wheelbarrow, clothes for himself, made out of skins, boots, &c., employed next his attention, and the winter insensibly glided away in these interesting occupations.

Work alternated with lighter amusement. The taming of his hawk was his recreation; and the creature learnt to love him so well that it could not bear to be out of his master's sight. A bond of companionship was established between them. Both had been born to freedom, but both learnt almost to forget that there was a great, a peopled, a happy world beyond, for which it were vain to sigh. The presence of the bird softened Robinson's solitude; and he loved it as those only can know who have been forced to seek in a dog the friendship denied them by human beings. A gui-

tar formed from cord, and a wildly-shaped piece of wood, helped to pass away the evening hours. In the morning he would stand at his little window, and watch the scenery spread before him. Now the drifted snow would pile itself in hillocks over the frozen seas, now it would be strown like a soft carpet over the ice. Occasionally, thick columns of smoke curled up to the heavens, and a slight shock of distant thunder—a faint trembling was felt which seemed to speak of the insecurity of all around.

The eruption came at length. Robinson one night was watching at his window, unable to retire to rest from the tremblings of the earth which every instant made themselves felt. The roar of the crater was loud and incessant; vast columns of smoke, red, yellow, and gray, rolled over the sea, and soon the fiery lava gushed upwards and converted the darkness into a strange glare, neither day nor night. This continued until the mid-evening, when increased throes caused the eruption to reach his cavern, where, kneeling before the cross, he tremblingly prayed for protection and mercy. A feeling of desolation stole over him, when a shock more violent than any previously felt made the grotto creak and groan; and presently a huge mass of rock gave way, and his provision, his oil, all his victuals were buried beneath. For days he suffered the torments of hunger, and then sought nourishment from the skins. Then his poor falcon was destined to be killed, and he gave with pleasure the blow which deprived it of life, since he spared it a thousand sufferings and agonies, yet in store for it had it lived.

The winter gradually stole away, and Robinson issued forth and brought down his canoe to the edge of the sea, and was one evening occupied in putting it together, when he thought he perceived upon the horizon a sail; through his spy-glass, he soon discovered a vessel, her sails furled, at a little distance off. What tumultuous hopes agitated his breast! he fired a pile of wood; he shouted; he made every possible sign, but he could not reach it without his boat. This he had taken to pieces. Hastily putting it together, he took another glance at the ship. There she lay, and her masts, her rigging, her sails, the very sailors were distinctly revealed. The boat was launched on the great ocean, calm as a lake; the sun shone brightly; and, while full of eager hope and expectation of deliverance, the sails fluttered, the vessel moved, it glided off, it became more indistinct, it was gone!

This was the last delusive hope that ever disturbed Robinson in his retreat. When the bitterness of the disappointment was over, he returned quietly to his employment, mended his habitation, cultivated his garden, tamed some young fawns, and sought in constant occupation to distract his thoughts forever from the earth. Gradually, as years passed, the scenes of his childhood became like dim clouds on the far horizon, the brilliant scenes of youth as if they never had been, the sounds of earth as nought, the voices of man as of no more value than silence, and the passions of the world, love, ambition, hope, joy, and sorrow as empty sounds! Instead, he loved the green herbs by the rill side, the plants and flowers became his children, the graceful fawn his companion, the cracking of the mighty bergs, and the roar of the wild beasts his daily sound, the great solitudes his world, and his busy thoughts of future life and immortality filled up the void in his bosom.

Gradually his early mists and errors had faded

from his eyes. He gave free vent to the impulses of his heart, and, chastened by affliction, purified by solitude, and ennobled by sorrow, he knelt before God, in deed and in truth confessing his sins, and petitioning for mercy.

So Robinson died in his lonely grotto. A whaler from England found his body and buried it among the green grass he had reared. The flowers cherished and planted by his own hands, perhaps, there bloom around his grave, and his requiem is ever sung by the babbling brook and the lashing of the waves.

We have refrained, on account of our space, from dwelling as long as we might on the progress of his religious convictions, or upon the many improbabilities of the story. There are many, but in the interest of the narrative these will be forgiven and forgotten.

From the Athenæum.

Lillian, and other Poems. By WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. Now first collected. New York, Redfield.

THAT it should be left to the publishers of another land to collect the scattered Poems of the late Winthrop Praed is a fact suggestive of some painful reflections. The lamented young poet, to whose literary remains America is the first to pay respect, had a host of friends who admired his genius, and loved the man for his own sake. The pressing pursuits of some and the forgetfulness of others have combined to rob his posthumous reputation of that illustration at home which was due to his memory. A collection of Mr. Praed's poetical writings is a work for which we have often looked to Mr. Charles Knight;—nor can we now accept as at all satisfactory the ill-printed and imperfect volume before us.

The name of Praed will be familiar to many of our readers. He was one of the most brilliant of that knot of young men who attracted much notice at Cambridge thirty years since by their varied talents, as exhibited in the college exercises, in their literary organ *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, and in "The Union" Debating Society. In this last arena many of them gave proofs of those powers which have since obtained fame in the senate and at the bar. Mr. Macaulay, the late Mr. Charles Buller, the present Master of the Rolls, the ex-Attorney General, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Prof. Malden, and several other eminent persons, belonged to the circle of which Praed was one. Great expectations of future fame were built on the varied brilliancy of the latter's University career. These can scarcely be said to have been realized. His reputation as a speaker procured his return to Parliament during the reform bill crisis:—but his first step into public life was a false one—and he did not live long enough to redeem it. From that period until his early death, in 1839, forensic and parliamentary occupations diverted his attention from literary pursuits. In Parliament his frail body and sensitive system, as well as the sense of a false position, interfered with that energetic display of his talents requisite for high political success. Sir Robert Peel made him secretary of the Board of Control in 1834;—and we may add, that since his decease Lord John Russell paid a marked tribute to his talents. He was making his way into considerable practice at the bar, when his career was terminated by the presence of that death which had long cast its shadow before.

We have premised so much as necessary for the

right appreciation of Mr. Præd's writings. The stamp of youth, with its freshness and inexperience, its bright play of fancy, its joyful tone, and its vivacity of yet unbroken spirits, is everywhere visible in the poems before us. One of their greatest charms is this freshness of spirits everywhere disclosed. Like young poets in general, Mr. Præd merely played with his subject, and did not cast the full powers of his mind into his composition—so that there is but a partial manifestation of his genius in his writings. This incompleteness would mar their effect, but for their very remarkable literary merit. Præd's fancy was airy, bright, and arabesque. It enabled him with his easy command of poetical expression to produce picturesque sketches with equal grace and facility. In the mere rhetoric of poetry he was almost precociously proficient, using every variety of metre with equal skill;—but we must look for the essential individuality of Præd's genius elsewhere than in his mechanical command of the instrument of poetic art. This individuality resided in his subtle blending of the pensive with the playful. In the midst of pictures sparkling with vivacity, a melancholy note would be suddenly struck which caught some of its pathos from the very sparkle. A serious passage would gain strange color from the unexpected utterance of a comic thought.

Præd wrote from his emotions and without a deliberate aim—and he cannot therefore be classed with any particular school. It appears plain, however, to us, that he was a reader of the romantic poetry of Italy, and that Ariosto and Pulci must have been familiar to him. In his tales he liked to select themes with the free manners and poetical costumes of the age of chivalry; and it is probable that Mr. Hookham Frere's "Whistlecraft" poetry influenced his youthful taste. But he had essentially a genius of his own. His "Red Fisherman" puts the originality of his mind beyond question. This is his best poetical performance—and will not be forgotten by those who have ever read it. Its vivid fancy, sly humor, fine satire, and quaint imaginings, combined with the literary excellence of the versification, give to it the stamp of uncommon merit. Any reader of poetical taste who has perused it will desire to see all the poems that have come from a mind capable of such a wild and fanciful flight into the regions of the marvellous.

The edition of Mr. Præd's Poems now before us contains nearly three hundred pages of verse;—but many of his poems are here wanting. In this volume we find all his longer pieces reprinted:—"Lillian," "The Bridal of Belmont," "The Red Fisherman," "The Legend of the Haunted Tree," and "The Troubadour." Of these "The Troubadour"—which appeared in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*—is the longest;—running to about fifteen hundred lines. The volume contains, too, his sketches called "Every-Day Characters," from which Miss Mitford made copious selections in her "Literary Notes"—several of his *vers de société*—a few only of his brilliant charades—and his prize poems at Cambridge in 1823 and 1824. Some of the minor pieces that appeared in the annuals are also here reprinted. From this collection we should like to have seen omitted the light verses on passing subjects of by-gone interest. Though some of them were read with zest at the time, much of the point in these, as in other comic writings, is now out of date.

"Lillian" is the first piece in this volume—but not the best. It was printed while its writer was

at Cambridge, with the date of October, 1822. It is clever and ingenious—but too grotesque and unreal. Its merit, however, cannot be estimated without taking into account the circumstances under which it was produced. It was, in fact, the solution of a literary puzzle—an issue out of a poetical maze. It was undertaken as an exercise of fanciful ingenuity on the absurd thesis set by a lady:—

A dragon's tail is flayed to warm
A headless maiden's heart.

—On its publication "Lillian" attracted much notice by its airy lightness and quaint conceptions—as well as by the fact of the feat which it accomplished. But "The Red Fisherman" and "The Troubadour" are both beyond "Lillian" in point of real merit;—and the editor of the present volume has erred in putting "Lillian" so prominently on the title-page. To many of our readers "The Red Fisherman" must be known;—so, we will refrain from quoting it. The flow of its versification is deliciously free and musical;—the opening passage being especially remarkable for its melody, its weird fancy, and its graphic quaintness of subtle and delicate ornament. "The Troubadour" is less original;—but it contains some excellent passages, and shows the ready command over verse which the writer possessed. It is a love tale of the age of *Cœur de Lion*;—the heroine being a nun, who comes to a hapless end within a convent. There is little story in the poem;—but it has many bright pictures, and some lyrical pieces. Its beginning we may quote as highly characteristic of Præd's manner:—

In sooth it was a glorious day
For vassal and for lord,
When *Cœur de Lion* had the sway
In battle and at board.
He was indeed a royal one,
A Prince of Paladins;
Hero of triumph and of tun,
Of noisy fray and noisy fun,
Broad shoulders and broad grins.
You might have looked from east to west,
And then from north to south,
And never found an ampler breast,
Never an ampler mouth,
A softer tone for lady's ear,
A daintier lip for syrup,
Or a ruder grasp for axe and spear,
Or a firmer foot in stirrup.

A ponderous thing was Richard's can,
And so was Richard's boot,
And Saracens and liquor ran
Where'er he set his foot.
So fiddling here, and fighting there,
And murdering time and tune,
With sturdy limb, and listless air,
And gauntleted hand, and jeweled hair,
Half monarch, half buffoon,
He turned away from feast to fray,
From quarrelling to quaffing,
So great in prowess and in pranks,
So fierce and funny in the ranks,
That Saladin and Soldan said,
Where'er that mad-cap Richard led,
Alla! he held his breath for dread,
And burst his sides for laughing!

At court, the humor of a king
Is always voted "quite the thing;"
Morals and cloaks are loose or laced
According to the sovereign's taste,
And belles and banquets both are drest
Just as his majesty thinks best.

Of course, in that delightful age,
 When Richard ruled the roast,
 Cracking of craniums was the rage,
 And beauty was the toast.
 Ay! all was laugh, and life, and love;
 And lips and shrines were kissed;
 And vows were ventured in the grove,
 And lances in the list;
 And boys roamed out in sunny weather
 To weave a wreath and rhyme together;
 While dames, in silence, and in satin,
 Lay listening to the soft French-Latin,
 And flung their sashes and their sighs
 From odor-breathing balconies.

The death of an old knight and the gathering to the funeral are painted with the poet's quaintness of humor:—

Masses and medicines both were bought,
 Masses and medicines both were naught;
 Sir Hubert's race was run;
 As best becomed a warrior tall,
 He died within his ancient hall;
 And he was blest by Father Paul,
 And buried by his son.
 'T were long to tell the motley gear,
 That waited on Sir Hubert's bier;
 For twenty good miles round,
 Maiden and matron, knave and knight,
 All rode or ran to see the sight;
 Yeomen with horse and hound,
 Gossips in grief and grogam clad,
 Young warriors galloping like mad,
 Priors and peddlers, pigs and pyxes,
 Cooks, choristers, and crucifixes,
 Wild urchins cutting jokes and capers,
 And taper shapes, and shapely tapers.
 The mighty barons of the land
 Brought pain in heart, and four-in-hand;
 And village maids, with looks of woe,
 Turned out their mourning, and their toe.
 The bell was rung, the hymn was sung,
 On the oak chest the dust was flung;
 And then, beneath the chapel-stones,
 With a gilt 'scutcheon o'er his bones,
 Escaped from feather-beds and fidget,
 Sir Hubert slept with Lady Bridget.

In the opening of the second canto we find a passage commencing with the droll, but rapidly running into the sentimental, after a fashion peculiarly Praed's own:—

All milliners who start from bed
 To gaze upon a coat of red,
 Or listen to a drum,
 Know very well the Paphian Queen
 Was never yet at Paphos seen,
 That Cupid's all a hum,
 That minstrels forge confounded lies,
 About the Deities and skies,
 That torches all go out sometimes,
 That flowers all fade except in rhymes,
 That maids are seldom shot with arrows,
 And coaches never drawn by sparrows.

And yet, fair cousin, do not deem
 That all is false which poets tell
 Of Passion's first and dearest dream,
 Of haunted spot, and silent spell,
 Of long low musing, such as suits
 The terrace on your own dark hill,
 Of whispers which are sweet as lutes,
 And silence which is sweeter still;
 Believe, believe—for May shall pass,
 And summer sun and winter shower
 Shall dim the freshness of the grass,
 And mar the fragrance of the flower—

Believe it all, whate'er you hear
 Of plighted vow, and treasured token,
 And hues which only once appear,
 And words which only once are spoken,
 And prayers whose natural voice is song,
 And schemes that die in wild endeavor,
 And tears so pleasant, you will long
 To weep such pleasant tears forever.
 Believe it all, believe it all!
 Oh! Virtue's frown is all divine;
 And Folly hides his happy thrall
 In sneers as cold and false as mine;
 And Reason prates of wrong and right,
 And marvels hearts can break or bleed,
 And flings on all that's warm and bright
 The winter of his icy creed;
 But when the soul has ceased to glow,
 And years and cares are coming fast,
 There's nothing like young love! no, no!
 There's nothing like young love at last!

The heroine is thus sketched:—

She was a very pretty nun;
 Sad, delicate, and five feet one;
 Her face was oval, and her eye
 Looked like the heaven in Italy,
 Serenely blue, and softly bright,
 Made up of languish and of light!
 And her neck, except where the locks of brown,
 Like a sweet summer mist, fell drooping down,
 Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the
 earth
 Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;
 And through the blue veins you might see
 The pure blood wander silently,
 Like noiseless eddies, that far below
 In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow;
 Her cold hands on her bosom lay;
 And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,
 Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,
 As if she shrank from its holiness,
 And felt that hers was the only guilt
 For which no healing blood was spilt;
 And tears were bursting all the while;
 Yet now and then a vacant smile
 Over her lips would come and go—
 A very mockery of woe—
 A brief wan smile—a piteous token
 Of a warm love crushed, and a young heart
 broken!

The poem concludes with a requiem to the heroine's memory, sung by the Troubadour. This is full of tenderness, and unmixed with the quaint conceits that generally tessellate Praed's verse:—

Fare thee well, fare thee well,
 Most beautiful of earthly things,
 I will not bid thy spirit stay,
 Nor link to earth those glittering wings,
 That burst like light away!
 I know that thou art gone to dwell
 In the sunny home of the fresh-day beam,
 Before decay's unpyting tread
 Hath crept upon the dearest dream
 That ever came and fled;
 Fare thee well, fare thee well;
 And go thy way, all pure and fair,
 Into the starry firmament;
 And wander there with the spirits of air,
 As bright and innocent!

Fare thee well, fare thee well!
 Strange feet will be upon thy clay,
 And never stop to sigh or sorrow;
 Yet many wept for thee to-day,
 And one will weep to-morrow!
 Alas! that melancholy knell

Shall often wake my wondering ear,
 And thou shalt greet me, for a while,
 Too beautiful to make me fear,
 Too sad to let me smile !
 Fare thee well, fare thee well !
 I know that heaven for thee is won ;
 And yet I feel I would resign
 Whole ages of my life, for one—
 One little hour of thine !

Fare thee well, fare thee well !
 See, I have been to the sweetest bowers,
 And culled from garden and from heath
 The tenderest of all tender flowers,
 And blended in my wreath
 The violet and the blue harebell,
 And one frail rose in its earliest bloom ;
 Alas ! I meant it for thy hair,
 And now I fling it on thy tomb,
 To weep and wither there !
 Fare ye well, fare ye well !
 Sleep, sleep, my love, in fragrant shade
 Droop, droop to-night, thou blushing token ;
 A fairer flower shall never fade,
 Nor a fonder heart be broken !

We feel it difficult to make a selection from the minor poems, as some of them have been often reprinted. They show that if Mr. Praed had deliberately applied himself to the task, he might have excelled as a poet of town life—of the salient points of which he had an artistic perception. The glittering and unsubstantial character of fashionable life he felt with a poet's heart—and yet he appreciated keenly its joyous tone. With what a light, pleasant touch in "The Bridal of Belmont" he describes the subject-matter of our fashionable novels—husband-hunting !—

Are you rich, single, and "your Grace" ?
 I pity your unhappy case ;
 Before you leave your travelling carriage,
 The women have arranged your marriage,
 Where'er your weary wit may lead you,
 They pet you, praise you, fret you, feed you ;
 Consult your taste in wreaths and laces,
 And make you make their books at races.
 Your little pony, Tam O'Shanter,
 Is found to have the sweetest canter ;
 Your curricule is quite reviving,
 And Jane's so bold when you are driving !
 Some recollect your father's habits,
 And know the warren, and the rabbits !
 The place is really princely—only
 They're sure you'll find it vastly lonely.
 You go to Cheltenham, for the waters,
 And meet the countess and her daughters ;
 You take a cottage at Geneva—
 Lo ! Lady Anne and Lady Eva.
 In horror of another session,
 You just surrender at discretion,
 And live to curse the frauds of mothers,
 And envy all your younger brothers.

As a contrast to the light-heartedness of the foregoing passage, take the pathos of the poem called "Josephine." It belongs to a class of subjects very difficult to treat poetically, and which should be rarely handled. Its human sympathy and pensive pathos make it a companion picture to Hood's "Bridge of Sighs :"—

We did not meet in courtly hall,
 Where Birth and Beauty throng,
 Where Luxury holds festival,
 And Wit awakes the song ;
 We met where darker spirits meet,
 In the home of Sin and Shame,
 Where Satan shows his cloven feet,
 And hides his titled name ;

And she knew she could not be, Love,
 What once she might have been,
 But she was kind to me, Love,
 My pretty Josephine.

We did not part beneath the sky,
 As warmer lovers part,
 Where night conceals the glistening eye,
 But not the throbbing heart ;
 We parted on the spot of ground
 Where we first had laughed at love,
 And ever the jests were loud around,
 And the lamps were bright above ;
 "The heaven is very dark, Love,
 The blast is very keen,
 But merrily rides my bark, Love—
 Good night, my Josephine."

She did not speak of ring or vow,
 But filled the cup of wine,
 And took the roses from her brow
 To make a wreath for mine ;
 And bade me, when the gale should lift
 My light skiff on the wave,
 To think as little of the gift
 As of the hand that gave ;
 "Go gayly o'er the sea, Love,
 And find your own heart's queen ;
 And look not back to me, Love,
 Your humble Josephine !"

That garland breathes and blooms no more,
 Past are those idle hours :
 I would not, could I choose, restore
 The fondness of the flowers ;
 Yet oft their withered witchery
 Revives its wonted thrill,
 Remembered—not with Passion's sigh,
 But oh ! remembered still :
 And even from your side, Love,
 And even from this scene,
 One look is o'er the tide, Love,
 One thought with Josephine !

Alas ! your lips are rosier,
 Your eyes of softer blue,
 And I have never felt for her
 As I have felt for you ;
 Our love was like the snow-flakes,
 Which melt before you pass—
 Or the bubble on the wine, which breaks
 Before you lip the glass.
 You saw these eye-lids wet, Love,
 Which she has never seen ;
 But bid me not forget, Love,
 My poor Josephine !

We have quoted enough to prove that Mr. Praed's literary remains should be carefully brought together. The editor of the present volume seems not to be aware that his prose is almost as quaintly and pensively playful as his verse. We have little doubt that if his correspondence were selected from, it would display all those qualities that sparkle so gracefully in his published pieces. In the "Remains of the late Sidney Walker," recently reviewed in our columns, Praed's generous and amiable character appears in a most pleasing light.

There is much that we could say about Praed—for we knew him well ;—but we will refrain from further comments now, since we do not give up the hope that a fitting edition of his works will be presented to the English public. When the whole of his productions shall be before us, we may contrast them with those of some of his contemporaries :—and we trust that care may be taken that an adequate biographical memoir shall be prefixed to the writings of an author of so much suggestive genius and poetical peculiarity.

From the Boston Journal.

CHANGES IN THE COURSE OF TRADE.

Two prominent characteristics of a system of internal improvement are the extension of preëxisting limits of trade, and the building up of new branches which, without the facilities afforded by these means of communication and transit, could have had no existence. But in addition to these important features, there is another which has less occupied the public mind, though really of vast importance, and one which is silently working a decisive revolution in commercial affairs; viz., the effect which is produced by means of *artificial* channels, diverting business from the *natural* channels of trade. Thus remote localities, which have maintained a commercial intercourse through circuitous routes, are brought into direct communication by artificial means, to the infinite advantage of both. Mountain barriers are broken down or perforated, and the cumbersome productions of the field and forest are transported from place to place, which, under other circumstances, would have been impossible.

The facilities thus afforded furnish employment and the means of support to an aggregate of population, which could not otherwise have been sustained. It renders many localities independent of others to which they formerly looked for supplies. Boston, for example, and the greater portion of New England, drew their western supplies from the city of New York. The tide of internal commerce which commenced setting eastward with the completion of that gigantic and successful enterprise, the Erie Canal, poured its unbounded supplies, by the way of the Hudson, into New York, giving that city a progressive movement which no other in America has ever yet surpassed. Although New York does now, and will undoubtedly hereafter continue to maintain preëminence in commercial affairs, yet there are other cities on the seaboard whose commercial prosperity and progression are founded on equally as sure a basis. Emancipated by means of artificial channels of communication from a dependence upon those places which are located upon the natural channels of trade, they are increasing in business and prosperity in a degree unprecedented. The trade of Boston with the West, which formerly was compelled to pass around Cape Cod to New York, and then up the channel of the Hudson to Albany, requiring a voyage of ten days, now passes over the Western Railroad in twelve hours. The produce of the upper lakes destined to New England, which a year or two ago came to Buffalo, and thence by Albany to Boston, requiring two or three transshipments, comes now to Ogdensburg without breaking bulk, and from thence over the Northern New York and New England roads, to this city.

But the most remarkable changes in the course of trade are in the transmission of those products which formerly came to us by the way of New Orleans. The most magnificent natural commercial channels in the world are those connected with the Mississippi and its branches. Draining by navigable waters an area amounting, exclusive of the Territories, to over half a million of square miles, the most beautiful and productive agricultural region in the known world, it poured the products of its rapidly developing trade into the lap of New Orleans. Situated as that city is, near the entrance of the Mississippi into the Gulf, and approachable by every class of vessels, propelled either by wind or steam, no man would suppose

otherwise than that she would enjoy almost a monopoly of the Western trade; and that she would assume a position in the commercial world beyond the competition of every other city in America. But such opinions have proved unfounded. While she has increased in population and commercial importance in common with all our other cities, that increase is by no means commensurate with what might be deemed the advantages of her position.

Lake cities, the outlets of whose commerce have been furnished by artificial means, have sprung up almost in a day, changing the solitude of the wilderness into the noisy commercial mart. Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Oswego and Ogdensburg upon the lakes, and Rochester, Syracuse, Utica, Troy and Albany upon the artificial channels of trade, have risen into the importance of first-class commercial cities. A curious phenomenon is presented in the course of the Mississippi steamers laden with the rich products of the North-west. On reaching the mouth of the Illinois, or of the Ohio, in their descending course, they head up the last named streams in the direction of Chicago and Cincinnati, instead of pursuing their previous direction towards New Orleans; and sending forward their freights to the lakes by means of the artificial channels of communication connecting the tributaries of the Mississippi with the great Northern Lake route, return again freighted with the manufactures of our Eastern States, carried thither over gigantic lines of transit, which are the result of human energy and skill. Not only the agricultural productions of the West and North-west, but even the cotton, sugar and tobacco of the South-west, are taking the same direction. The climate of a more Northern latitude is an infinite advantage over that of the Mississippi and Gulf route; and pork, beef, butter, cheese and grain are insured against the contingencies of a hot climate, the humidity of a sea voyage, and long delay.

And all this diversion in favor of Northern ports, which have no *natural* continuous communication with the West, has been effected by a liberal and extended system of internal improvement. Boston, which is really only the *natural* commercial depot of New England, which embraces an area of only 7800 square miles of territory, the most inhospitable and unpromising in soil and climate in the whole country, is now, and will continue to be, one of the first commercial cities in America, extending her Briarian arms in all directions, and bringing to her port, by lines of canal and railroad, the productions of remote localities, which, without them, would have sought the seaboard at the distance of two thousand miles. No limit to this diversion of the trade can be fixed if the North and East are only true to their own interests. Natural channels of trade are of infinite importance, but artificial ones can be constructed, or imperfect natural ones improved, which will build up great and flourishing communities in localities that otherwise would have remained a desert. As the torrent of a mighty river, pouring over a rocky barrier unheeded for ages, is diverted from its natural course by the hand of man, and compelled to lend its powerful aid to the propulsion of loom and hammer, leaving the original channel comparatively dry, so does the enlightened foresight of a community, which opens for itself lines of communication with remote localities, draw in an unremitting stream all the elements of a progressive commercial prosperity.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

THE UNITED STATES AND THE BRITISH AMERICAN FISHERIES.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF DERBY.

MY LORD,—Your lordship, as her Majesty's first minister, holds a trust of the most solemn and weighty responsibility, and, for the wise and faithful discharge of that trust, you are accountable not only to the sovereign and her subjects, but morally to the whole world. I believe that no wise or sagacious man will deny that, if there are in the world two great countries which, in a social, physical, and commercial point of view, are in a position to do each other the utmost possible good, or the greatest possible mischief, those countries are the two great Anglo-Saxon nations; that is to say, the United Kingdom and the United States of America.

I, who at least ought to know the magnitude of the intercourse by sailing-ships and steam-ships, and the immense value of the commerce between Great Britain and America, fear that the recent policy of your lordship's government has put in peril that commerce and intercourse. What would become of Lancashire without American cotton? Where would you raise the £5,000,000 of revenue now derived from American tobacco? Where would you employ the weekly lines of steam-ships now plying between Great Britain and the United States? or the fleets of sailing-ships which find employment in the trade with the United States? To what markets would you direct the British manufactures now sold to and paid for by the citizens of the United States? Where would end the other countless miseries of a war with that great Anglo-Saxon people? Would it be a consolation to the farmers and protectionists, that such a war might recompense them by shutting out the corn and flour of America? Surely this delusion cannot be entertained, though many believe it to have no small bearing on sending a naval squadron among the fishing-craft of a mighty and justly proud nation.

On the day before Louisburg fell, and that General Wolfe gained the battle on the plains of Abraham which gave Canada to England, no British subject, no Anglo-Saxon, possessed a single rood of land within the countries bordering on the rivers, lakes, or the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or north of two small settlements in Nova Scotia, or south of Colonel Oglethorpe's small colony in Georgia, or west of the Alleghany Mountains. Those vast regions extending to the Pacific were then under the sovereignty of the Bourbons of France and Spain. The Anglo-Americans, although highly prosperous, did not then exceed 2,000,000 of inhabitants, who were all settled to the eastward of the Alleghanies, chiefly in small towns on the shores of the Atlantic.

At the present day, the population subject to the Queen of England and the citizens of the United States possess all the vast dominions extending from the islands and shores of the Atlantic to the coast of the Pacific—from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico—from the Bay of Chesapeake to the Bay of San Francisco—from the estuary of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Columbia. Since that period they have increased from 2,000,000 to 30,000,000 inhabitants. They have covered the great oceans, and their vast lakes and magnificent rivers, with superb sailing and steam-

ships; they trade with every port of the known world, and to an enormous amount with the United Kingdom. The Anglo-Americans have converted regions of dreary wilderness into smiling corn-fields, green meadows and gay orchards. They have built splendid cities; railways, common roads and canals intersect their vast dominions. They have established their civil and religious liberties on a sure and practical basis; and they have founded great seats of learning, and seminaries and schools, within all their borders. It is only in the British Islands and in the United States that people really enjoy the blessings of freedom.

Awful, indeed, in prospect, would be the consequence of any policy which might possibly involve the United Kingdom and the United States of America in the certain calamities of a war!

Civilization in America and Europe would for a time be paralyzed; and not only the present generation, but future generations would experience the disastrous results of any interruption of peace and of social and commercial intercourse between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon family; who, although they have different governments, are nevertheless bound together by the affinities of descent—by the pride of common historical fame—and by common associations and customs, as one people. Not only are they bound together by the benefits of mutual navigation and commerce, but by the inseparable attractions of speaking the same language, education, and traditional sentiments. The Anglo-Americans and the inhabitants of Great Britain speak the same language, are educated at schools where they are taught the same lessons, trained at firesides where the mothers instil into their children similar morals. They read the same literature, profess generally the same religion, and study and obey the same laws. Until a very late period both nations have had a common history. Therefore, if there be one course of policy more than another which British statesmen or British subjects should advocate, it should be the policy best calculated to maintain peace and friendship between the United Kingdom and the United States of America.

It is no wonder that reflecting men should look with alarm upon the recent measure of your lordship's government, in sending a naval squadron to drive American fishermen from the fishing-grounds of British America. I concluded that when the North-Eastern and Oregon boundary questions had been settled, the true policy of the British government ought to have been to place the relations of the British Empire and the United States of America as nearly as possible on the same commercial and maritime arrangements as if they were still under one great federation. If the United States had remained under British dominion until the present day, their ships and their fishing-craft would freely enjoy our home and colonial coasting-trade, and would have exactly the same freedom of fishing along the shores of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and the Gulf of St. Lawrence as British vessels; while all British shipping would partake of the coasting-trade and fisheries of the United States. That both nations would derive great benefit from such freedom of trading and fishing cannot be denied. Instead, therefore, of rashly sending ships of war, which will probably come into collision with the vessels of the United States, you should, my lord,

first attempt to negotiate such a free commercial and maritime arrangement as would, I believe, be accepted by the American government.

Before the late Lord Ashburton sailed to America for the purpose of settling the North-Eastern boundary dispute, which he so satisfactorily executed, he submitted to Sir Robert Peel some very liberal observations on the maritime and commercial intercourse between her Majesty's subjects and the citizens of the United States. Sir Robert Peel did me the honor of requesting my opinion on Lord Ashburton's suggestions; and I find (having a copy of the same now before me) that the above were the conclusions to which I arrived respecting them. But at that time matters were not sufficiently ripe for Sir Robert Peel doing that which he considered sound international policy. It was necessary for him first to repeal the corn-laws, the taxes on the essential food of man, before he could venture to meddle with the navigation-laws.

It was the early wish of the American government and of Mr. Pitt, who entertained the proposal, that the commercial and maritime intercourse between all the dominions of the British Crown and the United States of America should be placed exactly on the same footing. Under such a system, Great Britain might have enjoyed every possible trading advantage with the United States which it would have been just to possess had they continued under British domination. The trade, navigation, and fisheries of the United States ought, in like manner, to have derived every commercial and maritime advantage which could have been, on the most liberal understanding, obtained from the mother country, without being subject to the incapacities of the Colonial Office, or the maladministration of colonial governors, to the interference of the British Parliament, or to the absolute exercise of the sovereign prerogative. But the liberal commercial policy proposed by Mr. Pitt, as Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Shelburne administration, and by Mr. Adams on the part of the United States, was defeated by an adverse party in Great Britain, which finally led to the adoption of a counterpart to the British navigation-law by the United States, and which, until lately, was enforced with regard to all British vessels arriving in the United States. But all the relaxations recently made in our navigation-laws have been met with perfect reciprocity by the United States.

Now, if the British colonial and coasting-trade and fisheries were fairly opened to American vessels, the coasting-trade and fisheries of the United States would be at once thrown open to British vessels, and which is so much desired by her Majesty's subjects in Canada and New Brunswick. Why not at once take the wise and profitable course, instead of hazarding a war by the irritating and insulting presence of ships of war among the American fishermen? The laws there provide that whatever privileges American vessels enjoy in other countries, the vessels of those countries will enjoy in American ports and seas. England does not ruin Scotland, nor the latter England, although the coasting-trade and fisheries are common to both; and British subjects, so far from being injured, would be greatly benefited, if the coasting-trade and fisheries of the British dominions and of the United States were rendered freely common to the inhabitants of both countries.

We admit at once the right of England to enforce the provisions of the treaty of 1818, but we dread the fatal consequences of sending a naval

armament to enforce the strict observance of that treaty.

But there is some difficulty in the precise interpretation; and Mr. Webster, in a recent speech, distinguished for courtesy and good-will to this country, but at the same time marked with dignity and firmness, considered that your lordship's government could not have fully examined the bearings of the treaty of 1818, and the spirit of the understanding which had been entered into by Lord Aberdeen with the American minister at this court. Since then we are informed that several American fishing-vessels have been seized by British cruisers, and that there has been great activity in the American dockyards; that the *Mississippi* steam-ship has been despatched to protect the American fishing-vessels, and that other armed ships were to follow. These accounts do not substantiate, but they refute, the reports of the vexatious question having been already satisfactorily arranged by negotiation; and the belief also entertained that Mr. Thomas Baring (and no one could have been more efficiently intrusted) was to have been sent to Washington on a special mission to arrange the fishery dispute, has been publicly contradicted.

A wise administration would not only follow the example of the governments of Sir Robert Peel and of Lord John Russell—the policy of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Palmerston—towards the United States of America, but would endeavor at the same time to negotiate in the honest and respectful, the friendly and sound way, which I have pointed out, with the cabinet of Washington, and endeavor to remove every political and commercial impediment between the United States and the British Colonies in North America and the West Indies. Let all American vessels fish freely on the shores of Newfoundland, Cape Breton, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, if all fish and oils, taken and cured by British subjects, shall be admitted free of duty in the United States. Those who know anything of vessels of war coming into collision with fishing or trading craft, know also the risk of seizing such vessels without defining correctly how far they are trespassers; and in the event of one drop of the blood of an American citizen being shed, the peace of the United Kingdom and the United States would be perilled, and the greatest reciprocal calamity and commercial as well as financial loss would follow.

We have a most expensive, uncertain, and difficult war raging at the Cape of Good Hope. Let us beware of quarrelling with America. A war between the only two nations in the world which have a free constitution, a free press, and freedom of speech, would be a war which would make all the despotic governments of Continental Europe rejoice. Yes, it would make their hearts as glad as when Lord Palmerston ceased to be really British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: a nobleman who was the Patriot Minister of England, not the obsequious minister of any foreign potentate.

I believe your lordship cherishes a lofty British spirit and a just sense of national honor; but the country may doubt the clearness of your sagacity, the prudence of your decisions, and the soundness of your judgment. The Extradition Treaty with France, the recent measures of your lordship's administration with regard to the American fishermen, very naturally increase the mistrust which the great majority of the nation entertain of your lordship as a safe adviser of her Majesty—as the

first minister of the crown. I forbear at present making any remark on the mystery within which your government envelops the course you will follow as to protection to agriculture, or in regard to the policy of free-trade.

I am, my Lord,
Respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN MACGREGOR,
M. P. for Glasgow.

1, Prince's Terrace, Hyde Park,
August, 1852.

P. S. The accounts received from America, since writing the above letter, if correct with regard to the concession made to the United States respecting the right to fish three miles from the land, within the bays of the British colonies, show that the whole question is open to much more perplexing difficulties than previously to such presumed concession. Nothing short of allowing the whole of the fisheries and the coasting-trade of the colonies and the United States to be free, and a free-trade between them in fish, will ever settle the question. McG.

From Chambers' Journal.

SNOW-STORM IN THE SAHARA.

NOTES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MILITARY SURGEON.

WHEN it was determined by the French government, in the spring of 1847, to undertake several military expeditions simultaneously into the deserts to the south of Algeria, it was my lot to accompany the column of General Cavaignac, both in a medical and scientific capacity. The western route, being the most difficult and dangerous, was that assigned to him. He was to penetrate the hitherto unexplored regions traversed by the Hamian-garabas—a powerful tribe, who could bring 2000 horsemen into the field, and among whom the various tribes that had at different times sworn allegiance to the French government always found willing allies whenever they chose to break their treaties and throw off the yoke. He was to destroy every village throughout this region that refused submission; and thus it was hoped that the retreats of Abd-el-Kader might be cut off, and that, by a speedy termination of the war, the country might become settled, and its commerce be restored.

We were a motley and grotesque-enough-looking caravan; for our six battalions of infantry and four squadrons of cavalry were accompanied by three thousand camels laden with provision and attended by Arab drivers, besides five hundred mules carrying water-barrels, and cacolets—jointed arm-chairs—for the sick. It was not deemed desirable to observe the strictest military regularity in our march; so that French uniforms and Arab burnouses, military chargers, camels of the desert, and pack-saddled mules travelled side by side, pretty much as fancy dictated.

It was nearly three weeks before we reached the enemy's country. We had meanwhile met with the usual adventures incident to these regions. We had set fire to the forests of the Little Atlas Mountains, and been obliged to raise our camp, and fly in terror from the conflagration. We had crossed the dreary solitudes of Goor and Shott, through which our daily march had been enlivened by songs, or beguiled by listening to the wild legends of our Arab guides; and night after night we had encamped, like the vagabond tribes

of Sahara, either round the mouths of wells, or without water in the open plains, each man receiving a scanty supply from the barrels, while the beasts were left to bear their thirst as they could. But now, after passing the basins of the Shott, and gaining the slight elevation beyond, we entered on a tract of desert as yet untrodden by European feet, and met with trials of a nature the least of all expected.

The wide waste which lay before us appeared uniform and level as far as the eye could reach, but somewhat diversified by verdant patches of halfa (coarse grass of the desert) and by deceitful appearances of sheets of water, produced by the reflection of the light in the undulating vapors rising from the burning sand. In the distance, something like blue waves appeared; it was part of the great Atlas chain; but close at hand, to our right, was a long line of dunes. These eminences, smooth and sterile as marble domes, were apparently as solid too; but we knew that, if the desert wind should blow, they would be shaken into moving clouds of sand, overwhelming all before them.

Our column proceeded in silence. The soft sand yielded no echo to the tread. Every one appeared thoughtful and abstracted. This place has terrors even for the Arabs; they tell a thousand stories of the Pass of Sidi-Mohammed-el-Aoori; it was there, in times remote, that great armies were overpowered and slain by hostile bands, or destroyed by the scarcely less merciless elements; there many travellers have disappeared in the storm or fallen under the hand of the murderer. It is the "gate" of the desert; and the tutelar genii have placed the terrific dunes as a hieroglyphic warning to those who rashly approach. They seem to say, "here begins the empire of Sterility and Death; enter if thou dar'st!" Doubtless the Arab tales had some influence on our minds, increasing the well-grounded fears inspired by the natural features of these arid wastes. Several of us mentally repeated that melancholy line from Dante—

*Lasciate ogni speranza voi che entrate ;**

and not a few pictured to themselves a body of troops visiting these sands half a century later, and finding the bones of Cavaignac's army scattered here and there over the plains.

Hitherto the atmosphere had always been perfectly clear, but now it was thick and cold, the horizon wearing that gray, heavy aspect which in Europe precedes a fall of snow. No one, however, ventured to pronounce this word; it appeared an occurrence so unlikely in the plain, at such a season and under such a latitude. What then was our surprise, on awaking on the morning of the 19th of April, to find the tents covered with a thick sheet of snow, and to see the vast expanse of the desert white to the verge of the horizon, like the frozen steppes of Siberia! The general ordered the camp to be raised immediately, for the bivouac afforded very scanty materials for fire, and he hoped there might be wood in the mountains if he could reach them. The snow continued to fall in large flakes; the troops, anxious and sorrowful, described a thousand circuits and made a thousand useless turnings, for our Arab guides were utterly at fault. During three or four months previous to the expedition, Cavaignac had been selecting and retaining as guides whatever Saharians he could find acquainted with that part of the desert he intended to traverse.

* All hope abandon ye that enter here.

The Arabs are gifted with remarkable dexterity in steering without compass, recognizing a footstep imperceptible to the common eye, scenting the water at a distance, and finding their way by marks which would escape the most observant European. A Saharian once affirmed to Colonel Dumas: "I am not considered remarkably sharp-sighted, but I can distinguish a goat from a sheep at the distance of a day's journey; and I know some who smell the smoke of a pipe, or of broiled meat, at thirty miles! We all know each other by the track of our feet in the sand, for no one tribe walks like another, nor does a wife leave the same footprint as an unmarried woman. If a hare has passed, we know by its footprint whether it is male or female, and, in the latter case, whether it is with young. If we see the stone of a date, we know the particular tree that produced it."

Our conductors, though not pretending to all this sagacity, were nevertheless far in advance of some of us who proudly called ourselves "old Africans," and considered ourselves wonderfully expert in tracking the desert paths. But now the landmarks on which they depended had disappeared beneath the snow; and the atmosphere was so surcharged with it, that the mountain summits could no longer be described. At length the guides abandoned the hopeless effort, and declared that they had entirely lost the way, and knew not in what direction to proceed. At this juncture, Cavaignac, remembering that the mountains had appeared due south on the preceding evening, seized his compass and boldly ordered the troops in that direction. It was the only hope; but the march became so fatiguing, and the natives gave so little encouragement to the expectation of finding the mountains wooded, that a halt was ordered, and a bivouac on the snowy plain.

Many were the miseries that attended this encampment. The rattling of arms was heard on every side, for the soldiers were shivering to such a degree that they could not hold their guns steadily. What would they now not have given for some of the wood they had so wantonly destroyed in the forests of the Tell! But the bivouac was not even supplied with chiah—one of the commonest plants in Sahara, having a ligneous root, which had hitherto served us for fuel when everything else failed. Nothing was to be found but halfa, green, and steeped in snow; and the most skillful kindlers succeeded only in amusing themselves for a time with poor little fires, that emitted more smoke than flame. The men, of course, could not make their soup; but the general ordered them rations of biscuit and coffee. For my own part, not being able to make a fire of wet halfa, I was looking disconsolately at a bit of biscuit, and a little morsel of cheese, which was to compose my dinner, when Lieutenant N— sent word that his fire-makers had been more successful, and that they offered me a corner. In a few minutes, I sat down to two boiled eggs, which appeared delicious. Meanwhile, the night drew on. The soldier's bed out-of-doors is a sheep-skin laid on the bare ground, under a tent so small that he cannot stand upright in it. Now, as the earth was very damp, those who did not take the precaution of choosing a little mound, and removing a portion of the wet soil, soon found themselves literally in the mud, and were obliged to get up, and walk about all night.

The snow continued to fall thick and fast, the thermometer marking 7 degrees below the freezing-

point during the night. Some days before, it had been 125 degrees Fahrenheit in the sun; so that we were doomed, as in the purgatory of Dante—

A soffrir tormenti caldi e geli;

from which, by the way, Milton has obviously borrowed his idea of infernal torment:

—And feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immovable, infixed, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

At the sound of the morning watch-gun, the camp presented a most distressing spectacle. The Arabs and negroes of the convoy were lying motionless in the open air, rolled in their burnouses. Many of these poor creatures were but lightly clad, and had the lower limbs entirely naked. They were so benumbed and stupefied with cold, that they refused to rise and load the camels; they begged to be allowed to lie still and die in peace. The cattle also were in a sad condition, not only from cold, but hunger; for the snow-covered ground afforded them no pasture. As part of the provisions had been damaged, it was now asked, in dismay, what would become of the army if the beasts should perish? The recollection of the disaster at Boo-Taleb, where the column of General Levasseur left so many men in the snow, occurred to the stoutest hearts. But even darker shades mingled in the prospects of our troops; for "General Levasseur," said they, "was only thirty miles from a post occupied by French troops, and the neighboring tribes raised and reanimated those whom they found alive, though benumbed, on the plain; but we in the midst of the desert, far from any human dwelling, what will become of us? Hunger, thirst, and the enemy, will soon finish the remains of our unfortunate army."

But the officers are on foot, setting the example of vigorous exertion, and striving to comfort and encourage the men; while the calm and quiet prudence of the general inspires every one with confidence in endeavoring to obey his orders, as the only hope of deliverance. We begin our march; the snow is now falling only at intervals; it lies two feet deep in the hollow plains, and above a foot on the level and rising ground.

Some of the men, however, remained as if nailed to the soil—not only their limbs benumbed, but their mental energies so paralyzed as to be incapable of acting on the physical; the mind inaccessible to moral incentives, and the body insensible to the influence of outward stimulants. By and by they found energy to beg that they might be hoisted on the arm-chairs; but this was peremptorily refused. Since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, and the recent work of Dr. Shrimpton on the disaster at Boo-Taleb, every one knows the consequence of indulging this deceitful stupor.

But we found we must do more than talk; so we set the drums and trumpets about the ears of the sleepers, and made their comrades shake them with all their might. It was not till after an hour's march, in which coaxing, scolding, and pushing, stimulants to laughter and provocatives to anger, had been incessantly employed in turn, that the vital powers appeared to be in tolerably full play. There was one man more obstinate than the rest, who, in order to get a place on one of the cacolets, threatened every minute to lie down on the ground:

I slid among the ranks, and began telling one of his comrades all the horrible stories I knew of those who, yielding to sleep in the cold, had awaked no more; adding with affected indifference: "I am afraid we shall have to leave some of our poor men as a supper for the hyenas to-night. There are two or three of them so benumbed and stupefied, that they will perish if they halt for a single instant." In a few minutes I learned that the soldier had done begging to be carried; he said his strength was returning.

In the midst of so much human distress, it seems almost like trifling to advert to the poor swallows. On awaking in the morning, I had found two under my bed-cover. They allowed themselves to be taken, and either could not or would not fly away when I tried to banish them. So I put them in the hood of my cloak, and allowed it to fall down my back, while I raised over my head that of the ample burnoose which I wear in the cold above all my other garments. The swallows travelled thus for several hours, and gradually recovered in their warm nest. When the sun emitted some genial rays, I took them out, and set them free. They fluttered for some time round my horse, uttering a little cry, which I took for an expression of gratitude before taking flight into the mountains.

Other companies of them had taken shelter under the matted hair which hangs from the flanks of the camel; and when the pitiless driver persisted in dislodging them, they departed with a plaintive cry, to seek an asylum with a camel whose driver was more hospitable. A sentinel had found one in his pocket during the night, but it paid dearly for its lodging—he roasted it for his supper! These poor birds had fled from the rigors of a European winter, to find cold as severe in the heart of Africa. Alas! how many of us felt that, like the swallows, we had exiled ourselves to improve our fortunes, and were now in danger of perishing. How gladly would we have resigned all our hopes of glory and advantage for the fire-side of the modest paternal dwelling!

But before night we encamped in the shelter of the mountains; the chiah, which grew in abundance around us, enabled us to kindle fires, and a salutary reaction took place in the spirits of the troops. According to a common practice of mine, I invited to supper the man whose life I had saved by frightening him into exertion. After swallowing a glass of warm wine, well sugared, and spiced with tincture of cinnamon, he licked his lips, sucked the edges of his glass, and said: "Thank ye, doctor; but for you I should have been dead," with a naïveté which I can never forget, and which even now mingles pleasing associations with the thoughts of those days of suffering.

The next day nearly 200 of the men were affected with partial or total blindness. Some had merely a sensation like fatigue of the visual organs, with heaviness, watering, and inflammation of the conjunctive membrane. But with others the pain was acute, the eye much inflamed, and the cornea covered with minute ulcerations. Those who were more slightly affected, marched like persons enveloped in a cloud of smoke, and trying to see their way out of it; they took a few steps with their eyes shut, then half opened them with evident pain to reconnoitre the ground before them, and quickly closed them again. But many had for the time wholly lost their sight; they stumbled on the tufts of *halfa*, and rolled on the

ground, so that we were obliged to hoist them on the *cacolets*. The general, in a state of much uneasiness, called a council of such members of the military corps of health as were found in his column. Some were of opinion that this epidemic was occasioned by the sudden cold, others that it was attributable to the smoke of the chiah; but the truth is, that, both before and after this period, we had experienced nearly as great extremes of heat by day and cold by night, without any such consequences, and that some, who had not approached the chiah fires, were as severely affected as those who had. It was concluded, with every appearance of reason, that the real cause was the dazzling light reflected from the snow during our march on the 20th of April. I recollect one artillery-man, who was conducting his gun, when suddenly, as the sun broke out afresh, he stopped, rubbed his eyes, turned his head in every direction, and exclaimed, "I cannot see; I am quite blind!" Although we had not expected snow in the plains of Sahara, the general had anticipated the effects of the reflection of light from the sand, and the possibility of small particles of it getting into the eyes; and with this view each man had been provided with a green gauze veil. But the soldier dislikes anything out of his regular routine as much as the most ignorant peasant; so, when the order was given that these veils should be worn,* the soldiers wore them to be sure—in their pockets. I insisted that each man should fasten his on his helmet, and this, too, was done; but it was allowed to fly like a streamer behind, instead of being drawn over the eyes. Happily the epidemic was but temporary, and none permanently suffered the loss of sight as the punishment of his folly.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

I'M THINKING OF THE PAST.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

I'm thinking of the past, Kate,
I'm thinking of the time
When we both looked to the future
As to some far sunny clime;
But the present is not brighter,
Though our lives are waning fast,
For our bosoms then were lighter,—
Yes, I'm thinking of the past.

I'm thinking of the past, Kate,
I'm thinking of the hours
When we thought to have a home, Kate,
With its garden and its flowers;
But our little ones must stem, love,
Like us, life's wintry blast,
We had hoped to live for them, love,
But I'm thinking of the past.

I'm thinking of the past, Kate,
I'm thinking of our talk
When hand-in-hand we wandered
In many a moonlit walk,
And that sweet recollection
Of love, that still shall last,
Will cheer my deep dejection
As I'm thinking of the past.

* *Porter*, to carry, is the word by which the French express to wear a thing, so that the error of Cavaignac's soldiers was somewhat more excusable than it would have been in Englishmen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ALPHONSE KARR.

For some time past it has been our intention to devote a few pages to the examination of twenty-five volumes of tales, essays, novels, and drolleries, which occupy, under the initial K, a corner of our French bookcase. We know not whether M. Alphonse Karr's works are as much read in England as those of some of his popular and mischievous contemporaries; but we suspect that they are not. He is of a different school from those clever miscreants, whose glittering pages, vivid with attractive colors that conceal the most pernicious tendencies, make his writings appear, by contrast, pale and monotonous. Some time ago, when incidentally mentioning his very charming novel of *La Famille Alain*, we extolled the propriety of many of M. Karr's works; and, indeed, when compared with the poisonous doctrines of Eugene Sue, that reckless pander to the worst passions of the populace, with the profanity and impurity of most of Madame Sand's novels, and with the unclean and anti-social lucubrations of minor scribes too numerous to mention, there are few of his books but seem innocent and unoffending. Comparative praise must not, however, be mistaken for unqualified approval. Grave faults are to be found in some of his earlier works; and we fear it must be admitted that, with the exception of *La Famille Alain*, and of one or two others, the books upon which he has apparently bestowed most pains are, upon the whole, the least unobjectionable. Two of his longest works—written, it is true, fifteen or twenty years ago, when their author was a very young man, but over which he has evidently lingered with love and painstaking—are not only unpleasant in tone and untrue to nature, but in parts immoral and licentious. Of his more recent writings, the shorter and slighter are generally the most exempt from anything likely to shock English readers. It is an unfortunate peculiarity of M. Karr's that he apparently goes out of his way to deface his fairest pages. In France he has a high reputation as a man of *esprit*; but *esprit* includes good taste as well as wit, and to the former quality he sometimes forfeits his claim. One feels vexed at the eccentricity or perverseness which lead him to blot, by license and triviality, the most interesting of his books. When he steers clear of these shoals, his delineations frequently possess both feeling and delicacy; whilst the shrewdness and knowledge of human nature he often exhibits, prevent our believing him the dupe of the sophistry and misanthropy that sometimes flow from his pen. Desiring to judge him as favorably as he will permit us to do, and at the same time to give an instance of the bad taste of which we complain, we turn to the set of novels included under the eccentric title of *Ce qu'il y a dans une Bouteille d'Encre*. We may here observe that M. Karr's books are generally remarkable by the oddity of their names. Some of these, such as *Fort en Thème*, *Pour ne pas être Treize*, *Une Folle Histoire*, although pithy enough in French,

translate but lamely into English. Others are German, as *Am Rauchen*, "Whilst Smoking," or, more freely, "Over a Pipe;" and *Einerlei*, the name given to a collection of tales, and touching whose appositeness, which is not very clear, M. Karr is perfectly inexplicit. The novels composing the "Ink Bottle" set are plainer in their appellations. One of them, called *Clotilde*, is clever but disagreeable. It contains some well-drawn characters, but all the most prominent of these are either vicious or fools. *Genevieve* is another of this series, and one of the best of the author's productions. And yet the chances are that the reader throws it aside before he has got through the first fifty pages, and denounces it as one of the common run of loose French novels, in which morality is sneered at, or at least lost sight of. In reality, the chief fault of the book—almost its only one—lies in those first fifty pages. Could we strike out or remodel them, *Genevieve* would be a very charming novel. As it is, it begins with a blemish; its commencement is in M. Karr's worst style. The substance of the offending portion may be inoffensively given in very few words. Monsieur Lauter is a German, good, kind-hearted, generous, and resident at Chalons-sur-Marn. An affection of a stoical and unbending character is his principal weakness. His wife, Rosalie, a blooming Frenchwoman seventeen years younger than himself, has rendered him the happy father of two beautiful children, son and daughter. A few years after their birth he detects her in an intrigue with an empty coxcomb, a new comer to the town. Rosalie's character, although tinged with coquetry, was previously unsullied. Lauter forgets his stoicism, puts a pistol-case under his arm, and walks out in the gray of the morning with the seducer. From that day forward neither husband nor lover are seen or heard of. This last sentence brings us to page 50, where the scene changes; a leap is taken over three years, and one reads far into the book before conjecturing the necessity of the preliminary incident. And when its intimate connection with the plot of the novel at last appears, we are under the charm of a most engaging narrative, delicately told; and the cynical levity of the commencement, already wellnigh forgotten, flashes upon our memory as doubly offensive. The incident could hardly have been dispensed with, but it might have been very differently told, with a gravity and conciseness that would have greatly increased its effect. The manner is here the offence. Doubtless there are very few of the weaknesses and sins to which humanity is liable, of which the novelist may not rightfully avail himself, with the laudable view of pointing a moral and warning from vice. But he should beware of missing his aim, and making that from which it is his duty to deter, appear, even for the moment, venial or attractive. The handling may constitute all the difference between a wholesome lesson and a repugnant and dangerous picture.

"Let us talk a little," says M. Karr, by manner of heading to his tenth chapter, after effecting, in the last line of the ninth, the disappearance of M.

Lauter and his rival, "of M. Chaumier, bourgeois of the little town of Fontainebleau." And here we pause to remark that nothing can be more capricious and fantastical than the general arrangement of M. Karr's books. His chapters are of all lengths, from six lines to any number of pages. We could point out some of two lines, and of a line and a half, and that are considerably shorter than their argument. Sometimes he devotes a chapter to a letter to Jules Janin, or some other friend, or to the narration of an incident personal to himself, and entirely unconnected with the book, or to gossip about a dog, a flower, or a lizard—in short, to anything that comes uppermost. At first one smiles at the oddity of these digressions, and admires the neatness and independent point that some of them possess; but after a time they become wearisome, the reader considers them as knots upon the thread of the story, and wonders why they are introduced, unless with the purpose of swelling the volume—to the attainment of which object the three line chapters, made a pretext for three pages of white paper, very considerably contribute. And doubtless many of M. Karr's readers, puzzled to explain his vagaries, his occasional crude sophisms and impertinent assertions, end by imputing to him either an immoderate share of affectation, or a slight derangement in the cells of his brain, insufficient, however, to neutralize his amusing qualities as a writer. If he has his defects, he, upon the other hand, carefully avoids many to which his contemporaries are prone. He is conscientiously brief in his descriptions, and scruples not to quiz Balzac unmercifully for his long-windedness in this particular. A satirist by profession, the editor of the *Gueux* gives his brother novelist the full length of his lash. Fortunately poor Balzac's broad shoulders were pretty well used to the thong, which is applied, moreover, with all good-humor. Nobody will mistake the object of the following bit of parody, extracted from *Une Histoire In vraisemblable*. A friend has been reproaching M. Karr with a brevity too great for his own interest. "When you write romances," he says, "are you not paid, like other people, by the line, the page, the sheet?"

"Certainly," replies M. Karr; "why should I not conform to the established custom in such matters?"

"Conform to established custom as much as you like, but at least study the masters of the art, and learn of them not to squander your subject. Recollect that, paid by the line, Laroche-foucauld, if he had lived in our days, and lived by the produce of his pen, would have obtained by his *Maxims* scarcely a fortnight's subsistence. You have already brought upon the scene an innkeeper, half-a-dozen travellers, a conscript and his family, all of which were portraits to paint. And the inn! do you think one of the masters I speak of would have let off the inn as cheaply as you have done? Far from it. Every saucepan would have paid him toll to the tune of ten sous at the very least. And the chimney! he would not give the chimney for fifteen francs; and there is also a carriage from which you might have extracted a profit."

"Would you have had me stop it on the road?"

"No, but that carriage owes you ten francs, which you might have paid yourself."

And the friend proceeds with caricatures of the verbose style of various literary celebrities. Thus instructed, M. Karr watches an opportunity to

profit by the valuable hints he has received. Presently casual mention is made of a fan. The chance is too good to be lost. "This time," he exclaims, "the fan shall not escape toll-free; the fan shall not pass without paying a ransom. It is a fan in white satin, with golden spangles. Upon it are painted shepherds, but what shepherds! trees, but what trees! sheep, but what sheep! The shepherdess has a sprinkling of powder on her hair; a boddice of pink satin, with green ribbons; a petticoat of the same, puffed out over enormous hoops and elegantly turned up with green bows, like the boddice. On her feet she has little shoes, with high heels; in her hand a crook, adorned with ribbons; she is seated on blue grass, beneath the shadow of lilac trees," &c., &c., to the extent of a page and a half. "I do not know many of my contemporaries," M. Karr then observes, "who, having caught a Watteau fan, would let the reader off so cheaply. *The most fertile of our novelists* [Balzac is here meant], who, after all, is a man of great talent, once built a house with the price of a description of a chest of drawers. There was nothing deficient in the house, except a staircase, but that must not be attributed to the insufficiency of the drawers, but to the absence of mind of the author, who, being his own architect, had omitted the stairs in the plan he gave to the masons—a circumstance which I neither invent nor exaggerate." This is the sort of sarcastic gossip and caricature indulged in by M. Karr, to an extent sometimes nearly as tiresome as Balzac's interminable descriptions of chairs and tables. To return, however, to M. Chaumier, of Fontainebleau, the brother of Madame Rosalie Lauter, who had married against his will, and with whom he had since held no communication. Here is his house, as described by M. Karr, who, himself an enthusiastic lover of the country, of gardens, trees, and flowers, is very happy in sketches of the kind. "The entrance was through an alley of acacias, with thick and tufted foliage, at the extremity of which was a little dark-green door, where hung a deer's foot, by way of bell-handle. When the door was opened, you entered a court, each of whose flags was surrounded by a fringe of grass. In one corner was a well, so old that the stone brim was worn away, and covered with reddish-green moss. At the bottom of the courtyard stood a two-story house, reached by a small flight of steps, with a rusty iron railing; the ground floor comprising the dining-room, M. Chaumier's bed-room and study, and the kitchen. On the first floor were the bedchambers of little Rose Chaumier, of her brother Albert, and of Dame Modeste Rolland, M. Chaumier's confidential housekeeper. The upper story served as fruit and store-room; the linen was spread there to dry, and sometimes Honoré Rolland, Modeste's husband, and a soldier by profession, occupied it for the rare intervals during which the state could dispense with his services. In rear of the house was a large garden, of wild and uncultivated aspect. Before M. Chaumier bought the property, the garden had been perfectly cultivated; but since then, thanks to neglect, thistles, nettles, and other weeds had choked the delicate flowers; the trees alone and a few vigorous plants had resisted, and had even attained a remarkable size. Two large apple-trees, a service-tree, over which a clematis twined, lilacs, enormous moss-grown rose trees, formed the principal riches of the garden; poppies sowed themselves every year, and at the

angle of the coping of the wall, blossomed a bright cluster of wall-flower." Add to the persons mentioned in this description Madame Rosalie Lauter and her two children, Leon and Genevieve, and we at once group together all, save one, of the prominent characters of the book. Three years after her husband's disappearance, Madame Lauter writes to her brother. Herself ignorant of Lauter's fate, she has lived repentant and retired devoting herself to her children. "By selling all I have," she says to M. Chaumier, "I shall realize about thirty thousand francs. Will you let me go and live with you? You shall guide me in the employment of my little fortune, and in the education of my children; I will replace for yours the mother they have lost—and, thus surrounded, we will grow old in peace and affection. Your answer, my good brother, will restore me to happiness or plunge me into deepest discouragement." In spite of the manoeuvres of Modeste Rolland, who purloins the letter from her master's pocket, and does all she dares to prevent compliance with its request, M. Chaumier, who, although a negro-emancipator and theoretical philanthropist, is not quite dead to the more practical sympathies of humanity, welcomes his sister and her children. Madame Lauter has over-estimated the probable proceeds of her little property. It yields but twenty thousand francs; and as she dares not, and will not, be a tax upon her brother, she sinks this little sum upon her life, justifying the act in her own eyes by the reflection that it will enable her to give her children a good education, which leads to everything.

The four cousins grow up together. The development of their respective characters; the description of their happy life in the little country-house and its wild old garden; the envy, hatred, and malice of Modeste Rolland, who racks her spiteful invention to devise annoyances for Madame Lauter, to whom she has vowed eternal detestation; the long-suffering of Rosalie, who, humbly penitent and anxious for her children, courageously and patiently submits to the petty insults of her persecutor rather than disturb the tranquillity of her brother's house—these and other domestic matters furnish M. Karr with several charming chapters tolerably free from those unseasonable digressions and speculations with which, however, he never can entirely abstain from interlarding and deteriorating his volumes. Leon and Albert go to study at Paris; Madame Lauter sells her last trinkets that her son may have the same allowance as his cousin. In her letters she urges him to work hard; but Leon takes this for a mere matter-of-course recommendation, and attends more to music than to books. He has a fine voice, and in a short time he becomes a proficient on the violin. This pursuit, and the recollection of his pretty cousin Rose, his childish partiality for whom is merging in manly love, preserve him from the dissipation indulged in by Albert, who is of a more volatile and frivolous character. Rebuffed by a pretty widow, whose conquest, in his boyish vanity, he fancied he had made, Albert retreats to rustication at Fontainebleau. And now begin poor Genevieve's sorrows. She loves her cousin with the purest affection, and is repaid by indifference. Albert never dreams of regarding her otherwise than as a sister, and is wholly unaware of her sentiments towards him. He tortures her by carving upon the trees of the forest the initials of his disdainful Parisian beauty, and returns to Paris for

his last year of pretended study and real idleness. All this time Leon dreams of Rose, neglects his law books, and plays concertos. He is on the way to become a first-rate musician and no lawyer. An unexpected letter from Genevieve gives him a terrible shock. Madame Lauter is dead, during the absence of her brother, to whom on the eve of her decease she dictates a letter, commending her children to his care. Two days after her funeral, M. Chaumier's fortune is trebled by the favorable termination of a long-pending law-suit. He promises Genevieve and Leon to be a father to them, and keeps his promise tolerably well until Leon one day declares his rooted aversion to the law, and his intention to adopt music as a profession. Whereupon his uncle desires him to reckon no longer on his support, and to keep away from his house—which Leon accordingly leaves, after declaring his love to Rose and obtaining an assurance that it is reciprocated.

Besides his cousin Albert and his student comrades, Leon has one intimate, who is almost a friend. This is a fellow-lodger named Anselmo, a *fanatico per la musica*, who, attracted by Leon's musical skill, has sought his acquaintance, and occasionally visits him to smoke a pipe and listen to his violin. He makes long absences from Paris, and Leon has not seen much of him, but has nevertheless conceived a sort of affection for him, founded on the simple but distinguished manners of Anselmo, on the interest he seems to take in his affairs, on the encouragement he gives him to struggle bravely along the up-hill road of life. Indeed, Anselmo shows a degree of good feeling and sympathy naturally captivating to a young and generous heart. After his rupture with his uncle, Leon at once proceeds to consult his friend, and to inform him of his project, or rather of his resolution.

"M. Anselmo encouraged him, and, without ceasing to be his assiduous auditor, entirely changed his manner of listening. It was no longer a personal satisfaction he sought when Leon played on the violin; he no longer gave himself up to the charm of melody. He judged, criticized, found fault, insisted on numerous repetitions of the same passages. Then, when there was an important opera, a good concert, or a great artist to be heard, M. Anselmo always had, by chance, in the pocket of his old brown coat, a ticket for the concert or theatre. One day he said to Leon—'I am very intimate with M. Kreutzer; he will be most happy, on my recommendation, to give you the few lessons you still need; call upon him to-morrow with a letter I will give you.' Kreutzer gave no lesson under twenty francs; it was a piece of good luck Leon would never have dared to hope for. He could not help admiring the punctuality and exactness of the professor, who never abridged the lesson even by five minutes. And what equally astonished him was, that, whilst Kreutzer thus faithfully fulfilled the duties of a friendship such as is rarely met with, he never inquired after his friend. One day Leon and M. Anselmo met Kreutzer in the street. 'To whom did you bow?' said M. Anselmo to Leon.

"Did you not recognize him?"

"No."

"It was your friend, M. Kreutzer."

"I did not see him."

"It is surprising."

"Very surprising."

"He passed close to us; but neither did he seem to recognise you."

"One morning M. Anselmo said to Leon—"It is time for you to earn money; you have a fine talent; my friend Kreutzer will be so obliging as to give you a few more lessons, and any advice you may need. But whilst thus perfecting yourself, you must make yourself heard, and give lessons in your turn. Here is the address of a pupil with whom you will commence the day after to-morrow; he will give you ten francs a lesson. The price is almost ridiculous for a young professor; but you should give no lessons at a lower rate. There are few real connoisseurs, and the majority estimate music only by what it costs." Leon knew not how to thank M. Anselmo; but M. Anselmo said to him—"You owe me no thanks; one of my friends, a very rich man, wishes his son to learn the violin. He asked me to tell him of a good professor; you were at hand; I must have gone out of my way not to render you this little service; and, besides, I know few professors whose play pleases me as much as yours. I am off to Germany, and shall not return till spring. Write to me sometimes, and tell me of your success, for I am sure you will succeed. Farewell."

M. Karr here skips over a year in three pages, occupied by gossip about an ink-bottle and a barcarole. In the interim, Genevieve had been forbidden to see her brother, had declined obeying, and had gone to live with him. Leon, whose reputation daily augmented, and who earned a tolerable income, occupied a little apartment in the Rue St. Honoré. His musical talent made him much sought after in society; and his uncle, to whom he never failed respectfully to bow when they met at a ball or concert, was not sorry sometimes to say: The young man is my nephew. "Once, when M. Chaumier had said this, he found himself puzzled to reply to the very natural question—"Why do we never meet him at your Sunday parties?" It was impossible to say—"Because I forbade him my house; and I did so because he would be a musician, and acquire the talent you applaud, and of which I myself cannot help being rather proud." So, one day M. Chaumier beckoned Leon to him, and said—"Nephew Leon, there is mercy for every offence. I may have thought it right to punish an outbreak of youthful wilfulness, but I did not mean to banish my sister's children forever from my house. Rose and Albert—when we see Albert—speak of you two every Sunday, when there are always two places empty at table, which I do not like to see. Come, then, next Sunday, with your sister, and let us forget our little differences." By an involuntary impulse, Rose threw her arms round her father's neck, to thank him for this good thought, which he had confided to no one. Leon thanked M. Chaumier aloud, and Rose with her eyes and heart. Thenceforward Genevieve and Leon dined every Sunday at their uncle's.

"Albert had bought a solicitor's practice, and left everything to his head clerk, whilst he himself thought only of amusement."

"M. Anselmo had written twice to Leon, who had forgotten to answer him."

Perhaps the reader may already have his suspicions concerning this M. Anselmo, who, notwithstanding the shabbiness of his only coat, abounds in opera and concert tickets, and has interest to procure, gratis, music-lessons usually paid at twenty francs apiece. About this time he returns from Germany in the same threadbare garb and ancient hat; traces Leon to his new lodgings, se-

cures a room in the same house, and becomes acquainted with Rose. His arrival was opportune to raise the spirits of the brother and sister. It was a Sunday evening; they had been to dine as usual at their uncle's, and had found no one. M. Chaumier and Rose had gone upon a party of pleasure. As to Albert, he had not been seen at his father's for a week. Genevieve and Leon looked mournfully at each other. For them the Sunday was the festival that supported them through the privations and monotony of the other six days. But their concern was more for each other than for themselves. Under all disappointments, the tenderest fraternal love supported them. M. Anselmo happened to have opera tickets in his pocket. And this time, by a lucky chance, it was a whole box, instead of two places; so that Rose accompanied her brother and his friend, who soon, by his kindness and attention, became her friend also. One morning he came early to visit them. "I have a walk to propose to you," he said. "I am the agent of Baron Arnberg, a rich German nobleman, who proposes residing at Paris, and I am having a house built for him in the Champs Elysées. He has given very exact instructions on all the principal points, but he leaves the details to me. The house is just finished, but wants decorations, and the garden has to be laid out. M. Arnberg has a son and daughter, whom he tenderly loves. Their apartments must be fitted up, but I am old, and have forgotten what pleases a young man; and I am entirely ignorant as to the tastes of a young lady. I want you, therefore, to help me in my undertaking with your advice. We will breakfast together at the Champs Elysées, and afterwards we will visit the baron's future habitation." On his return from the house, where, having received *carte-blanche* as to expense, he and Genevieve have exhausted their imagination to devise the most tasteful adornments for the apartments of the wealthy baron's children, Leon perceives, in the Champs Elysées, then crowded with gay equipages, Rose Chaumier in a carriage with some fashionable friends, and attended by a young exquisite, assiduous for her favor. Rodolph de Redeuil galloped at the carriage door; the vehicle passed so rapidly that Leon could not be sure whether Rose had recognized him and his sister. Then, notwithstanding M. Anselmo's philosophical commonplace, Leon felt all the painfulness of his poverty. Rodolph galloped by the side of Rose! He had no horse, he never should have one; and yet he was a good horseman, skilful and bold. He glanced at his clothes, which, for cut and freshness, could not vie with those of Rodolph. Rather unjustly, his vexation reflected itself on Rose; he felt angry with her, because Rodolph de Redeuil had a fine horse and a coat made by . . ."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE AUTHOR INTERRUPTS HIMSELF—TOUCHING THE DIFFICULTY OF WRITING HISTORY, AND THE MULTIPLICITY OF INFORMATION ESSENTIAL TO THE HISTORIAN

"The deuce take me if I know who was the fashionable tailor at that time."

The last fifteen words we have written, form an entire chapter of M. Karr's book, and we have given it as an example of his trivial and impertinent oddity. In chapter xlv. we are informed that Anselmo bitterly lamented having torn his coat against a nail in the baron's new house. The con-

cern he testified quite dissipated a suspicion of Genevieve's, who fancied she had seen him give a piece of gold to a poor German tailor out of work.

If Leon is sad at Rose's coquetry, Genevieve is not without her sorrows. She receives an advantageous offer of marriage, and Albert almost breaks her heart by praising the good qualities of her suitor, and urging her to accept him. Blind to the jewel that lies upon his path, her insensible cousin turns aside after tinsel. She hears of his squandering his fortune and his time upon an actress. Then, to repair his extravagance, he makes a rich marriage, and poor Genevieve cannot refuse to be present at his wedding—the funeral of her happiness.

We cannot trace a tittle of the incidents and episodes of this book, which is a sort of history or chronicle of a family, extending over several years. Early in the second volume there are a couple of chapters relating to Albert's intrigues, which had been as well omitted. Then we have some ludicrous scenes in an artist's painting room. Here M. Karr is perfectly at home. His peculiar humor finds full scope in depicting the frolics of a party of young painters (a very numerous class in Paris), who imagine they study art, whilst in reality they do nothing but smoke long pipes, make bad puns, cut jokes on their *rapin* or color-grinder (a boy of fourteen, with long hair and a gray blouse, up to every kind of villany, and christened Gargantua, on account of his prodigious appetite), and devise means of torturing their landlord, who occupies a floor in the same house, and has the impertinence to ask for his rent. In a sitting held to deliberate upon this grave offence, and apportion a proper punishment, a variety of resolutions are adopted, and a great deal of untranslatable fun is introduced. Leon culls, and is forthwith taken to task by his brother artists for the shabbiness of his dress, and for his defection from their parties of pleasure. The truth was that the summer, by taking his pupils out of town, had sadly diminished his income; and Leon, whose affection for his only sister was a species of idolatry, stinted himself of the very necessities of life that she might enjoy its superfluities. In reply to the humorous and good-humored, but point-blank attack of the embryo Parisian Apelles, Leon affected a rakish tone, talked vaguely of disorder, debt, dissipation, &c., &c.

"When he might have said :

"I am badly dressed, but my sister Genevieve lacks nothing;—her satin shoes are of the best maker, and set off her pretty foot to the best advantage; her dresses are made by the most renowned milliner; I have no cloak, but she has wood in abundance to warm herself; my sister Genevieve wants for nothing; hideous poverty approaches her not, to blight her blooming youth with its mortal breath."

Genevieve was far from suspecting the straits to which her unselfish brother was often reduced. Nevertheless she invented every sort of economy to save his money; whilst Leon, on the other hand, who trembled with grief and rage at the mere idea of her suffering a privation, invented wants for her, in order to satisfy them. "One day he found Genevieve busy repairing an old gown. That very morning he had seen upon the Boulevard various actresses and loose women magnificently dressed and drawn by superb horses. 'Good Heavens!' he had said to himself, 'what does Providence reserve for a good and virtuous girl like

Genevieve, when all that is rich and beautiful in the world is lavished upon such creatures as those?' The thought had haunted him all the day; and the work on which Genevieve was engaged embittered his regrets. He sat down beside her and said: 'Why do you make up that old worn-out dress?'

"Indeed," said Genevieve, 'I assure you it will do me much honor this summer!'

"Less than a new one, though?'

"A new one would be expensive, and our means —"

"Who told you that, my dear girl! Do you share the vulgar notion that an artist is an unfortunate wretch, doomed to live in misery and die in an hospital! The sister of a musician should be on a par with the proudest. I earn money—a great deal of money. It is my wish you should always be elegantly dressed. Give that old frock to the servant; after dinner, we will go out and buy a new one."

"And as they passed along the Boulevards, he took her to Tortoni's to eat ice. Near them sat several ladies whose carriages waited hard by. A flower-girl came to offer a bouquet of remarkable beauty."

"What is the price?" said one of the ladies.

"Ten francs."

"It is too dear."

"The woman offered her flowers to the other ladies, and received the same answer from all. But when she came to Leon, he threw two five-franc pieces upon the table, and presented the bouquet to Genevieve. The ladies and their male companions looked at the artist's sister with an air of curiosity."

"What folly!" said Genevieve to her brother, as they left Tortoni's."

"Not at all," replied Leon. "Are you not much prettier than all those women with their impertinent looks? I was glad to vex them a little."

"And they entered a shop, where Leon selected the best of everything for his sister."

"The same night, before going to bed, he inked the seams of his only coat."

There is a quiet naturalness about this passage that pleases us much. We see the true artist-character; proud, generous to prodigality, self-denying and susceptible. M. Karr is happy in traits of this kind. By an accidental circumstance Genevieve discovers the poverty her brother so carefully conceals. On the eve of a dinner at the house of a pupil, she witnesses, without his knowledge, the inking of the seedy coat, the refolding of the worn cravat—all the manœuvres, in short, resorted to by the shabby-genteel. "Genevieve noiselessly retreated; she passed a sleepless night; her brother's generosity and self-sacrifice were, for the first time, revealed to her. The next day she said nothing of her discovery; but as she passed through the room in which the old coat hung over a chair—that old coat for which many despised Leon—she stooped and kissed it with respect." And although, since the day of Albert's marriage, a low fever mined her health, and at times, in spite of her piety and resignation, she suffered from terrible attacks of despondency, the courageous girl vied with her brother in generosity and devotedness. She dismissed their only servant—a charwoman—who, for a few francs a-week, came each morning to do the housework.

"I dare not think but that God cast an approving glance on Genevieve, when, in the morning, an

hour before daybreak, she gently got up and lit her candle. Then she began the most menial toil; she washed the dishes, she swept the rooms—*anxious above all things not to disturb Leon, who would be grieved to see her labor thus, and would insist on her ceasing to employ the only means she had been able to devise of contributing to the household expenses.* But what she did with the most touching care and respect was to brush Leon's clothes. How she cherished that poor old coat, which recalled all the self-imposed privations he had borne for her! With what care she put in a stitch whose necessity she had perceived in the daytime, but of which she had not spoken, because she felt it would be adding to Leon's sorrows to show him that he succeeded not in deceiving his sister! An old coat, indeed, but an old coat more respectable than richest purple—a work nobler than the embroidery of idle women on tissues of gold and of silver.

"Genevieve had delicate hands, white and tapering, with nails of a tender pink; and, with these pretty hands, she cleaned even her brother's shoes; then she put everything in its place, exactly as the charwoman did. Her work done, she prepared breakfast; then she dressed herself, and combed and braided her beautiful hair, that Leon, when he left his chamber, might find nothing in her appearance to make him suspect the task she had fulfilled. Every morning it was the same labor and the same care.

"One night Leon wished to give her money, but she showed that she still had much more than was probable;—poor girl, how happy she was that night! Leon then thought he might perhaps afford a new hat, his old one having long been kept together only by the most extraordinary attention. The next day he passed five or six times before the hatter's door, without daring to enter; at last the sight of his hat in a mirror decided him, and he went in, ashamed, for others, to have worn his hat so long—ashamed, for himself, not to wear it a little longer."

On the second anniversary of Madame Lauter's funeral, Leon and Genevieve went to Fontainebleau, and were astonished to find, in place of the wooden cross that had stood there a year previously, a slab of black marble covering their mother's grave. Her name was upon it, and various dates—one being that of her death, and another of her birth. To the others they could attach no particular meaning. The tombstone was surrounded by an iron railing; they could not ascertain who had erected it. Men had brought marble and railing from Paris, saying they were sent and paid by the family of the deceased lady.

Genevieve fell ill, and was obliged to recall the charwoman she had dismissed. Leon summoned a physician, who would not say there was no hope, but who shook his head gravely in reply to his questions, and could not deny that there was danger, although he declared it not imminent.

"One morning Leon went out, saying to Genevieve—'I will be back early, and bring what the doctor ordered.' For the first time he left her without money; Leon had none at all; but he had to give a lesson to a lady, who already owed him for tuition, and, according to custom, she would that day pay him.

"In the middle of the lesson, M. Rodolph de Redeuil was announced. Rodolph came in, kissed the lady's hand, and bowed to Leon with a protective air of such extreme impertinence that

Leon had some difficulty in returning the salutation—yet more cavalierly. Leon was there as a paid professor; Rodolph, had he even been Leon's friend, would not have the courage to own it under such circumstances; but as it was, both of them, whenever they met, neglected no opportunity of showing their mutual dislike. Rodolph, who had less wit than Leon, had not often the advantage of his adversary—notwithstanding the superiority of position behind which he intrenched himself; and his aversion became more bitter at each meeting.

"'M. de Redeuil,' said Madame de Dréan, 'will you allow me to continue my lesson?'

"Leon felt himself change color; it was asking Rodolph whether he was to be sent away or not. Rodolph bowed in silence; but before he could speak, Leon had resumed his seat at the piano, and had pitched the key for Madame de Dréan. She sang, and when she had finished, Leon said; 'That is not very well sung.' Rodolph sprang from his seat, exclaiming, 'Delightful!' Leon pretended not to hear him, and pointed out to Madame de Dréan the faults she had committed; then, as the manner in which Rodolph had paid his compliment was more than disobliging to him, he added: 'There are persons who would consider it well sung, but you are too happily endowed to be satisfied with vulgar mediocrity.'

"Madame de Dréan asked Rodolph if he was musical. 'No,' was his answer, 'but for a year past I have a *poor devil* of a piano-master, who walks a league a-day through the mud to give me a lesson I hardly ever take. I have lately adopted the plan of making him play something droll to amuse me; I give him his ticket and he takes himself off.'

"'Poor devil, indeed!' murmured Leon, 'to be obliged to submit to that.'

"'You should follow my example,' said Rodolph; 'M. Lauter plays very nicely on the violin—it would amuse you.'

"'I am well aware,' replied Madame de Dréan, 'of M. Lauter's talent. *He was so good as to enable us to judge of it at my last party, to which he was kind enough to come.*'

"Leon thanked Madame de Dréan in his heart; Rodolph bit his lips. 'Why did you not come?' added Madame de Dréan.

"'I do not care for music,' replied Rodolph, 'and your note informed me that your party was entirely musical; besides, I had promised—' Here Leon interrupted by a prelude upon the piano, and asked Madame de Dréan if she would sing an old ditty, to which she was particularly partial. An angry cloud crossed Rodolph's brow. Madame de Dréan got up and began the song. Whilst she sang, Rodolph, his elbow on the piano, his head on one side, ogled her with all his powers of fascination. 'Pardon me, sir,' said Leon, 'but your elbow on the piano takes away a great deal of the sound.'

"The lesson was at an end, but, before Rodolph, Leon would not do like the *poor devil* of a piano-master, who received his ticket and went away;—besides, it was not thus that he was in the habit of acting with Madame de Dréan. Leon was perfectly well-bred, and a man of the world, and his pupils were generally glad to treat him with proper consideration. I except a few persons who, in their worship of gold, never really believe that what is given for money, however precious it may be, is actually worth the money exchanged for it, and who always think themselves the benefactors

of those to whom they give money, however little they give, and whatever the value of what is given them in exchange; for, after all, say they, *it is not money.*

"It was nowise astonishing or unusual, therefore, that Leon, the lesson over, took a chair and remained to chat. There is nothing more disagreeable for a man than to be detected by another in ogling and looking languishing. This was the kind of vexation Leon had occasioned Rodolph when he politely begged him not to put his elbow on the piano. Madame de Dréan talked of music; Rodolph made several nonsensical remarks.

"In France," said Leon, "music is strangely understood; it is *taken* like an intermittent fever. For five or six years nobody thinks of music; then it suddenly comes into fashion again; everybody loves it and talks of it, and is transported when listening to it. Young men crowd the stalls of the Italian Opera, and exclaim; *Bravo, Rubine! Brava, la Grise!* whilst Rubini and Grisi sing, so that neither they nor the rest of the audience can hear the singers thus applauded. It is a pity to see the most lovely thing in the world, the most divine of arts, thus rendered ridiculous; it is a pity to see persons affecting, for want of a proper appreciation of music, an admiration, grotesque by its exaggeration, for strollers to whom they pay a thousand times more homage than to the great men of genius whose works they sing."

"Monsieur Lauter," said Rodolph, "who is now at the head of our young violinists?"

"It was impossible to ask a more malicious question; it was saying to Leon: I do not reckon you—you, a mere second-rate performer. Leon understood all the impertinence of the inquiry, and replied coldly—

"I am, sir."

"Rodolph thought to answer by an ironical smile. But Madame de Dréan, almost in spite of herself, cried out, 'Bravo, M. Lauter!'

"By the by," continued the lady, "your delightful talent is no reason for my not paying your lessons; for when they are paid, I am still most grateful to you for giving them. I am in your debt since the last. You have my tickets, have you not?"

"That morning Leon had counted the tickets four times, to be quite sure he had not forgotten any, and to run no risk of delaying their payment; and before entering Madame de Dréan's house, he had put his hand on his pocket to make sure they were there. But the idea of receiving, in Rodolph's presence, the money for his lessons, was unbearable, and he told Madame de Dréan he had not got his tickets. It was no consequence, she said; he could bring them another day; she was quite sure she had given him the twelfth the last time he came, and she would give him his money at once. And she went to her writing-desk.

"Money! there was money, so near to Leon's hand; money due to him, which belonged to him, which they were about to give him, which he might touch and grasp and put in his pocket—money which, in so small a compass, includes so many pleasures, so much happiness and independence, exercises such wondrous power, and dries so many tears.

"And Leon said, 'No, thank you, you can give it me some other time; it would inconvenience me to take it to-day.'

"Inconvenience him! poor fellow, might it not be thought his pockets were crammed with coin!

Alas! his poor pockets were completely empty; if he left Genevieve nothing, it was because he had nothing left."

We wish it would occur to some man of heart and genius, familiar with the subject, to write a novel founded on the struggles and tribulations of a professional musician in the nineteenth century.

There is far less favor—we had almost written mercy—shown to this class of artists in England than in France and Germany; and the consequence is, that their standard of manners and respectability is here unquestionably lower than on the continent. We speak of the class—individual exceptions are of course to be found. M. Karr's father was a pianist of some eminence, and from him the son may have inherited his quick perception of the slights and mortifications which men of real talent and keen feelings are frequently compelled to endure with a smiling countenance, if they would not lose the bread they have qualified themselves to earn by long and diligent cultivation of an art which we call "fine," but whose professors we too often treat on a level with dancing-masters and French cooks. Independently of hereditary sympathies, M. Karr is himself more than half an artist. We do not say this because we infer from passages in his writings that he cultivates, as an amateur, both music and painting, but because the artistical tone of his mind is repeatedly evident in his pages. Most of his books are admirably adapted for illustration, which some of them have obtained. They contain passages which are of themselves pictures, just as they contain pages and chapters which are very pleasing poetry, although their author has thought proper to have them printed as prose. M. Karr's love of the beauties of nature is most enthusiastic; and probably many of his readers will quarrel with him for sometimes lingering too long over their description. He loves to dilate on a flower, a tree, or a landscape, and he does it well, and with a poet's feeling. He has even written two bulky volumes, entitled *Voyage autour de mon Jardin*—a series of letters or essays, botanical, entomological, floricultural, ornithological, sprinkled with reminiscences classical, historical, and artistical—a perfect medley, in short, including anecdotes, *jeux-d'esprit*, and burlesque inventions à la Karr, such as could proceed from none but the whimsical editor of the *Guêpes*. We will take a page as a specimen. It is apropos of the fragrant rocket or dames-violet, which, in French, has the prettier name of *julienne*.

"Here is the white *julienne* with its long sprays of flowers; you must stoop to enjoy its perfume; at night only does it exhale its fragrance afar. This was one of the favorite flowers of the unfortunate Queen Marie Antoinette. She was shut up in the worst room of the Conciergerie, a damp room that smelt badly. There, in the same chamber, a gendarme, separated from her only by a screen, quitted her neither by day nor by night. The queen's sole garments were an old black gown, and a pair of stockings, which she mended herself—remaining with bare feet the while. I know not whether I should have loved Marie Antoinette, but who could help adoring so much misery and misfortune? A woman—her name is less known than it deserves to be—devised a joy and a luxury for her whom it was forbidden to name otherwise than as widow Capet. Madame Richard, portress of the prison, daily brought her nosegays of the flowers she loved; pinks, *juliennes*, tuberoses, thus changing into perfume the putrid miasms of the

prison-house. Thus the poor queen had something to gaze at, other than the damp walls of her dungeon. Madame Richard was denounced, arrested and put in prison; but they dared not persecute her further for her pious transgression—and they set her at liberty.

"Subsequently, Danton, in his dungeon, exclaimed, 'Ah! if I could but see a tree!'"

"The *julienne* remains Marie Antoinette's flower; to the two others still older souvenirs were already attached; the great Condé, a prisoner at Vincennes, cultivated pinks. The scent of the tuberose was formerly believed to be mortal to women in childbed. Mademoiselle de la Valliere, still a maid of honor, found herself in that predicament; upon the morrow the queen, who had her suspicions, would pass through her apartment, where she had pretended an indisposition in order to remain. She had her bed-chamber filled with tuberose."

We laugh at some of his letters, at others we could almost cry, and a third class we are apt to treat contemptuously, as trivial and nonsensical, until it occurs to us to ask ourselves if we have not sometimes read much greater nonsense under a far duller form. Read letter xxiii. on board a Swiss steamboat, and say if it does not, although no imitation, smack of the quaint tenderness and graceful fancy of Lawrence Sterne. See, two chapters later, how many interesting things are suggested to the author by an old wall, and how well he says them; and read—without a smile, if you can—the quiet satire of letter xxxiv. It is very short—only a few pithy lines—we will translate it.

"There is something haunts me of late. I have spoken to you of the house, covered with moss-grown thatch, and crowned with flowering iris, that one discovers from a particular part of my garden. For several days it remained constantly closed. I asked my servant if the woodcutter no longer dwelt there.

"No, sir, he has left these two months. He has grown rich; he has inherited six hundred francs a year; he is gone to live in the town."

"He has grown rich!"

"That is to say, that with his six hundred francs a year he has gone to live in a little room without air and without sun, whence he can see neither sky, nor trees, nor grass; where he breathes a nauseous atmosphere, and where his best and only prospect is a dirty yellow paper, embellished with chocolate-colored arabesques.

"He has grown rich! That is to say, he has been obliged to get rid of his dog, which he had had so long, because it annoyed the other lodgers in the house.

"He lives in a sort of square box; he has people on his right and on his left, above and below him.

"He has left his pretty cottage, and his beautiful trees, and his rich carpets of green herbage, and the song of the birds, and the scent of the oaks.

"He has grown rich! Poor man!"

To us, who have almost as great a foible for flowers as M. Karr himself, the pages of his *Journey round my Garden* offer most attracting passages. His rambling digressions prevent the least monotony. He wanders hither and thither with or without pretext. A magnolia takes him to China, a caprice carries him to Peru, thence he steps across to the Brazils, and tells a story of a

prince who, on his return from distant travel in savage lands, was reproached by a pretty cousin with not having brought her some outlandish costume. He repelled the charge of neglect, and declared he had brought home the complete costume of an Indian queen, which was much at her service if she liked to wear it. The lady was delighted; evening came, and the travelled prince came also, bringing a box, whence he took a very pretty and very odd necklace. It passed from hand to hand, and everybody admired it. The princess put it on, and all present were in raptures to see how it became her. She turned to the traveller:

"Well?" said she.

"What?"

"The next thing."

"What next thing?"

"Yes; the remainder of the costume."

"There is nothing else. That is the entire costume of the queen in question."

The princess blushed crimson, and took off the collar as if it burned her neck.

We should like to extract the very charming chapter suggested by the death of a blackbird, the leader of the author's garden choir, slain by a troublesome friend, whose pointer has already ravaged the flower-beds; but, upon the whole, we think it better to return to Genevieve and complete the sort of outline we have commenced of that interesting novel. We left Leon in Madame de Dréan's music-room, engaged in a wordy skirmish with M. Rodolph de Redueil, which subsequently became so bitter—although veiled by courtly terms out of deference to the lady's presence—that when the two young men left the house together they exchanged a challenge almost before reaching the street. They then parted, and Leon's first thought was to seek a second and a pair of swords, but he remembered that the day was more than half gone, and that he had left Genevieve without money. He thought of that he had just refused, and he cursed the vanity that led him to refuse it;—he cursed himself for forgetting his sister. And he went to his friends, the painters, who had often had recourse to his purse, intending to borrow money of them; on reaching the painting room, he found the joyous, reckless artists in high glee and full conclave. The execution of the sentence pronounced against the offending landlord had commenced. The culprit's bell-rope had been cut, and was to be recut as often as renewed; his caricature had been painted on his door, on the common staircase, and on sundry walls; a number of different persons had called at his house in the course of the day, to inquire, with grave faces, "if it were true that poor M. Vasselin had gone out of his mind," &c. After waiting some time for an opportunity to take a friend aside and ask a loan, Leon left the *atelier* with his purpose unaccomplished. He had a new idea. He fetched his violin, which he had left at a pupil's house, and hurried to a pawnbroker's. But it was Sunday, on which day the *Mont-de-Piété* closes early. Leon was too late. Worn and despairing, and again reproaching himself for the ridiculous vanity that had made him refuse money of which he had so great need, he bent his steps homewards.

"As he crossed the *Champs Elysées*, he saw a number of persons collected together. They formed a dark compact mass, but a fitful light shone between their feet and legs. At that moment Leon's thoughts were so gloomy that, by a sort of

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It is derived from the Latin "tribulum"—which was the threshing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and "tribulatio" in its primary significance was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of an higher truth; and sorrow, distress and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat, of whatever in them was light, and trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, therefore he called these sorrows and griefs "tribulations," threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner. Now, in proof of what I have just now said, namely, that a single word is often a concentrated poem, a little grain of gold capable of being beaten out into a broad extent of gold leaf, I will quote, in reference to this very word "tribulation," a graceful composition by an early English poet, which you will at once perceive is all wrapped up in this word, being from first to last only the expanding of the image and thought which this word has implicitly given:—

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Until the chaff be purged from the wheat,
Yea, till the mill the grains in pieces tear,
The richness of the flour will scarce appear.
So, till men's persons great afflictions touch,
If worth be found, their worth is not so much,
Because, like wheat in straw, they have not yet
That value which in threshing they may get.
For till the bruising flails of God's corrections
Have threshed out of us our vain affections;
Till those corruptions which do misbecome us
Are by Thy sacred Spirit winnowed from us;
Until from us the straw of worldly treasures,
Till all the dusty chaff of empty pleasures,
Yea, till His flail upon us He doth lay,
To thresh the husk of this our flesh away;
And leave the soul uncovered; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make our very spirit poor,
We shall not up to highest wealth aspire;
But then we shall; and that is my desire. (pp. 7, 8.)

Mr. Trench extends the American designation, by claiming for language to be called *fossil history*, as well as *poetry*; instancing the derivation of the word *frank*, with its cognate terms *franchise* and *emfranchisement*, from the name of the German nation which conquered Gaul, and which was distinguished by all the virtues connected with independence and freedom—in fact, the virtues of a conquering and dominant race. The subject of the origin of language is very ably and skilfully treated, with an exposure of the fallacy of the opinion that language was invented, in the same way with the various arts and appliances of civilized life. If this were so, we should sometimes meet with nations without language, as we meet with some destitute of all other marks of progress; but no such nation has ever been found.

than that inspired by the mild, patient, self-denying Genevieve. And Leon's happiness consoles the reader in some degree for the untimely fate of his sweet sister. Rose and Leon are of course married, but Genevieve—poor Genevieve, heart-stricken in her bloom, droops and falls like a frost-ed flower. The air of the world was too chilly for her tender soul. To the last she was unaware of her approaching death, and sweet smiles decked her wasted features as she fondly anticipated the joy of embracing her brother's child, as yet unborn. Before the infant saw the light, the flowers grew fresh and fair upon Genevieve's grave.

The re-perusal of M. Karr's works, some of which we had not opened since their first appearance many years ago, has confirmed our previous conviction, that few French writers of the present day, even of the more refined and less wilfully mischievous class, can be unreservedly recommended to English readers. Few even of the best of them can always avoid the introduction of offensive sen-

timents and descriptions. With the majority the propensity to occasional levity and irreverence, and sometimes to profanity and indecency, is quite irresistible. We are disposed to acquit M. Karr of any deliberate and intentional evil tendency. He writes according to his perceptions, and for a French public, and there is nothing in his books likely to shock his countrymen, most of whom would doubtless laugh heartily at the Britannic prudery, that could take exception to the highly colored and revolting narratives of the dissolute Stephen, and of the feeble and unprincipled Maurice. On the other hand, with some of his tales and sketches, only the ultra fastidious will find fault, and some will be deemed harmless even by the most rigid. If we have weighed upon his defects, it has been to neutralize the too favorable impression that might be conveyed by our extracts, which are all specimens of his happier manner. Examples of his worst style would not suit our pages.

From Household Words.

THE HOME OF TASTE.

Give him a home—a home of taste.—ELLIOTT.

My Margaret, our lowly home shall be a home of taste,

A sunny spot to nestle in amid the "streeted waste;"
Though round our door no cool green grass, no cheerful garden grows,
The window-sill shall blossom with geraniums and the rose.

Our parlor wall all up and down, for moral and delight,

We'll hang with pleasant pictures—of landscapes green and bright—

Of portraits of the wise and good, the deathless sons of man,

And, to teach us love for all that live, the good Samaritan.

Of Burns, too, and his Highland maid, much loved, lamented Mary,

And by its side that AGED PAIR whose love no time could vary;

For love up-welling, pure and deep, from youth to sober age,

Shall be a light and blessedness through all our pilgrimage.

A goodly book-case we will store with learning's precious gold,

A hallowed temple to enshrine the mighty minds of old;

With a plaster cast of Milton decked, and one of Shakspeare, too;

And when my work is done, my love, I'll sit and read to you

Some thrilling tale of olden time—love true in evil day—

Some lofty song of holiest bard, some gentle minstrel's lay,

Or wondrous revelation of science deep and high,
Or Christian theme, that we may learn in peace to live and die.

And we'll not forget your music, love, the songs so sad and sweet,

You sang to me with a tearful eye in your father's calm retreat;

That simple music of the heart, we'll sing it o'er again,

And link our days together still with its enchanting chain.

Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will seek

The spirit of the Spotless One—the beautiful, the meek;

All pure desires and high resolves, all lofty thoughts and true,

And that which duty bids be done, our ready hands shall do.

Will not our life be happy, love? Oh yes, for we will bow

Together at the throne of Him "from whom all blessings flow,"

And deep in his eternity—beyond the change of time—

And deep within our inmost soul, possess a peace sublime.

From Fraser's Magazine.

Ah! how fair the world would seem,

In light of our own making,

If on that lamp's fantastic gleam

Day might never break in!

Ah! how sweet 't would be to dream

Were there no awaking!

Or, how grand a battle-plain

Were the life before us,

Hand to hand, and brain to brain,

To struggle and be glorious;—

Had Queen Mab's intrusive train

No dominion o'er us!

But, alas! on working day

Fancy spreads her treasures,

Steals our earnestness away,

Kills our graver pleasures,

Tempts us in her realms to stray

With her siren measures.

And, alas! while straying there,

Full of dreamy rapture,

Vulgar wants and vulgar care

Make unkindly capture—

Drag us back to desk and chair—

Back to verse and chapter.

Thus we waste the hours of youth

In barren indecision,

And the mixing spoils them both—

Earthly and Elysian;

Cold and tasteless seems the Truth,

False and fleet the Vision.

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The following passage sets the subject in a very clear light :—

How this latent power evolved itself first, how this spontaneous generation of language came to pass, is a mystery, even as every act of creation is of necessity such ; and as a mystery all the deepest inquirers into the subject are content to leave it. Yet we may perhaps a little help ourselves to the realizing of what the process was, and what it was not, if we liken it to the growth of a tree springing out of, and unfolding itself from, a root, and according to a necessary law—that root being the divine capacity of language with which man was created, that law being the law of highest reason with which he was endowed ; if we liken it to this rather than to the rearing of an house, which a man should slowly and painfully fashion for himself with dead timbers combined after his own fancy and caprice ; and which little by little improved in shape, material, and size, being first but a log-house, answering his barest needs, and only after centuries of toil and pain growing for his sons' sons into a stately palace for pleasure and delight. (pp. 16, 17.)

It is a mistake which we are very liable to fall into, that the savage is the primitive man—a mistake which is fostered by the indiscriminate use of the words *primitive* and *savage*. Mr. Trench shows that the language of nations in a state of barbarism is rather the ruin than the germ of something better. "Fearful, indeed," he says, "is the impress of degradation which is stamped on the language of the savage, more fearful perhaps even than that which is stamped upon his form." A few remarkable instances are given. The Bechuanas, a Caffre tribe, have, within the memory of man, almost lost the word which signifies the Supreme Being ; and it only survives in the spells and charms of so-called rain-makers and sorcerers. In the vocabulary of two of the principal tribes in Brazil, there is no word signifying thanks. The natives of Van Diemen's Land have no fewer than four terms to express different kinds of murder, but not one of them conveys the idea of moral reprobation. There is no word meaning love at all. "Yet with all this," to quote Mr. Trench's eloquent language, "ever and anon, in the midst of this wreck and ruin, there is that in the language of the savage—some subtle distinction—some curious allusion to a perished civilization, now utterly unintelligible to the speaker—or some other note—which proclaims his language to be the remains of a dissipated inheritance, the rags and remnants of a robe which was a royal one once."

In refuting the fallacy we have spoken of, as to the origin of language, Mr. Trench does not deny that it progresses as civilization advances ; but he asserts that this progress is the application and expansion of a faculty which God has given, together with reason, to man ; not a patch-work put together by himself, according to his requirements. Thus it is the "embodiment of the feelings and thoughts and experiences of a nation, yea, often of many nations, and of all which through centuries they have attained to and won." Hence the great value of the study of words, which we cannot do better than recommend to those of our readers who have anything to do with the education of children, in the words of our author to his audience, in their capacity of teachers.

And as you will not find, for so I venture to promise, that this study of words will be a dull one when you undertake it yourselves, as little need you fear that it will prove dull and unattractive, when you seek to make your own gains herein the gains also of those

who may be hereafter committed to your charge. Only try your pupils, and mark the kindling of the eye, the lighting up of the countenance, the revival of the flagging attention, with which the humblest lecture upon words, and on the words especially which they are daily using, which are familiar to them in their play or at their church, will be welcomed by them. There is a sense of reality about children which makes them rejoice to discover that there is also a reality about words, that they are not merely arbitrary signs, but living powers ; that, to reverse the words of one of England's "false prophets," they may be the fool's counters, but are the wise man's money ; not, like the sands of the sea, innumerable disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots, clustering in families, connecting and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling from the beginning of the world till now. (p. 25.)

It will be no strange thing to our readers to learn that we cannot search the records of our race, as embodied in words, without finding much evil as well as good. "Has man fallen from the heights of his original creation ? We need no more than his language to prove it ; like everything else about him, it bears at once the stamp of his greatness and of his degradation ; of his glory and of his shame." This position our author illustrates with many examples, some of which only we have room to quote :—

What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed an harmful as their secondary meaning ; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy ! Thus "knave" meant once no more than lad (nor does it now in German mean more), "villain" than peasant ; a "boor" was only a farmer ; a "varlet" was but a serving-man ; a "churl" but a strong fellow. "Time-server" was used two hundred years ago quite as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense "serving the time." "Conceits" had once nothing conceited in them ; "officious" had reference to offices of kindness and not of busy meddling ; "moody" was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied. "Demure" (which is, "des mœurs," of good manners) conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an over-doing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In "crafty" and "cunning" there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill ; "craft," indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's "craft" being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could have ever given us "maudlin" in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor in the world ? "Tinsel," from the French "étincelle," meant once anything that sparkles or glistens ; thus "cloth of tinsel" would be cloth inwrought with silver and gold ; but the sad experience that "all is not gold that glitters," that much which shows fair and specious to the eye is yet worthless in reality, has caused the word imperceptibly to assume the meaning which it now has, and when we speak of "tinsel," either literally or figuratively, we always mean now that which has no reality of sterling worth underlying the glittering and specious shows which it makes. (pp. 30—32.)

It is some consolation to discover, amidst these traces of deterioration, a purifying and ennobling process which has been going on at the same time. Words, which in heathen literature bear a mean signification, often appear in Christian writings in a completely altered character. The Greek word for humility, generally signified *meanness of spirit*. "There were angels before heaven had been opened, but these only earthly messengers ;

martyrs also, or witnesses, but those not unto blood, nor yet for God's highest truth; apostles, but sent of men; evangelists, but not of the kingdom of heaven; advocates, but not with the Father."

There are some remarkable illustrations in common words, of truths which the derivation of those words at once manifest. Thus *pain* means *punishment*; and in some provincial dialects the word punished is used for *in pain*. The literal meaning of plague is a *stroke*; the word miser signifies *miserable*. Most persons will be surprised to learn that kind means *kindred*; so that a kind person is one of kin, a derivation which is excellently illustrated by Mr. Trench from Shakspeare in the words of Hamlet, who speaks of his father's brother as a "little more than kin and less than kind."

Mr. Trench has some most excellent remarks on the evils which result from calling sins by fine names—instancing the Italian phrase for poisoning, "that the death of some was assisted, 'ajutata,'" and also the French name *poudre de succession*, for a kind of drug which helped impatient heirs to the succession of their property.

We fully believe in the bad effects and practical lies of this kind; of the "putting bitter for sweet, and darkness for light; the attempt to present disgraceful occupations on an amiable, almost a sentimental side, rather than in their own true deformity and ugliness." (p. 51.)

The summing up of this part of the subject is admirably done in the following passage:—

These illustrations, to which it would not be hard to add many more, are amply enough to justify what I have asserted of the existence of a moral element in words; they are enough to make us feel about them, that they do not hold themselves neutral in the great conflict between good and evil, light and darkness, which is dividing the world; that they are not contented to be the passive vehicles, now of the truth, and now of falsehood. We see, on the contrary, that they continually take their side, are some of them children of light, others children of this world, or even of darkness; they beat with the pulses of our life; they stir with our passions; they receive from us the impressions of our good and of our evil, which again they are active further to propagate amongst us. Must we not own then that there is a wondrous and mysterious world, of which we may hitherto have taken too little account, around us and about us? and may there not be a deeper meaning than hitherto we have attached to it, lying in that solemn declaration, "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned?" (p. 59.)

Of all inquiries connected with words, those which relate to history are the most deeply interesting. The faithfulness of the testimony of words to past events, even of remote antiquity, is forcibly brought before us in the following passage:—

It might at first sight appear as if language, apart, that is, from literature and books, and where these did not exist, was the frailest, the most untrustworthy, of all the vehicles of knowledge, and that most likely to betray its charge; yet is it in fact the great, oftentimes the only connecting link between the present and the remotest past, an ark riding above waterfloods that have swept away every other landmark and memorial of ages and generations. Far beyond all written records in a language, the language itself stretches back and offers itself for our investigation—"the pedigree of nations," as Johnson calls it—itsself a far more ancient monument and document than any writing which it contains.

These records, moreover, may have been falsified by carelessness, by vanity, by fraud, by a multitude of causes, but it is never false, never deceives us, if we know how to question it aright. (p. 60.)

The first fact thus borne witness to, is the origin of mankind from a single pair—a witness which is found in the daily accumulating proofs that all languages are derived from a common stock. Our own language is a fruitful field for historical investigation—composed as it is of Celtic, Latin, Saxon, Danish, Norman, and French. The traces of the Norman Conquest, and of the subsequent fusion of the conquering and conquered races, are indelibly written in the language of the united people. This part of Mr. Trench's book is so interesting to every one who speaks English, that we should like to transcribe it entire; but our space permits only an epitome. The following passages will give some idea of the general argument.

We should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honor, and preëminence, with one remarkable exception (to be adduced presently), descend to us from them—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count ("earl" indeed is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his "countess" from the Norman), chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more. At the same time the one remarkable exception of "king" would make us, even did we know nothing of the actual facts, suspect that the chieftain of this ruling race came in not upon a new title, not as overthrowing a former dynasty, but claiming to be in the rightful line of its succession. (p. 64.)

On the other hand—

The great features of nature, sun, moon, and stars, earth, water, and fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. . . . The instruments used in cultivating the earth, the flail, the plough, the sickle, the spade, are expressed in his (the Saxon's) language; so too the main products of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, *i. e.* barley; and no less the names of domestic animals. (pp. 64, 65.)

Some of our readers will be surprised to learn that there are animals, which, though Saxon while alive, become Norman after they are dead. This strange transmutation converts sheep into mutton, oxen into beef, calves into veal, swine into pork, deer into venison; the reason assigned is, that the Saxon peasants who tended these animals had no acquaintance with their flesh as food—the only exception to the general rule being *bacon*, which was perhaps the only kind of meat of which the Saxons ever partook. Thus we see how, in spite of the Norman incursion, Saxon maintained its ground side by side with the new language.

The histories of particular words are always instructive, often amusing. No one would ever guess the derivation of *saunterer*; it originally meant, one who visited "la sainte terre," or the Holy Land. When pilgrimage became fashionable, every idler who liked wandering about better than attending to his calling, proclaimed himself bound for Palestine, to which very often he never set out in earnest; hence the modern signification of the term.

The language of the Schoolmen has supplied us with many words chiefly of a learned character. By one of the strangest metamorphoses, the name of Duns Scotus, the most subtle man of his age,

has come to denote extraordinary stupidity. We have often been curious about the derivation of the word *bigot*. Mr. Trench traces it to "bigote," the Spanish for "mustachio." The Spaniards were celebrated both for this personal ornament, and for their attachment to the Roman see; hence bigot and persecutor became nearly synonymous. The names of articles in common use often commemorate the places from which we originally obtained them. Thus bayonet is from Bayonne; cambric from Cambray; calico, from Calicut; muslin, from Moussul. But, in some cases, names so derived embody popular errors, or at any rate tend to spread them. Thus the turkey comes from America, not from the country whose name it bears; and, what is also curious, the French name *Dinde* (or *D'Inde*) gives it another false origin, unless indeed the West Indies were intended. Again, our name gypsies, evidently Egyptians, and the French *Bohémiens*, certainly assign two different origins to the singular people in question, probably both of them wrong. The Germans, without pretending to say where they come from, call them by a name which indisputably belongs to them, "Zigeuner," or "Zieh Gauner," warning thieves. Sometimes a false derivation is suggested by something accidental in the form of the word. Thus a West Indian tornado may easily be supposed to be called *hurricane*, from the celerity with which it clears sugar plantations; but unfortunately for this ingenious derivation, the word is only a corruption of the French *ouragan*.

As an example of tale-telling in words, Mr. Trench mentions that *signing* one's name strictly means the affixing of that well-known hieroglyphic which is designated as "A. B. his mark;" this having been once the common mode of attestation even among the higher classes. Metaphorical words often retain their use and signification long after their original meaning has been forgotten, and even when the notions to which they owed that signification have been exploded. Thus we have a number of astrological terms in constant use, such as *jovial*, *saturnine*, *mercurial*, that is, affected by the planets *Jupiter*, *Saturn* and *Mercury*, whose influence was supposed to be such as these terms, without any reference to the heavens, now express. *Disastrous* or *ill-starred*, *ascendant*, and *ascendancy*, belong also to the now despised and forgotten science. The etymology of words must not be too much insisted upon, after their meaning has become fixed and partly independent. We may talk of quarantines of less than forty days, or even more, if we can bear to think of such absurd cruelty; and Mr. Trench fully vindicates the seeming contradiction of a "*white blackbird*."

"One of the most interesting branches of the study which is now occupying us," says Mr. Trench, in the beginning of his fourth lecture, "is the taking note of the periods when great and significant words, or it may be such as can hardly claim these epithets, have risen up and come into use, with the circumstances attending their rise."

Such periods, indeed, are important, because new words represent new things; and when new things have to be expressed, words must be found to express them. Without looking into the question, we might be inclined to think that the coining of words is an arbitrary process, and that what we have attributed to the existence of a general want, might be in truth only the capricious act of an individual. But the lecture we are con-

sidering affords ample proof that this is not the case. The most influential words have been invented by persons in themselves unimportant, or even unknown. The greatest masters of language have failed to give currency to their most ingenious inventions.

The disciples were called "Christians" first in Antioch. We do not know by whom, although there is a presumption, as Mr. Trench says, that the name was put upon them by their enemies; and in corroboration of this idea, he reminds us that Antioch was famous for nick-names. Again, the word "mob," which is so expressive and generally used, originated in the absurdities of a profligate club. On the other hand, Cicero could not gain acceptance for several terms which he formed strictly according to the analogy of the Latin language, and to supply acknowledged deficiencies. Many words which different celebrated authors have attempted to introduce into English are already dead and buried.

Sometimes a new thing is represented, not by a newly-coined, but by an *adapted* word—a coin newly struck and reissued. Of this adaptation notable example is given by Mr. Trench in the Greek word *σῴζω*.

There was in the Greek, a word for "saviour," which, although it had often been degraded to unworthy uses, having been applied not merely to heathen deities, but bestowed as a title of honor on men, and these such as sometimes were rather "destroyers" than "saviours" of their fellows, was yet in itself sufficient to set forth that central office and dignity of Christ—the word being like some profaned temple, which did not need to be rebuilt, but only to be consecrated anew. (p. 106.)

In the progress of science, a popular word is often made technical by the restriction of its meaning to one of the many meanings which it had in common use, or its extension to some meaning naturally arising out of popular acceptance. The word so employed marks the progress which the science has made, and is often an epitome or abstract of it. Gravitation is an instance of this kind of adaptation. By derivation it means weight, or the tendency of a terrestrial body to the earth's centre. It is extended to denote the law of mutual attraction which all portions of matter have for one another. It represents Newton's great discovery, and makes that discovery the property of all who are acquainted with its own meaning. The following passage from Mr. Trench unfolds the idea we have been endeavoring to express as to the amount of truth or knowledge represented by a single word:—

I alluded just now to comprehensive words, which should singly be effectual to say that which hitherto it had taken many words to say, in which an higher term has been reached than before had been found. It is difficult to estimate too highly the value of such words for the facilitating of mental processes, and, indeed, for the making practicable of many, which would have been nearly or quite impracticable without them; and those who have invented, or who have succeeded in putting into circulation such, may be esteemed as benefactors of a high order to knowledge. In the ordinary traffic of life, unless our dealings were on the smallest scale, we should willingly have about us our money in the shape rather of silver than of copper; and if our transactions were at all extensive, rather in gold than in silver; while if we were setting forth upon a long and arduous journey, we should be best pleased to turn even our gold coin

itself into bills of exchange or circular notes ; in fact, into the highest denomination of money which it was capable of assuming. How many words with which we are now perfectly familiar are for us what bills of exchange or circular notes are for the merchant and the traveller ! As in one of these last, innumerable pence, a multitude of shillings, not a few pounds are gathered up and represented, so have we in some single words the quintessence and final result of an infinite number of anterior mental processes, ascending one above the other, and all of which have been at length summed up for us in them. We may compare such words to some great river, which does not bring its flood of waters to the sea, till many rills have been swallowed up in brooks, and brooks in streams, and streams in tributary rivers, each of these having lost its individual being in that which at last does at once represent and is continent of them all. (pp. 114, 115.)

Combinations of known words often suggest themselves as means of supplying new wants. Mr. Trench gives us an interesting example :—

When the Romans became acquainted with the stately giraffe, long concealed from them in the inner wilds of Africa, and we learn from Pliny that they first made this acquaintance in the shows exhibited by Julius Cæsar, it was happily imagined to designate a creature combining, though with infinitely more grace, yet something of the height and even the proportions of the camel with the spotted skin of the leopard, by a name which should incorporate both these its most prominent features, calling it the “camelopard ;” nor can we, I think, hesitate to accept his account as the true one, who describes the word as no artificial creation of the scientific naturalist, but as bursting extempore from the lips of the populace at the first moment when the novel creature was presented to their gaze. (p. 117.)

Such combinations were likely to be more happy in Rome and Greece, especially the latter, because the component parts belonged to the language, and were universally understood. The merit of our own compounds is very often undiscernible, except by the learned ; because the component words are foreign, and their original meaning lost sight of or imperfectly understood. Thus the most expressive terms are received by the majority even of reading people, as arbitrary symbols. These remarks bear upon a question of great importance, which we shall introduce in Mr. Trench’s words :—

The translators of the authorized version of the Bible, in a preface not now often reprinted, but prefixed to the original edition, find fault, and others had done the same before them, with the Greek and Latin words—“inkhorn terms,” Fulke calls them—with which the Rhemish translators so plentifully sprinkled their version ; with the intention, as these last affirmed, of preserving for it an ecclesiastical character ; but as others, and we can scarcely say uncharitably, charged them, that so, if they must give the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, they might yet keep them, as far as might be, “dark and unprofitable to the ignorant readers.” In many cases the accusation was quite borne out by the facts, and the Greek and Latin terms they employed could never have made themselves at home in English ; but this certainly is not so in all. Thus “rational,” “tunic,” “scandal,” “neophyte,” were severally either words which had not been invented by the Rhemish translators, having existed long before ; or the sequel has gone far to justify them in what they did, the words having been freely absorbed into the language, as useful additions to it. “To evangelize” was another word which they were blamed for introducing. It

was quite worthy to have been introduced, supposing it had not previously been in being ; but it already found place in Wiclif’s version, as at Luke i. 19, xvi. 16, which the Rhemish merely follows, so that Fulke is every way unjust in urging against the authors of this : “When you say *evangelized*, you do not translate, but feign a new word, which is not understood of mere English ears.” (pp. 128, 129.)

The question between the two sets of translators has certainly, as Mr. Trench implies, received some light from the result—many of the words of the Roman Catholic translation being now as well understood as those of the authorized version, and even more suitable to the original. The fact is, both parties were in a dilemma, because the English language had no words by which many of the ideas in the original could be expressed, and the choice lay between adopting Greek or Latin words, and using English ones in unusual senses. In some cases the attempt to translate produced obscurity and confusion. The point of many passages is lost by using “offence” as the rendering of *σκανδαλον*, and the substitution of “coat” for “tunic” is certainly not favorable to perspicuity. We can have little doubt that the Rhemish translators sheltered themselves under the difficulty which unquestionably existed to maintain the obscurity in which the Bible had been kept by the dead languages ; but we need not on that account condemn altogether their practice of adopting classical words to express ideas which could not be clearly expressed in English. But our own translators are not quite exempt from the charge of losing the point of passages by using classical terms. The word “edify,” for instance, is employed when the English equivalent would have been equally correct, and much more clear ; and it is partly from the adoption of the Latin word as an arbitrary term, whose primary signification is lost sight of, that it has been so strangely perverted in modern times even from its ecclesiastical meaning. It is now a word of all work. A man is “edified” not only by a sermon, but by a book or a review, and even by a joke. There is a passage in St. Paul’s epistles where a very beautiful and striking antithesis is spoiled by this word : “Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.” It is impossible to say what proposition understood by the words “charity edifieth” is to be selected from the immense number which it might affirm, as most likely to be put in opposition to the statement that “knowledge puffeth up.” The most ordinary interpretation of the passage, according to the received use of the words used, would perhaps be this : “Knowledge makes a man self-sufficient, but benevolence gives him a better and more healthy satisfaction.” But what if our translators had rendered, “Knowledge puffeth up, but charity buildeth up !” The opposition is evident to the most ignorant, and scarcely requires a comment. We do not think the Rhemish translators could have made the passage worse, but even in some views better, if they had said, “Knowledge *tumefies*, but charity *edifies*.”

The next branch of the subject which Mr. Trench takes in hand, is the “distinction of words.” He introduces it as follows :—

It is to the subject of synonyms and their distinction, with the advantages which may be derived from the study of these, that I propose to devote the present lecture. But what, it may be asked, do we mean, when, comparing certain words with one another, we affirm of them that they are synonyms ? It is meant

that they are words which, with great and essential resemblances of meaning, have at the same time small, subordinate, and partial differences—these differences being such as either originally, and on the ground of their etymology, inhered in them; or differences which they have by usage acquired in the eyes of all; or such as, though nearly latent now, they are capable of receiving at the hands of wise and discreet masters of the tongue. Synonyms are words of like significance in the main, but with a certain unlikeness as well. (p. 142.)

The existence of synonyms, or different words for the same thing, is accounted for in various ways. Where different nations or tribes have coalesced, their different languages have generally each contributed names for things known to all of them. Sometimes one or more of these names has become obsolete; at other times all have remained side by side. Often, too, foreign words have been imported into a language, and from various reasons have been naturalized, although indigenous words existed to express the same things. Mr. Trench gives, by way of illustration of this, five English words of similar meaning, *trick*, *device*, *finesse*, *artifice*, and *stratagem*; the first of which is Saxon, the second Italian, the third French, the fourth Latin, and the fifth Greek.

It is a great step in the advance of a language, when distinctions begin to be made between words of nearly identical meaning, giving to the language the capability of marking slight shades of difference in thought and feeling. Mr. Trench gives, as an illustration, Wordsworth's distinction between *imagination* and *fancy*. He also suggests the importance of marking, by the use of different terms, the difference between the just punishment of sin by law, or by God himself, from whom the sanction of law proceeds; and the unauthorized attempts of man to redress his own injuries, or gratify his own resentment. The word "vengeance," with the verb to "avenge," should, according to Mr. Trench, be restricted to the former meaning, and "revenge" to the latter. This distinction is so far established already, that no one could think of substituting "revenge" in the passage, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." The thing principally required is to leave off using vengeance in the sense of worldly and malicious revenge. The following remark contains a great and most valuable truth: "As it now is, the moral disapprobation which cleaves, and cleaves justly, to *revenge*, is oftentimes transferred almost unconsciously to *vengeance*; while yet without vengeance it is impossible to conceive, in an evil world, any assertion of righteousness, any moral government whatever."

A multitude of instances might be given, as may well be supposed, of two, three, or even more words for the same thing, sometimes quite undistinguished in common usage, sometimes with arbitrary and apparently unmeaning distinctions. In other cases, one word has come to be employed figuratively, and the other literally, so that, originally meaning the same thing, they have become completely separated. The verbs to "edify" and to "build" are instances of this kind of separation. Similarly "pastor" and "shepherd," which originally were strictly synonymous, are now usually employed, the one to denote a keeper of sheep, the other a feeder of the flock of God. "Illegible" and "unreadable" are quite separate in their use. A man writes an *illegible hand*, and an *unreadable book*.

The subject of synonyms leads our author to notice the somewhat similar case of two distinct words being formed out of the same root, with considerable difference of meaning, and often of pronunciation, but very little or none in spelling. Such are *conjure* and *conjure*, *human* and *humane*, *custom* and *costume*.

Spirited and *sprightly* are both from "spirit," which is identical with "sprite." Mr. Trench has given us an amusing collection of pairs of words which have similarly diverged from the same stock—the slight variation in writing giving often a ludicrous impression when the two words are looked at together. The juxtaposition, however, is at least as instructive as entertaining. We shall transcribe a few of the most remarkable instances—"happily and haply," "etiquette and ticket," "ghostly and ghashtly," "parson and person," "gambol and gamble," "truth and troth," "quay and key." Some would add "news and noise," but this is uncertain. There are moral lessons to be gathered from these verbal phenomena, as Mr. Trench takes care to remind us. "'Human' is what every man is; 'humane' what every man ought to be." "'Gambling' may be, as with a fearful irony it is called, *play*, but it is nearly as distant from 'gambolling' as hell is from heaven." An excellent distinction is drawn, and deduced from the etymology of the words, between to "abhor," to "detest," to "hate," and to "loathe."

Each of them (says Mr. Trench) rests on an image entirely distinct from the others; two, that is, the first and second, being Anglo-Saxon, and the others Latin. "To hate" is properly to be *inflamed* with passionate dislike, the word being connected with "heat," "hot;" just as we speak, using the same figure, of persons being "incensed" with anger, or of their anger "kindling;" "ira" and "uro" being perhaps related. "To loathe" is properly to feel nausea, the turning of the stomach at that which excites first natural, and then, by a transfer, moral disgust. "To detest" is to bear witness against, not to be able to keep silence in regard of something, to feel ourselves obliged to lift up our voice and testimony against it. "To abhor" is to shrink shuddering back, as one would from an object of fear, an hissing serpent rising in one's path. Our blessed Lord "hated" to see his Father's house profaned, when, the zeal of that house consuming Him, He drove forth in anger the profaners from it; He "loathed" the "lukewarmness of the Laodiceans when He threatened to reject them out of his mouth; He "detested" the hypocrisy of the Pharisees and Scribes, when He proclaimed their sin and uttered those eight woes against them. (Matt. 23.) He "abhorred" the evil suggestions of Satan, when He bade the Tempter to get behind Him, seeking to put a distance between Himself and him. (pp. 161, 162.)

This lecture ends with an excellent application to the formation of a good style of writing.

What an help moreover will it prove to the writing of a good English style, if, instead of having many words before us, and choosing almost at random and at hap-hazard from among them, we at once know which, and which only, we ought in the case before us to employ, which will be the exact vesture of our thoughts. It is the first characteristic of a well-dressed man that his clothes fit him; they are not too small and shrunken here, too large and loose there. Now it is precisely such a prime characteristic of a good style that the words fit close to the thoughts: they will not be too big here, hanging like a giant's robe on the limbs of a dwarf; nor too small there, as

a boy's garments into which the man has with difficulty and ridiculously thrust himself. You do not feel in one place that the writer means more than he has succeeded in saying; in another, that he has said more than he means; or, in a third, something beside what his intention was; and all this, from a lack of dexterity in employing the instrument of language, of precision in knowing what words would be the exactest correspondents and fittest exponents of his thought. (p. 175.)

The last lecture is particularly directed to the requirements and duties of the schoolmaster, but it is by no means to be passed over as merely professional. All *parents*, at any rate, ought to know something of the duties of schoolmasters; so for them, if for no one else, we should be inclined to set this lecture before our readers, even if it were entirely professional. But it refers to many points of great general interest. The importance of Latin in the study of English leads Mr. Trench to advert to the attempt lately made to introduce "phonetic" spelling. All our metropolitan readers must remember the office of the "Fonetic Nuz." We always entertained an objection to this plan, that if you spell words according to sound, you lose their derivations—an objection which alone outweighs all the advantages claimed for the new method. The following beautiful passage confirms and expands our idea:—

The far deeper and more serious [objection] is that in innumerable instances it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their idea, as an alabaster vase is lighted up by a lamp placed within it: in how many cases would this inner light be then quenched. They have now a body and a soul, and the soul looking through the body; oftentimes then nothing but the body, not seldom nothing but the carcass, of the word would remain. (p. 182.)

The relationships of words, often unsuspected, are extremely interesting. We shall quote a few of Mr. Trench's examples. "Heaven" is the perfect of "to heave." "Smith" comes from the verb "to smite." "Wrong" is derived from "to wring," as the French "tort" from "torqueo" or "tordre." A "strong" man is one whose sinews are firmly "strung." "Wild" is really "willed," and is much the same word as "wilful." "Stock" is derived from "to stick," an etymology which may be traced in its very numerous meanings. "Field" is properly "felled," and signifies what the Americans call a "clearing."

We must now draw to a close this very imperfect attempt to give the cream of Mr. Trench's book to our readers. We are bound to express our thankfulness that such books are to be found amongst the multitude of our new publications, and that such writers exist to contribute further to our knowledge and improvement. We recommend all our readers to pursue the study of words; which they can easily do by themselves, after the

hints which Mr. Trench has given, and the methods he has pointed out. We close with an extract which will much better express our sentiments than we could do ourselves.

Now let us suppose this power of exactly saying what we mean, and neither more nor less than we mean, to be merely an elegant mental accomplishment. It is indeed this, and perhaps there is no power so surely indicative of a high and accurate training of the intellectual faculties. But it is also much more than this; it has a moral meaning as well. It is nearly allied to morality, inasmuch as it is nearly connected with truthfulness. Every man who has himself in any degree cared for the truth, and occupied himself in seeking it, is more or less aware how much of the falsehood in the world passes current under the concealment of words, how many strifes and controversies,

Which feed the simple, and offend the wise,

find all, or nearly all, their fuel and their nourishment in words carelessly or dishonestly employed. And when a man has had any actual experience of this fact, and has at all perceived how far this mischief reaches, he is sometimes almost tempted to say with Shakspeare's clown, "Words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them." He cannot, however, forego their employment, not to say that he will presently perceive that this falseness of theirs whereof he accuses them, this cheating power of words, is not of their proper use, but their abuse; that however they may have been enlisted in the service of lies, they are yet of themselves most true, and that where the bane is, there the antidote should be sought as well. Ask, then, words what they mean, that you may deliver yourselves, that you may help to deliver others, from the tyranny of words, and from the strife of "word-warriors." Learn to distinguish between them, for you have the authority of Hooker, that "the mixture of those things by speech, which by nature are divided, is the mother of all error." And although I cannot promise you that the study of synonyms, or the acquaintance with derivations, or any other knowledge but the very highest knowledge of all, will deliver you from the temptation to misuse this or any other gift of God—a temptation which always lies so near us—yet I am sure that these studies, rightly pursued, will do much in leading us to stand in awe of this divine gift of words, and to tremble at the thought of turning it to any other than those worthy ends for which God has endowed us with it. (pp. 176, 177.)

Having thus passed hastily through the work before us, we must be allowed to say a word about its author. Mr. Trench is one of the most distinguished writers of the day. He is a man of learning, of deep thought and sentiment, and of a very high order of eloquence. It may, however, we think, be fairly objected to his style of composition, that it has a touch of peculiarity which, in another person, we might be tempted to consider as bordering on affectation. We will not say also, that he does not sometimes suffer his imagination to run away with him. This, if we were disposed to carp at so pleasant and useful a work, might, we conceive, be sometimes illustrated from the volume before us. But we think it is still more discernible where it is also more formidable, in his interpretations of Holy Scripture. His works on the "Parables," and "Miracles," however interesting and instructive, are, we think, open to this objection. He is largely read in the Patristic writings, and has not wholly escaped the fantastic and over-imaginative taste of that school of interpreters. His exposition of figurative and symboli-

cal language appears to us to be sometimes fanciful and far-fetched. We have often turned from his volumes to those of old Matthew Henry on the Gospels, and have felt that we then stood on firmer ground, and had got a safer guide. This habit of imaginative interpretation is one of a serious character; because license on one side is an authority for license on the other; and truth will have little chance between its antagonistic expositors. How many of the follies and falsehoods of Popery have found shelter in the fancies of Origen and his school of expositors! We say anything, however, that is in the smallest degree disparaging to Mr. Trench, with real reluctance; because, although differing from ourselves in some of his views even on important subjects, it is impossible not to recognize the devout, earnest, and elevated spirit which prevails in every part of his writings.

From the Athenæum.

On Animal Electricity; being an Abstract of the Discoveries of Emil Du Bois-Reymond. Edited by H. BENCK JONES, M. D. Churchill.

THIS small volume is a valuable addition to our scientific literature. A few years since much interest was excited by the publication of certain experiments by M. Du Bois-Reymond, which appeared to prove an intimate connexion between the phenomena of vitality and those of electricity. It was stated, that muscular contractions gave rise to electrical currents which could be measured by the galvanometer;—and hence, by somewhat hasty deduction, it was at once inferred that vital and galvanic actions were identical. A large class of persons, reasoning on the always dangerous ground of analogy, rushed to the conclusion that these results obtained by Du Bois-Reymond, and others of a similar character which were the subjects of investigation by Matteucci, proved the reality of an electric *aura*—and established on a secure basis the dreamings of the disciples of Mesmer.

Dr. Du Bois-Reymond, with the caution of a true philosopher, comes to no such conclusion. He discovers that in the operations of vitality there is a curious manifestation of electrical disturbance—and he traces the phenomena under a great variety of conditions; but he never ventures beyond the statement of the experimental fact, after it has been tested by many trials. Suffice it to say, there is no one discovery made by Dr. Du Bois-Reymond or by Matteucci, which in the remotest degree supports the doctrines of animal magnetism. Animal electricity, showing itself in the form of a current proceeding in a given direction, was suspected by Galvani, demonstrated to a certain extent by Aldini, and is now proved by Du Bois-Reymond;—but, with all the lights of science, there has not been the slightest evidence of any attractive or radiant force—nothing, indeed, in the remotest degree resembling magnetism under any of its modifications.

Dr. Du Bois-Reymond, being in this country, exhibited his experiments at the Royal Institution; and Dr. Benck Jones, anxious that the researches of his friend should be clearly understood, undertook the translation of an abstract of the large German work which was made by Dr. John Müller, Professor of Physics in Freiburg. Those who read with attention will learn many most important facts from this work—but it demands such atten-

tion. Those who may idly skim over the curious pages of the book, will be very apt to fall into the error to which we have already alluded, of thinking that it gives proof of the identity of life and electricity;—and thus, it may be made a means of perpetuating one of the most dangerous dogmas of pseudo-philosophers. It proves, in fact, no more than this:—In all the operations of vitality we have manifestations of physical force;—and, as we find that in our examination of the phenomena of change in inorganic matter each form of force tends to the development of another—thus, chemical action effects those disturbances which are sensible to us in the forms of heat and electricity—and these in like manner may develop chemical action or mechanical power—so, life by its mysterious excitation produces disturbances which result in rendering sensible electricity, and those subtle agencies which interpenetrate all matter.

There is no part of this small work which we have read with greater interest than the chapter in which is examined the much disputed merits of Galvani and of Volta. As the ridiculous story of the accidental discovery of galvanism is rife in the popular mind, we cannot do better than extract the following remarks of Du Bois-Reymond, which show most satisfactorily that Galvani advanced by a system of induction, and approached very nearly to the truth which it was reserved for Volta finally to discover:—

No one who has read Galvani's writings can without reverence turn away from the simple picture of that man, whose restless yet blind labors and naive desire for knowledge were destined to bear such fruits. Every one will easily excuse his having wandered in that way which we shall soon see him take. The problem presented to him was an equation with two unknown quantities, one of which was the galvanism which Volta discovered, the other animal electricity—which latter, after half a century, now again appears claiming its proper place. Galvani really discovered not only the fundamental physiological experiment of galvanism, properly so called (the contraction of the frog when touched with dissimilar metals), but also that of the electricity inherent in the nerves and muscles. Both of these discoveries were, however, hidden in such a confusion of circumstances, that the result in both cases appeared equally to depend upon the limbs or tissues of the animals employed. . . . After Galvani had examined the shock produced by a spark from the electric machine on a frog prepared for that purpose, he tried the same experiment with lightning. These experiments occupied him during the summer of 1786. In the autumn of the same year he endeavored to discover the action of atmospheric electricity on the prepared legs of a frog when the sky was stormless. It was on the 20th of September that Galvani made that eventful observation upon muscular contraction in animals which forms the starting-point of the new science of electricity. Galvani first published these experiments, with his deductions, in 1791, in his celebrated work, "*De Vivibus Electricitatis in Motu Musculari Commentarius*." In this Commentary, the experiment is represented as having been made with copper hooks (*æreus*), while among Galvani's papers a sketch of an experiment was found, dated the 30th of October, 1786, in which he speaks only of iron hooks. Without doubt this arose from the fact that he became acquainted during his experiments with the properties of combinations of different metals, and that he wished to give the utmost certainty to future repetitions of his first experiment in its original form. Upon the cover of a journal which contains his first experiments in September, 1786, there is this inscription, in Galvani's handwriting:—"Esperimenti circa

l'Elettricità de' Metalli." He had at first, therefore, a true idea of the source of electricity, which was presented to his notice when he discovered the contractions in animals; but this did not last long, for the treatise of October 30 is entitled "*De Animalis Electricitate.*"

Volta's was one of those gifted minds which appear to possess the power of intuitively separating truth from error. He recalled the philosophers from their wanderings, and showed that the production of electricity in Galvani's experiment was due to the contact of heterogeneous metals.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE SONGS OF SCOTLAND.

You must know that all my earlier love-songs were the breathings of ardent passion, and though it might have been easy in after-times to have given them a polish, yet that polish, to me, whose they were, and who perhaps alone cared for them, would have defaced the legend of my heart, which was so faithfully inscribed on them. Their uncooth simplicity was, as they say of wines, their race.—*Burns' Letters to Thomson.*

SCOTLAND is especially rich in its treasures of native music and song. Both are thoroughly national, characteristic, original, and racy of the soil. Wherever you meet with them—abroad or at home, amid the tropics or at the antipodes—their intense nationality of feeling at once reveals their origin.

It may truly be averred that the heart of the Scotch people is written in their songs. They are the vehicle of deepest emotion, of playfulest humor, and of most passionate love.

It was a Scotchman—the patriotic Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun—who said, "Give me the making of a nation's songs, and I will let who pleases make its laws." The full force of this sentiment can scarcely be felt by the English or the American reader; for this reason, that song, in England and America, is not national, as it is in Scotland, where it pervades the moral atmosphere in which the people breathe.

Though the Reformation fell with greater weight upon Scotland than upon any other country, and the sombre influence of Knox and Calvin enveloped the nation, and gave a strong and abiding color to the life, the habits, and character of the people, yet the spirit of song survived amid it all, and the popular voice found its freest vent in melody and verse. The Scotch songs were not heard in the halls of the rich only, but were the familiar entertainment of the poorest cotter in his clay-built biggin. You see this in the character of the Scotch songs to this day. They sing of cottage life, of scanty fire, and of the loves of the poor. The most popular songs of all are those which depict the lot of toil; and through the cheerful, hopeful, and happy spirit which they breathe, they serve to gladden the humblest condition. "Contented wi' little, and cantie wi' mair," is the healthy moral which runs through them all.

Take, for instance, the common old ditty of "Clean Pease Strae," in which the Scotch lass is counselled as to the prominent circumstance which should govern her in the choice of a husband. It is not "respectability," "class position," an "establishment," or any such thing; but pure love and "eident" industry. As usual with the Scotch song, there is a little bit of story in it; but see how simple and natural it is! We quote from memory, so that a slip or two must be excused by the Scotch reader:—

When John an' I were married
Our haddin was but sma';
My minnie, cankered carlin,
Wad gie us nought ava.
We wair't our fee wi' cannie care,
As far as it wad gae.
Then kind we cuddled down at e'en,
'Mang clean pease strae.

By workin' late an' early,
We've come to what you see;
And Fortune thrave aneath our hands,
Sae eident aye were we.
The love o' love made labor light,
And aye ye'll find it sae,
Though you should cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae.

The rose blooms gay on Cairny Banks,
As weel's in Birken Shaw,
And love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha'.
Sae lassie tak' the lad ye like,
Whate'er your minnie say,
Though you should cuddle down at e'en
'Mang clean pease strae.

Scotch songs are not "pretty." Though they have been the rage in drawing-rooms, they are yet born of the people. They were not meant to be merely ornamental; they were the growth of simple taste, of true feeling, often of intense passion. Love, joy, patriotism, are their inspiration: not an affected feeling of things, but real, earnest, genuine feeling. Their power seizes hold of you. They stream with hopes and fears, and bounding delights. Burns often succeeds in working out a drama in a few graphic stanzas, which straightway reach your heart-strings and hold fast by them. Barry Cornwall—no bad judge of good song-writing, says of Burns,—“To my thinking, the sentiment in some of Burns' songs is as fine and as true as anything in Shakespeare himself.” Burns' best songs often approach the ballad in character—comprising a story as well as a sentiment, and yet, at the same time, essentially a song. Take, as an instance of this, his immortal song of "Highland Mary," which is only too long for quotation.

But "Lucy's Flitting," by William Laidlaw, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and for a long time his secretary, is so exquisite an example of the Scotch song-writers' art of embodying a story in a song, that we cannot forbear the temptation of giving it here—

'T was when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fallin',
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist wi' her a' in't,
And left her auld maister and neebors sae dear.
For Lucy had served i' the glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the flower bloomed on the pea:
An orphan was she, and they had been kind till her—
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart, the flittin' to see;
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae his ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
"Fare ye weel, Lucy!" was ilka bird's sang;
She heard the crow saying 't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin 't the brown leaves amang.

Oh, what is 't that pits my pair heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I wasna etled to be any better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?

I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither ;
 Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see ;
 I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither—
 Nae wonder the tears fa' sae fast frae my ee.

Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,
 The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me ;
 Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
 I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
 Though now he said naething but "Fare ye weel,
 Lucy!"
 It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see ;
 He could nae say mair but just "Fare ye weel,
 Lucy!"
 Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit,
 The hare likes the brake and the braid on the lea ;
 But Lucy likes Jamie ;—she turned and she lookit,
 She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
 Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless,
 And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn ;
 For bonny, sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,
 Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return !

You would scarcely expect so much glowing passion among a people so proverbially "cold" as the Scotch. But there you have it, unmistakably intense, in their popular literature—their songs. The love-songs of Scotland are wonderfully full of poetic beauty, and of deep, intense feeling. Not Burns only, but a host of other Scotch song-writers—from poets whose names are lost, though their songs survive, down to Allan Cunningham and James Hogg. There is a verse of a beautiful old song, by a writer whose name has been lost, which Burns adopted as an introduction to several verses of his own ; though they are certainly inferior to this original opening stanzas—

Oh gin my love were yon red rose
 That grows upon the castle wa',
 And I mysel' a drap o' dew
 Into her bonnie breast to fa' !

Oh then, beyond expression blest,
 I'd feast on beauty a' the night,
 Sealed on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
 Till fley'd away by morning's light !

And the exquisite ballads of "Mary of Castle Cary," by Hector Macneill, and of "Mary Morrison," by Motherwell, show that the genius of the Scottish song-writers has not degenerated in modern times.

Songs of humble courtship, too, there are in great abundance, containing pictures of Scottish life such as you can find nowhere else. Some village fair one is depicted in glowing colors, as a very Venus—indeed, to the lover, whether in cottage or palace life, but in the former more than in the latter case, she is all in all, and the personation of everything that is fair and beautiful and loving in woman. "My Peggy is a young thing," by Allan Ramsay, is a charming specimen of this kind of song. "Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion," is another of the same kind ; both words and music of great antiquity. It begins—

Will ye gae to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O, Marion 's a bonnie lass,
 And the blithe blink 's in her ee ;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

There is, sometimes, too, a roguishness about the Scotch singer's description of rustic beauty, which has all the grace of Suckling and Lovelace, with much more than their heartiness and naturalness. What, for instance, can be more exquisite than the little bit of character so deliciously hit off in the following two stanzas of an old Scotch song, in which the rustic poet is describing his mistress!—

In preaching time sae meek she stands,
 Sae saintly and sae bonnie, O,
 I cannot get ae glimpse of grace,
 For thieving looks at Nanie, O ;

My Nanie, O, my Nanie, O ;
 The world 's in love with Nanie, O ;
 That heart is hardly worth the wear
 That wadna love my Nanie, O.

Scotch songs also abound in pictures of domestic peace and comfort. "There 's nae Luck about the House," is a capital specimen of this style of song. A husband is about to arrive at home, after a long absence. The wife speaks :—

But are ye sure the news is true ?
 And are ye sure he 's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?
 Ye jauds, fling by your wheel !
 For there 's nae luck about the house,
 There 's nae luck at a' :
 There is nae luck about the house,
 When our gudeman 's awa'.

Is this a time to think o' wark,
 When Colin 's at the door ?
 Rax down my cloak—I'll to the quay
 And see him come ashore.

* * * * *
 My Turkey slippers I'll put on,
 My stockins o' pearl blue,—
 It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he 's bniht leal and true.

Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
 His breath 's like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in 't
 As he comes up the stair.

And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downricht dizzy wi' the thocht,
 In troth I'm like to greet.
 There 's nae luck, &c.

We could say much of the pauky humor of the Scotch songs, so prominently displayed in such as "Rob Rorrison's Bannit," Robert Nicoll's "Janet Dunbar," and Burns' "Duncan Gray." Here is a verse from the latter song, which may be pronounced unsurpassable, though we despair of conveying to English readers the full force of the native humor it contains :—

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan prayed,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Grat his een baith bleart and blin',
 Spak o' loupin o'er a linn ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

This little verse would require a powerful Scotch glossary to explain it ; for it must be acknowledged to be intensely Doric.

And here we would notice another delicious feature of these Scotch songs—which is their

* A lofty crag off the coast of Ayrshire.

abounding joy in the beauties of external nature. The lover woos his bride "By Logan's Streams," on "Yarrow Braes," along "Loch Erroch side," by the "Birks of Aberfeldy," in "Kelvin Grove," while "Comin' through the Rye," or "Low down in the Broom," or "When the Kye come Hame," or "Amang the Riggs o' Barley." In these popular songs you have a succession of beautiful pastoral pictures, lit up by the glowing sentiment of love. The scenes are mostly laid in the open air, amidst pastures, and woods, and green fields, or by the gentle flow of some winding stream. Thus the scenery of Scotland has become immortalized through its songs, and the "Yellow broom of Cowdenknowes," the "Bush aboon Traquair," the "Birks of Invermay," the "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon," are known and sung wherever the English language has reached.

These Scotch songs have served to make Scotland dear to thousands of hearts not knit to her by the ties of country or of kindred; while the memory of them, as sung by the lips most loved on earth, keeps the hearts of Scotchmen ever warm towards their native land, though sundered from it by broad oceans and continents. Thus "Auld Lang Syne" is sung by Scotchmen, in chorus, on the banks of the Ganges, or the Yarra Yarra, and their eyes glisten, and their hearts throb, as they recall to mind the home of their youth, and the many dear friends they have left behind them there.

Robert Nicoll has told a story of the influence of one of the popular songs of Scotland upon a Highland soldier engaged in the expedition to Buenos Ayres many years ago. The soldier had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards. Having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled the inhabitants to lead, he had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side, and sung him "Lochaber no more." The spell was instantly on him. The tears came into his eyes, and, wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, "*Lochaber nae mair! I naun gang back—Na!*" The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where, at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave.

A theory has been formed of the origin of this characteristic national song amongst the Scotch—so different from anything on this side of the Tweed. It has been attributed to the mountainous country and to the strong patriotic feelings which the inhabitants of such a country are supposed to cherish for it, in comparison with the inhabitants of more level and fertile countries. But this theory is, we think, disposed of by the fact, that the national song of Scotland is almost entirely confined to the Lowlands—the richest, most fertile, and level part of the country—scarcely, in these respects, to be distinguished from England. There are many parts of England, from the Border down to the West Riding of Yorkshire, which are more mountainous than the lowlands of Scotland; and yet they have not produced a native song that we know of. The Highlanders, who inhabit the mountainous and picturesque part of Scotland, have added very little to its stores of national music,

except a few wild pibrochs, befitting the uncouth instrument on which they are usually played—the Highland bagpipe. The Scotch songs are not Celtic, nor are they wedded to Celtic words, but to the Lowland Doric Scotch—a dialect of the mixed Saxon, Danish, and Norman, like our own English.

But where has the music come from? From what ancient race have these beautiful old-world melodies descended? Some of them are doubtless native to the people—have been created by them, sung by them, and handed down to their children. Others have been transplanted there from other lands—by English, French, Italian, and Irish minstrels; and the affinity which the Scotch possessed for certain kinds of music rather than for others, made them cherish such songs and add them to their national stores. Thus they became national, though the traces of their origin were lost. Some of the finest old Scotch melodies have been traced back to the times when the Catholic was the national religion in Scotland; the old chants which, before the Reformation, were sung in the churches, having then been taken and adapted to popular songs—sometimes satirical, sometimes religious, but mostly secular. And thus these sacred chants, under many names, were added to the stock of national songs. The Scottish princes were also in the practice of employing foreign musicians at their court; and these must have familiarized the musicians of the day with the songs of other lands. Thus David Rizzio transplanted into Scotland many of the finest songs of his native Italy; and to this day the tune of "The bonny Broom o' Cowdenknowes" is as familiar to the peasants of the north of Italy as it is to those of Scotland. Chatelain, a Frenchman, one of Mary's secretaries, was also highly skilled in music, and many tender Scottish melodies are said to have been introduced by him from his native country.

The Irish also lay claim to many of the reputed Scotch airs—for instance, to "Grammachree," which the Scotch knows as "The Maid in Bedlam," to "Maggy Lauder," and many other airs. They have also recently put in a claim for the song of a writer so recently dead as Thomas Campbell, and allege that one George Nugent Reynolds, who wrote nothing else, was the real author of the "Exile of Erin." Only a few weeks ago, we observed that a writer in the *Nation* claimed Ossian for an Irish poet, and mentioned distinctly the place where he was born and flourished—somewhere in the north of Ireland. Doubtless, the same writer could, with equal ease, inform us of the number of Ossian's children, who his publisher was, and how much he got for the copyright of his book—which was rather more than Macpherson knew, to whom the poems of Ossian are now attributed by general consent. But we see strange things in Irish papers sometimes!

To return. These Scotch songs are a mixture of native, English, Irish, and foreign. But it does not matter where the Scotch got them. They have made them their own, by marrying them to immortal words, by singing them to their children, in their homes, at their merry-makings, in hut and in hall. These Scotch songs have got hold of the entire popular heart of Scotland; and they cling there. The writers of words for the songs—the Scottish poets—have written them for the people—for the nation—for the many—not for the few. They have said to themselves, as Beranger did,

"The people—that is my muse." They took up the melodies which they found floating around them, and wrote them on the people's hearts by means of words full of pure feeling, noble sentiment, and virtuous patriotism. Read Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' that." There is a song for a nation! For deep feeling, read "The Land o' the Leal," or "To Mury in Heaven." These form the truly immortal essence—the soul and spirit—of Scottish song. But they belong to universal man, for they appeal to the universal human feelings and affections; and thus it is that they reach the universal human heart.

Let the song-writers of any country so labor, in such a spirit and with such an aim, and they too will succeed in creating a national song. There may be much in the temperament of a people; and doubtless the Scotch music has, in a great measure, grown out of their peculiar character. But let English writers—such as Tennyson, and Browning, and Bailey—aim at the nation's heart in what they write—let them seek to be less classical and more universal—let them think more of nature and less of art, and they, too, through their songs would be enabled to hallow the homes of the English people, and to sanctify their affections, their freedom, and their worth, through the noble instrumentality of song.

From Chambers' Journal.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS IN THE '93.

A PUBLIC library had been established by subscription among the citizens of Dumfries in September, 1792, and Burns, ever eager about books, had been from the first one of its supporters. Before it was a week old, he had presented to it a copy of his poems. He does not seem to have been a regularly admitted member till 5th March, 1793, when "the committee, by a great majority, resolved to offer to Mr. Robert Burns a share in the library, free of any admission-money [10s. 6d.] and the quarterly contributions [2s. 6d.] to this date, out of respect and esteem for his abilities as a literary man; and they directed the secretary to make this known to Mr. Burns as soon as possible, that the application which they understood he was about to make in the ordinary way might be anticipated." This is a pleasing testimony to Burns as a poet, but still more so to Burns as a citizen and member of society. His name appears in September as a member of committee—an honor assigned by vote of the members.

On the 30th of this month, the liberal poet bestowed four books upon the library—namely, *Humphry Clinker*, *Julia de Roubigné*, *Knor's History of the Reformation*, and *Delolme on the British Constitution*. The present intelligent librarian, Mr. M'Robert, reports, respecting the last-mentioned work, a curious anecdote, which he learned directly from the late Provost Thomson of Dumfries. Early in the morning after Delolme had been presented, Burns came to Mr. Thomson's bedside before he was up, anxiously desiring to see the volume, as he feared he had written something upon it "which might bring him into trouble." On the volume being shown to him, he looked at the inscription which he had written upon it the previous night, and, having procured some paste, he pasted over it the fly-leaf in such a way as completely to conceal it.

The gentleman who has been good enough to communicate these particulars, adds: "I have seen the volume, which is the edition of 1790, neatly bound, with a portrait of the author at the beginning. Some stains of ink shine through the paper, indicating that there is something written on the back of the engraving; but the fly-leaf being pasted down upon it,

there is nothing legible. On holding the leaf up to the light, however, I distinctly read, in the undoubted manuscript of the poet, the following words:—

"Mr. Burns presents this book to the Library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty—until they find a better. R. B."

"The words, 'until they find a better,' are evidently those which the poet feared 'might bring him into trouble.' Probably, if the inscription had not been written on the back of the engraving, he might have removed it altogether; at all events, his anxiety to conceal it shows what trivial circumstances were in those days sufficient to constitute a political offence." Ay, and to think of this happening in the same month with the writing of *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled!*

Fully to appreciate the feelings of alarm under which Burns acted on this occasion, it must be kept in view that the trial of Mr. Thomas Muir, for sedition, had taken place on the 30th of August, when, in the evidence against him, appeared that of his servant, Ann Fisher, to the effect that he had purchased and distributed certain copies of Paine's *Rights of Man*. The stress laid upon that testimony by the crown-counsel had excited much remark. It might well appear to a government officer like Burns, that his own conduct at such a crisis ought to be in the highest degree circumspect. We do not know exactly the time when the incident which we are about to relate, took place, but it appears likely to have been nearly that of Muir's trial. Our poet one day called upon his quondam neighbor, George Haugh, the blacksmith, and, handing him a copy of Paine's *Common Sense* and *Rights of Man*, desired him to keep these books for him, as, if they were found in his own house, he should be a ruined man. Haugh readily accepted the trust, and the books remained in possession of his family down to a recent period.—*Chambers' Life and Works of Burns, Vol. IV., just published, and reprinted by Harper & Brothers.*

THE HARE AND THE LION: AN INDIAN POLITICAL LIBEL.—Who knows not this story? Nevertheless, we publish it; for even as the hare conquered the lion, so does the Bengalee overcome the Englishman.—A hare sat in the jungle with his wife, and he said: "There is our king, the lion, come into the wood, and he will devour our children." "No," said the little hare, "for I will go to confront him, and conquer the great lion, the king of the beasts." Then her husband laughed, and said: "Intellect is power; we can die but once; let us see what you can do." Then the little hare, taking her little son in her paws, jumped and jumped till she came to the lion. Then she put down her son before his face, and put her two paws together in all humility, and said: "Lo! king of kings, I have brought you a muzzurana; oblige me by eating it. Also, I have some news to give you." Then the lion looked at the hare's baby, and saw it was soft and juicy, and was pleased in his soul, and laughed, and his laugh was as the roar of the thunder of Indro. Then he asked her the news, and the little hare replied: "You are the sovereign of the forest, but another has come who calls himself king of the beasts, and demands tribute." Then the roar of the lion shook the forest, and the little hare nearly died with fear as he asked: "Where is the scoundrel? Can you show him to me?" Then the little hare leaped along with the lion till she came to an old well. The well was nearly full, but had no wall. And she said: "Look, he is hiding there in fear." Then the lion, craning his neck, looked and saw his own shadow, and, with a fearful roar, leaped into the well. So the little hare, with a glad heart, took up her son, and went to her husband, and said: "Lo! intellect is power; I have killed the lion, the king of the beasts."—*From the Sumochar Durpun a Bengalee newspaper, of the 2d August, 1851.*

BOOK XII. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER IX.

WE are at Norwood in the sage's drawing-room. Violante has long since retired to rest. Harley, who had accompanied the father and daughter to their home, is still conversing with the former.

"Indeed, my dear duke," said Harley—

"Hush, hush! *Diavolo*, don't call me duke yet; I am at home here once more as Dr. Riccabocca."

"My dear doctor, then, allow me to assure you that you overrate my claim to your thanks. Your old friends Leonard and Frank Hazelden must come in for their share. Nor is the faithful Giacomo to be forgotten."

"Continue your explanation."

"In the first place, I learned, through Frank, that one Baron Levy, a certain fashionable money-lender, and general ministrant to the affairs of fine gentlemen, was just about to purchase a yacht from Lord Spendquick on behalf of the count. A short interview with Spendquick enabled me to outbid the usurer, and conclude a bargain, by which the yacht became mine; a promise to assist Spendquick in extricating himself from the claws of the money-lender (which I trust to do by reconciling him with his father, who is a man of liberality and sense), made Spendquick readily connive at my scheme for outwitting the enemy. He allowed Levy to suppose that the count might take possession of the vessel; but affecting an engagement, and standing out for terms, postponed the final settlement of the purchase-money till the next day. I was thus master of the vessel, which I felt sure was destined to serve Peschiera's infamous design. But it was my business not to alarm the count's suspicions: I therefore permitted the pirate crew he had got together to come on board. I knew I could get rid of them when necessary. Meanwhile, Frank undertook to keep close to the count until he could see and cage within his lodgings the servant whom Peschiera had commissioned to attend his sister. If I could but apprehend this servant, I had a sanguine hope that I could discover and free your daughter before Peschiera could even profane her with his presence. But Frank, alas! was no pupil of Machiavel. Perhaps the count detected his secret thoughts under his open countenance; perhaps merely wished to get rid of a companion very much in his way; but, at all events, he contrived to elude our young friend as cleverly as you or I could have done—told him that Beatrice herself was at Rochampton—had borrowed the count's carriage to go there—volunteered to take Frank to the house—took him. Frank found himself in a drawing-room; and after waiting a few minutes, while the count went out on pretence of seeing his sister, in pirouetted a certain distinguished opera-dancer. Meanwhile the count was fast back on the road to London, and Frank had to return as he could. He then hunted for the count everywhere, and saw him no more. It was late in the day when Frank found me out with this news. I became seriously alarmed. Peschiera might perhaps learn my counter scheme with the yacht—or he might postpone sailing until he had terrified or entangled Violante into some—in short, everything was to be dreaded from a man of the count's temper. I had no clue to the place to which your daughter was taken—no excuse to arrest Peschiera—no means even of learning where

he was. He had not returned to Mivart's. The police were at fault, and useless, except in one valuable piece of information. They told me where some of your countrymen, whom Peschiera's perfidy had sent into exile, were to be found. I commissioned Giacomo to seek these men out, and induce them to man the vessel. It might be necessary, should Peschiera or his confidential servants come aboard, after we had expelled or drawn off the pirate crew, that they should find Italians whom they might well mistake for their own hirelings. To these foreigners I added some English sailors who had before served in the same vessel, and on whom Spendquick assured me I could rely. Still these precautions only availed in case Peschiera should resolve to sail, and defer till then all machinations against his captives. While, amidst my fears and uncertainties, I was struggling still to preserve presence of mind, and rapidly discussing with the Austrian prince if any other steps could be taken, or if our sole resource was to repair to the vessel and take the chance of what might ensue, Leonard suddenly and quietly entered my room. You know his countenance, in which joy or sadness is not betrayed so much by the evidence of the passions as by variations in the intellectual expression. It was but by the clearer brow and the steadier eye that I saw he had good tidings to impart."

"Ah," said Riccabocca—for so, obeying his own request, we will yet call the sage—"ah, I early taught that young man the great lesson inculcated by Helvetius. All our errors arise from our ignorance or our passions. Without ignorance, and without passions, we should be serene, all-penetrating intelligences."

"Mopsticks," quoth Harley, "have neither ignorance nor passions; but as for their intelligence"—

"Pshaw!" interrupted Riccabocca—"Proceed."

"Leonard had parted from us some hours before. I had commissioned him to call at Madame di Negra's and, as he was familiarly known to her servants, seek to obtain quietly all the information he could collect, and, at all events, procure (what in my haste I had failed to do) the name and description of the man who had driven her out in the morning, and make what use he judged best of every hint he could gather or glean that might aid our researches. Leonard only succeeded in learning the name and description of the coachman, whom he recognized as one Beppo, to whom she had often given orders in his presence. None could say where he then could be found, if not at the count's hotel. Leonard went next to that hotel. The man had not been there all the day. While revolving what next he should do, his eye caught sight of your intended son-in-law, gliding across the opposite side of the street. One of those luminous, inspiring conjectures, which never occur to you philosophers, had from the first guided Leonard to believe that Randal Leslie was mixed up in this villainous affair."

"Ha! he!" cried Riccabocca. "Impossible! For what interest?—what object?"

"I cannot tell; neither could Leonard; but we had both formed the same conjecture. Brief:—Leonard resolved to follow Randal Leslie, and track

all his movements. He did then follow him, unobserved, and at a distance—first to Audley Egerton's house—then to Eaton Square—thence to a house in Bruton Street, which Leonard ascertained to be Baron Levy's. Suspicious that, my dear sage?"

"*Diavolo*—yes!" said Riccabocca thoughtfully.

"At Levy's, Randal staid till dusk. He then came out, with his cat-like, stealthy step, and walked quickly into the neighborhood of Leicester Square. Leonard saw him enter one of those small hotels which are appropriated to foreigners. Wild, outlandish fellows were loitering about the door and in the street. Leonard divined that the count, or the count's confidants, were there."

"If that can be proved," cried Riccabocca—"if Randal could have been thus in communication with Peschiera—could have connived at such perfidy—I am released from my promise. Oh, to prove it!"

"Proof will come later, if we are on the right track. Let me go on. While waiting near the door of this hotel, Beppo himself, the very man Leonard was in search of, came forth, and, after speaking a few words to some of the loitering foreigners, walked briskly towards Piccadilly. Leonard here resigned all further heed of Leslie, and gave chase to Beppo, whom he recognized at a glance. Coming up to him, he said quietly, 'I have a letter for the Marchesa di Negra. She told me I was to send it to her by you. I have been searching for you the whole day.' The man fell into the trap, and the more easily, because—as he since owned in excuse for a simplicity which, I dare say, weighed on his conscience more than any of the thousand-and-one crimes he may have committed in the course of his illustrious life—he had been employed by the marchesa as a spy upon Leonard, and, with an Italian's acumen in affairs of the heart, detected her secret."

"What secret?" asked the innocent sage.

"Her love for the handsome young poet. I betray that secret, in order to give her some slight excuse for becoming Peschiera's tool. She believed Leonard to be in love with your daughter, and jealousy urged her to treason. Violante, no doubt, will explain this to you. Well, the man fell into the trap. 'Give me the letter, signior, and quick.'"

"It is at a hotel close by; come there, and you will have a guinea for your trouble."

"So Leonard walked our gentleman into my hotel; and having taken him into my dressing-room, turned the key, and there left him. On hearing this capture, the prince and myself hastened to see our prisoner. He was at first sullen and silent; but when the prince disclosed his rank and name (you know the mysterious terror the meaner Italians feel for an Austrian magnate), his countenance changed, and his courage fell. What with threats, and what with promises, we soon obtained all that we sought to know; and an offered bribe, which I calculated at ten times the amount the rogue could ever expect to receive from his spendthrift master, finally bound him cheerfully to our service, soul and body. Thus we learned the dismal place to which your noble daughter had been so perfidiously ensnared. We learned also that the count had not yet visited her, hoping much from the effect that prolonged incarceration might have in weakening her spirit and inducing her submission. Peschiera was to go to the house at midnight, thence to transport her to the vessel. Beppo had received orders to bring the carriage to

Leicester Square, where Peschiera would join him. The count (as Leonard surmised) had taken skulking refuge at the hotel in which Randal Leslie had disappeared. The prince, Leonard, Frank (who was then in the hotel), and myself, held a short council. Should we go at once to the house, and, by the help of the police, force an entrance, and rescue your daughter? This was a very hazardous resource. The abode, which, at various times, had served for the hiding-place of men hunted by the law, abounded, according to our informant, in subterranean vaults and secret passages, and had more than one outlet on the river. At our first summons at the door, therefore, the ruffians within might not only escape themselves, but carry off their prisoner. The door was strong, and before our entrance could be forced, all trace of her we sought might be lost. Again, too, the prince was desirous of bringing Peschiera's guilty design home to him—anxious to be able to state to the emperor, and to the great minister, his kinsman, that he himself had witnessed the count's vile abuse of the emperor's permission to wed your daughter. In short, while I only thought of Violante, the prince thought also of her father's recall to his dukedom. Yet still to leave Violante in that terrible house, even for an hour, a few minutes, subjected to the actual presence of Peschiera, unguarded save by the feeble and false woman who had betrayed, and might still desert her—how contemplate that fearful risk? What might not happen in the interval between Peschiera's visit to the house, and his appearance with his victim on the vessel? An idea flashed on me—Beppo was to conduct the count to the house; if I could accompany Beppo in disguise—enter the house—myself be present—I rushed back to our informant, now become our agent; I found the plan still more feasible than I had at first supposed. Beppo had asked the count's permission to bring with him a brother accustomed to the sea, and who wished to quit England. I might personate that brother. You know that the Italian language, in most of its dialects and varieties of patois—Genoese, Piedmontese, Venetian—is as familiar to me as Addison's English. Alas! rather more so. Presto! the thing was settled. I felt my heart, from that moment, as light as a feather, and my sense as keen as the dart which a feather wings. My plans now were formed in a breath, and explained in a sentence. It was right that you should be present on the vessel, not only to witness your foe's downfall, but to receive your child in a father's arms. Leonard set out to Norwood for you, cautioned not to define too precisely for what object you were wanted, till on board the vessel.

"Frank, accompanied by Beppo (for there was yet time for these preparations before midnight), repaired to the yacht, taking Giacomo by the way. There our new ally, familiar to most of that piratical crew, and sanctioned by the presence of Frank, as the count's friend, and prospective brother-in-law, told Peschiera's hirelings that they were to quit the vessel, and wait on shore under Giacomo's auspices till further orders; and as soon as the decks were cleared of these ruffians (save a few left to avoid suspicion, and who were afterwards safely stowed down in the hold), and as soon as Giacomo had lodged his convoy in a public-house, where he quitted them, drinking his health over unlimited rations of grog, your inestimable servant quietly shipped on board the Ital-

ians pressed into the service, and Frank took charge of the English sailors.

"The prince, promising to be on board in due time, then left me to make arrangements for his journey to Vienna with the dawn. I hastened to a masquerade warehouse, where, with the help of an ingenious stage-wright artificer, I disguised myself into a most thorough-paced-looking cut-throat, and then waited the return of my friend Beppo with the most perfect confidence."

"Yet, if that rascal had played false, all these precautions were lost. *Cospetto!* you were not wise," said the prudent philosopher.

"Very likely not. You would have been so wise, that by this time your daughter would have been lost to you forever."

"But why not employ the police?"

"First—Because I had employed them to little purpose. Secondly—Because I no longer wanted them. Thirdly—Because to use them for my final catastrophe would be to drag your name, and your daughter's, perhaps, before a police court; at all events, before the tribunal of public gossip. And, lastly—Because, having decided upon the proper punishment, it had too much of equity to be quite consistent with law; and in forcibly seizing a man's person, and shipping him off to Norway, my police would have been sadly in the way. Certainly my plan rather savors of Lope de Vega than of Judge Blackstone. However, you see success atones for all irregularities. I resume:—Beppo came back in time to narrate all the arrangements that had been made, and to inform me that a servant from the count had come on board just as our new crew were assembled there, to order the boat to be at the place where we found it. The servant it was deemed prudent to detain and secure. Giacomo undertook to manage the boat. I am nearly at the close of mystery. Sure of my disguise, I got on the coach-box with Beppo. The count arrived at the spot appointed, and did not even honor myself with a question or glance. 'Your brother?' he said to Beppo; 'one might guess that; he has the family likeness. Not a handsome race yours! Drive on.'

"We arrived at the house. I dismounted to open the carriage-door. The count gave me one look.

"Beppo says you have known the sea."

"Excellency, yes. I am a Genoese."

"Ha! how is that? Beppo is a Lombard."—Admire the readiness with which I redeemed my blunder.

"Excellency, it pleased Heaven that Beppo should be born in Lombardy, and then to remove my respected parents to Genoa, at which city they were so kindly treated that my mother, in common gratitude, was bound to increase its population. It was all she could do, poor woman. You see she did her best."

"The count smiled, and said no more. The door opened—I followed him; your daughter can tell you the rest."

"And you risked your life in that den of miscreants! Noble friend!"

"Risked my life—no; but I risked the count's. There was one moment when my hand was on my trigger, and my soul very near the sin of justifiable homicide. But my tale is done. The count is now on the river, and will soon be on the salt seas—though not bound to Norway as I had first intended. I could not inflict that frigid voyage on his sister. So the men have orders to cruise

about for six days, keeping aloof from shore, and they will then land the count and the marchesa, by boat, on the French coast. That delay will give time for the prince to arrive at Vienna before the count could follow him."

"Would he have that audacity?"

"Do him more justice! Audacity, faith! he does not want for that. But I dreaded not his appearance at Vienna, with such evidence against him. I dreaded his encountering the prince on the road, and forcing a duel, before his character was so blasted that the prince could refuse it:—and the count is a dead shot of course; all such men are!"

"He will return, and you—"

"I!—Oh, never fear; he has had enough of me. And now, my dear friend—now that Violante is safe once more under your own roof—now that my honored mother must long ere this have been satisfied by Leonard, who left us to go to her, that our success has been achieved without danger, and, what she will value almost as much, without scandal—now that your foe is powerless as a reed floating on the water towards its own rot, and the prince is perhaps about to enter his carriage on the road to Dover, charged with the mission of restoring to Italy her worthiest son—let me dismiss you to your own happy slumbers, and allow me to wrap myself in my cloak, and snatch a short sleep on the sofa, till yonder gray dawn has mellowed into ripener day. My eyes are heavy, and if you stay here three minutes longer, I shall be out of reach of hearing—in the land of dreams. *Buona notte!*"

"But there is a bed prepared for you."

Harley shook his head in dissent, and composed himself at length on the sofa.

Riccabocca bending, wrapped the cloak round his guest, kissed him on the forehead, and crept out of the room to rejoin Jemima, who still sat up for him, nervously anxious to learn from him those explanations which her considerate affection would not allow her to ask from the agitated and exhausted Violante. "Not in bed!" cried the sage, on seeing her. "Have you no feelings of compassion for my son that is to be? Just, too, when there is a reasonable probability that we can afford a son!"

Riccabocca here laughed merrily, and his wife threw herself on his shoulder, and cried for joy.

But no sleep fell on the lids of Harley L'Es-trange. He started up when his host had left him, paced the apartment, with noiseless but rapid stride. All whim and levity had vanished from his face, which, by the light of the dawn, seemed death-like pale. On that pale face there was all the struggle, and all the anguish of passion.

"These arms have clasped her," he murmured; "these lips have inhaled her breath. I am under the same roof, and she is saved—saved evermore from danger and from penury, and forever divided from me. Courage, courage! Oh, honor, duty; and thou, dark memory of the past—thou that didst pledge love at least to the grave—support—defend me! Can I be so weak!"

The sun was in the wintry skies, when Harley stole from the house. No one was stirring except Giacomo, who stood by the threshold of the door, which he had just unbarred, feeding the house-dog. "Good-day," said the servant, smiling. "The dog has not been of much use, but I don't think the padrone will henceforth grudge him a

breakfast. I shall take him to Italy, and marry him there, in the hope of improving the breed of our native Lombard dogs."

"Ah!" said Harley, "you will soon leave our cold shores. May sunshine settle on you all." He paused, and looked up at the closed windows wistfully.

"The signorina sleeps there," said Giacomo, in a husky voice, "just over the room in which you slept."

"I know it," muttered Harley. "An instinct told me of it. Open the gate; I must go home. My excuses to your lord, and to all."

He turned a deaf ear to Giacomo's entreaties to stay till at least the signorina was up—the signorina whom he had saved. Without trusting himself to speak further, he quitted the demesne, and walked with swift strides towards London.

CHAPTER X.

HARLEY had not long reached his hotel, and was still seated before his untasted breakfast, when Mr. Randal Leslie was announced. Randal, who was in the firm belief that Violante was now on the wide seas with Peschiera, entered, looking the very personation of anxiety and fatigue. For, like the great Cardinal Richelieu, Randal had learned the art how to make good use of his own delicate and somewhat sickly aspect. The cardinal, when intent on some sanguinary scheme requiring unusual vitality and vigor, contrived to make himself look a harmless sufferer at death's door. And Randal, whose nervous energies could at that moment have whirled him from one end of this huge metropolis to the other, with a speed that would have outstripped a prize pedestrian, now sank into a chair with a jaded weariness that no mother could have seen without compassion. He seemed since the last night to have galloped towards the last stage of consumption.

"Have you discovered no trace, my lord? Speak, speak!"

"Speak—certainly. I am too happy to relieve your mind, my dear Mr. Leslie. What fools we were! Ha! ha!"

"Fools—how?" faltered Randal.

"Of course; the young lady was at her father's house all the time."

"Eh? what?"

"And is there now?"

"It is not possible!" said Randal, in the hollow, dreamy tone of a somnambulist. "At her father's house—at Norwood! Are you sure?"

"Sure."

Randal made a desperate and successful effort at self-control. "Heaven be praised!" he cried. "And just as I had begun to suspect the count—the marchesa; for I find that neither of them slept at home last night; and Levy told me that the count had written to him, requesting the baron to discharge his bills, as he should be for some time absent from England."

"Indeed! Well, that is nothing to us—very much to Baron Levy, if he executes his commission, and discharges the bills. What! are you going already?"

"Do you ask such a question? How can I stay? I must go to Norwood—must see Violante with my own eyes! Forgive my emotion—I—"

Randal snatched at his hat and hurried away. The low scornful laugh of Harley followed him as he went.

"I have no more doubt of his guilt than Leonard has. Violante at least shall not be the prize of that thin-lipped knave. What strange fascination can he possess, that he should thus bind to him the two men I value most—Audley Egerton, and Alphonso di Serrano? Both so wise too!—One in books, one in action. And both suspicious men! While I, so imprudently trustful and frank—Ah! that is the reason; our natures are antipathetic—cunning, simulation, falsehood. I have no mercy, no pardon for these. Woe to all hypocrites if I were a grand Inquisitor!"

"Mr. Richard Avenel," said the waiter, throwing open the door.

Harley caught at the arm of the chair on which he sat, and grasped it nervously; while his eyes became fixed intently on the form of the gentleman who now advanced into the room. He rose with an effort.

"Mr. Avenel!" he said falteringly. "Did I hear your name aright? Avenel?"

"Richard Avenel at your service, my lord," answered Dick. "My family is not unknown to you; and I am not ashamed of my family, though my parents were small Lancashire tradesfolks. And I am—a—hem!—a citizen of the world, and well to do!" added Dick, dropping his kid gloves into his hat, and then placing the hat on the table, with the air of an old acquaintance who wishes to make himself at home.

Lord L'Estrange bowed and said, as he reseated himself—(Dick being firmly seated already)—"You are most welcome, sir; and if there be anything I can do for one of your name—"

"Thank you, my lord," interrupted Dick. "I want nothing of any man. A bold word to say; but I say it. Nevertheless, I should not have presumed to call on your lordship, unless, indeed, you had done me the honor to call first at my house, Eaton Square, No. * * *.—I should not have presumed to call, if it had not been on business;—public business I may say—NATIONAL business!"

Harley bowed again. A faint smile fitted for a moment to his lip, but, vanishing, gave way to a mournful, absent expression of countenance, as he scanned the handsome features before him, and, perhaps, masculine and bold though they were, still discovered something of a family likeness to one whose beauty had once been his ideal of female loveliness; for suddenly he stretched forth his hand, and said, with more than his usual cordial sweetness, "Business, or not business; let us speak to each other as friends—for the sake of a name that takes me back to Lancashire—to my youth. I listen to you with interest."

Richard Avenel, much surprised by this unexpected kindness, and touched, he knew not why, by the soft and melancholy tone of Harley's voice, warmly pressed the hand held out to him; and, seized with a rare fit of shyness, colored, and coughed, and hemmed, and looked first down, then aside, before he could find the words which were generally ready enough at his command.

"You are very good, Lord L'Estrange; nothing can be handsomer, I feel it here, my lord," striking his buff waistcoat—"I do, 'pon my honor. But not to waste your time (time's money), I come to the point. It is about the borough of Lancashire. Your family interest is very strong in that borough. But excuse me if I say that I don't think you are aware that I too have cooked up a pretty considerable interest on the other side. No offence—opinions are free. And the popular tide

runs strong with us—I mean with *me*, at the impending crisis—that is, at the next election. Now, I have a great respect for the earl, your father; and so have those who brought me into the world;—my father, John, was always a regular good Blue; and my respect for yourself since I came into this room has gone up in the market—a very great rise indeed. So I should just like to see if we could set our heads together, and settle the borough between us two, in a snug private way, as public men ought to do when they get together—nobody else by, and no necessity for that sort of humbug—which is so common in this humbugging old country. Eh, my lord?"

"Mr. Avenel," said Harley, slowly recovering himself from the abstraction with which he had listened to Dick's earlier sentences, "I fear I do not quite understand you; but I have no other interest in the next election for the borough of Lansmere, than as may serve one whom, whatever be your politics, you must acknowledge to be—"

"A Humbug!"

"Mr. Avenel, you cannot mean the person I mean. I speak of one of the first statesmen of our time—of Mr. Audley Egerton—of—"

"A stiff-necked, pompous—"

"My earliest and dearest friend."

The rebuke, though gently said, sufficed to silence Dick for a moment; and when he spoke again, it was in an altered tone.

"I beg your pardon, my lord, I am sure. Of course, I can say nothing disrespectful of your friend;—very sorry that he is your friend. In that case, I am almost afraid that nothing is to be done. But Mr. Audley Egerton has not a chance. Let me convince you of this." And Dick pulled out a little book, bound neatly in red.

"Cannass book, my lord. I am no aristocrat. I don't pretend to carry a free and independent constituency in my breeches' pocket. Heaven forbid! But as a practical man of business—what I do is done properly. Just look at this book. Well kept, eh? Names, promises, inclinations, public opinions, and private interests of every individual Lansmere elector! Now, as one man of honor to another, I show you this book, and I think you will see that we have a clear majority of at least eighty votes as against Mr. Egerton."

"That is your view of the question," said Harley, taking the book and glancing over the names catalogued and ticketed therein. But his countenance became serious, as he recognized many names, familiar to his boyhood, as those of important electors on the Lansmere side, and which he now found transferred to the hostile. "But surely there are persons here in whom you deceive yourself—old friends of my family—staunch supporters of our party."

"Exactly so. But this new question has turned all old things topsy-turvy. No relying on any friend of yours. No reliance except in this book!" said Dick, slapping the red cover with calm but ominous emphasis.

"Now what I want to propose is this; don't let the Lansmere interest be beaten; it would vex the old earl—go to his heart I am sure."

Harley nodded.

"And the Lansmere interest need not be beaten, if you'll put up another man instead of this red-tapist. (Beg pardon.) You see I only want to get in one man—you want to get in another. Why not? Now there's a smart youth—

connection of Mr. Egerton's—Randal Leslie. I have no objection to him, though he is of your colors. Withdraw Mr. Egerton, and I'll withdraw my second man before it comes to the poll; and so we shall halve the borough slick between us. That's the way to do business—eh, my lord?"

"Randal Leslie! Oh, you wish to bring in Mr. Leslie! But he stands with Egerton, not against him."

"Ah!" said Dick, smiling, as if to himself, "so I hear; and we could bring him in over Egerton without saying a word to you. But all our family respect yours, and so I have wished to do the thing handsome and open. Let the earl and your party be content with young Leslie."

"Young Leslie has spoken to you?"

"Of course; but not as to my coming here. Oh no—that's a secret—private and confidential, my lord. And now, to make matters still more smooth, I propose that my man shall be one to your lordship's own heart. I find you have been very kind to my nephew;—does you credit, my lord;—a wonderful young man, though I say it. I never guessed there was so much in him. Yet all the time he was in my house, he had in his desk the very sketch of an invention that is now saving me from ruin—from positive ruin—Baron Levy, the King's Bench—and almighty smash! Now, such a young man ought to be in Parliament. I like to bring forward a relation; that is, when he does one credit;—'tis human nature, and sacred ties—one's own flesh and blood; and, besides, one hand rubs the other, and one leg helps on the other, and relations get on best in the world when they pull together; that is, supposing that they are the proper sort of relations, and pull one on, not down. I had once thought of standing for Lansmere myself—thought of it very lately. The country wants men like me—I know that; but I have an idea that I had better see to my own business. The country may, or may not, do without me, stupid old thing that she is! But my mill and my new engines, there is no doubt that they cannot do without me. In short, as we are quite alone, and, as I said before, there's no kind of necessity for that sort of humbug which exists when other people are present, provide elsewhere for Mr. Egerton, whom I hate like poison—I have a right to do that, I suppose, without offence to your lordship—and the two youngers, Leonard Avenel and Randal Leslie shall be members for the free and independent borough of Lansmere!"

"But, does Leonard wish to come into Parliament?"

"No; he says not; but that's nonsense. If your lordship will just signify your wish that he should not lose this noble opportunity to raise himself in life, and get something handsome out of the nation, I'm sure he owes you too much to hesitate—specially when 't is to his own advantage. And, besides, one of us Avenels ought to be in Parliament. And if I have not the time and learning, and so forth, and he has, why, it stands to reason that he should be the man. And if he can do something for me one day—not that I want anything—but still a Baronetcy or so would be a compliment to British Industry, and be appreciated as such by myself and the public at large;—I say, if he could do something of that sort, it would keep up the whole family; and if he can't, why, I'll forgive him."

"Avenel," said Harley, with that familiar and

gracious charm of manner which few ever could resist—"Avenel, if, as a great personal favor to myself—to me your fellow-townsmen—(I was born at Lansmere)—if I asked you to forego your grudge against Audley Egerton, whatever that grudge be, and not oppose his election, while our party would not oppose your nephew's—could you not oblige me? Come, for the sake of dear Lansmere, and all the old kindly feelings between your family and mine, say 'yes—so shall it be.'"

Richard Avenel was almost melted. He turned away his face; but there suddenly rose to his recollection the scornful brow of Audley Egerton, the lofty contempt with which he, then the worshipful Mayor of Screwtown, had been shown out of the member's office-room; and, the blood rushing over his cheeks, he stamped his foot on the floor, and exclaimed angrily, "No; I swore that Audley Egerton should smart for his insolence to me, as sure as my name be Richard Avenel; and all the soft soap in the world will not wash out that oath. So there is nothing for it but for you to withdraw that man, or for me to defeat him. And I would do so, ay—and in the way that could most gall him, if it cost me half my fortune. But it will not cost that," said Dick, cooling, "nor anything like it; for when the popular tide runs in one's favor, 't is astonishing how cheap an election may be. It will cost him enough though, and all for nothing—worse than nothing. Think of it, my lord."

"I will, Mr. Avenel. And I say, in my turn, that my friendship is as strong as your hate; and that if it cost me, not half, but my whole fortune, Audley Egerton shall come in without a shilling of expense to himself, should we once decide that he stand the contest."

"Very well, my lord—very well," said Dick, stiffly, and drawing on his kid gloves; "we'll see if the aristocracy is always to ride over the free choice of the people in this way. But the people are roused, my lord. The March of Enlightenment is commenced—the Schoolmaster is abroad, and the British Lion—"

"Nobody here but ourselves, my dear Avenel. Is not this rather what you call—*humbug*?"

Dick started, stared, colored, and then burst out laughing—"Give us your hand again, my lord. You are a good fellow, *that* you are. And for your sake—"

"You'll not oppose Egerton?"

"Tooth and nail—tooth and nail!" cried Dick, clapping his hands to his ears, and fairly running out of the room.

There passed over Harley's countenance that change so frequent to it—more frequent, indeed, to the gay children of the world than those of consistent tempers and uniform habits might suppose. There is many a man whom we call friend, and whose face seems familiar to us as our own; yet, could we but take a glimpse of him when we leave his presence, and he sinks back into his chair alone, we should sigh to see how often the smile on the frankest lip is but a bravery of the drill, only worn when on parade.

What thoughts did the visit of Richard Avenel bequeath to Harley? It were hard to define them.

In his place, an Audley Egerton would have taken some comfort from the visit—would have murmured, "Thank Heaven! I have not to present to the world that terrible man as my brother-in-law." But probably Harley had escaped, in his reverie, from Richard Avenel altogether. Even as the slightest incident in the daytime causes our

dreams at night, but is itself clean forgotten—so the name, so the look of the visitor, might have sufficed but to influence a vision—as remote from its casual suggester, as what we call real life is from that life much more real, that we imagine, or remember, in the haunted chambers of the brain. For what is real life? How little the things actually doing around us affect the springs of our sorrow or joy; but the life which our dulness calls romance—the sentiment, the remembrance, the hope, or the fear, that are never seen in the toil of our hands—never heard in the jargon on our lips; from that life all spin, as the spider from its entrails, the web by which we hang in the sunbeam, or glide out of sight into the shelter of home.

"I must not think," said Harley, rousing himself with a sigh, "either of past or present. Let me hurry on to some fancied future. 'Happiest are the marriages,' said the French philosopher, and still says many a sage, 'in which man asks only the mild companion, and woman but the calm protector.' I will go to Helen."

He rose; and as he was about to lock up his *escritoire*, he remembered the papers which Leonard had requested him to read. He took them from their deposit, with a careless hand, intending to carry them with him to his father's house. But as his eye fell upon the characters, the hand suddenly trembled, and he recoiled some paces, as if struck by a violent blow. Then, gazing more intently on the writing, a low cry broke from his lips. He re-seated himself, and began to read.

CHAPTER XI.

RANDAL—with many misgivings at Lord L'Estrange's tone, in which he was at no loss to detect a latent irony—proceeded to Norwood. He found Riccabocca exceedingly cold and distant. But he soon brought that sage to communicate the suspicions which Lord L'Estrange had instilled into his mind, and these Randal was as speedily enabled to dispel. He accounted at once for his visits to Levy and Peschiera. Naturally he had sought Levy, an acquaintance of his own—nay, of Audley Egerton's; but whom he knew to be professionally employed by the count. He had succeeded in extracting from the baron, Peschiera's suspicious change of lodgment from Mivart's Hotel to the purloins of Leicester Square;—had called there on the count—forced an entrance—openly accused him of abstracting Violante; high words had passed between them—even a challenge. Randal produced a note from a military friend of his, whom he had sent to the count an hour after quitting the hotel. This note stated that arrangements were made for a meeting near Lord's Cricket Ground, at seven o'clock the next morning. Randal then submitted to Riccabocca another formal memorandum from the same warlike friend—to the purport that Randal and himself had repaired to the ground and no count been forthcoming. It must be owned that Randal had taken all suitable precautions to clear himself. Such a man is not to blame for want of invention, if he be sometimes doomed to fail.

"I then, much alarmed," continued Randal, "hastened to Baron Levy, who informed me that the count had written him word that he should be for some time absent from England. Rushing thence, in despair, to your friend Lord L'Estrange, I heard that your daughter was safe with you. And though, as I have just proved, I would have risked my life against so notorious a duellist as the count, on the mere chance of preserving Violante

from his supposed designs, I am rejoiced to think that she had no need of my unskilful arm. But how and why can the count have left England, after accepting a challenge? A man so sure of his weapon, too—reputed to be as fearless of danger as he is blunt in conscience. Explain;—you who know mankind so well—explain. I cannot.”

The philosopher could not resist the pleasure of narrating the detection and humiliation of his foe—the wit, ingenuity, and readiness of his friend. So Randal learned, by little and little, the whole drama of the preceding night. He saw, then, that the exile had all reasonable hope of speedy restoration to rank and wealth. Violante, indeed, would be a brilliant prize—too brilliant, perhaps, for Randal—but not to be sacrificed without an effort. Therefore, wringing convulsively the hand of his meditated father-in-law, and turning away his head, as if to conceal his emotions, this ingenuous young suitor faltered forth—“That now Dr. Riccabocca was so soon to vanish into the Duke di Serrano, he—Randal Leslie of Rood, born a gentleman, indeed, but of fallen fortunes—had no right to claim the promise which had been given to him while a father had cause to fear for a daughter’s future; with the fear ceased the promise. Might Heaven bless father and daughter both!”

This address touched both the heart and honor of the exile. Randal Leslie knew his man. And though, before Randal’s visit, Riccabocca was not quite so much a philosopher, but that he would have been well pleased to have found himself released, by proof of the young man’s treachery, from an alliance below the rank to which he had all chance of early restoration; yet no Spaniard was ever more tenacious of plighted word than this inconsistent pupil of the profound Florentine. And Randal’s probity being now clear to him, he repeated, with stately formalities, his previous offer of Violante’s hand.

“But,” still falteringly sighed the provident and far-calculating Randal—“but your only child, your sole heiress! Oh, might not your consent to such a marriage (if known before your recall), jeopardize your cause? Your lands, your principalities, to devolve on the child of an humble Englishman! I dare not believe it. Ah, would Violante were not your heiress!”

“A noble wish,” said Riccabocca, smiling blandly, “and one that the Fates will realize. Cheer up; Violante will not be my heiress.”

“Ah,” cried Randal, drawing a long breath—“ah, what do I hear?”

“Hist! I shall soon a second time be a father. And, to judge by the unerring researches of writers upon that most interesting of all subjects—parturitive science—I shall be the father of a son. He will, of course, succeed to the titles of Serrano and Monteleone. And Violante—”

“Will have nothing, I suppose!” exclaimed Randal, trying his best to look overjoyed, till he had got his paws out of the trap into which he had so incautiously thrust them.

“Nay, her portion by our laws—to say nothing of my affection—would far exceed the ordinary dower which the daughters of London merchants bring to the sons of British peers. Whoever marries Violante, provided I regain my estates, must submit to the cares which the poets assure us ever attend on wealth.”

“Oh!” groaned Randal, as if already bowed

beneath the cares, and sympathizing with the poets.

“Nor need the marriage take place till my son is born; and there is no excuse for dictating to me how to dispose of a daughter. And now, let me present you to your betrothed.”

Although poor Randal had been remorselessly hurried along what Schiller calls the “gamut of feeling,” during the last three minutes, down to the deep chord of despair at the abrupt intelligence that his betrothed was no heiress after all; thence ascending to vibrations of pleasant doubt as to the unborn usurper of her rights, according to the prophecies of parturitive science; and, lastly, swelling into a concord of all sweet thoughts at the assurance that, come what might, she would be a wealthier bride than a peer’s son could discover in the matrimonial Potosi of Lombard Street; still the tormented lover was not there allowed to repose his exhausted though ravished soul. For, at the idea of personally confronting the destined bride—whose very existence had almost vanished from his mind’s eye, amidst the golden showers that it saw falling divinely around her—Randal was suddenly reminded of the exceeding bluntness with which, at their last interview, it had been his policy to announce his suit, and of the necessity of an impromptu *false* suited to the new variations that tossed him again to and fro on the merciless gamut. However, he could not recoil from the father’s proposition, though, in order to prepare Riccabocca for Violante’s representation, he confessed pathetically that his impatience to obtain her consent and baffle Peschiera, had made him appear a rude and presumptuous wooer. The philosopher—who was disposed to believe one kind of courtship to be much the same as another, in cases where the result of all courtships was once predetermined—smiled benignly, patted Randal’s thin cheek, with a “Pooh, pooh, pazzie!” and left the room to summon Violante.

“If knowledge be power,” soliloquized Randal, “ability is certainly good luck, as Miss Edgeworth shows in that story of Murad the Unlucky, which I read at Eton—very clever story it is too. So nothing comes amiss to me. Violante’s escape, which has cost me the count’s ten thousand pounds, proves to be worth to me, I daresay, ten times as much. No doubt she’ll have £100,000 at the least. And then, if her father have no other child after all, or the child he expects die in infancy, why, once reconciled to his government and restored to his estates, the law must take its usual course, and Violante will be the greatest heiress in Europe. As to the young lady herself, I confess she rather awes me; I know I shall be henpecked. Well; all respectable husbands are. There is something scampish and ruffianly in not being henpecked.” Here Randal’s smile might have harmonized well with Pluto’s “iron tears;” but, iron as the smile was, the serious young man was ashamed of it. “What am I about,” said he, half aloud, “chuckling to myself and wasting time when I ought to be thinking gravely how to explain away my former cavalier courtship? Such a masterpiece as I thought it then! But who could foresee the turn things would take? Let me think; let me think. Plague on it, here she comes.”

But Randal had not the fine ear of your more romantic lover; and, to his great relief, the exile entered the room unaccompanied by Violante. Riccabocca looked somewhat embarrassed. “My

dear Leslie, you must excuse my daughter to-day; she is still suffering from the agitation she has gone through, and cannot see you."

The lover tried not to look too delighted.

"Cruel," said he; "yet I would not for worlds force myself on her presence. I hope, duke, that she will not find it too difficult to obey the commands which dispose of her hand, and entrust her happiness to my grateful charge."

"To be plain with you, Randal, she does at present seem to find it more difficult than I foresaw. She even talks of—"

"Another attachment—O heavens!"

"Attachment, *pazzie!* Whom has she seen? No—a convent! But leave it to me. In a calmer hour she will comprehend that a child must know no lot more enviable and holy than that of redeeming a father's honor. And now, if you are returning to London, may I ask you to convey to young Mr. Hazelden my assurances of undying gratitude for his share in my daughter's delivery from that poor baffled swindler."

It is noticeable that, now Peschiera was no longer an object of dread to the nervous father, he became but an object of pity to the philosopher, and of contempt to the grandee.

"True," said Randal, "you told me Frank had a share in Lord L'Estrange's very clever and dramatic device. My lord must be by nature a fine actor—comic, with a touch of melodrama. Poor Frank! apparently he has lost the woman he adored—Beatrice di Negra. You say she has accompanied the count. Is the marriage that was to be between her and Frank broken off?"

"I did not know such a marriage was contemplated. I understood her to be attached to another. Not that that is any reason why she should not have married Mr. Hazelden. Express to him my congratulations on his escape."

"Nay, he must not know that I have inadvertently betrayed his confidence; but you now guess, what perhaps puzzled you before—viz., how I came to be so well acquainted with the count and his movements. I was so intimate with my relation Frank, and Frank was affianced to the marchesa."

"I am glad you give me that explanation: it suffices. After all, the marchesa is not by nature a bad woman—that is, not worse than women generally are; so Harley says, and Violante forgives and excuses her."

"Generous Violante! But it is true. So much did the marchesa appear to me possessed of fine though ill-regulated qualities, that I always considered her disposed to aid in frustrating her brother's criminal designs. So I even said, if I remember right, to Violante."

Dropping this prudent and precautionary sentence, in order to guard against anything Violante might say as to that subtle mention of Beatrice which had predisposed her to confide in the marchesa, Randal then hurried on—"But you want repose. I leave you, the happiest, the most grateful of men. I will give your courteous message to Frank."

CHAPTER XII.

CURIOUS to learn what had passed between Beatrice and Frank, and deeply interested in all that could oust Frank out of the squire's good-will, or aught that could injure his own prospects, by tending to unite son and father, Randal was not slow in reaching his young kinsman's lodgings.

It might be supposed that having, in all probability, just secured so great a fortune as would accompany Violante's hand, Randal might be indifferent to the success of his scheme on the Hazelden exchequer. Such a supposition would grievously wrong this profound young man. For, in the first place, Violante was not yet won, nor her father yet restored to the estates which would defray her dower; and, in the next place, Randal, like Iago, loved villany for the genius it called forth in him. The sole luxury the abstemious aspirer allowed to himself was that which is found in intellectual restlessness. Loathing wine, dead to love, unamused by pleasure, indifferent to the arts, despising literature, save as means to some end of power, Randal Leslie was the incarnation of thought, hatched out of the corruption of will. At twilight we see thin, airy, spectral insects, all wing and nippers, hovering, as if they could never pause, over some sullen, mephitic pool. Just so, methinks, hover over Acheron such gnat-like noiseless soarers into gloomy air out of Stygian deeps, as are the thoughts of spirits like Randal Leslie's. Wings have they, but only the better to pounce down—draw their nutriment from unguarded material cuticles; and just when, maddened, you strike, and exulting exclaim, "Caught, by Jove!" wh—irr flies the diaphanous, ghastly larva, and your blow falls on your own twice-offended cheek.

The young men who were acquainted with Randal, said he had not a vice! The fact being that his whole composition was one epic vice, so elaborately constructed that it had not an episode which a critic could call irrelevant. Grand young man!

"But, my dear fellow," said Randal, as soon as he had learned from Frank all that had passed on board the vessel between him and Beatrice, "I cannot believe this. 'Never loved you!' What was her object, then, in deceiving not only you, but myself? I suspect her declaration was but some heroic refinement of generosity. After her brother's dejection and probable ruin, she might feel that she was no match for you. Then, too, the squire's displeasure. I see it all—just like her—noble, unhappy woman!"

Frank shook his head. "There are moments," said he, with a wisdom that comes out of those instincts which awake from the depths of youth's first great sorrow—"moments when a woman cannot feign, and there are tones in the voice of a woman which men cannot misinterpret. She does not love me—she never did love me: I can see that her heart has been elsewhere. No matter—all is over. I don't deny that I am suffering an intense grief; it gnaws like a kind of sullen hunger; and I feel so broken, too, as if I had grown old, and there was nothing left worth living for. I don't deny all that."

"My poor, dear friend, if you would but believe"—

"I don't want to believe anything, except that I have been a great fool. I don't think I can ever commit such follies again. But I'm a man. I shall get the better of this; I should despise myself if I could not. And now let us talk of my dear father. Has he left town?"

"Left last night by the mail. You can write, and tell him you have given up the marchesa, and all will be well again between you."

"Give her up! Fie, Randal! Do you think I should tell such a lie! She gave me up; I can claim no merit out of that."

"Oh, yes! I can make the squire see all to your advantage. Oh, if it were only the marchesa!—but, alas! that cursed *post-obit*! How could Levy betray you? Never trust to a usurer again; they cannot resist the temptation of a speedy profit. They first buy the son, and then sell him to the father. And the squire has such strange notions on matters of this kind."

"He is right to have them. There, just read this letter from my mother. It came to me this morning. I could hang myself, if I were a dog; but I'm a man, and so I must bear it."

Randal took Mrs. Hazeldean's letter from Frank's trembling hand. The poor mother had learned, though but imperfectly, Frank's misdeeds from some hurried lines which the squire had despatched to her; and she wrote, as good, indulgent, but sensible, right-minded mothers alone can write. More lenient to an imprudent love than the squire, she touched with discreet tenderness on Frank's rash engagements with a foreigner, but severely on his open defiance of his father's wishes. Her anger was, however, reserved for that unholy *post-obit*. Here the hearty, genial wife's love overcame the mother's affection. To count, in cold blood, on that husband's death, and to wound his heart so keenly, just where its jealous, fatherly fondness made it most susceptible!

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" wrote Mrs. Hazeldean, "were it not for this, were it only for your unfortunate attachment to the Italian lady, only for your debts, only for the errors of hasty, extravagant youth, I should be with you now—my arms round your neck, kissing you, chiding you back to your father's heart. But—but the thought that between you and his heart has been the sordid calculation of his death—that is a wall between us. I cannot come near you; I should not like to look on your face, and think how my William's tears fell over it, when I placed you, new-born, in his arms, and bade him welcome his heir. What! you a mere boy still, your father yet in the prime of life, and the heir cannot wait till nature leaves him fatherless! Frank, Frank! This is so unlike you. Can London have ruined already a disposition so honest and affectionate? No; I cannot believe it. There must be some mistake. Clear it up, I implore you; or, though as a mother I pity you, as a wife I cannot forgive."

"HARRIET HAZELDEAN."

Even Randal was affected by the letter; for, as we know, even Randal felt in his own person the strength of family ties. The poor squire's choleric and bluntness had disguised the parental heart from an eye that, however acute, had not been willing to search for it; and Randal, ever affected through his intellect, had despised the very weakness on which he had preyed. But the mother's letter, so just and sensible (allowing that the squire's opinions had naturally influenced the wife to take, what men of the world would call a very exaggerated view of this every-day occurrence of loans raised by a son, payable only at a father's death)—this letter, I say, if exaggerated according to fashionable notions, so sensible, if judged by natural affections, touched the dull heart of the schemer because approved by the quick tact of his intelligence.

"Frank," said he, with a sincerity that afterwards amazed himself, "go down at once to Hazeldean—see your mother, and explain to her how

this transaction really happened. The woman you loved, and wooed as wife, in danger of an arrest—your distraction of mind—Levy's councils—your hope to pay off the debt, so incurred to the usurer, from the fortune you would shortly receive with the marchesa. Speak to your mother—she is a woman; women have a common interest in forgiving all faults that arise from the source of their power over us men;—I mean love. Go!"

"No—I cannot go;—you see she would not like to look on my face. And I cannot repeat what you say so glibly. Besides, somehow or other, as I am so dependent upon my father—and he has said as much—I feel as if it would be mean in me to make any excuses. I did the thing, and must suffer for it. But I'm a man—an—no—I'm not a man here." Frank burst into tears.

At the sight of those tears, Randal gradually recovered from his strange aberration into vulgar and low humanity. His habitual contempt for his kinsman returned; and with contempt came the natural indifference to the sufferings of the thing to be put to use. It is contempt for the worm that makes the angler fix it on the hook, and observe with complacency that the vivacity of its wriggles will attract the bite. If the worm could but make the angler respect, or even fear it, the barb would find some other bait. Few anglers would impale an estimable silkworm, and still fewer the anglers who would finger into service a formidable hornet.

"Pooh, my dear Frank," said Randal; "I have given you my advice; you reject it. Well, what then will you do?"

"I shall ask for leave of absence, and run away somewhere," said Frank, drying his tears. "I can't face London; I can't mix with others. I want to be by myself, and wrestle with all that I feel here—in my heart. Then I shall write to my mother, say the plain truth, and leave her to judge as kindly of me as she can."

"You are quite right. Yes, leave town! Why not go abroad? You have never been abroad. New scenes will distract your mind. Run over to Paris."

"Not to Paris—I don't want gayeties; but I did intend to go abroad somewhere—any dull, dismal hole of a place. Good-bye! Don't think of me any more for the present."

"But let me know where you go; and meanwhile I will see the squire."

"Say as little of me as you can to him. I know you mean most kindly—but oh, how I wish there never had been any third person between me and my father! There; you may well snatch away your hand. What an ungrateful wretch to you I am! I do believe I am the wickedest fellow. What! you shake hands with me still. My dear Randal, you have the best heart—God bless you." Frank turned away, and disappeared within his dressing-room.

"They must be reconciled now, sooner or later—squire and son"—said Randal to himself, as he left the lodgings. "I don't see how I can prevent that—the marchesa being withdrawn—unless Frank does it for me. But it is well he should be abroad—something may be made out of that; meanwhile I may yet do all that I could reasonably hope to do—even if Frank had married Beatrice—since he was not to be disinherited. Get the squire to advance the money for the Thornhill purchase—complete the affair;—this marriage with Violante will help;—Levy must know that;

—secure the borough;—well thought of. I will go to Avenel's. By-the-by—by-the-by—the squire might as well keep me still in the entail after Frank—supposing Frank die childless. This love affair may keep him long from marrying. His hand was very hot—a hectic color;—those strong-looking fellows often go off in a rapid decline, especially if anything preys on their minds—their minds are so very small. Ah—the Hazeldean Parson—and with Avenel! That young man, too—who is he? I have seen him before somewhere. My dear Mr. Dale, this is a pleasant surprise. I thought you had returned to Hazeldean with our friend the squire!"

Mr. Dale.—"The squire. Has he left town, and without telling me?"

Randal, (taking aside the parson.)—"He was anxious to get back to Mrs. Hazeldean, who was naturally very uneasy about her son and this foolish marriage; but I am happy to tell you that that marriage is effectually and permanently broken off."

Mr. Dale.—"How, how? My poor friend told me he had wholly failed to make any impression on Frank—forbade me to mention the subject. I was just going to see Frank myself. I always had some influence with him. But, Randal, explain this very sudden and happy event—the marriage broken off!"

Randal.—"It is a long story, and I dare not tell you my humble share in it. Nay, I must keep that secret. Frank might not forgive me. Suffice it that you have my word that the fair Italian has left England, and decidedly refused Frank's addresses. But stay—take my advice—don't go to him;—you see it was not only the marriage that has offended the squire, but some pecuniary transactions—an unfortunate *post-obit* bond on the Casino property. Frank ought to be left to his own repentant reflections. They will be most salutary—you know his temper—he don't bear reproof; and yet it is better, on the other hand, not to let him treat too lightly what has passed. Let us leave him to himself for a few days. He is in an excellent frame of mind."

Mr. Dale, (shaking Randal's hand warmly.)—"You speak admirably—a *post-obit*!—so often as he has heard his father's opinion on such transactions. No—I will not see him—I should be so angry—"

Randal, (leading the parson back, resumes, after an exchange of salutations with Avenel, who, meanwhile, had been conferring with his nephew.)—"You should not be so long away from your rectory, Mr. Dale. What will your parish do without you?"

Mr. Dale.—"The old fable of the wheel and the fly. I am afraid the wheel rolls on the same. But if I am absent from my parish, I am still in the company of one who does me honor as an old parishioner. You remember Leonard Fairfield, your antagonist in the Battle of the Stocks!"

Mr. Avenel.—"My nephew, I am proud to say, sir."

Randal bowed with marked civility—Leonard with a reserve no less marked.

Mr. Avenel, (ascribing his nephew's reserve to shyness.)—"You should be friends, you two youngsters. Who knows but you run together in the same harness? Ah, that reminds me, Leslie—I have a word or two to say to you. Your servant, Mr. Dale. Shall be happy to present you to

Mrs. Avenel. My card—Eaton Square—Number *** You will call on me to-morrow, Leonard. And mind I shall be very angry if you persist in your refusal. Such an opening!" Avenel took Randal's arm, while the parson and Leonard walked on.

"Any fresh hints as to Lansmere?" asked Randal.

"Yes; I have now decided on the plan of contest. We must fight two and two—you and Egerton against me and (if I can get him to stand, as I hope) my nephew Leonard."

"What," said Randal, alarmed; "then, after all, I can hope for no support from you?"

"I don't say that; but I have reason to think Lord L'Estrange will bestir himself actively in favor of Egerton. If so, it will be a very sharp contest; and I must manage the whole election on our side, and unite all our shaky votes, which I can best do by standing myself in the first instance, reserving it to after consideration whether I shall throw up at the last; for I don't particularly want to come in, as I did a little time ago before I had found out my nephew. Wonderful young man!—with such a head—will do me credit in the rotten old House; and I think I had best leave London, go to Screwtown, and look to my business. No; if Leonard stand, I must first see to get him in; and next to keep Egerton out. It will probably, therefore, end in the return of one and one on either side, as we thought of before. Leonard on our side; and Egerton shan't be the man on the other. You understand!"

"I do, my dear Avenel. Of course, as I before said, I can't dictate to your party whom they should prefer—Egerton or myself. And it will be obvious to the public that your party would rather defeat so eminent an adversary as Mr. Egerton, than a tyro in politics like myself. Of course I cannot scheme for such a result; it would be misconstrued, and damage my character. But I rely equally on your friendly promise."

"Promise! No—I don't promise. I must first see how the cat jumps; and I don't know yet how our friends may like you, nor how they can be managed. All I can say is, that Audley Egerton shan't be M. P. for Lansmere. Meanwhile you will take care not to commit yourself in speaking, so that our party can't vote for you consistently; they must count on having you—when you get into the House."

"I am not a violent party man at present," answered Randal prudently. "And if public opinion prove on your side, it is the duty of a statesman to go with the times."

"Very sensibly said; and I have a private bill or two, and some other little jobs, I want to get through the House, which we can discuss later, should it come to a frank understanding between us. We must arrange how to meet privately at Lansmere, if necessary. I'll see to that. I shall go down this week. I think of taking a hint from the free and glorious land of America, and establishing secret caucuses. Nothing like 'em."

"Caucuses?"

"Small sub-committees that spy on their men night and day, and don't suffer them to be intimated to vote the other way."

"You have an extraordinary head for public affairs, Avenel. You should come into Parliament yourself; your nephew is so very young."

"So are you."

"Yes; but I know the world. Does he!"

"The world knows him, though not by name, and he has been the making of me."

"How! You surprise me."

Avenel first explained about the patent which Leonard had secured to him; and next confided, upon honor, Leonard's identity with the anonymous author whom the parson had supposed to be Professor Moss.

Randal Leslie felt a jealous pang. What! then—had this village boy—this associate of John Burley—(literary vagabond, whom he supposed had long since gone to the dogs, and been buried at the expense of the parish)—had this boy so triumphed over birth, rearing, circumstance, that, if Randal and Leonard had met together in any public place, and Leonard's identity with the rising author been revealed, every eye would have turned from Randal to gaze on Leonard! The common consent of mankind would have acknowledged the supreme royalty of genius when it once leaves its solitude, and strides into the world. What! was this rude villager the child of Fame who, without an effort, and unconsciously, had inspired in the wearied heart of Beatrice di Negra a love that Randal knew, by an instinct, no arts, no craft, could ever create for him in the heart of woman! And, now, did this same youth stand on the same level in the ascent to power as he, the well-born Randal Leslie, the accomplished *protégé* of the superb Audley Egerton! Were they to be rivals in the same arena of practical busy life! Randal gnawed his quivering lip.

All the while, however, the young man whom he so envied was a prey to sorrows deeper far than could ever find room or footing in the narrow and stony heart of the unloving schemer. As Leonard walked through the crowded streets with the friend and monitor of his childhood, confiding the simple tale of his earlier trials—when, amidst the wreck of fortune, and in despair of fame, the Child-Angel smiled by his side, like Hope—all renown seemed to him so barren, all the future so dark. His voice trembled, and his countenance became so sad, that his benignant listener, divining that around the image of Helen there clung some passionate grief that overshadowed all worldly success, drew Leonard gently and gently on, till the young man, long yearning for some confidant, told him all;—how, faithful through long years to one pure and ardent memory, Helen had been seen once more—the child ripened to woman, and the memory revealing itself as love.

The parson listened with a mild and thoughtful brow, which expanded into a more cheerful expression as Leonard closed his story.

"I see no reason to despond," said Mr. Dale. "You fear that Miss Digby does not return your attachment; you dwell upon her reserve—her distant, though kindly manner. Cheer up! All young ladies are under the influence of what phrenologists call the organ of Secretiveness, when they are in the society of the object of their preference. Just as you describe Miss Digby's manner to you, was my Carry's manner to myself."

The parson here indulged in a very appropriate digression upon female modesty, which he wound up by asserting, that that estimable virtue became more and more influenced by the secretive organ, in proportion as the favored suitor approached near and nearer to a definite proposal. It was the duty of a gallant and honorable lover to make that proposal in distinct and orthodox form, before it could

be expected that a young lady should commit herself and the dignity of her sex by the slightest hint as to her own inclinations.

"Next," continued the parson, "you choose to torment yourself by contrasting your own origin and fortune with the altered circumstances of Miss Digby—the ward of Lord L'Estrange, the guest of Lady Lansmere. You say that if Lord L'Estrange could have countenanced such a union, he would have adopted a different tone with you—sounded your heart, encouraged your hopes, and so forth. I view things differently. I have reason to do so; and, from all you have told me of this nobleman's interest in your fate, I venture to make you this promise, that if Miss Digby would accept your hand, Lord L'Estrange shall ratify her choice."

"My dear Mr. Dale," cried Leonard, transported, "you make me that promise!"

"I do—from what I have said, and from what I myself know of Lord L'Estrange. Go then, at once, to Knightsbridge—see Miss Digby—show her your heart—explain to her, if you will, your prospects—ask her permission to apply to Lord L'Estrange (since he has constituted himself her guardian); and if Lord L'Estrange, hesitate—which, if your happiness be set on this union, I think he will not—let me know, and leave the rest to me."

Leonard yielded himself to the parson's persuasive eloquence. Indeed, when he recalled to mind those passages in the MS. of the ill-fated Nora, which referred to the love that Harley had once borne to her—for he felt convinced that Harley and the boy-suitors of Nora's narrative were one and the same); and when all the interest that Harley had taken in his own fortunes was explained by his relationship to her (even when Lord L'Estrange had supposed it less close than he would now discover it to be), the young man, reasoning by his own heart, could not but suppose that the noble Harley would rejoice to confer happiness upon the son of her, so beloved by his boyhood.

"And to thee, perhaps, O my mother!" thought Leonard, with swimming eyes—"to thee, perhaps, even in thy grave, I shall owe the partner of my life, as to the mystic breath of thy genius I owed the first purer aspirations of my soul."

It will be seen that Leonard had not confided to the parson his discovery of Nora's MS., nor even his knowledge of his real birth; for, though the reader is aware of what Mr. Dale knew, and what he suspected, the MS. had not once alluded to the parson; and the proud son naturally shrank from any confidence that might call in question Nora's fair name, until at least Harley, who, it was clear from those papers, must have intimately known his father, should perhaps decide the question which the papers themselves left so terribly vague—viz., whether he were the offspring of a legal marriage, or Nora had been the victim of some unholy fraud.

While the parson still talked, and while Leonard still mused and listened, their steps almost mechanically took the direction towards Knightsbridge, and paused at the gates of Lord Lansmere's house.

"Go in, my young friend; I will wait without to know the issue," said the parson cheerfully. "Go; and, with gratitude to Heaven, learn how to bear the most precious joy that can befall mortal man; or how to submit to youth's sharpest sorrow, with the humble belief that even sorrow is but some mercy concealed."

CHAPTER XIII.

LEONARD was shown into the drawing-room, and it so chanced that Helen was there alone. The girl's soft face was sadly changed, even since Leonard had seen it last; for the grief of natures, mild and undemonstrative as hers, gnaws with quick ravages; but, at Leonard's unexpected entrance, the color rushed so vividly to the pale cheeks that its hectic might be taken for the lustre of bloom and health. She rose hurriedly, and in great confusion faltered out, "that she believed Lady Lansmere was in her room—she would go for her," and moved towards the door, without seeming to notice the hand tremulously held forth to her; when Leonard exclaimed, in uncontrollable emotions which pierced to her very heart, in the keen accent of reproach—

"Oh, Miss Digby—oh, Helen—is it thus that you greet me—rather thus that you shun me? Could I have foreseen this when we two orphans stood by the mournful bridge: so friendless—so desolate—and so clinging each to each? Happy time!" He seized her hand suddenly as he spoke the last words, and bowed his face over it.

"I must not hear you. Do not talk so, Leonard—you break my heart. Let me go—let me go."

"Is it that I am grown hateful to you; is it merely that you see my love and would discourage it. Helen, speak to me—speak!"

He drew her with tender force towards him; and, holding her firmly by both hands, sought to gaze upon the face that she turned from him—turned in such despair.

"You do not know," she said at last, struggling for composure—"you do not know the new claims on me—my altered position—how I am bound—or you would be the last to speak thus to me, the first to give me courage—and bid me—bid me"—

"Bid you what?"

"Feel nothing here but duty!" cried Helen, drawing from his clasp both her hands, and placing them firmly on her breast.

"Miss Digby," said Leonard, after a short pause of bitter reflection, in which he wronged, while he thought to divine, her meaning, "you speak of new claims on you, your altered position I comprehend. You may retain some tender remembrance of the past; but your duty now, is to rebuke my presumption. It is as I thought and feared. This vain reputation which I have made is but a hollow sound—it gives me no rank, assures me no fortune. I have no right to look for the Helen of old in the Helen of to-day. Be it so—forget what I have said, and forgive me."

This reproach stung to the quick the heart to which it appealed. A flush brightened the meek, tearful eyes, almost like the flash of resentment—her lips writhed in torture, and she felt as if all other pain were light compared with the anguish that Leonard could impute to her motives which to her simple nature seemed so unworthy of her, and so galling to himself.

A word rushed as by inspiration to her lip, and that word calmed and soothed her.

"Brother!" she said, touchingly, "brother!"

The word had a contrary effect on Leonard. Sweet, as it was, tender as the voice that spoke it, it imposed a boundary to affection—it came as a knell to hope. He recoiled, shook his head mournfully—"Too late to accept that tie—too late even for friendship. Henceforth—for long years to come—henceforth, till this heart has ceased to beat

at your name—to thrill at your presence, we two—are strangers."

"Strangers! Well—yes, it is right—it must be so: we must not meet. O, Leonard Fairfield, who was it that in those days that you recall to me—who was it that found you destitute, and obscure—who, not degrading you by charity, placed you in your right career—opened to you, amidst the labyrinth in which you were well-nigh lost, the broad road to knowledge, independence, fame. Answer me—answer! Was it not the same who reared, sheltered your sister orphan? If I could forget what I have owed to him, should I not remember what he has done for you? Can I hear of your distinction, and not remember it? Can I think how proud she may be who will one day lean on your arm, and bear the name you have already raised beyond all the titles of an hour? Can I think of this, and not remember our common friend, benefactor, guardian? Would you forgive me, if I failed to do so?"

"But," faltered Leonard, fear mingling with the conjectures these words called forth—"but is it that Lord L'Estrange would not consent to our union!—or of what do you speak? You bewilder me."

Helen felt for some moments as if it were impossible to reply; and the words at length were dragged forth as if from the depth of her very soul.

"He came to me—our noble friend. I never dreamed of it. He did not tell me that he loved me. He told me that he was unhappy alone; that in me, and only in me, he could find a comforter, a soother—He, he! And I had just arrived in England—was under his mother's roof—had not then once more seen you; and—and—what could I answer? Strengthen me—strengthen me, you whom I look up to and revere. Yes, yes—you are right. We must see each other no more. I am betrothed to another—to him! Strengthen me!"

All the inherent nobleness of the poet's nature rose at once at this appeal.

"Oh, Helen—sister—Miss Digby, forgive me. You need no strength from me; I borrow it from you. I comprehend you—I respect. Banish all thought of me. Repay our common benefactor. Be what he asks of you—his comforter, his soother;—be more—his pride and his joy. Happiness will come to you, as it comes to those who confer happiness and forget self. God comfort you in the passing struggle; God bless you, in the long years to come. Sister—I accept the holy name now, and will claim it hereafter, when I too can think more of others than myself."

Helen had covered her face with her hands, sobbing; but with that soft womanly constraint which presses woe back into the heart. A strange sense of utter solitude suddenly pervaded her whole being, and by that sense of solitude she knew that he was gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

In another room in that same house sat, solitary as Helen, a stern, gloomy, brooding man, in whom they who had best known him from his childhood could scarcely have recognized a trace of the humane, benignant, trustful, but wayward and varying Harley L'Estrange.

He had read that fragment of a memoir, in which, out of all the chasms of his barren and melancholy past, there rose two malignant truths which seemed literally to glare upon him with

mocking and demon eyes. The woman whose remembrance had darkened all the sunshine of his life, had loved another. The friend in whom he had confided his whole affectionate loyal soul, had been his perfidious rival. He had read from the first word to the last, as if under a spell that held him breathless; and when he closed the manuscript, it was without groan or sigh; but over his pale lips there passed that withering smile, which is as sure an index of a heart overcharged with dire and fearful passions, as the arrowy flash of the lightning is of the tempests that are gathered within the cloud.

He then thrust the papers into his bosom, and keeping his hand over them, firmly clenched, he left the room, and walked slowly on towards his father's house. With every step by the way, his nature, in the war of its elements, seemed to change and harden into forms of granite. Love, humanity, trust vanished away. Hate, revenge, misanthropy, suspicion, and scorn of all that could wear the eyes of affection, or speak with the voice of honor, came fast through the gloom of his thoughts, settling down in the wilderness, grim and menacing as the harpies of ancient song—

—*Unæque manus, et pallida semper Ora—*

Thus the gloomy man had crossed the threshold of his father's house, and silently entered the apartments still set apart for him. He had arrived about an hour before Leonard; and as he stood by the hearth with his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed lead-like on the ground, his mother came in to welcome and embrace him. He checked her eager inquiries after Violante—he recoiled from the touch of her hand.

"Hold, madam," said he, startling her ear with the cold austerity of his tone. "I cannot heed your questions—I am filled with the question I must put to yourself. You opposed my boyish love for Leonora Avenel. I do not blame you—all mothers of equal rank would have done the same. Yet, had you not frustrated all frank intercourse with her, I might have taken refusal from her own lips—survived that grief, and now been a happy man. Years since then have rolled away—rolled over her quiet slumbers, and my restless waking life. All this time were you aware that Audley Egerton had been the lover of Leonora Avenel?"

"Harley, Harley! do not speak to me in that cruel voice—do not look at me with those hard eyes!"

"You knew it, then—you, my mother!" continued Harley, unmoved by her rebuke; "and why did you never say, 'Son, you are wasting the bloom and uses of your life in sorrowful fidelity to a lie! You are lavishing trust and friendship on a perfidious hypocrite!'"

"How could I speak to you thus—how could I dare to do so—seeing you still so cherished the memory of that unhappy girl—still believed that she had returned your affection? Had I said to you what I knew (but not till after her death), as to her relations with Audley Egerton?"

"Well, you falter—go on—had you done so?"

"Would you have felt no desire for revenge? Might there not have been strife between you—danger—bloodshed? Harley, Harley! Is not such silence pardonable in a mother? And why deprive you too of the only friend you seemed to prize—who alone had some influence over you—who concurred with me in the prayer and hope, that some day you would find a living partner worthy to re-

place this lost delusion; arouse your faculties—be the ornament your youth promised to your country! For you wrong Audley—indeed you do!"

"Wrong him! Ah! let me not do that. Proceed."

"I do not excuse him his rivalry nor his first concealment of it. But believe me, since then, his genuine remorse, his anxious tenderness for your welfare, his dread of losing your friendship!"

"Stop—it was doubtless Audley Egerton who induced you yourself to conceal what you call his 'relations' with her whom I can now so calmly name—Leonora Avenel?"

"It was so in truth—and from motives that"—

"Enough—let me hear no more."

"But you will not think too sternly of what is past; you are about to form new ties. You cannot be wild and wicked enough to meditate what your brow seems to threaten. You cannot dream of revenge—risk Audley's life or your own?"

"Tut—tut—tut! What cause here for duels! Single combats are out of date—civilized men do not slay each other with sword and pistol. Tut! Revenge! Does it look like revenge, that one object which brings me hither is to request my father's permission to charge myself with the care of Audley Egerton's election? What he values most in the world is his political position; and here his political existence is at stake. You know that I have had through life the character of a weak, easy, somewhat over-generous man. Such men are not revengeful. Hold! you lay your hand on my arm—I know the magic of that light touch, mother; but its power over me is gone. Countess of Lansmere, hear me. Ever from infancy (save in that frantic passion for which I now despise myself), I have obeyed you, I trust, as a dutiful son. Now, our relative positions are somewhat altered. I have the right to exact—I will not say to command—the right that wrong and injury bestow upon all men. Madame, the injured man has prerogatives which rival those of kings. I now call upon you to question me no more—not again to breathe the name of Leonora Avenel, unless I invite the subject; and not to inform Audley Egerton by a hint—by a breath—that I have discovered—what shall I call it?—his 'pardonable deceit.' Promise me this, by your affection as mother, and on your faith as gentlewoman—or I declare solemnly, that never in life will you look upon my face again." Haughty and imperious though the countess was, her spirit quailed before Harley's brow and voice.

"Is this my son—this my gentle Harley?" she said falteringly. "Oh! put your arms round my neck—let me feel that I have not lost my child!"

Harley looked softened, but he did not obey the pathetic prayer; nevertheless, he held out his hand, and, turning away his face, said in a milder voice, "Have I your promise?"

"You have—you have; but on condition that there pass no words between you and Audley that can end but in the strife which—"

"Strife!" interrupted Harley. "I repeat that the idea of challenge and duel between me and my friend from our school days, and on a quarrel that we could explain to no seconds, would be a burlesque upon all that is grave in the realities of life and feeling. I accept your promise, and seal it thus—"

He pressed his lips to his mother's forehead, and passively received her embrace.

"Hush," he said, withdrawing from her arms, "I hear my father's voice."

Lord Lansmere threw open the door widely, and with a certain consciousness that a door by which an Earl of Lansmere entered ought to be thrown open widely. It could not have been opened with more majesty if a *huissier* or officer of the Household had stood on either side. The countess passed by her lord with a light step, and escaped.

"I was occupied with my architect in designs for the new infirmary, of which I shall make a present to our county. I have only just heard that you were here, Harley. What is all this about our fair Italian guest? Is she not coming back to us? Your mother refers me to you for explanations."

"You shall have them later, my dear father; at present I can think only of public affairs."

"Public affairs!—they are indeed alarming. I am rejoiced to hear you express yourself so worthily. An awful crisis, Harley! And, gracious Heaven! I have heard that a low man, who was born in Lansmere, but made a fortune in America, is about to contest the borough. They tell me he is one of the Avenels—a born Blue—is it possible?"

"I have come here on that business. As a peer you cannot, of course, interfere. But I propose, with your leave, to go down myself to Lansmere, and undertake the superintendence of the election. It would be better, perhaps, if you were not present; it would give us more liberty of action."

"My dear Harley, shake hands; anything you please. You know how I have wished to see you come forward, and take that part in life which becomes your birth."

"Ah, you think I have sadly wasted my existence hitherto."

"To be frank with you, yes, Harley," said the earl, with a pride that was noble in its nature, and not without dignity in its expression. "The more we take from our country, the more we owe to her. From the moment you came into the world, as the inheritor of lands and honors, you were charged with a trust for the benefit of others, that it degrades one of our order of gentlemen not to discharge."

Harley listened with a sombre brow, and made no direct reply.

"Indeed," resumed the earl, "I would rather you were about to canvass for yourself than for your friend Egerton. But I grant he is an example that it is never too late to follow. Why, who that had seen you both as youths, notwithstanding Audley had the advantage of being some years your senior—who could have thought that he was the one to become distinguished and eminent—and you to degenerate into the luxurious idler, averse to all trouble, and careless of all fame! You with such advantages, not only of higher fortune, but, as every one said, of superior talents—you, who had then so much ambition—so keen a desire for glory, sleeping with Plutarch's Lives under your pillow, and only, my wild son, only too much energy. But you are a young man still—it is not too late to redeem the years you have thrown away."

"The years—are nothing—mere dates in an almanac; but the feelings, what can give me back those!—the hope, the enthusiasm, the—no matter! feelings do not help men to rise in the world. Egerton's feelings are not too lively. What I might have been—leave it to me to remember—let us talk of the example you set before me—of Audley Egerton."

"We must get him in," said the earl, sinking his voice into a whisper. "It is of more importance

to him than I even thought for. But you know his secrets. Why did you not confide to me frankly the state of his affairs?"

"His affairs! Do you mean that they are seriously embarrassed? This interests me much. Pray speak; what do you know?"

"He has discharged the greater part of his establishment. That in itself is natural on quitting office; but still it set people talking; and it has got wind that his estates are not only mortgaged for more than they are worth, but that he has been living upon the discount of bills; in short, he has been too intimate with a man whom we all know by sight—a man who drives the finest horses in London, and they tell me (but that I cannot believe), lives in the familiar society of the young puppies he snares to perdition. What is the man's name? Levy, is it not?—yes, Levy."

"I have seen Levy with him," said Harley: and a sinister joy lighted up his falcon eyes. "Levy—Levy—it is well."

"I hear but the gossip of the clubs," resumed the earl. "But they do say that Levy makes little disguise of his power over our very distinguished friend, and rather parades it as a merit with our party (and, indeed, with all men—for Egerton has personal friends in every party), that he keeps sundry bills locked up in his desk until Egerton is once more safe in Parliament. Nevertheless if, after all, our friend were to lose his election, and Levy were then to seize on his effects, and proclaim his ruin—it would seriously damage, perhaps altogether destroy, Audley's political career."

"So I conclude," said Harley. "A Charles Fox might be a gamester, and a William Pitt be a pauper. But Audley Egerton is not of their giant stature;—he stands so high because he stands on heaps of respectable gold. Audley Egerton, needy and impoverished—out of Parliament, and, as the vulgar slang has it, out at elbows, skulking from duns—perhaps in the Bench—"

"No, no—our party would never allow that; we would subscribe—"

"Or, worse than all, living as the pensioner of the party he aspired to lead! You say truly. His political prospects would be blasted. A man whose reputation lay in his outward respectability! Why, people would say that Audley Egerton has been a—solemn lie; eh, my father?"

"How can you talk with such coolness of your friend! You need say nothing to interest me in his election—if you mean that. Once in Parliament, he must soon again be in office—and learn to live on his salary. You must get him to submit to me the schedule of his liabilities. I have a head for business, as you know. I will arrange his affairs for him. And I will yet bet five to one, though I hate wagers, that he will be prime minister in three years. He is not brilliant, it is true; but just at this crisis we want a safe, moderate, judicious, conciliatory man; and Audley has so much tact, such experience of the House, such knowledge of the world, and," added the earl, emphatically summoning up his eulogies, "he is so thoroughly a gentleman."

"A thorough gentleman, as you say—the soul of honor! But, my dear father, it is your hour for riding; let me not detain you. It is settled, then; you do not come yourself to Lansmere. You put the house at my disposal, and allow me to invite Egerton, of course, and what other guests I may please; in short, you leave all to me?"

"Certainly; and if you cannot get in your friend

who can! That borough, it is an awkward, ungrateful place, and has been the plague of my life. So much as I've spent there, too—so much good as I have done to its trade." And the earl, with an indignant sigh, left the room.

Harley seated himself deliberately at his writing-table, leaning his face on his hand, and looking abstractedly into space from under knit and lowering brows.

Harley L'Estrange was, as we have seen, a man singularly tenacious of affections and impressions. He was a man, too, whose nature was eminently bold, loyal, and candid; even the apparent whim and levity which misled the world, both as to his dispositions and his powers, might be half ascribed to that open temper which, in its over contempt for all that seemed to savor of hypocrisy, sported with forms and ceremonials, and extracted humor—sometimes extravagant, sometimes profound—from "the solemn plausibilities of the world." The shock he had now received smote the very foundations of his mind, and, overthrowing all the airier structures which fancy and wit had built upon its surface, left it clear as a new world for the operations of the darker and more fearful passions. When a man of a heart so loving, and a nature so irregularly powerful as Harley's, suddenly and abruptly discovers deceit where he had most confided, it is not (as with the calmer pupils of that harsh teacher, Experience) the mere withdrawal of esteem and affection from the one offender—it is, that trust in everything seems gone—it is, that the injured spirit looks back to the Past, and condemns all its kindlier virtues as follies that conducted to its own woe; and looks on to the Future as to a journey beset with smiling traitors, whom it must meet with an equal simulation, or crush with a superior force. The guilt of treason to men like these is incalculable—it robs the world of all the benefits they would otherwise have lavished as they passed—it is responsible for all the ills that spring from the corruption of natures, whose very luxuriance, when the atmosphere is once tainted, does but diffuse disease;—even as the malaria settles not over thin and barren soils, nor over wastes that have been from all time desolate, but over the places in which southern suns had once ripened delightful gardens, or the sites of cities, in which the pomp of palaces has passed away.

It was not enough that the friend of his youth, the confidant of his love, had betrayed his trust—been the secret and successful rival—not enough that the woman his boyhood had madly idolized, and all the while he had sought her traces with pining, remorseful heart—believing she but eluded his suit from the emulation of a kindred generosity—desiring rather to sacrifice her own love than to cost to his the sacrifice of all which youth rashly scorns and the world so highly estimates;—not enough that all this while her refuge had been the bosom of another. This was not enough of injury. His whole life had been wasted on a delusion—his faculties and aims—the wholesome ambition of lofty minds, had been arrested at the very outset of fair existence—his heart corroded by a regret for which there was no cause—his conscience charged with the terror that his wild chase had urged a too tender victim to the grave, over which he had mourned. What years, that might otherwise have been to himself so serene, to the world so useful, had been consumed in objectless, barren, melancholy dreams! And all this while to whom had

his complaints been uttered?—to the man who knew that his remorse was an idle spectre, and his faithful sorrow a mocking self-deceit. Every thought that could gall man's natural pride—every remembrance that could sting into revenge a heart that had loved too deeply not to be accessible to hate—contributed to goad those maddening Furies who come into every temple which is once desecrated by the presence of the evil passions. Vengeance took, in that sullen twilight of the soul, the form of Justice. Changed though his feelings towards Leonora Avenel were, the story of her grief and her wrongs embittered still more his wrath against his rival. The fragments of her memoir left naturally on Harley's mind the conviction that she had been the victim of an infamous fraud—the dupe of a false marriage. His idol had not only been stolen from the altar, it had been sullied by the sacrifice—broken with remorseless hand, and thrust into dishonored clay—mutilated, defamed—its very memory a thing of contempt to him who had ravished it from worship. The living Harley and the dead Nora—both called aloud to their joint despoiler, "Restore what thou hast taken from us, or pay the forfeit!"

Thus, then, during the interview between Helen and Leonard, thus Harley L'Estrange sat alone; and as a rude, irregular lump of steel, when wheeled round into rapid motion, assumes the form of the circle it describes, so his iron purpose, hurried on by his relentless passion, filled the space into which he gazed with optical delusions—scheme after scheme revolving and consummating the circles that clasped a foe.

CHAPTER XV.

THE entrance of a servant announcing a name which Harley, in the absorption of his gloomy reverie, did not hear, was followed by that of a person on whom he lifted his eyes in the cold and haughty surprise with which a man, much occupied, greets and rebukes the intrusion of an unwelcome stranger.

"It is so long since your lordship has seen me," said the visitor with mild dignity, "that I cannot wonder you do not recognize my person, and have forgotten my name."

"Sir," answered Harley, with an impatient rudeness, ill in harmony with the urbanity for which he was usually distinguished—"sir, your person is strange to me, and your name I did not hear; but, at all events, I am not now at leisure to attend to you. Excuse my plainness."

"Yet, pardon me if I still linger. My name is Dale. I was formerly curate at Lansmere; and I would speak to your lordship in the name and the memory of one once dear to you—Leonora Avenel."

Harley, (after a short pause.)—"Sir, I cannot conjecture your business. But be seated. I remember you now, though years have altered both, and I have since heard much in your favor from Leonard Fairfield. Still let me pray that you will be brief."

Mr. Dale.—"May I assume at once that you have divined the parentage of the young man you call Fairfield? When I listened to his grateful praises of your beneficence, and marked with melancholy pleasure the reverence in which he holds you, my heart swelled within me. I acknowledged the mysterious force of nature."

Harley.—"Force of nature! You talk in riddles."

Mr. Dale, (indignantly.)—"Oh, my lord, how can you so disguise your better self? Surely in Leonard Fairfield you have long since recognized the son of Nora Avenel!"

Harley passed his hand over his face. "Ah!" thought he, "she lived to bear a son, then—a son to Egerton. Leonard is that son. I should have known it by the likeness—by the fond, foolish impulse that moved me to him. This is why he confided to me these fearful memoirs. He seeks his father—he shall find him."

Mr. Dale, (mistaking the cause of Harley's silence.)—"I honor your compunction, my lord. Oh! let your heart and your conscience continue to speak to your worldly pride."

Harley.—"My compunction, heart, conscience! *Mr. Dale*, you insult me!"

Mr. Dale, (sternly.)—"Not so; I am fulfilling my mission, which bids me rebuke the sinner. Leonora Avenel speaks in me, and commands the guilty father to acknowledge the innocent child!"

Harley half rose, and his eyes literally flashed fire; but he calmed his anger into irony. "Ha!" said he, with a sarcastic smile, "so you suppose that I was the perfidious seducer of Nora Avenel—that I am the callous father of the child who came into the world without a name. Very well, sir, taking these assumptions for granted, what is it you demand from me on behalf of this young man?"

"I ask from you his happiness," replied *Mr. Dale*, imploringly; and, yielding to the compassion with which Leonard inspired him, and persuaded that Lord L'Estrange felt a father's love for the boy whom he had saved from the whirlpool of London and guided to safety and honorable independence, he here, with simple eloquence, narrated all Leonard's feelings for Helen—his silent fidelity to her image, though a child's—his love when again he beheld her as a woman—the modest fears which the parson himself had combated—the recommendation that *Mr. Dale* had forced upon him to confess his affection to Helen, and plead his cause. "Anxious, as you may believe, for his success," continued the parson, "I waited without your gates till he came from Miss Digby's presence. And oh, my lord, had you but seen his face?—such emotion and such despair! I could not learn from him what had passed. He escaped from me, and rushed away. All that I could gather was from a few broken words, and from those words I formed the conjecture (it may be erroneous) that the obstacle to his happiness was not in Helen's heart, my lord, but seemed to me as if it were in yourself. Therefore, when he had vanished from my sight, I took courage, and came at once to you. If he be your son, and Helen Digby be your ward—she herself an orphan, dependent on your bounty—why should they be severed? Equals in years—united by early circumstance—congenial, it seems, in simple habits and refined tastes—what should hinder their union, unless it be the want of fortune!—and all men know your wealth—none ever questioned your generosity. My lord, my lord, your look freezes me. If I have offended, do not visit my offence on him—on Leonard!"

"And so," said Harley, still controlling his rage, "so this boy—whom, as you say, I saved from that pitiless world which has engulfed many a nobler genius—so, in return for all, he has sought to rob me of the last affection, poor and lukewarm though it was, that remained to me in

life. He presume to lift his eyes to my affianced bride? He! And for aught I know, steal from me her living heart, and leave to me her icy hand!"

"Oh, my lord, your affianced bride? I never dreamed of this. I implore your pardon. The very thought is so terrible—so unnatural—the son to woo the father's—! Oh, what sin have I fallen into! The sin was mine—I urged and persuaded him to it. He was as ignorant as myself. Forgive him, forgive him!"

"*Mr. Dale*," said Harley, rising, and extending his hand, which the poor parson felt himself unworthy to take—"Mr. Dale, you are a good man—if, indeed, this universe of liars contains some man who does not cheat our judgment when we deem him honest. Allow me only to ask why you consider Leonard Fairfield to be my son?"

"Was not your youthful admiration for poor Nora evident to me? Remember I was a frequent guest at Lansmere Park; and it was so natural that you, with all your brilliant gifts, should captivate her refined fancy—her affectionate heart."

"Natural, you think so—go on."

"Your mother, as became her, separated you. It was not unknown to me that you still cherished a passion which your rank forbade to be lawful. Poor girl; she left the roof of her protectress, Lady Jane. Nothing was known of her till she came to her father's house to give birth to a child, and die. And the same day that dawned on her corpse, you hurried from the place. Ah! no doubt your conscience smote you—you have never returned since."

Harley's breast heaved—he waved his hand—the parson resumed—

"Whom could I suspect but you? I made inquiries; they confirmed my suspicions."

"Perhaps you inquired of my friend, *Mr. Egerton*? He was with me when—when—as you say, I hurried from the place."

"I did, my lord."

"And he?"

"Denied your guilt; but still, a man of honor so nice, of heart so feeling, could not feign readily. His denial did not deceive me."

"Honest man!" said Harley; and his hand gripped at the breast over which still rustled, as if with a ghostly sigh, the records of the dead. "He knew she had left a son, too!"

"He did, my lord; of course, I told him that."

"The son whom I found starving in the streets of London! *Mr. Dale*, as you see, your words move me very much. I cannot deny that he who wronged, it may be with no common treachery, that young mother—for Nora Avenel was not one to be lightly seduced into error—"

"Indeed, no!"

"And who then thought no more of the offspring of her anguish and his own crime—I cannot deny that that man deserves some chastisement—should render some atonement. Am I not right here? Answer with the plain speech which becomes your sacred calling."

"I cannot say otherwise, my lord," replied the parson, pitying what appeared to him such remorse. "But if he repent—"

"Enough," interrupted Harley. "I now invite you to visit me at Lansmere; give me your address, and I will apprise you of the day on which I will request your presence. Leonard Fairfield shall find a father—I was about to say, worthy of himself. For the rest—stay; resear yourself. For the rest"—and again the sinister smile broke

from Harley's eye and lip—"I cannot yet say whether I can, or ought, to resign to a younger and fairer suitor the lady who has accepted my own hand. I have no reason yet to believe that she prefers him. But what think you, meanwhile, of this proposal? Mr. Avenel wishes his nephew to contest the borough of Lansmere—has urged me to obtain the young man's consent. True, that he may thus endanger the seat of Mr. Audley Egerton. What then? Mr. Audley Egerton is a great man, and may find another seat; that should not stand in the way. Let Leonard obey his uncle. If he win the election, why, he'll be a more equal match, in the world's eye, for Miss Digby—that is, should she prefer him to myself; and if she do not, still, in public life, there is a cure for all private sorrow. That is a maxim of Mr. Audley Egerton's; and he, you know, is a man not only of the nicest honor, but the most worldly wisdom. Do you like my proposition?"

"It seems to me most considerate—most generous."

"Then you shall take to Leonard the lines I am about to write."

Lord L'Estrange to Leonard Fairfield.

"I have read the memoir you intrusted to me. I will follow up all the clues that it gives me. Meanwhile I request you to suspend all questions—forbear all reference to a subject which, as you may well conjecture, is fraught with painful recollections to myself. At this moment, too, I am compelled to concentrate my thoughts upon affairs of a public nature, and yet which may sensibly affect yourself. There are reasons why I urge you to comply with your uncle's wish, and stand for the borough of Lansmere at the approaching election. If the exquisite gratitude of your nature so overrates what I may have done for you, that you think you owe me some obligations, you will richly repay them on the day in which I hear you hailed as member for Lansmere. Relying on that generous principle of self-sacrifice, which actuates all your conduct, I shall count upon your surrendering your preference to private life, and entering the arena of that noble ambition, which has conferred such dignity on the name of my friend Audley Egerton. He, it is true, will be your opponent; but he is too generous not to pardon my zeal for the interests of a youth whose career I am vain enough to think that I have aided. And as Mr. Randal Leslie stands in coalition with Egerton, and Mr. Avenel believes that two candidates of the same party cannot both succeed, the result may be to the satisfaction of all the feelings which I entertain for Audley Egerton, and for you, who, I have reason to think, will emulate his titles to my esteem.

"Yours,

"L'ESTRANGE."

"There, Mr. Dale," said Harley, sealing his letter, and giving it into the parson's hands. "There, you shall deliver this note to him. But no—upon second thoughts, since he does not yet know of your visit to me, it is best that he should be still in ignorance of it. For should Miss Digby resolve to abide by her present engagements, it were surely kind to save Leonard the pain of learning that you had communicated to me that rivalry he himself had concealed. Let all that has passed between us be kept in strict confidence."

"I will obey you, my lord," answered the par-

son meekly, startled to find that he who had come to arrogate authority, was now submitting to commands; and all at fault what judgment he could venture to pass upon the man whom he had regarded as a criminal, who had not even denied the crime imputed to him, yet who now impressed the accusing priest with something of that respect which Mr. Dale had never before conceded but to virtue. Could he have then but looked into the dark and stormy heart, which he twice misread!

"It is well—very well," muttered Harley, when the door had closed upon the parson. "The viper and the viper's brood! So it was this man's son that I led from the dire 'Slough of Despond;' and the son unconsciously imitates the father's gratitude and honor—Ha—ha!" Suddenly the bitter laugh was arrested; a flash of almost celestial joy darted through the warring elements of storm and darkness. If Helen returned Leonard's affection, Harley L'Estrange was free! And through that flash the face of Violante shone upon him as an angel's. But the heavenly light and the angel face vanished abruptly, swallowed up in the black abyss of the rent and tortured soul.

"Fool!" said the unhappy man, aloud, in his anguish—"fool! what then? Were I free, would it be to trust my fate again to falsehood? If, in all the bloom and glory of my youth, I failed to win the heart of a village girl—if, once more deluding myself, it is in vain that I have tended, reared, cherished, some germ of woman's human affection in the orphan I saved from penury—how look for love in the brilliant princess, whom all the sleek Lotharios of our gaudy world will surround with their homage when once she alights in their sphere! If perfidy be my fate—what hell of hells in the thought!—that a wife might lay her head in my bosom—and—oh, horror! horror!—No!—I would not accept her hand were it offered, nor believe in her love were it pledged to me. Stern soul of mine—wise at last, love never more—never more believe in truth!"

CHAPTER XVI.

As Harley quitted the room, Helen's pale, sweet face looked forth from a door in the same corridor. She advanced towards him timidly.

"May I speak with you?" she said, in almost inaudible accents. "I have been listening for your footstep."

Harley looked at her steadfastly. Then, without a word, he followed her into the room she had left, and closed the door.

"I too," said he, "meant to seek an interview with yourself—but later. You would speak to me, Helen—say on. Ah! child, what mean you? Why this?"—for Helen was kneeling at his feet.

"Let me kneel," she said, resisting the hand that sought to raise her. "Let me kneel till I have explained all, and perhaps won your pardon. You said something the other evening. It has weighed on my heart and my conscience ever since. You said 'that I should have no secret from you; for that, in our relation to each other, would be deceit.' I have had a secret; but, oh believe me! it was long ere it was clearly visible to myself. You honored me with a suit so far beyond my birth, my merits. You said that I might console and comfort you. At those words, what answer could I give!—I who owe you so much more than a daughter's duty! And I thought that my affections were free—that they would obey that duty. But—but—but—" continued Helen, bowing her

head still lowlier, and in a voice far fainter—"I deceived myself. I again saw *him* who had been all in the world to me, when the world was so terrible—and then—and then—I trembled. I was terrified at my own memories—my own thoughts. Still I struggled to banish the past—resolutely—firmly. Oh, you believe me, do you not? And I hoped to conquer. Yet ever since those words of yours, I felt that I ought to tell you even of the struggle. This is the first time we have met since you spoke them. And now—now—I have seen him again, and—and—though not by a word could she you had deigned to woo as your bride, encourage hope in another—though there—there where you now stand—he bade me farewell, and we parted as if forever;—yet—yet—O Lord L'Estrange! in return for your rank, wealth, your still nobler gifts of nature—what could I bring—something more than gratitude, esteem, reverence—at least an undivided heart, filled with your image, and yours alone. And this I cannot give. Pardon me—not for what I say now, but for not saying it before. Pardon me, O my benefactor, pardon me!"

"Rise, Helen," said Harley, with relaxing brow, though still unwilling to yield to one softer and holier emotion. "Rise!" And he lifted her up, and drew her towards the light. "Let me look at your face. There seems no guile here. These tears are surely honest. If I cannot be loved, it is my fate, and not your crime. Now, listen to me. If you grant me nothing else, will you give me the obedience which the ward owes to the guardian—the child to the parent?"

"Yes, oh yes!" murmured Helen.

"Then, while I release you from all troth to me, I claim the right to refuse, if I so please it, my assent to the suit of—the person you prefer. I acquit you of deceit, but I reserve to myself the judgment I shall pass on him. Until I myself sanction that suit, will you promise not to recall in any way the rejection which, if I understand you rightly, you have given to it?"

"I promise."

"And if I say to you, 'Helen, this man is not worthy of you—'"

"No, no! do not say that—I could not believe you."

Harley frowned, but resumed calmly—"If, then, I say—'Ask me not wherefore, but I forbid you to be the wife of Leonard Fairfield,' what would be your answer?"

"Ah, my lord, if you can but comfort him, do with me as you will; but do not command me to break his heart."

"Oh, silly child," cried Harley, laughing scornfully, "hearts are not found in the race from which that man sprang. But I take your promise, with its credulous condition. Helen, I pity you. I have been as weak as you, bearded man though I be. Some day or other, you and I may live to laugh at the follies at which you weep now. I can give you no other comfort, for I know of none."

He moved to the door, paused at the threshold. "I shall not see you again for some days, Helen. Perhaps I may request my mother to join me at Lansmere; if so, I shall pray you to accompany her. For the present, let all believe that our position is unchanged. The time will soon come when I may—"

Helen looked up wistfully through her tears—

"I may release you from all duties to me, continued Harley with grave and severe coldness; "or I may claim your promise in spite of the condition; for your heart will not be broken. Adieu!"

CHAPTER XVII.

As Harley entered London, he came suddenly upon Randal Leslie, who was hurrying from Eaton Square, having not only accompanied Mr. Avenel in his walk, but gone home with him, and spent half the day in that gentleman's society. He was now on his way to the House of Commons, at which some disclosure as to the day for the dissolution of Parliament was expected.

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, "I must stop you. I have been to Norwood and seen our noble friend. He has confided to me, of course, all that passed. How can I express my gratitude to you! By what rare talent—with signal courage—you have saved the happiness—perhaps even the honor—of my plighted bride!"

"Your bride! The duke, then, still holds to the promise you were fortunate enough to obtain from Riccabocca?"

"He confirms that promise more solemnly than ever. You may well be surprised at his magnanimity."

"No; he is a philosopher—nothing in him can surprise me. But he seemed to think, when I saw him, that there were circumstances you might find it hard to explain."

"Hard! Nothing so easy. Allow me to tender to you the same explanations which satisfied one whom philosophy itself has made as open to truth as he is clear-sighted to imposture."

"Another time, my dear Mr. Leslie. If your bride's father be satisfied, what right have I to doubt? By the way, you stand for Lansmere. Do me the favor to fix your quarters at the Park during the election. You will, of course, accompany Mr. Egerton."

"You are most kind," answered Randal, greatly surprised.

"You accept? That is well. We shall then have ample opportunity for those explanations which you honor me by offering; and, to make your visit still more agreeable, I may perhaps induce our friends at Norwood to meet you. Good day."

Harley walked on, leaving Randal motionless in amaze, but tormented with suspicion. What could such courtesies in Lord L'Estrange portend? Surely no good.

"I am about to hold the balance of justice," said Harley to himself. "I will cast the light-weight of that knave into the scale. Violante never can be mine; but I did not save her from a Peschiera, to leave her to a Randal Leslie. Ha, ha! Audley Egerton has some human feeling—tenderness for that youth whom he has selected from the world, in which he left Nora's child to the jaws of famine. Through that side I can reach at his heart, and prove him a fool like myself where he esteemed and confided! Good."

Thus soliloquizing, Lord L'Estrange gained the corner of Bruton Street, when he was again somewhat abruptly accosted.

"My dear Lord L'Estrange, let me shake you by the hand; for Heaven knows when I may see you again; and you have suffered me to assist in one good action."

"Frank Hazeldean, I am pleased indeed to meet you. Why do you indulge in that melancholy doubt as to the time when I may see you again?"

"I have just got leave of absence. I am not well, and I am rather hipped, so I shall go abroad for a few weeks."

In spite of himself, the sombre brooding man felt interest and sympathy in the delusion that

was evident in Frank's voice and countenance. "Another dupe to affection," thought he, as if in apology to himself; "naturally, of course, a dupe; he is honest and artless—at present." He pressed kindly on the arm which he had involuntarily twined within his own. "I conceive how you now grieve, my young friend," said he; "but you will congratulate yourself hereafter on what this day seems to you an affliction."

"My dear lord—"

"I am much older than you, but not old enough for such formal ceremony. Pray, call me L'Estrange."

"Thank you; and I should indeed like to speak to you as a friend. There is a thought on my mind which haunts me. I dare say it is foolish enough, but I am sure *you* will not laugh at me. You heard what Madame di Negra said to me last night. I have been trifled with and misled, but I cannot forget so soon how dear to me that woman was. I am not going to bore you with such nonsense; but, from what I can understand, her brother is likely to lose all his fortune; and even if not, he is a sad scoundrel. I cannot bear the thought that she should be so dependent on him—that she may come to want. After all, there must be good in her—good in her to refuse my hand if she did not love me. A mercenary woman so circumstanced would not have done that."

"You are quite right. But do not torment yourself with such generous fears. Madame di Negra shall not come to want—shall not be dependent on her infamous brother. The first act of the Duke of Serrano, on regaining his estates, will be a suitable provision for his kinswoman. I will answer for this."

"You take a load off my mind. I did mean to ask you to intercede with Riccabocca—that is, the duke; (it is so hard to think he can be a duke!) I, alas! have nothing in my power to bestow upon Madame di Negra. I may, indeed, sell my commission; but then I have a debt which I long to pay off, and the sale of the commission would not suffice even for that; and perhaps my father might be still more angry if I do sell it. Well, good-by. I shall now go away happy—that is, comparatively. One must bear things like—a man!"

"I should like, however, to see you again before you go abroad. I will call on you. Meanwhile, can you tell me the number of one Baron Levy? He lives in this street, I know."

"Levy! Oh have no dealings with him, I advise—I entreat you! He is the most plausible, dangerous rascal; and, for Heaven's sake! pray be warned by me, and let nothing entangle you into—a *POST-OBIT*!"

"Be reassured; I am more accustomed to lend money than borrow it; and, as to a *post-obit*, I have a foolish prejudice against such transactions."

"Don't call it foolish, L'Estrange; I honor you for it. How I wish I had known you earlier—so few men of the world are like you. Even Randal Leslie, who is so faultless in most things, and never gets into a scrape himself, called my own scruples foolish. However—"

"Stay—Randal Leslie! What! He advised you to borrow on a *post-obit*, and probably shared the loan with you?"

"Oh, no; not a shilling."

"Tell me all about it, Frank. Perhaps, as I see that Levy is mixed up in the affair, your information may be useful to myself, and put me

on my guard in dealing with that popular gentleman."

Frank, who somehow or other felt himself quite at home with Harley, and who, with all his respect for Randal Leslie's talents, had a vague notion that Lord L'Estrange was quite as clever, and, from his years and experience, likely to be a safer and more judicious counsellor, was no ways loath to impart the confidence thus pressed for.

He told Harley of his debts—his first dealings with Levy—the unhappy *post-obit* into which he had been hurried by the distress of Madame di Negra—his father's anger—his mother's letter—his own feelings of mingled shame and pride, which made him fear that repentance would but seem self-interest—his desire to sell his commission, and let its sale redeem in part the *post-obit*; in short, he made what is called a clean breast of it. Randal Leslie was necessarily mixed up with this recital; and the subtle cross-questioning of Harley extracted far more as to that young diplomat's agency in all these melancholy concerns, than the ingenuous narrator himself was aware of.

"So, then," said Harley, "Mr. Leslie assured you of Madame di Negra's affection, when you yourself doubted of it?"

"Yes; she took him in, even more than she did me."

"Simple Mr. Leslie! And the same kind friend—who is related to you—did you say?"

"His grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Humph. The same kind relation led you to believe that you could pay off this bond with the marchesa's portion, and that he could obtain the consent of your parents to your marriage with that lady?"

"I ought to have known better; my father's prejudices against foreigners and papists are so strong."

"And now Mr. Leslie concurs with you, that it is best for you to go abroad, and trust to his intercession with your father. He has evidently then gained a great influence over Mr. Hazeldean."

"My father naturally compares me with him—he so clever, so promising, so regular in his habits, and I such a reckless scapegrace."

"And the bulk of your father's property is unentailed—Mr. Hazeldean might disinherit you?"

"I deserve it. I hope he will."

"You have no brothers nor sisters—no relation, perhaps, nearer to you than your excellent friend, Mr. Randal Leslie?"

"No; that is the reason he is so kind to me, otherwise I am the last person to suit him. You have no idea how well-informed and clever he is," added Frank in a tone between admiration and awe.

"My dear Hazeldean, you will take my advice, will you not?"

"Certainly. You are too good."

"Let all your family, Mr. Leslie included, suppose you to be gone abroad; but stay quietly in England, and within a day's journey of Lansmere Park. I am obliged to go thither for the approaching election. I may ask you to come over. I think I see a way to serve you; and if so, you will soon hear from me. Now Baron Levy's Number."

"That is the house with the cabriolet at the door. How such a fellow can have such a horse!—'t is out of all keeping!"

"Not at all; horses are high-spirited, generous, unsuspicious animals—they never know that it is

a rogue who drives them! I have your promise then, and you will send me your address?"

"I will. Strange that I feel more confidence in you than I do even in Randal! Do take care of Levy."

Lord L'Estrange and Frank here shook hands, and Frank, with an anxious groan, saw L'Estrange disappear within the portals of the sleek destroyer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LORD L'ESTRANGE followed the spruce servant into Baron Levy's luxurious study.

The baron looked greatly amazed at his unexpected visitor; but he got up—handed a chair to my lord with a low bow. "This is an honor," said he.

"You have a charming abode here," said Lord L'Estrange, looking round. "Very fine bronzes—excellent taste. Your reception-rooms above are, doubtless, a model to all decorators!"

"Would your lordship condescend to see them?" said Levy—wondering—but flattered.

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Lights!" cried Levy to the servant who answered the bell. "Lights in the drawing-rooms. It is growing dark."

Lord L'Estrange followed the usurer up stairs; admired everything—pictures, draperies, *Sèvres* china, to the very shape of the downy *fauteuils*, to the very pattern of the Tournay carpet. Reclining then on one of the voluptuous sofas, Lord L'Estrange said, smilingly, "You are a wise man; there is no advantage in being rich, unless one enjoys one's riches."

"My own maxim, Lord L'Estrange."

"And it is something, too, to have a taste for good society. Small pride would you have, my dear baron, in these rooms, luxurious though they are, if filled with guests of vulgar exterior and plebeian manners. It is only in the world in which *we* move that we find persons who harmonize, as it were, with the porcelain of *Sèvres*, and these sofas that might have come from Versailles."

"I own," said Levy, "that I have what some may call a weakness in a *parvenu* like myself. I have a love for the *beau monde*. It is indeed a pleasure to me when I receive men like your lordship."

"But why call yourself a *parvenu*? Though you are contented to honor the name of Levy, we, in society, all know that you are the son of a long-descended English peer. Child of love, it is true; but the Graces smile on those over whose birth Venus presided. Pardon my old-fashioned mythological smiles—they go so well—with these rooms—*Louis Quinze*."

"Since you touch on my birth," said Levy, his color rather heightening, not with shame but with pride, "I don't deny that it has had some effect on my habits and tastes in life. In fact—"

"In fact, own that you would be a miserable man, in spite of all your wealth, if the young dandies, who throng to your banquets, were to cut you dead in the streets;—if, when your high-stepping horse stopped at your club, the porter shut the door in your face;—if, when you lounged into the opera pit, handsome dog that you are, each spendthrift rake in 'Fop's Alley,' who now waits but the scratch of your pen to endorse *billet-doux* with the charm that can chain to himself for a month some nymph of the *Ballet*, spinning round in a whirlwind of *tulle*, would shrink from the touch of your condescending fore-finger with more

dread of its contact than a bailiff's arrest in the thick of Pall-Mall could inspire;—if, reduced to the company of city clerks, parasite led-captains—"

"Oh, don't go on, my dear lord," cried Levy, laughing affectedly. "Impossible though the picture be, it is really appalling. Cut me off from May Fair and St. James', and I should go into my strong closet and hang myself."

"And yet, my dear baron, all this may happen if I have the whim just to try;—all this *will* happen, unless, ere I leave your house, you concede the conditions I came here to impose."

"My lord!" exclaimed Levy, starting up, and pulling down his waistcoat with nervous, passionate fingers, "if you were not under my own roof I would—"

"Truce with mock heroics. Sit down, sir—sit down. I will briefly state my threat—more briefly my conditions. You will be scarcely more prolix in your reply. Your fortune I cannot touch—your enjoyment of it I can destroy. Refuse my conditions—make me your enemy—and war to the knife! I will interrogate all the young dupes you have ruined. I will learn the history of all the transactions by which you have gained the wealth that it pleases you to spend in courting the society and sharing the vices of men who—go with these rooms, *Louis Quinze*. Not a roguery of yours shall escape me, down even to your last notable connivance with an Italian reprobate for the criminal abstraction of an heiress. All these particulars I will proclaim in the clubs to which you have gained admittance—in every club in London which you yet hope to creep into. All these I will impart to some such authority in the Press as Mr. Henry Norreys;—all these I will, upon the voucher of my own name, have so published in some journals of repute, that you must either tacitly submit to the revelations that blast you, or bring before a court of law, actions that will convert accusations into evidence. It is but by sufferance that you are now in society—you are excluded when one man like me comes forth to denounce you. You try in vain to sneer at my menace—your white lips show your terror. I have rarely in life drawn any advantage from my rank and position; but I am thankful that they give me the power to make my voice respected and my exposure triumphant. Now, Baron Levy, will you go into your strong closet and hang yourself, or will you grant me my very moderate conditions? You are silent, I will relieve you, and state those conditions. Until the general election, about to take place, is concluded, you will obey me to the letter in all that I enjoin—no demur, and no scruple. And the first proof of obedience I demand, is your candid disclosure of all Mr. Audley Egerton's pecuniary affairs."

"Has my client, Mr. Egerton, authorized you to request of me that disclosure?"

"On the contrary, all that passes between us you will conceal from your client."

"You would save him from ruin? Your trusty friend, Mr. Egerton!" said the baron with a livid sneer.

"Wrong again, Baron Levy. If I would save him from ruin, you are scarcely the man I should ask to assist me."

"Ah, I guess. You have learned how he—"

"Guess nothing, but obey in all things. Let us descend to your business room."

Levy said not a word until he had reconducted

his visitor into his den of destruction—all gleaming with *spoliaria*—in rosewood. Then he said this, “If, Lord L’Estrange, you seek but revenge on Audley Egerton, you need not have uttered those threats. I too—hate the man.”

Harley looked at him steadfastly, and the nobleman felt a pang that he had debased himself into a single feeling which the usurer could share. Nevertheless, the interview appeared to close with satisfactory arrangements, and produce amicable understanding. For as the baron ceremoniously followed Lord L’Estrange through the hall, his noble visitor said with marked affability—

“Then I shall see you at Lansmere with Mr. Egerton, to assist in conducting his election. It is a sacrifice of your time worthy of your friendship; not a step farther, I beg. Baron, I have the honor to wish you good evening.”

As the street door opened on Lord L’Estrange, he again found himself face to face with Randal Leslie, whose hand was already lifted to the knocker.

“Ha, Mr. Leslie!—you too a client of Baron Levy’s;—a very useful, accommodating man.”

Randal stared and stammered. “I come in haste from the House of Commons on Mr. Egerton’s business. Don’t you hear the newspaper venders crying out, ‘Great news—Dissolution of Parliament!’”

“We are prepared. Levy himself consents to give us the aid of his talents. Kindly, obliging—clever person!”

Randal hurried into Levy’s study, to which the usurer had shrunk back; and was now wiping his brow with his scented handkerchief, looking heated and haggard, and very indifferent to Randal Leslie.

“How is this?” cried Randal. “I come to tell you first of Peschiera’s utter failure, the ridiculous coxcomb! and I meet at your door the last man I thought to find there—the man who foiled us all, Lord L’Estrange. What brought him to you? Ah, perhaps, his interest in Egerton’s election.”

“Yes,” said Levy sulkily. “I know all about Peschiera. I cannot talk to you now; I must make arrangements for going to Lansmere.”

“But don’t forget my purchase from Thornhill. I shall have the money shortly from a surer source than Peschiera.”

“The squire?”

“Or a rich father-in-law.”

In the mean while, as Lord L’Estrange entered Bond Street, his ears were stunned by vociferous cries from the Stentors employed by *Standard*, *Sun*, and *Globe*—“Great news. Dissolution of Parliament—great news!” The gas-lamps were lighted—a brown fog was gathering over the streets, blending itself with the falling shades of night. The forms of men loomed large through the mist. The lights from the shops looked red and lurid. Loungers, usually careless as to politics, were talking eagerly and anxiously of king, lords, commons, “Constitution at stake”—“Triumph of liberal opinions”—according to their several biases. Hearing, and scorning—unsocial, isolated—walked on Harley L’Estrange. With his direr passions had been roused up all the native powers, that made them doubly dangerous. He became proudly conscious of his own great faculties, but exulted in them only so far as they could minister to the purpose which had invoked them.

“I have constituted myself a Fate,” he said inly; “let the gods be but neutral—while I weave

the meshes. Then, as Fate itself when it has fulfilled its mission, let me pass away into shadow, with the still and lonely stride that none may follow.

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!

How weary I am of this world of men!” And again the cry, “Great news—National crisis—Dissolution of Parliament—Great news!” rang through the jostling throng. Three men, arm-in-arm, brushed by Harley, and were stopped at the crossing by a file of carriages. The man in the centre was Audley Egerton. His companions were, an ex-minister like himself, and one of those great proprietors who are proud of being above office, and vain of the power to make and unmake governments.

“You are the only man to lead us, Egerton,” said this last personage. “Do but secure your seat, and as soon as this popular fever has passed away, you must be something more than the leader of Opposition—you must be the first man in England.”

“Not a doubt of that,” chimed in the fellow ex-minister—a worthy man—perfect red-tapist, but inaudible in the reporters’ gallery. “And your election is quite safe, eh? All depends on that. You must not be thrown out at such a time, even for a month or two. I hear that you will have a contest—some townsmen of the borough, I think. But the Lansmere interest must be all-powerful; and, I suppose, L’Estrange will come out and canvass for you. You are not the man to have lukewarm friends!”

“Don’t be alarmed about my election. I am as sure of that as of L’Estrange’s friendship.”

Harley heard with a grim smile, and passing his hand within his vest laid it upon Nora’s memoir.

“What could we do in Parliament without you?” said the great proprietor almost piteously.

“Rather what could I do without Parliament? Public life is the only existence I own. Parliament is all in all to me. But we may cross now.”

Harley’s eye glittered cold as it followed the tall form of the statesman, towering high above all other passers-by.

“Ay,” he muttered—“ay, rest as sure of my friendship as I was of thine! And be Lansmere our field of Philippi! There, where thy first step was made in the only life that thou own’st as existence, shall the ladder itself rot from under thy footing. There, where thy softer victim slunk to death from the deceit of thy love, shall deceit like thine own dig a grave for thy frigid ambition. I borrow thy quiver of fraud; its still arrows shall strike thee; and thou too shalt say, when the barb pierces home, ‘This comes from the hand of a friend.’ Ay, at Lansmere, at Lansmere, shall the end crown the whole! Go, and dot on the canvass the lines for a lengthened perspective, where my eyes note already the vanishing point of the picture.”

Then through the dull fog, and under the pale gas-lights, Harley L’Estrange pursued his noiseless way, soon distinguished no more amongst the various, motley, quick-succeeding groups, with their infinite subdivisions of thought, care, and passion; while, loud over all their low murmurs, or silent hearts, were heard the tramp of horses and din of wheels, and the vociferous discordant cry that had ceased to attract an interest in the ears it vexed—“Great News, Great News—Dissolution of Parliament—Great News!”

From Chambers' Journal.

ADVENTURES IN JAPAN.

For above two hundred years, the unknown millions of Japan have been shut up in their own islands, forbidden, under the severest penalties, either to admit foreigners on their shores, or themselves to visit any other realm in the world. The Dutch are permitted to send two ships in a year to the port of Nangasaki, where they are received with the greatest precaution, and subjected to a surveillance even more degrading than was that formerly endured by the Europeans at Canton. Any other foreigner whom misfortune or inadvertence may land on their shores, is doomed to perpetual imprisonment; and even if one of their own people should pass twelve months out of the country, he is, on his return, kept for life at the capital, and suffered no more to join his family, or mingle at large in the business or social intercourse of life. In pursuance of this policy, it is believed that the Japanese government now holds in captivity several subjects of the United States, and it is expected that an armament will be sent to rescue them by force.

Since this announcement has been made, and the general expectation has been raised that Japan will soon have to submit, like China, to surrender its isolation, and enter into relations with the rest of the civilized world, there has seasonably appeared an English reprint of a work hitherto little known among us—a personal narrative of a Japanese captivity of two years and a half, by an officer in the Russian navy.* If we may judge from its details, our transatlantic friends had need to keep all their eyes wide open in dealing with this people.

The leading circumstances connected with Captain Golownin's captivity were the following:—In the year 1803, the Chamberlain Resanoff was sent by the Emperor Alexander, to endeavor to open friendly relations with Japan, and sailed from the eastern coasts in a merchant vessel belonging to the American Company. But receiving a peremptory message of dismissal and refusal of all intercourse, he returned to Okhotsk, and died on his way to St. Petersburg. Lieutenant Chwostoff, however, who had commanded the vessel, put to sea again on his own responsibility, attacked and destroyed several Japanese villages on the Kurile Islands, and carried off some of the inhabitants. In the year 1811, Captain Golownin, commander of the imperial war-sloop *Diana*, lying at Kamtschatka, received orders from head-quarters to make a particular survey of the southern Kurile Islands, and the coast of Tartary. In pursuance of his instructions, he was sailing without any flag near the coast of Eetooroop (Staaten), when he was met by some Russian Kuriles, who informed him that they had been seized, and were still detained prisoners, on account of the Chwostoff outrage. They persuaded the captain to take one of them on board as an interpreter, and proceed to Kunashir, to make such explanations as might exonerate the Russian government in this matter. The Japanese chief of the island further assured the Russians, that they could obtain a supply of wood, water and fresh provisions at Kunashir; and he furnished them with a letter to its governor. The reception of the *Diana* at Kuna-

shir was, in the first instance, a vigorous but ineffective discharge of guns from the fortress, the walls of which were so completely hung with striped cloth, that it was impossible to form any opinion of the size or strength of the place. After some interchange, however, of allegorical messages, conveyed by means of drawings floated in empty casks, Golownin was invited on shore by the beckoning of white fans. Concealing three brace of pistols in his bosom, and leaving a well-armed boat close to the shore, with orders that the men should watch his movements, and act on his slightest signal, he ventured on a landing, accompanied by the Kurile Alexei and a common sailor. The lieutenant-governor soon appeared. He was in complete armor, and attended by two soldiers, one of whom carried his long spear, and the other his cap or helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. "It is scarcely possible," says the narrator, "to conceive anything more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked. His eyes were cast down and fixed on the earth, and his hands pressed closely against his sides, whilst he proceeded at so slow a pace, that he scarcely moved one foot beyond the other, and kept his feet wide apart. I saluted him after the European fashion, upon which he raised his left hand to his forehead, and bowed his whole body towards the ground."

In the conversation that ensued, the governor expressed his regret that the ignorance of the Japanese respecting the object of this visit should have occasioned them to fire upon the *Diana*. He then closely interrogated the captain as to the course and objects of his voyage, his name, the name of his emperor, and whether he knew anything of Resanoff. On the first of these heads, Golownin deemed it prudent to use some deception, and he stated that he was proceeding to St. Petersburg, from the eastern extremity of the Russian Empire; that contrary winds had considerably lengthened his voyage; and that, being greatly in want of wood and fresh water, he had been looking on the coasts for a safe harbor where these might be procured, and had been directed by an officer at Eetooroop to Kunashir. To all the other questions, he returned suitable answers, which were carefully written down. The conference ended most amicably, and the captain was invited to smoke tobacco, and partake of some tea, sagi,* and caviar. Everything was served on a separate dish, and presented by a different individual, armed with a poniard and sabre; and these attendants, instead of going away after handing anything to the guests, remained standing near, till at length they were surrounded by a formidable circle of armed men. Golownin would not stoop to betray alarm or distrust, but having brought some French brandy as a present to the governor, he desired his sailors to draw a bottle, and took this opportunity of repeating his order, that they should hold themselves in readiness. There appeared, however, no intention of resorting to violence. When he prepared to depart, the governor presented a flask of sagi, and some fresh fish, pointing out to him at the same time a net which had been cast to procure a larger supply. He also gave him a white fan, with which he was to beckon, as a sign of amity, when he came on shore again. The whole draught of fish was sent on board in the evening.

On the following day, the captain, according to appointment, paid another visit on shore, accom-

* *Japan and the Japanese.* By Captain Golownin. London: Colburn & Co. 1852.

* Sagi is the strong drink of Japan, distilled from rice

panied by two officers, Alexei, and four seamen carrying the presents intended for the Japanese. On this occasion, the former precautions were dispensed with; the boat was hauled up to the shore and left with one seaman, while the rest of the party proceeded to the castle. The result was, that after a renewal of the friendly explanations and entertainments of the preceding day, the treacherous Japanese threw off the mask, and made prisoners of the whole party.

"The first thing done, was to tie our hands behind our backs, and conduct us into an extensive but low building, which resembled a barrack, and which was situated opposite to the tent in the direction of the shore. Here we were placed on our knees, and bound in the cruellest manner with cords about the thickness of a finger; and, as though this were not enough, another binding of smaller cords followed, which was still more painful. The Japanese are exceedingly expert at this work; and it would appear that they conform to some precise regulation in binding their prisoners, for we were all tied exactly in the same manner. There was the same number of knots and nooses, and all at equal distances, on the cords with which each of us was bound. There were loops round our breasts and necks; our elbows almost touched each other, and our hands were firmly bound together. From these fastenings proceeded a long cord, the end of which was held by a Japanese, and which, on the slightest attempt to escape, required only to be drawn to make the elbows come in contact with the greatest pain, and to tighten the noose about the neck to such a degree as almost to produce strangulation. Besides all this, they tied our legs in two places—above the knees and above the ankles; they then passed ropes from our necks over the cross-beams of the building, and drew them so tight, that we found it impossible to move. Their next operation was searching our pockets, out of which they took everything, and then proceeded, very quietly, to smoke tobacco. While they were binding us, the lieutenant-governor showed himself twice, and pointed to his mouth, to intimate, perhaps, that it was intended to feed, not to kill us."

After some hours, the legs and ankles of the prisoners were partially loosed, and preparations were made for removing them to Matsmai, which seems to be the head-quarters of government for the Kurile dependencies of Japan. The journey, which occupied above a month, was performed partly in boats, which were dragged along the shore, and even for miles over the land; and partly on foot, the captives being marched in file, each led with a cord by a particular conductor, and having an armed soldier abreast of him. It was evident, however, that whatever was rigorous in their treatment, was not prompted by personal feelings of barbarity, but by the stringency of the law, which would have made the guards answerable for their prisoners with their own lives. They were always addressed with the greatest respect; and, as soon as it was deemed safe, their hands, which were in a dreadfully lacerated state, were unbound, and surgically treated; but not till their persons had been again most carefully searched, that no piece of metal might remain about them, lest they might contrive to destroy themselves. Suicide is, in Japan, the fashionable mode of terminating a life which cannot be prolonged but in circumstances of dishonor; to rip up one's own bowels in such a case, wipes away every stain on the character.

The guards of the Russian captives not only used every precaution against this, but carefully watched over their health and comfort, carrying them over the shallowest pools and streamlets, lest their feet should be wet, and assiduously beating off the gnats and flies, which would have been annoying. At every village, crowds of both sexes, young and old, turned out to see these unfortunate men; but there was nothing like insult or mockery in the demeanor of any—pity appeared to be the universal feeling; many begged permission from the guards to offer sagi, comfits, fruits, and other delicacies; and these were presented often with tears of compassion, as well as gestures of respect.

The prison to which Golownin and his companions were finally committed had been constructed expressly for their habitation in the town of Matsmai. It was a quadrangular wooden building, 25 paces long, 15 broad, and 12 feet high. Three sides of it were dead-wall, the fourth was formed of strong spars. Within this structure were two apartments, formed likewise of wooden spars, so as to resemble cages; one was appropriated to the officers, the other to the sailors and Alexei. The building was surrounded by a high wall or paling, outside of which were the kitchen, guard-house, &c., enclosed by another paling. This outer enclosure was patrolled by common soldiers; but no one was allowed within, except the physician, who visited daily, and the orderly officers, who looked through the spars every half-hour. Of course, it was rather a cold lodging; but, as winter advanced, a hole was dug a few feet from each cage, built round with freestone, and filled with sand, upon which charcoal was afterwards kept burning. Benches were provided for them to sleep on, and two of the orderlies presented them with bearskins; but the native fashion is to lie on a thick, wadded quilt, folded together, and laid on the floor, which, even in the poorest dwellings, is covered with soft straw-mats. A large wadded dress, made of silk or cotton, according to the circumstances of the wearer, serves for bed-clothes—which seem to be quite unknown; and while the poorer classes have only a piece of wood for a pillow, the richer fasten a cushion on the neat boxes which contain their razors, scissors, pomatum, tooth-brushes, and other toilet requisites.

But while the comfort of the captives was attended to in many minor matters, there was no relaxation of the vigilance used to preclude the possibility of self-destruction. They were not allowed scissors or knife to cut their nails, but were obliged to thrust their hands through the palisades, to get this office performed for them. When they were indulged with smoking, it was with a very long pipe held between the spars, and furnished with a wooden ball fixed about the middle, to prevent its being drawn wholly within the cage.

For weeks together they were brought daily before the bunyo (governor of the town, and probably lord-lieutenant of all the Japanese Kurile Islands), bound and harnessed like horses as before. The ostensible object of these examinations, which frequently lasted the whole day, was to ascertain for what purpose they had come near Japan, and what they knew of Resanoff and Chwostoff—for a singularly unfortunate combination of circumstances had arisen to give color to the suspicion, that some of their party had been connected with that expedition. But for one inquiry connected with the case, there were fifty that were wholly irrelevant, and prompted by mere curiosity. The

most trivial questions were put several times and in different forms, and every answer was carefully written down. Golownin was often puzzled, irritated, and quite at the end of his stock of patience; but that of the interrogators appeared interminable. They said, that by writing down everything they were told, whether true or false, and comparing the various statements they received, they were enabled through time to separate truth from fiction, and the practice was very improving. At the close of almost every examination, the bunyo exhorted them not to despair, but to offer up prayers to Heaven, and patiently await the emperor's decision.

Presently new work was found for them. An intelligent young man was brought to their prison, to be taught the Russian language. To this the captain consented, having no confidence in the Kurile Alexei as an interpreter, and being desirous himself to gain some knowledge of Japanese. Teske made rapid progress, and soon became a most useful and kindly companion to the captives. Books, pens, and paper were now allowed them in abundance; and their mode of treatment was every way improved. But by and by, they were threatened with more pupils; a geometrician and astronomer from the capital was introduced to them, and would gladly have been instructed in their mode of taking observations. Other learned men were preparing to follow, and it was now evident that the intention of the Japanese government was to reconcile them to their lot, and retain them for the instruction of the nation. Indeed, this appears to be the great secret of the policy of detaining for life instead of destroying the hapless foreigners that light on these shores; as the avowed motive for tolerating the commercial visits of the Dutch is, that they furnish the only news of public events that ever reach Japan. Fearful of becoming known to other nations, for fear of invasion, they are yet greedy of information respecting them, and many were the foolish questions they asked Golownin about the emperor of Russia, his dress, habitation, forces, and territories.

Golownin, on his part, endeavored to elicit all the information he could gain with respect to the numbers, resources, government, and religion of this singular people. He found it impossible to ascertain the amount of the population; indeed, it seems it would be very difficult for the government itself to obtain a census, for millions of the poor live abroad in the streets, fields, or woods, having no spot which they can call a home. Teske showed a map of the empire, having every town and village marked on it; and, though on a very large scale, it was thickly covered. He pointed out on it a desert, which is considered immense, because litters take a whole day to traverse it, and meet with only one village during the journey. It is perhaps fifteen miles across. The city of Yedo was usually set down by Europeans as containing 1,000,000 inhabitants; but Golownin was informed that it had in its principal streets 280,000 houses, each containing from 30 to 40 persons, besides all the small houses and huts. This would give in the whole a population of above 10,000,000 souls—about a fourth part of the estimated population of this country! The incorporated society of the blind alone is affirmed to include 36,000.

The country, though lying under the same latitudes as Spain and Italy, is yet very different from them in climate. At Matsmai, for instance, which is on the same parallel as Leghorn, snow falls as abundantly as at St. Petersburg, and lies in the

valleys from November till April. Severe frost is uncommon, but cold fogs are exceedingly prevalent. The climate, however, is uncommonly diversified, and consequently so are the productions, exhibiting in some places the vegetation of the frigid zone, and in others that of the tropics.

Rice is the staple production of the soil. It is nearly the only article used instead of bread, and the only one from which strong liquor is distilled, while its straw serves for many domestic purposes. Besides the radishes already mentioned, there is an extensive cultivation of various other esculent roots and vegetables. There is no coast without fisheries, and there is no marine animal that is not used for food, save those which are absolutely poisonous. But an uncommonly small quantity suffices for each individual. If a Japanese has a handful of rice and a single mouthful of fish, he makes a savory dish with roots, herbs, or mollusca, and it suffices for a day's support.

Japan produces both black and green tea; the former is very inferior, and used only for quenching thirst; whereas the latter is esteemed a luxury, and is presented to company. The best grows in the principality of Kioto, where it is carefully cultivated for the use both of the temporal and spiritual courts. Tobacco, which was first introduced by the European missionaries, has spread astonishingly, and is so well manufactured, that our author smoked it with a relish he had never felt for a Havana cigar. The Japanese smokes continually, and sips tea with his pipe, even rising for it during the night.

All articles of clothing are made of silk or cotton. The former appears to be very abundant, as rich dresses of it are worn even by common soldiers on festive days; and it may be seen on people of all ranks even in poor towns. The fabrics are at least equal to those of China. The cotton of Japan seems to be of the same kind as that of our West Indian colonies. It furnishes the ordinary dress of the great mass of the people, and also serves all the other purposes for which we employ wool, flax, furs, and feathers. The culture of it is, of course, very extensive; but the fabrics are all coarse; Golownin could hardly make himself believe that his muslin cravat was of this material. There is some hemp, which is manufactured into cloth for sails, &c.; but cables and ropes, very inferior to ours, are made from the bark of a tree called kadysz. This bark likewise supplies materials for thread, lamp-wicks, writing-paper, and the coarse paper used for pocket-handkerchiefs.

There is no lack of fruit trees, as the orange, lemon, peach, plum, fig, chestnut, and apple; but the vine yields only a small, sour grape, perhaps for want of culture. Timber-trees grow only in the mountainous districts, which are unfit for cultivation. Camphor is produced abundantly in the south, and large quantities of it are exported by the Dutch and Chinese. The celebrated varnish of Japan, drawn from a tree called silz, is so plentiful, that it is used for lacquering the most ordinary utensils. Its natural color is white, but it assumes any that is given to it by mixture. The best varnished vessels reflect the face as in a mirror, and hot water may be poured into them without occasioning the least smell.

The chief domestic animals are horses and oxen for draught; cats and dogs are kept for the same uses as with us; and swine furnish food to the few sects who eat flesh. Sheep and goats seem to be quite unknown; the Russian captives had to make

drawings of the former, to convey some idea of the origin of wool.

There are considerable mines of gold and silver in several parts of the empire, but the government does not permit them to be all worked, for fear of depreciating the value of these metals. They supply, with copper, the material of the currency, and are also liberally used in the decoration of public buildings, and in the domestic utensils of the wealthy. There is a sufficiency of quicksilver, lead, and tin, for the wants of the country; and one island is entirely covered with sulphur. Copper is very abundant, and of remarkably fine quality. All kitchen utensils, tobacco-pipes, and fire-shovels, are made of it; and so well made, that our author mentions his tea-kettle as having stood on the fire, like all other Japanese kettles, day and night, for months, without burning into holes. This metal is likewise employed for sheathing ships, and covering the joists and flat roofs of houses. Iron is less abundant, and much that is used is obtained from the Dutch. Nails alone, of which immense numbers are used in all carpentry-work, consume a large quantity. Diamonds, cornelians, jaspers, some very fine agates, and other precious stones, are found; but the natives seem not well to understand polishing them. Pearls are abundant; but not being considered ornamental, they are reserved for the Chinese market.

Steel and porcelain are the manufactures in which the Japanese chiefly excel, besides those in silk-stuffs and lacquered ware already mentioned. Their porcelain is far superior to the Chinese, but it is scarce and dear. With respect to steel manufactures, the sabres and daggers of Japan yield only perhaps to those of Damascus; and Golownin says their cabinet-makers' tools might almost be compared with the English. In painting, engraving, and printing, they are far behind; and they seem to have no knowledge of ship-building or navigation beyond what suffices for coasting voyages, though they have intelligent and enterprising sailors. There is an immense internal traffic, for facilitating which there are good roads and bridges where water-carriage is impracticable. These distant Orientals have likewise bills of exchange and commercial gazettes. The emperor enjoys a monopoly of the foreign commerce.

It is popularly said that Japan has two emperors—one spiritual, and the other temporal. The former, however, having no share in the administration of the empire, and seldom even hearing of state affairs, is no sovereign according to the ideas we attach to that term. He seems to stand much in the same relation to the emperor that the popes once did to the sovereigns of Europe. He governs Kioto as a small independent state; receives the emperor to an interview once in seven years; is consulted by him on extraordinary emergencies; receives occasional embassies and presents from him, and bestows his blessing in return. His dignity, unlike that of the Roman pontiffs, is hereditary, and he is allowed twelve wives, that his race may not become extinct. According to Japanese records, the present dynasty, including about 130 Kin-reys, has been maintained in a direct line for above twenty-four centuries. The person of the Kin-rey is so sacred, that no ordinary mortal may see any part of him but his feet, and that only once a year; every vessel which he uses must be broken immediately; for if another should even by accident eat or drink out of it, he must be put to death. Every garment which he wears must be

manufactured by virgin hands, from the earliest process in the preservation of the silk.

The adherents of the aboriginal Japanese religion, of which the Kin-rey is the head, adore numerous divinities called Kami, or immortal spirits, to whom they offer prayers, flowers, and sometimes more substantial gifts. They also worship Kadotski or saints—mortals canonized by the Kin-rey—and build temples in their honor. The laws concerning personal and ceremonial purity, which form the principal feature of this religion, are exceedingly strict, not unlike those imposed on the ancient Jews. There are several orders of priests, monks, and nuns, whose austerity, like that of Europe, is maintained in theory more than in practice.

Three other creeds, the Brahminical, the Confucian, and that which deifies the heavenly bodies, have many adherents; but their priests all acknowledge a certain religious supremacy to exist in the Kin-rey. There is universal toleration in these matters; every citizen may profess what faith he chooses, and change it as often as he chooses, without any one inquiring into his reasons; only it must be a spontaneous choice, for proselyting is forbidden by law. Christianity alone is proscribed, and that on account of the political mischief said to have been effected through its adherents in the seventeenth century. There is a law, by which no one may hire a servant without receiving a certificate of his not being a Christian; and on New Year's Day, which is a great national festival, all the inhabitants of Nangasaki are obliged to ascend a staircase, and trample on the crucifix, and other insignia of the Romish faith, which are laid on the steps as a test. It is said that many perform the act in violation of their feelings. So much of the religious state of the empire Golownin elicited in conversation with Teske and others; but everything on this subject was communicated with evident reluctance; and though, in the course of the walks which they were permitted to take in harness, the Russian captives sometimes saw the interior of the temples, they were never permitted to enter while any religious rites were celebrated.

With respect to the civil administration of Japan, our author seems to have gathered little that was absolutely new to us. The empire comprises above 200 states, which are governed as independent sovereignties by princes called Damyo, who frame and enforce their own laws. Though most of these principalities are very small, some of them are powerful; the damyo of Sindai, for instance, visits the imperial court with a retinue of 60,000. Their dependence on the emperor appears chiefly in their being obliged to maintain a certain number of troops, which are at his disposal. Those provinces which belong directly to the emperor, are placed under governors called Bunyo, whose families reside at the capital as hostages. Every province has two bunyos, each of whom spends six months in the government and six at Yedo.

The supreme council of the emperor consists of five sovereign princes, who decide on all ordinary measures without referring to him. An inferior council of fifteen princes or nobles presides over important civil and criminal cases. The general laws are few and well known. They are very severe; but the judges generally find means of evading them where their enforcement would involve a violation of those of humanity. In some cases, as in conjugal infidelity or filial impiety, individuals are permitted to avenge their own wrong, even to the taking of life. Civil cases are generally

decided by arbitrators, and only when they fail to settle a matter is there recourse to the public courts of justice. Taxes are generally paid to the reigning prince or emperor, in tithes of the agricultural, manufactured, or other productions of the country.

Such were some of the leading particulars ascertained by Golownin concerning the social and civil condition of this singular people. He says, they always appeared very happy, and their demeanor was characterized by lively and polite manners, with the most imperturbable good temper. It seems at length to have been through fear of a Russian invasion, rather than from any sense of justice, that his Japanese majesty, in reply to the importunities of the officers of the *Diana*, consented to release the captives, on condition of receiving from the Russian government a solemn disavowal of having sanctioned the proceedings of Chwostoff. Having obtained this, the officers repaired for the fourth time to these unfriendly shores, and enjoyed the happiness of embracing their companions, and taking them on board.

THE COUNTESS.

PEOPLE who visit a picture gallery for no other purpose than to while away an hour or two of time that they know not how else to employ, will, generally, find little amusement in the contemplation of walls hung round with a series of portraits only; *half-lengths*, *three-quarters*, or *whole-lengths*, are equally incapable of giving to the mere idler the transient enjoyment of a few bright and cheerful thoughts. The painted canvas, which transmits to us, it may be, all we can learn of the forms and lineaments of past greatness and goodness is altogether inadequate to rouse with its "mute eloquence," or to charm with its smiles. Nor is it alone the person represented gazing upon us, perhaps, in silence and solitude, from his quaint and richly-gilded frame, that seems to address the spectator; we see, or ought to see, the artist through his work; for, says Mrs. Jameson, "almost every picture (which is the production of mind) has an individual character reflecting the predominant temperament—nay, sometimes, the occasional mood—of the artist, its creator. Even portrait painters, renowned for their exact adherence to nature, will be found to have stamped upon their portraits a general and distinguishing character. There is, beside the physiognomy of the individual represented, the physiognomy, if I may so express myself, of the picture; selected at once by the mere connoisseur as a distinction of manner, style, execution, but of which the reflecting and philosophical observer might discover the key in the mind or life of the individual painter."

Then, after all, what a "palace of thought" is a portrait gallery—what memories may it not stir within us—what feelings reawaken—what substance will not fancy give to those enchanting deceptions, which, by the painter's art,

Bring the long-buried dead to life again!

Inferior as portraiture usually ranks in comparison with other branches of art, viewed historically it is superior to all. But an educated mind is required to appreciate its value in this sense, and to understand the records of which the painted figure remains as the symbol or type.

Now, just to apply these observations, suppose I introduce the reader into an apartment devoted entirely to portraits; we will enter, for example, the Van Dyck room, as it is generally called, in

Windsor Castle. A rare painter was Van Dyck at all times, but especially so ere multiplicity of business made him somewhat careless, and compelled him to call in the assistance of those who were far inferior to himself. Well, as we walk round the apartment, the eye and the thoughts are naturally most engrossed by the portraits of Charles I. and his family, both grouped and singly, and the mind becomes absorbed in the long and melancholy story of the "royal martyr." There is a "half-length" of his queen, Henrietta Maria, a true daughter of "Henri Quatre," a "lively, elegant, wilful French woman," who could rush through a storm of bullets to save a favorite poodle, and command the captain of the ship to blow the vessel up, with all on board, rather than strike his colors to the "Roundhead" fleet that pursued her. Van Dyck has dressed her in white satin, and has beautifully represented those bright eyes and graceful airs which so fascinated her husband, and influenced his fortunes. What a noble composition is that of Lady Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm Digby, with all its allegorical allusions to some real or fictitious action of her life, whose mysteries have never yet been revealed to us; a picture of which, Hazlitt says, "it would be next to impossible to perform an unbecoming action while it hung in the room." There, too, stand two young boys together, brothers—George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who fell by the dagger of Felton, in the streets of Portsmouth; and Lord Francis Villiers, remarkable for his accomplishments and extraordinary beauty of person, who was slain during the civil wars, at the early age of nineteen. "He stood," says Clarendon, "under an oak-tree, with his back against it, defending himself, scorning to ask quarter, and his enemies barbarously refusing to give it, till, with nine wounds in his beautiful face and body, he was slain." Then, again, in one picture, we find two individuals attached to the court of the first Charles—Killigrew, one of the monarch's pages, and Carew, a gentleman of the privy chamber; the former, afterwards the licensed jester of the profligate court of the second Charles; the latter, a lyric poet, of exquisite taste and feeling, and a lively but decorous wit. And nearly opposite these, if our memory serves, is Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, whom Waller panegyricizes, in some elegant verses, albeit her intrigues are said to have greatly perplexed the king's affairs, and vexed him.

This, then, is one of the uses to be made of portraiture; each individual example constitutes a page of history, when the person represented has established a claim to become a portion of it. If this be not the case, still something may be learned from the attributes with which the painter will invest his subject; for, as Mrs. Jameson remarks, "Could Sir Joshua Reynolds have painted a vixen without giving her a touch of sentiment? Would not Sir Thomas Lawrence have given refinement to a cook maid?" The picture indicates the artist's mind.

Which of the ornaments of our modern female aristocracy was the model of Mr. Parris' "Countess" we have not been able to ascertain; and it is most probable that, did we know, there might be no remarkable history to relate concerning her. All that can be said of the work is, that it represents, in very elegant style, a lady belonging to the class which, in our own day, more than in times past, find their chief happiness in other matters than political strife and turmoil. The pencil of this artist is always graceful in female portraiture, but his exhibited pictures are few in number.—*Sharpe*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The whole Booke of Psalmes, with their wonted Tunes, as they are sang in Churches, composed into Four Parts.* 1592. Reprinted for the Members of the Musical Antiquarian Society, and edited by E. F. RIMBAULT, LL. D., F. S. A.
2. *The whole Booke of Psalmes, with the Hymnes Evangelical and Songs Spiritual, composed into Four Parts by sundry Authors, &c.* Edited by the Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M. A. London: 1845.
3. *The People's Music Book, Part I., consisting of a Selection of Psalm Tunes, in Four Parts, with an arrangement for the Organ or Piano Forte.* Edited by JAMES TURLE, Organist of Westminster Abbey, and EDWARD TAYLOR, Professor of Music in Gresham College. London: 1844.

THERE are periodical ebullitions of zeal among the English people for the furtherance of divers worthy purposes; most of which may have been constantly within their view for a succession of years without exciting much attention. On a sudden, however, one or more of them assumes an air of importance, and becomes an object of general conversation; the press, perhaps the pulpit, takes it up—the bell-wethers lead—the flock instinctively follow, and a subject which had scarcely been of sufficient consequence to interest a parish, all at once interests a nation. Such has been the case with regard to that portion of the worship of God which is performed by the aid of music. After more than a century of patient acquiescence in the single drawl of a clerk, or the unisonous squall of a row of charity children, we seem to have awakened to the conviction that this is not music, and that still less can it act as a help or incentive to devotion. The necessity of some change must be considered to be admitted on all sides, when everybody agrees that “whatever is, is wrong.” Nevertheless, to what extent, and in what way the change shall be effected, all sorts of discordant opinions are afloat, from the want of clear and distinct notions of either the purpose in view, or the proper means of attaining it. This arises from the ignorance of persons, whom, unfortunately, that ignorance has not prevented from at once twaddling and dogmatizing, nor from exercising considerable influence over the public.

If music formed a part of the education of the English people—if even the clergy were “*medicriter docti in plano cantu*”—this could not happen; or if they acted upon Burke’s wise resolve, that “where he did not see his way clearly he would tread cautiously,” the efforts we may make would be made in one and the same direction, all tending to a certain definite end, and all adopting the best and surest means. But as our musical reformers are destitute, for the most part, of any knowledge on the subject, either historical, theoretical, or practical, the questions—whether our efforts at amendment will be made in the right or the wrong direction, as well as whether the object which is sought to be attained can, or even ought

to, be accomplished, are likely to be settled by pure accident, or something very little better. We would willingly throw a little light upon the point in debate, by considering it with reference to history, to authority, and to utility. It will be found, we think, that history and authority clearly show what are the modes and forms in which music can be fitly employed in devotional service; though at present they are perpetually confounded, in equal disregard of rule and of good taste.

Music, as a part of public worship, is either performed by a choir distinct from the congregation, or by the congregation themselves, or by both alternately.

The former was the practice in the Jewish Temple, where also originated the antiphonal chant—a method of singing which then, as now, required two choirs, each in itself complete, and separate from the congregation. (Nehem. xii.) Whatever were the musical attainments of the “men singers and the women singers,” they are constantly mentioned as a separate body, towards whom the Rabbi stood in the situation now occupied by the Precentor in our cathedrals.* “And David was clothed with a robe of fine linen, and all the Levites that bare the ark, and the singers, and Chenaniah, the master of the song, with the singers.” (1 Chron. xv. 25.) The two hemistichs of each verse were sung by the opposite choirs or by the Precentor-Rabbi and the choir; the whole assembly, at the end of the Psalm at least, (Hallelujah, Amen!) often replacing the choir. That the singing was alternate is clear from the structure or parallelism of many of the Psalms, and also from the Hebrew verb *קָנַן*, usually translated “to sing,” but sometimes, “to sing responsively.” Thus, in Ezra iii. 11, “And they sang together by course, in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord,” &c. For the transmission of the alternate chorus from the Jewish Church to the Christian, Lowth, in his Nineteenth Lecture on Hebrew Poetry, quotes the early authority of Pliny’s Letters; and that of Bingham for its continuance in the latter Church from the first ages.

To this Psalmody, towards the close of the sixth century, about 590, Gregory the Great adapted the eight tones of the Greek music—an accidental improvement upon the Jewish recitatives. But a new element had been previously introduced by Ambrose into the Western Church at Milan. This was the Hymn or Metrical Song, and its date is from about A. D. 380. Some of these Ambrosian hymns, together with their original tunes, are still preserved, and are traceable by Vatican and German MSS. up to the time of Charlemagne. The Gentile Christians from the first had been acquainted with the Greek music. It consisted of three highly cultivated systems, of the simplest of which (the diatonic or two simple tetrachords) they availed themselves in forming the “*octo toni ecclesiæ*.” The original tunes to the Ambrosian hymns are all composed in one of the modes of the

* “*Quem nos Cantorem nunc a cantando vocamus, vel Choram, quasi cepit Chori.*”—Kireher, *Musurgia*, p. 58.

diatonic system, and they were sung by the whole congregation.

Under these circumstances there was for a time choir singing and congregational singing. Both would flourish together. The hymns were congregational; while choir music was the old Hebrew element of Psalmody in its proper sense. But even here the Christian impulse led to giving a part to the congregation. Thus in the *Te Deum laudamus* the whole congregation sang the responses in Augustin's time. But a century or two later Christendom and Christian worship underwent a serious transformation. As the Dark Ages set in, and the hierarchal system became complete by the appointment of *Canonici*, congregational hymn-singing during the service was dropped altogether, and the *Canonici* became the substitutes of the congregation. The choir or chancel, by which the persons who officiated in the service were separated from the general assembly, was an invention of mediæval architecture, corresponding with this change.

Choir music had been long a favorite art in great ecclesiastical establishments, and was now certain of being more devoutly and professionally encouraged than ever. From its first admission into Christianity, England had taken its place in the cultivation of sacred music along with the rest of the Western World. Choirs were formed* and endowed in our cathedrals, provision was made for their instruction, and priests were taught to sing. "Pope Gregory I. founded and endowed a school at Rome, in which children were instructed in reading, singing, and good morals: from this school those were taken, when well accomplished for it, who were to perform the musical part of the service in public."† "Paulinus," says Bede, "leaving York and returning to Rochester, left behind him one James, a priest, who, when that province had peace, and the number of the faithful increased, being very skilful in ecclesiastical song, began to teach many to sing after the way of Rome or Canterbury."‡ "Gerbertus Fontinellensis, § Ainarodus Divensis, || and Durandus Troarnensis, ¶

* Nothing, however, approaching to the splendid establishments of David. The account, 1 Chron. xxiii., supposes music and poetry to have been in a most flourishing state. "By him no less than four thousand singers or musicians were appointed from among the Levites, under two hundred and eighty-eight principal singers or leaders of the band, and distributed into twenty-four companies, who officiated weekly by rotation in the Temple, and whose whole business was to perform the sacred hymns: the one part chanting or singing, and the other playing upon different instruments. The chief of these were Asaph, Heman, and Iduthum, who also, as we may presume from the titles of the Psalms, were composers of hymns." After this, Lowth may well observe on the original dignity and grandeur of the Hebrew Ode; and Milton must have admitted that the choir was worthy in its amplitude of those "frequent songs throughout the law and prophets," which he held "incomparable," not in "their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, over all the kinds of lyric poetry."

† Dorrington's (Rev. Theo.) Discourse on Singing in the Worship of God (1704), p. 182.

‡ Bede, *Hist. lib. ii. chap. 20*, (quoted by Dean Comber).

§ The Benedictine abbey of Fontenelle, or St. Wandrille, in the diocese of Rouen, founded by Wandresigillas in the seventh century.

|| The Benedictine abbey of St. Pierre sur Dive, founded by Lucollina, wife of William, Count of Eu, "super rivulum Dive," in the diocese of Lisieux.

¶ The Benedictine abbey of Troarn, in the diocese of Bayeux.

like three radiant stars in the firmament of heaven, so shone these three abbots in the citadel of Jehovah. To the fervor of devotion and the warmth of charity they added the possession of various kinds of knowledge, continually thirsting after the service of God in his holy temple. Among those who were best skilled in the art of music they excelled; especially in singing and chanting the sweetly-sounding antiphons and responses. They gave forth, springing from pure hearts, melodious praises of the Almighty King, whom cherubim and seraphim and all the host of heaven adore—of the holy Virgin Mary, the mother of our Saviour; and carefully taught the boys of the church to sing in concert to the Lord, with Asaph and Eman, Ethun and Iduthum, and the sons of Chore."* At every period the extent of the choir must of course everywhere have varied with the provision which had been given or bequeathed for its support. In England, for instance, the twenty-four vicars of Exeter Cathedral were incorporated in 1194. The choir of Durham, at the time of the Reformation, consisted of twelve minor canons, a deacon and sub-deacon, ten clerks (either priests or laymen), ten choristers (boys), and their master. The Lincoln choir in the reign of Edward III. comprised the precentor, four priest vicars, eight lay vicars, an organist, eight (boy) choristers, and seven chanters added and endowed by Bartholomew Lord Burgersh. More specific instances are unnecessary: we may state, generally, that the number of the choir ranged, in different cathedral and collegiate churches, from twenty to fifty; that an ample revenue had been appropriated for their maintenance; that, after the example of Pope Gregory I., a grammar-school was attached to every cathedral, where the boys received such musical as well as classical instruction as qualified them for more advanced stations, clerical or lay, in the choir; and that the duties of every member of such a choir were accurately and distinctly defined. The funds which had been set apart for this purpose in any particular establishment, survived the Reformation wherever the establishment itself survived. In case they should have subsequently disappeared, the lovers of cathedral music may probably in time hear of something to their advantage through the agency of Mr. Whiston and his pamphlet on "Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment."

The Reformation would of course find the musical part of the Church service in much the same condition on the continent as in England—the congregation equally excluded. On inquiring to whom we are indebted for that class of sacred music which is now distinguished by the share the congregation has in its performance, Rochlitz refers to "the compositions of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and to the hymns and tunes of the United Brethren." But the decided reaction waited for the authority of Luther and Calvin. Both were bent on bringing back the congregation as active parties in this portion of the service. They differed only in the form of doing it—Luther preferring hymns composed not by Jews but Christians, Calvin preferring metrical translations of the Psalms; and this has since been the constant difference between the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches over the continent, though now in Germany and Holland the Calvinists have agreed to sing hymns.

Hymns and hymn tunes have their independent

* This passage of Ordericus Vitalis is taken from Baron Maseres' *Historiæ Anglicanæ selecta Monumenta*, p. 231.

history as much as psalms and psalm tunes. Mr. Bunsen's greater "German Hymn Book" contains nearly 1000 hymns selected out of 150,000, of which about twenty belong to the Latin Church before the Reformation. For the use of his second (minor) edition, he has added the old Gregorian chants, for an alternate singing of the Psalms by hemistichs by the choir and congregation, and a collection of 300 hymn tunes. Luther had himself translated about twelve Ambrosian hymns in the same metre, and retaining the old tune—among others the *Creator Spiritus* of Charlemagne's time. All who remember Arnold's Life (i. 363), will remember the delight with which this selection was welcomed by him. We cannot give our readers a general idea of the subject in fewer words than in the following passage from Mr. Ernest Bunsen's preface to a selection of hymns in English with their church melodies, which he published two or three years ago for the benefit of the German Hospital in London.

"Hymnodic composition is based upon the old diatonic system of the original eight modes, wisely chosen for the Christian service by the Church of Milan, and then adopted by Rome, and through Rome by the whole Western Church. This system was at the time of the Reformation preserved and brought into congregational use with the power of genius, by Luther, and then developed and systematized by an illustrious class of first-rate composers, principally in Germany, but also in France and England. . . . The choral hymn has its own positive laws. It is not a popular air merely sobered down or restrained, it is a more elevated structure. . . . Its models are, in the first place, the compositions of the Western Church, from the fifth or sixth to the fifteenth century, altogether scarcely more than 150; in the second place, the German hymnodic airs from Luther and his friend Walther, in an unbroken chain down to our own age; the number exceeding 2000."

But an original hymn in the sight of the hotter Reformers of Geneva was man's work! and hymns, in order to become acceptable to them, had to put on the form of translated psalms. "Calvin" (says Florimont de Rémond, in his "*History of Heresy*"), "*eut le soin de mettre les psaumes de Marot et de Beze entre les mains des plus excellents musiciens qui fussent lors en la chrétienté; entre autres de Goudimel, et d'un autre nommé Bourgeois pour les encher en musique.*" This being the case, we have only to recollect who Palestrina was, and learn that Goudimel had been his master, to raise our wonder at Warton's rashness in discrediting his "*History of English Poetry*," with the following account of the metrical psalmody introduced by Calvin:—"Calvin, intent as he was to form a new church on a severe model, had yet too much sagacity to exclude every auxiliary to devotion. . . . Sensible that his chief resources were in the rabble of a republic, and availing himself of that natural propensity which prompts even vulgar minds to express their more animated feelings in rhyme and music, he conceived a mode of universal psalmody, not too refined for common capacities and fitted to please the populace. The rapid propagation of Calvin's religion, and his numerous proselytes, are a strong proof of his address in planning such a sort of service. France and Germany were instantly infatuated with the love of psalm-singing, which being admirably calculated to kindle and diffuse the flame of fanaticism, was peculiarly serviceable to the purposes of faction, and fre-

quently served as the trumpet to rebellion." . . . "Calvin's music was intended to correspond with the general parsimonious spirit of his worship; . . . the music he permitted was to be *without grace, elegance, or elevation*. These apt notes were about forty tunes, of one part only, and in one unisonous key."*

What says Mr. Ernest Bunsen!—"Of the Reformed Church the psalm tunes composed by Goudimel and some of his school stand preëminent; but most of the metres to which they are adapted are complicated and peculiar to French poetry." How far they are written "without grace, elegance, or elevation," the compositions themselves, still extant, are the best evidence. It is equally clear that so far from being designed and calculated for the mere "rabble of a republic," they were studiously prepared for a musically educated people. Warton is also in error in saying that these tunes were written "in one part only;" those which Bourgeois composed were published in 1561, and those supplied by Goudimel, in 1565, all being composed in four parts. In 1608 appeared "*Les Pseaumes de David, mis en musique a quatre et cinq parties, par Claudin le jeune.*" This work was reprinted at Geneva, Leyden, and Amsterdam.

The growth and progress of congregational singing in the Protestant Churches on the Continent were straightforward; while its course in England was circuitous, and influenced by various and conflicting causes. The predilections of Queen Elizabeth, as head of the Church; the wishes and opinions of her chief advisers in all matters which concerned its government; the expectations and desires of the majority of her people, and their state of musical culture, all had to be taken into consideration. With regard to the first, there is no doubt that the queen desired to retain, in the ceremonies of the Church, as many of the externals of Popery as could be engrafted on a Protestant ritual. "Elizabeth," says Burnet, "had been bred up from her infancy with a hatred of the Papacy and a love to the Reformation; but yet, as her first impressions in her father's reign were in favor of such old rites as he had still retained, so in her own nature she loved state, and some magnificence in religion as well as in everything else."† More especially, her love of music led her to retain, as far as was practicable, the performance of choir music. "The musical service" [of the Church], says Heylyn, "was admired and cherished by the queen; for the Liturgy was officiated every day, both morning and evening, in the chapel, with the most excellent voices of men and children that could be got in all the kingdom, accompanied by the organ."‡ The choir of the chapel royal, including its twenty-four clerical members, then consisted of sixty-two voices. So much for the queen's personal choice and example in her own peculiar place of worship. The supremacy recognized in the crown would secure to the royal chapel and its form of service a similar authority to what the papal chapel had exercised before. Marbeck was one of its members in 1550, when he published his "*Book of Common Praier*, noted." He describes it, as containing "so much of the Common Praier, as is to be sung in churches;" and its adoption

* Hist. of English Poetry, 8vo edit., vol. iii., pp. 442, 445.

† Hist. Reformation, Part II., p. 376.

‡ Ecclesiastical History, p. 296.

"on the whole, as the authentic choral book of the Church, so far as the alterations of the service permitted," it is considered by Mr. Dyce to be placed beyond any doubt. "It would complete an *autiphonarium* for the reformed liturgy."

On the other hand, Elizabeth's choice of her religious advisers was dictated by the same acuteness, which in every other important exercise of sovereign power she habitually displayed. She consulted policy and prudence rather than personal preferences. Parker, Grindal, and Jewel were among the most eminent confessors and exiles of the preceding reign. Of Parker's sentiments concerning the introduction of metrical psalmody into the Church Service, we shall have occasion to speak immediately. Grindal and Jewel, recently members of the Reformed Church at Frankfurt, where congregational singing was considered as one of the distinguishing features of Protestantism, and whose dislike to the habits and ceremonies which Elizabeth sought to retain, was with considerable difficulty overcome, contended for a practice which every Reformed Church had agreed to adopt, of which Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Bucer, and Beza had been all equally the advocates, and which had become interwoven with the very frame and order of Protestant worship.

That a large proportion of the English people desired the introduction of metrical psalmody in particular into the Church Service, there can be no question. Elizabeth succeeded to the crown in November, 1558: a few months afterwards, Bishop Jewel, writing to his friend Peter Martyr, says—"A change now appeared among the people. Nothing promoted it more visibly than the inviting the people to sing psalms. That was begun in one church in London, and did quickly spread itself not only through the city, but in the neighboring places. Sometimes at Paul's Cross there will be 6000 people singing. This was very grievous to the Papists."* With them, therefore, in that age psalm-singing and heresy were synonymous; but what an imposing spectacle! There can also be no doubt that the Cathedral Service was held in abhorrence by many persons within as well as without the pale of the Church. The Puritans, in their Confessions, p. 1571, say—"Concerning the singing of psalms, we allow of the people's joining with one voice in a plain tune, but not of tossing the psalms from one side to the other, with intermingling of organs."† What was the plain tune here intended by the Puritans? Probably, the new kind of plain song or metrical psalmody of the Genevan reformers; on the other hand, the "modest and distinct song" of Elizabeth's

Injunction, and the "plain song" of Heylyn, represented the more moderate innovations, as publicly agreed to by the Church of England, and will most likely have been some one of the ancient ecclesiastical melodies or intonations. These plain tunes were so called, in distinction from the figured music—*vibratam illam et operosam musicam*—which, in his *Reformatio legum*, Cranmer had wished to proscribe, of which two popes (John XXII. and Pius V.) had also disapproved, and which was preserved only by the genius of Palestrina. Among the most prominent and powerful opponents of the Cathedral Service in the Establishment were the Queen's Professor at Oxford, the Margaret Professor at Cambridge, and Whyttingham, Dean of Durham. All the Protestant dissidents of the time favored congregational, in opposition to choir singing; and those ministers of the Church of England who, during the persecutions of Mary, had sought refuge abroad, were found, on this point, closely associated with the Nonconformists. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the majority of Elizabeth's Protestant subjects regarded her desire to keep up the Cathedral Service in its full splendor as an evidence of her leaning towards Popery, that many of them desired its entire abolition, and still more of them countenanced the substitution of that universal symbol and badge of Protestantism, congregational singing in one form or another.

But were the English people prepared to effect this change, and to substitute the singing of the congregation for that of the choir—were they, like their German, Swiss, and Flemish brethren, *singers*, not by ear, but from notes? The answer is, they were. At no period of English history was the cultivation of the vocal art so universal as in the reign of Elizabeth. We need not adduce the oft-quoted testimony of Morley; but the copious supply of madrigals during this period is a sufficient evidence of the musical attainments and the musical wants of the English people. Every person who had received any other kind of education, had also received a musical education, and was able to read notes as well as words. The compositions of Byrd, Gibbons, Wilbye, Bennett, Bateson, Morley, and their contemporaries, were everywhere sung: the choicest madrigals of Italy and Flanders were imported and translated; and thus musical knowledge and musical taste were diffused throughout England to an extent of which we have now no idea. Congregational singing could not have been planted in a more congenial soil.

The result of the above conflicting forces will be seen in the Forty-ninth of the queen's "Injunctions," 1559, which prescribes the mode in which music should be used in the Church. "For the encouragement and the continuance of the use of singing in the Church of England, it is enjoined, that is to say, that whereas in divers collegiate, and some other churches, heretofore there hath been livings appointed for the maintenance of men and children for singing in the Church, by means of which the laudable exercise of music hath been had in estimation and preserved in knowledge. The Queen's Majesty, neither meaning in any wise the decay of any endowment that might tend to the use and continuance of the said science, willet and commandeth that no alteration be made in the disposition of such assignments as have been heretofore appointed to the use of singing in the Church, but that all such do remain; that there be a *modest and distinct song*, so used in all the common prayers

* Styrpe observes from his diary, that in Sept. 1559, "began the new morning prayer at St. Antholin's, London, the bell beginning to ring at five, when a psalm was sung after the Geneva fashion; all the congregation—men, women, and boys—singing together." Again, March 3, 1560, "Grindal, the new bishop of London, preached at St. Paul's Cross, in his rochet and chimere (cymar), the mayor and aldermen present, and a great auditory. And after sermon a psalm was sung (which was the common practice of the Reformed Churches abroad), wherein the people also joined their voices." The congregational singing of Marot's psalms was equally popular in France. Dyer relates, in his *Life of Calvin*, 1557, that a crowd of from 5000 to 6000 persons, among whom were the King and Queen of Navarre, assembled every evening in the *Pré aux Clercs* for that purpose; nor would the Parliament of Paris interfere. Only fancy the Parisians congregating now to sing psalms in the *Champs Elysees*!

† Neal, *Hist. of the Puritans*, p. 290.

of the Church as that the same may be plainly understood. And yet, nevertheless, for the comforting of such as take delight in music, it be permitted that, either at morning or evening prayer, there be sung a hymn, or such like song, to the praise of Almighty God, in the best melody and music that may be conveniently devised." "According to which order," says Heylyn, "as plain song was retained in most parish churches, so in the Queen's own chapels, and in the quire of all Cathedrals, and some Colleges, the hymns were sung after a more melodious manner, commonly with organs." It may be argued, and indeed has been, that these passages contain no specific and distinct sanction for congregational singing; and concerning the other more apparent novelty of the Reformation or psalm singing, Elizabeth's Injunction, it has been also argued, contains neither direction nor permission for the use of any metrical version of the Psalter. But, on the point of express authority, it would be as hard to find there, or elsewhere, any sanction, since the Reformation, for the antiphonal chanting of the Psalms. Heylyn's account of the course taken with the Marot and Beza of the Church of England, is as follows:—"About this time (1552) the Psalms of David did first begin to be composed in English metre by Thomas Sternhold; who, translating no more than thirty-seven, left both example and encouragement to John Hopkins to dispatch the rest; which, notwithstanding being first allowed for private devotion, they were, by little and little, brought into the use of the Church; permitted, rather than allowed, to be sung; afterwards printed and bound up with the Common Prayer Book, and, at last, added by the stationers at the end of the Bible."

Now this was precisely the sort of sanction which it accorded with Elizabeth's prepossessions and feelings to give—and no other. Her very title to the crown rested on her renunciation of Papal authority. But if policy inclined, nay compelled her to take the side of Protestantism, her inclinations were often in favor of Popish usages. Of toleration, or the rights of conscience, she had as little care or understanding as any sovereign of her age. She reluctantly banished the crucifix and the altar from parish churches; they lingered, however, in her own chapel for many years after their public disuse, to the great grief and scandal of her Protestant subjects, who rightly contended that an altar could only consist with the notion of a sacrifice of Christ in the Mass. In her wish to retain the various dresses worn by the Romish priests in the celebration of the various offices of their religion, she in part succeeded; and from her desire to enforce celibacy on the clergy she kept the law in a state, which enabled her, while under the roof of Archbishop Parker, to insult his wife. If, from policy, therefore, Elizabeth was allied to Protestantism, she had few Protestant feelings or sympathies—while to Puritanism, and to Nonconformity of every kind and class, she cherished an inveterate aversion. Hence it was not likely that, in terms, she should recognize, still less sanction, what had been made a characteristic badge of Calvinistic worship, the use of metrical psalmody, or even the general substitution of congregational for choir singing. All that could be expected was that sort of compromise which the injunction concerning the use of music in churches virtually contained.

But if we look to the practical effect of this injunction, we shall find that it was precisely such as

would have ensued from a distinct approval of the use of metrical psalmody. The version of Sternhold and Hopkins was printed by the queen's printer, and bound up and circulated with the Bible and the Prayer Book, while the tunes were furnished by the organist and choirmen of her own chapel. When the Prayer Book was completed, A. D. 1559, to the celebrated Thomas Tallis was assigned the charge of giving musical expression to all those portions of the Liturgy which were to be sung in cathedrals and collegiate churches. We are not left here to conjecture; we have the entire Service which Tallis wrote, and as he wrote it. The directions "priest" and "choir," "decani" (the side of the dean) and "cantoris" (the side of the precentor), occur throughout. It is a composition, from its very structure, designed for an antiphonal choir, and incapable of being sung by a congregation. Heard to this day with unabated delight, it is unnecessary to say how admirably this task was accomplished; but in connexion with the present subject it must be especially remarked that Tallis was also one of the earliest contributors to our metrical psalmody, being then, as he had been from the reign of Henry VIII., a member of the Chapel Royal. The English Cathedral Service, or singing by a choir—and English Congregational singing, with the use of metrical psalmody—came, therefore, not from different and opposite sources, but from the same. Many psalm-tunes have a pedigree not much inferior to any other portion of sacred music.

A metrical version of the Psalms by Sternhold, Hopkins, and Whyttingham had been printed before Elizabeth's accession to the throne. But three years after that time there appeared "The whole Psalmes, in Foure Partes, which may be sung to all Musical Instrumentes; set forth for the Encrease of Vertue, and abolishing of other wayne and triflyng Ballads. Imprinted at London, by John Daye. Cum Gratia et Privilegio Regiæ Majestatis per Septennium."* One of the contributors to this work was Tallis. In 1567 Archbishop Parker published the first translation by one and the same person of the entire Psalter into English metre. It was printed at London by John Daye, with the royal privilege, and appended to it are eight psalm-tunes, sufficing in metre and in character, as was supposed, for every individual Psalm. This version of the Psalms deserves especial notice, not only from its extreme rarity (the copy to which we have had access is in the library of Corp. Christ. Coll., Cambridge), but because it was published by the highest dignitary of the Church—the music being supplied by the most eminent composer of the time, who was also the head or chief of the queen's choir in her chapel. Warton's notice of it is in the following terms, and more errors were never before or since crowded into the same space: "Some of our musical antiquaries have justly conjectured that the Archbishop intended these psalms, which are adapted to complicated tunes of four parts, probably constructed by himself, and here given in score, for the use of cathedrals, at a time when compositions in counterpoint were uncommon in the Church, and when that part of our choir service called the Motet or Anthem, which admits of a more artful display of

* The only known perfect copy of this, the earliest collection of Psalm tunes published in England, is in the library of Dr. Rimbault, to whose labors English musicians are largely indebted as the editor of several of the valuable works printed by the Musical Antiquarian Society.

harmony (and which is recommended in Queen Elizabeth's earliest ecclesiastical Injunctions) was yet almost unknown, or in a very imperfect state." *

The conjecture is without a shadow of authority or probability, the tunes being adapted for congregational, not choir singing. They are not "complicated," but simple. They are not "constructed by himself" (Parker), but by Tallis, whose name is affixed to them. They are not "in score," but in four separate and distinct parts, according to the custom of the time. "Compositions in counterpoint" were so far from being "uncommon" then, that no other were in existence. There is no part of the choir service called the "Motet;" and the anthem was not distinguished for, nor did it admit, "a more artful display of harmony," than the regular morning or evening service. In fact, canons of the most artful kind occur frequently in the Services of our great composers (see those of Purcell, Gibbons, Croft, and Blow), but in Anthems very rarely. That the Anthem was very far from being "unknown" we have sufficient evidence in the few compositions of this kind and age which have fortunately survived. So little is Warton to be trusted when he has to speak of music.

How general was the practice of congregational singing of psalms at this time may be surmised from the following enumeration of the works adapted for this purpose:—

In 1579, John Daye published "The Psalmes of David in English meter, with Notes of Foure Parts, &c." In 1585, "Musike of Six and Five Parts, made upon the common Tunes used in singing the Psalmes, by John Cosyn." In 1591, "The former Booke of the Musike of Mr. William Damon, late one of her Majestie's Musitions, containing all the Tunes of David's Psalmes, as they are ordinarily sung in the Church, most excellently by him composed into Foure Parties." In 1592, "The whole Booke of Psalmes, with their wonted Tunes as they are sung in Churches, composed into Foure Parts; all which are so placed that Foure may sing each one a several Part in this Book. Compiled by sundry Authors, who have so laboured herein, that the Unskilful may, with small Practice, attaine to sing that Part which is fittest for their Voice." This compilation numbers among its contributors Dowland, Farmer, Kirby, Allison, Blancks, Hooper, Cobbold, and Cavendish, all of them otherwise known as men of eminence in this age of England's musical greatness. These various collections of psalm tunes, all of which were published in at least four parts, were exactly adapted to the wants as well as the musical attainments of the age. Whatever was done was well done, and the talents of the best composers were enlisted, in order to give value and currency to each several publication. There cannot be stronger evidence of the different state of musical culture in England then and now, than is afforded by comparing these collections of psalm tunes with those which are the most popular at present. At present, Rippon's has probably the largest permanent sale, notwithstanding (perhaps we ought to say, because) it abounds the most in trash. Yet, the collections we have enumerated went through several editions in their time. Daye's volume having been reprinted by the University of Cambridge, this was regarded as an infringement of his patent, and the heads of the

colleges petitioned Lord Burghley, their Chancellor (July 16, 1591; *Strype's Annals*), to protect them from any proceedings consequent upon their alleged piracy.

In 1621 Thomas Ravenscroft published "The whole Booke of Psalmes, &c., composed into Four Parts, by sundry Authors, to such severall Tunes as have been and usually are sung in England, Scotland, Germany, Italy, France, and the Netherlands." But when Ravenscroft published this collection, the decline of musical knowledge and musical taste had commenced. A Stuart had succeeded to the throne, and from every one of that wretched family, the English musician experienced at best neglect and indifference—oftener opprobrium, injustice, and proscription. The art and practice of part-singing fell off so rapidly that the number of madrigals which, year after year, had enriched the age of Elizabeth, soon ceased after the accession of James I. Ten years sufficed to put an entire and final period to the labors of the twenty-two musicians who had united, in 1602, to celebrate the praises of their queen in the "Triumphs of Oriana." Ravenscroft's volume is, nevertheless, a valuable addition to the previous collections of psalm tunes. Availing himself of the labors of his predecessors, he added to them his own, as well as those of Morley, Bennett, Ward, Tomkins, Peirson, and John Milton, the poet's father. Up to this time, therefore, it is established that psalm-singing was no rude and barbarous noise, but a part of public worship, supplied, in well-constructed harmony, by the best musicians of England's proudest musical era, for a musically-educated people. Every existing publication bears testimony to this fact.

In 1637 George Sandys, the traveller, published his metrical version of the Psalmes, for which Henry Lawes wrote twenty tunes in two parts; and in 1648 Lawes published thirty short anthems in three parts, written by himself and his brother William, to portions of Sandys' version. In the latter publication (now very rare) is found for the first time, Milton's sonnet "to his Friend, Henry Lawes," composed but three years before. During the time of the Commonwealth, the musical part of public worship is thus noticed in the Directory which was prepared by the Assembly of Divines at Westminster:—"It is the duty of Christians to praise God publicly by the singing of psalms, together in the congregation and also privately in the family. In singing of psalms the voice is to be tunably ordered, but the chief care must be to sing with understanding, making melody unto the Lord with the heart as with the voice."

After the Restoration, the music of the parochial service partook of the general corruption of the age. Charles silenced the organ of his chapel, and supplied its place by a band of French fiddlers, while he thrust all English musicians from his presence * with insult and contumely—Purcell, Humphries, and Blow among the rest. The state of music in the service of the parish church is thus described by John Playford, in the preface to his "Psalmes and Hymns in solemn Music of Foure Parts on the common Tunes to the Psalmes in Metre; 1671":—"For many years this part of divine service was skilfully and devoutly performed; and it is still continued in our churches, but not with that reverence and estimation as

* Hist. of English Poetry, vol. iii. (edit. 1840), p. 161.

* See the Diaries of Pepys and Evelyn.

formerly. The tunes formerly used to the psalms are, for excellency of form, solemn ayre, and suitableness to the matter of the psalms, not inferior to any tunes used in foreign churches; but at this day the best and almost all the choice tunes are out of use in our churches. Nor must we expect it otherwise, when in and about this great city, in above one hundred parishes, but few parish clerks are to be found that have either ear or understanding to set one of those tunes as it ought to be, whereby this part of God's service hath been so ridiculously performed in most places that it is brought into scorn and derision." Another corruption of parochial psalmody ensued—though not necessarily—upon the introduction of organs, which now began to be built in some of the larger parish churches. Every tune was introduced by a long prelude, and every line of the psalm severed from the next by an interlude, generally of four bars. Some of these impertinent addenda are in existence, and they might seem to be constructed on purpose to render this part of the service as ridiculous as Playford represents it.

The next collection of psalm tunes which it is proper to notice, immediately followed the publication of Tait and Brady's version of the Psalms. To this collection, which appeared in 1704, Purcell, Jer. Clark, Dr. Blow, and Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Croft, were contributors; from that time to the present valuable additions to our stock of metrical psalmody have been very rare. It is true, the number of published collections has been endless, but they have been, generally, either incorrect or vulgarized reprints of old tunes, or more incorrect and vulgar new ones. Few musicians of eminence have cared to concern themselves with a branch of their art so degraded and profitless; no well-directed effort has been made to regain for the music of the parish church its true character and former excellence; and that part of the service which might be rendered impressive and delightful, is now a universal nuisance.

The rapid review of the origin, intent, and use of music, as applied in this country to the service of the Church, will show that the two modes of its employment, once severally indicative of Popery and Protestantism, were both of them adopted, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, into the service of the Reformed Church of England; that choir singing was supposed to be confined to cathedrals, collegiate churches and some collegiate chapels having assignments with that object, while congregational singing was introduced on system, though by degrees, into parochial churches; that the two modes of thus employing sacred music were, in point of time, contemporary; that the music for the parish church as well as that for the cathedral were both supplied, for the most part, by the same composers, these being chiefly servants of the sovereign, and daily engaged in the chapel royal; that the most eminent of our musicians long continued not only to produce services and anthems for cathedrals, but psalm tunes for parish churches; and that the subsequent decay of parochial psalmody has been gradual, ending in the substitution of a single voice or a parish choir for the singing of the congregation, and a generally debased style of parochial psalmody, as well as in the perversion and loss of its true character.

The wretched state of music in our parish churches is undisputed; and exhortations without number have issued from the pulpit and the press

calling for its amendment. But vague exhortations are of little avail. We must have a definite view of the object to be sought as well as of the best means of attaining it, before we are in a condition to enter upon the work. We must see our way clearly, if we would tread firmly or even safely. We must accurately discern and understand the use and design of the two modes in which music was intended to aid public devotion, as well as the proper methods for their respective employment.

Music is the language of the cathedral; the entire liturgy is recited to musical tones, the responses are all made in correct harmony, the priest intones the *Preces*, and by prescribed sounds leads the choir from key to key; the psalms are chanted antiphonally, and the *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, and the greater hymns of the Church (sung to the music of some eminent composer) always require the assistance of two responsive, well-instructed, and well-balanced choirs. Every such composition, from the time of Tallis downward, has been constructed with a reference to this arrangement. The Cathedral Service is one perfect and beautiful whole, designed with admirable judgment, and worded out with consummate knowledge. It commences with the single voice of the priest, intoning the introductory sentence and the exhortation, while the voices of the two choirs combine in harmony on the "Amen." Presently, and before the ear is wearied, the reciting note is changed, the *Preces* are chanted to a varied succession of sounds, and the responses to a more varied harmony. The accompanied chant succeeds, the organ aiding, for the first time, the musical effect; choir replies to choir, "while the skilful organist plies his grave or fancied descendant" as the words of the psalm suggest it. Then peals in the full-voiced *Gloria Patri*. This climax attained, the voice of music, for a space ceases—the first lesson is read, and there follows some noble *Te Deum* of Tallis, Farrant, or Gibbons. The second lesson succeeds, and the *Jubilate* of one of these choice composers is heard. The priest again intones the prayers, and at the appointed time "followeth the Anthem"—some admirable exposition of the musician's skill, feeling, and piety—the solemnity of Byrd, the majesty of Gibbons, the magic expression of Purcell, the deep and touching pathos of Clarke, the grandeur of Croft, or the grace of Battishill. The Cathedral Service, therefore, in itself is a perpetually increasing and extending development of the power of music as an aid to devotion, reaching at length the highest triumph of which the art is capable, and "bringing all heaven before the eyes." What avarice, ignorance, and indolence have degraded it to in actual performance at the present day, is another affair. No well-instructed musician, clerical or lay, has ever attempted any innovation in our cathedral music. Aldrich, Croyghton, and Tucker, of the former class, as well as Purcell, Croft, and Boyce, fit representatives of the latter, have set the seal of their approbation upon it. And this becoming admiration of the Cathedral Service has been displayed by a late able contributor to it in his works and in his words—"Let us have new cathedral music," says Dr. Crotch, "but no new style." Authority and experience, therefore, concur in assuring us that it cannot be touched without injury, and that all attempts to change its essential characteristics, whether by reading instead of chanting the service, by reducing the numbers of

the choirs, and thus excluding the finest compositions, by introducing fragments of the light and operatic music of the Romish Church—or, on the other hand, by endeavoring to transplant detached portions of it into the service of the parish church—are equally unauthorized, unseemly, and improper. Innovations and abuses of the former kind have usually resulted from rapacity and dishonesty; those of the latter class are commonly the offspring of ignorance, conceit, and folly.

The musical annals of a parish have seldom been encouraging. The minister of a parish church in some populous town, wholly ignorant of the history, intent, and character of church music, as well as of the art itself, as boldly as blindly assumes the character of a musical reformer. He gets up a choir; directs them to endeavor to chant a certain portion of the service, just what and as much as he pleases—sometimes they are told to essay the singing of an anthem—anything, in short, which shall tend to render the “performance,” as he thinks and hopes, striking. Another clergyman, perhaps in the adjoining church, desires to surpass the musical efforts of his neighbor, whose choir has been directed to restrict their chanting (as it is called) to the Psalms. This more ambitious divine ordains that the responses also shall be chanted, although himself unable to chant the *Preces*; he commands also the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate* to be sung. Here, perhaps, the members of his choir encounter a difficulty, the choral services of Gibbons, Croft, Aldrich, or Child, not being on a level with their vocal attainments—possibly not suited to his own taste. At any rate, it seems a chaotic sort of affair in their hands. Our reformers know not why, but so it is. They want something more pretty, more modern, more attractive. And there is no difficulty in obtaining it; for music of this kind is always to be had in any quantity and at any price. Thus is the sublime and perfect Service of the Cathedral made a thing of shreds and patches, debased in character, and ridiculous in execution, the road to real improvement forsaken, and the true design and purpose of parochial music left utterly aside.

It is sometimes attempted to justify this jumble of cathedral and parochial music, by certain directions which occur in the Book of Common Prayer—such as “to be said or sung,” and “in quires and places where they sing, here followeth the Anthem.” Had the framers of our Liturgy contemplated the use which is now sought to be made of these expressions, they would probably have given their directions with greater explicitness; but, in order to understand their import aright, we must revert to the other injunctions respecting the use of music in the Church, and especially to the distinction marked out and subsisting between the music of the cathedral and that of the parish church. The import of the latter direction is that “In quires and places where the *quire* sing, here followeth the Anthem.” In parish churches there was no “quire;” and, therefore, in such cases the direction is inapplicable. A “quire” meant not a row of singers, good or bad, here to-day and gone to-morrow; but the minor canons and lay clerks of a cathedral, a fixed and defined number of voices permanently engaged and daily occupied in the performance of its service. To cathedrals, collegiate churches and chapels, therefore, was the direction intended to apply. So, “to be said or sung” meant in the absence of

a choir, “to be *said*,” or where a “quire,” properly so called, existed, then “to be *sung*.” We have heard of a clergyman who, adhering to the *ipsissima verba*, used to sing his portion of the Athanasian Creed to the tune of a hunting song; and in case this lax interpretation be allowed, he must stand acquitted of having violated the direction, however much he might have sinned against decency and propriety. That the singing of anthems in parish churches was never contemplated by the framers of our Liturgy, is further confirmed by the fact of their having always been accompanied by the organ, an instrument then only found where a “quire” existed. Parish churches had no organs. So recent, by comparison, has been their introduction to parish churches, that in the county of Norfolk, which contains eight hundred parishes, fifty years since there were only six organs, including that of Norwich Cathedral. It is this novel interpretation of the liturgical direction, which has led to the production and performance of those compounds of vulgarity, imbecility, and absurdity, miscalled Anthems, such as at present form the pride and delight of country choirs.

So far has this heedless spirit of innovation been carried, that in not a few parish churches it has been attempted to introduce what is called “congregational chanting;” a practice of which the absurdity has been properly exposed by Dr. Jebb:—“The musical tone being the main feature of the Cathedral Service, it remains to consider the form in which it is developed—the Cathedral Chant. Now this is *essentially* antiphonal. This character is presumed through the entire Prayer Book, and enters into the combinations, however diversified, of every chant and service, and of most anthems. If this principle be recognized, it will be apparent what injury it must suffer by the modern and inconsistent practice of a partial adoption of the chant. For such a practice there is no authority; while on every other ground it is utterly indefensible. If every dean or parish priest shall assume a license to disturb and distrust the form of the Church Service, what hope is there that a regard for any other obligation will be observed? . . . Much has been said of what is called ‘congregational chanting,’ a phrase which could only have originated in ignorance of the subject, historically as well as musically regarded. If such a practice were attempted, our musicians need give themselves no further trouble about harmony, which had better be suppressed altogether. Melody too should be abandoned; in short, all pretence at choral service it would be advisable to give up. Nothing is so difficult as to chant well—nothing is more beautiful than the service thus performed—nothing more ludicrous than the attempt of a congregation to scramble through it.”* Were the knowledge acquired it would still take a generation or more to get our devotional thoughts and habits into the new channel.

The only effectual means of improving the musical portion of the parochial service will be found in a recurrence to the principle on which it was based, and to the practice which was in accordance with that principle. It may be said that this would demand a state of musical culture similar to that which existed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and doubtless, in order to attain its full and due

* Jebb's Choral Service of the Church of England.

effect, a more general knowledge of the vocal art must be diffused. But, in case we can credit newspaper accounts of certain periodical exhibitions at Exeter and St. Martin's Halls, this must have been, in no small degree, already attained. If the effect of the "system" about which so much has been said and written, is not visible, or rather audible, in our places of worship, where are we to look for it? Making every allowance for partial exaggeration, we may surely assume that the power of reading from notes has been considerably extended within the last ten years, and that our means of really improving the music of the parish church are progressively increasing.

It should be the especial care of the clergy to avail themselves of these means judiciously and effectively, to induce a love of this inspiring portion of public worship, and to encourage a general desire to aid in it. If it were possible to hear some of the fine psalm tunes of our old masters sung, as of yore, "in four parts," by two or three hundred assembled worshippers, little need be added in the way of exhortation and appeal. The effect on the ear, and still more on the heart, would be decisive. Such effects are realized in Protestant Germany; and why not in Protestant England?

Meantime, the aid of the clergy, to be useful, must be given in the right direction, and guided by some knowledge of the subject. But not one clergyman in a thousand thinks it desirable to add to his other acquirements at a university any knowledge of music; although Cambridge and Oxford ought to be eminently the schools of sound musical education. Each university has its musical professor, whose duty it is, and whose practice it formerly was, to give such instruction as the future clergyman will most want. Even Cromwell took care that Dr. Wilson, the Oxford professor of music, regularly gave his music lecture.* This spring of knowledge, if not dried up, is at least disused; though Oxford and Cambridge have still their choirs, indeed scanty and incompetent when compared with their former numbers and attainments; and they have still their musical libraries, unrivalled in England. The machine is in existence; let its rust be rubbed off, and let it be once more set to work; what it once did, it can do again. But until our clergy have acquired the requisite knowledge, let them refrain from any attempt at innovation. They may be sure that the musical service of the Church was not appointed and divided by chance, but was the result of sound knowledge and mature judgment; and that the parties by whom alone it can be successfully broken in upon and reformed, must know what they are about as well as those did who formed the system first.

We have already mentioned that the Reformed Churches of Germany and Holland have of late exchanged metrical psalms for hymns. In case we should ever propose following their example, we must give our people better hymns and—what is equally important—better schoolmasters, competent to teach their scholars how to sing them. The subject is important at present, both in a religious

and political point of view. The semi-Romanists among us must be prevented from depriving the congregation of one of the best and most living elements of the national worship, and from reducing the congregation, even in our parochial churches, by means of anthems and intonations, to the condition of simple assistants, as far as singing is concerned, of a sort of mass in English. When hymns and hymn tunes are provided, it will be still indispensable that the people should be taught. Here everything depends on the schoolmaster. Can men brought up at St. Mark's, and similar institutions of the National Society, be relied on for this purpose? Can an almost exclusive training in sacerdotal performances, invented and used to exclude congregational singing, as a Protestant nuisance, be a good preparation for it? Next, supposing bishops, deans, and chapters not to be wanting in good will, do they understand enough of music to hear their part in this reform?

The publications which stand at the head of this article indicate an increased attention to the history and character of English psalmody, and they also illustrate its state at their different periods. The first, a reprint in score of Est's extremely rare and valuable collection, has been issued by a Society, whose exertions have rescued from impending destruction so many interesting and valuable compositions of the Elizabethan age. The second is a reprint of Ravenscroft's collection (of which the original edition is not less rare than that of Est), by a clergyman whose knowledge of music has been sufficiently evidenced in his various contributions to the cathedral as well as the parochial service. The third presents a more extended and diversified epitome of psalmody in different countries, and through successive epochs; comprising some of the best psalm tunes of the English school, from the time of Tallis to the present day, chorals of Bach and other eminent German musicians, and those also of the Genevan and other foreign Protestant Churches.

"BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND."—It is not generally known that this beautiful melody was composed by Mrs. Jordan. I have now before me an original printed copy with the following title:

"The Blue Bell of Scotland, a Favorite Ballad, as composed and sung by Mrs. Jordan, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Printed for Rd. Birchall, at his Musical Circulating Library, 140 New Bond Street."

It has no date, but from other sources I find that it may be correctly assigned to the year 1801. The words, which are very nonsensical, relate to the Marquis of Huntly's departure for Holland with the British forces under the command of the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie in 1799. In *The New Whim of the Night, or the Town and Country Songster for 1801*, London, C. Sheppard, occurs, p. 74, "Blue Bell of Scotland, sung by Mrs. Jordan," and, p. 75, a parody upon it called "Blue Bell of Tothill Fields," whose hero is a convict "gone to Botany Bay." Ritson, in his *North Country Chorister*, 1808, p. 12, prints a version entitled "The New Highland Lad," with this note:

"This song has been lately introduced upon the stage by Mrs. Jordan, who knew neither the words nor the tune!"

What can we think now of Ritson's criticism?—*Notes and Queries*.

* Passed over by Warton, in his partial account of the Oxford Music School during the Commonwealth. See the note upon Henry Lawes, prefixed to *Comus*, in Warton's edition of Milton's minor poems (p. 132). Where Calvinists or Republicans are concerned, Warton was too prejudiced to be just or accurate.

THE conceited man knows himself, but it is only a "bowing acquaintance."

From Sharpe's Magazine.

A DAY IN A FRENCH CRIMINAL COURT.

BY MISS PARDOE.

As I chanced, in the autumn of last year, to be residing in a town in the north of France during the assizes, I became a regular reader of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, in the hope of comprehending, thanks to this professional study, the daily and hourly reports which were made to me of the proceedings of the melancholy tribunal which had, by the influx of visitors that it occasioned, rendered the ordinarily quiet streets of our gray old city a scene of movement and bustle wholly foreign to their usual aspect. My purpose, however, singularly failed. With my thoroughly English notions of a court of justice, and the solemnity of a trial on whose result frequently hinged the whole future welfare, and even the life, of a fellow-creature, I was unable to recognize as feasible the piquant anecdotes and startling discrepancies which afforded subject of conversation at our tea-table; while the broad and bold columns of the official journal afforded me no efficient assistance; for even these—although in point of fact I found the crime, the accusation, the defence, and the sentence, all duly recorded—to the more unprofessional reader formed by no means the most salient or engrossing portions of the report, wherein the compiler—like certain reviewers, who, in order to manufacture a “taking” article for their own pages, are accustomed to pass over unnoticed the more important and solid portions of a work, and to fasten upon its entertaining passages, in order to lighten at once their own labors and those of their subscribers—the compiler (as I was about to say, when I indulged in the above interminable parenthesis) had apparently occupied himself rather in weaving a species of legal romance, than in simply stating the broad facts composing the framework of the moral tragedy upon which he was engaged. To me it appeared strange, even with all the love of dramatic effect natural to our Gallian neighbors, that they should be enabled to deduce a social novel from every trial of any importance which came before their courts; and so greatly did this wonder increase upon me, that, after considerable hesitation, I resolved to judge for myself in how far these extraordinary reports were worthy of credence. To do this effectually it was of course necessary to witness the passage of some great criminal through the awful ordeal of human justice—to brace my nerves, and to resolve to watch, with all the philosophy I could command, the fearful wrestling of foul guilt or outraged innocence with the stupendous power of legal talent and of legal ingenuity. No petty crime could enable me to do this; for in France, as I was well aware, trials for minor offences are conducted with a haste and brevity proportioned to their insignificance; and I accordingly awaited with considerable trepidation the announcement of one of those more fearful accusations which involve the penalty of death. Unhappily, this was not long in coming; and I was, ere the close of the session, informed that a young peasant woman, from an adjoining hamlet, was about to take her trial for the twofold crime of murder and arson; and at the same time assured that no doubt whatever, from the evidence of the *procès-verbal* (or preliminary examination), existed of her guilt; while, at the same time, it was a great relief to

me to ascertain that her intended victim still survived.

The approaches of the Palais de Justice were almost choked by the anxious multitude who were struggling to effect an entrance, as, led by a professional friend, I made my way by a private staircase to the seat which had been reserved for me. The aspect of the court was solemn and imposing. Immediately before me was a dais, raised two steps above the floor of the hall, in the centre of which, behind a long table covered with black serge, stood the chairs of the president (or judge) and his two assistants, over whose heads extended, from the lofty roof to the summit of their seats, a colossal painting of our Saviour upon the cross. On the left hand, an enclosed space was appropriated to the procureur-général de la République (or attorney-general), beyond which stretched, to the extremity of the platform, the jury-box. On the right hand, a second enclosure (or *loge*) formed the place allotted for the greffier (or registrar), while a tier of seats, corresponding with those occupied by the jury, were destined to accommodate the counsel for the defence; and, in cases of political delinquency, the accused themselves, and their friends. These seats bear the name of the Benches of the Accused; but behind them rises a third, beside which opens a small door, and which is distinguished by the frightful appellation of the Bench of Infamy. In minor trials, this elevated seat is occupied only by two gendarmes, who, after having escorted their prisoners to the entrance of the court, and delivered them into the keeping of the proper officers, afterwards introduce themselves by the small door already alluded to; but, in all cases involving life or the galleys, they seat themselves on either side the culprit, over whose every movement they keep a scrupulous watch.

To complete the picture, it is only necessary to add, that in the centre of the platform, facing the president, and consequently with its back to the audience, was placed a large arm-chair, raised one step from the floor, and appropriated to the witnesses; while four ranges of enclosed benches formed the reserved seats, and shut in the dais, being themselves separated from the main body of the court by a stout wooden partition, breast-high, behind which all ingress is free, and is accomplished through a separate door.

At the appointed hour a bell rang, and the officers of the court entered and took their seats. The president wore a black cloak, lined and edged with scarlet, and a high cap of black cloth, with a scarlet sash about his waist. The procureur de la République was also robed in black, edged with white fur, with a blue sash; and two rows of broad silver lace upon his cap; while the counsel for the prisoner—a young and eloquent man, who had volunteered to undertake her defence—wore a gown of black silk, and differed little in his appearance from a student at one of our own universities.

After some examination of papers, and an exhibition of that by-play among the officials which appears to be the usual preliminary of all legal investigations, a second bell rang out. The twenty individuals composing the jury were called and sworn; and they had no sooner entered the box, than the president adjusted his spectacles, and fell back in his seat. The small door—that which has been the door of doom to so many trembling and justice-fearing criminals, and which is doubtlessly still fated to afford ingress to scores

of others—opened as noiselessly as though it feared to drown the heart-throb of the wretched woman who stood upon its threshold, and, behind a stalwart gendarme, entered a female peasant, with her head bowed upon her bosom, followed in her turn by a second armed guardian.

It is not my purpose to excite a false sympathy, by describing the prisoner as one of those fair beings whose personal beauty is adapted to disarm justice by captivating the pity of its ministers; but I may, nevertheless, be permitted to remark that her appearance was singularly prepossessing, and that it was easy to decide, at the first glance, that, under other circumstances, she could not have failed to attract notice. She was young; and, although her features were now swollen from incessant weeping, and her complexion almost purple from emotion, the luxuriance of her pale-brown hair, the long lashes by which her eyes were shaded, the extreme neatness of her dress, and the remarkable, although somewhat redundant, symmetry of her figure, could not be passed over without remark. As she dropped upon the bench, in obedience to the gesture of one of her guardians, her head fell heavily upon her bosom, and she covered her face with her handkerchief, which was already steeped with her tears.

There was a momentary hush throughout the crowded court, interrupted only by the rustling of papers, or the occasional heavy sob of the prisoner; and then the voice of the president broke coldly and harshly upon the silence.

"Accused, stand up."

He was obeyed; but still the burning cheeks were hidden by the friendly handkerchief.

"Remove your hand from your face—hold up your head—and answer me."

The hand was withdrawn—the head raised, but only for a moment—and then the interrogatory was resumed.

"What is your name?"

"Rosalie Marie ——"

"Your age?"

"Twenty-four years."

"Your calling?"

"Wife of Baptiste —— a farmer; I assisted him in his farm."

"An able assistant!" remarked the procureur sarcastically to the president, who replied by a quiet smile.

"Are you aware of the crime of which you are accused?"

The answer was a violent passion of tears.

"Sit down," said the cold voice. "Greffier, read the accusation."

This formidable document, based on the *procès-verbal* drawn up on the spot by the mayor of the village, amid the dying embers of the fire, set forth that Rosalie, having been hired as a general servant by the proprietors of a small farm, the joint property of an aged man and his sister, had engaged the affections of her master's son, who, finding that he could not induce her to return his passion upon easier terms, had ultimately married her, to the extreme annoyance of his family, and especially of his maiden aunt, whose pride was wounded by what she considered as a degrading union. At the period of the fire, Rosalie was the mother of a child of four years old, and was looking forward to the birth of a second; but discomfort and dissension had already supervened between the young couple. The father of Baptiste, indeed, had become reconciled to his daughter-in-law; but

such was far from being the case with his sister, who lost no opportunity of exciting the anger of her nephew against his wife, whenever the latter failed to obey her behests; while, as it was proved by several witnesses, Rosalie became at length so much irritated by the ceaseless severity of which she was the object, and so indignant at the taunts uttered against her previous poverty, that she had been more than once heard to declare that she wished the farm burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common laborer; and that she would gladly fire it herself, in order to be delivered from the life of wretchedness to which she was then condemned. More than one witness, stated the accusation, would swear to this fact, which at once pointed suspicion towards the prisoner; when, several months previous to the present trial, on a calm evening, between seven and eight o'clock, long after the farm servants had quitted the premises, a fire broke out in a barn adjacent to the dwelling-house occupied by the family, which, after consuming the out-buildings and several stacks of unthreshed grain and beans, had been with difficulty extinguished by the energetic labor of the villagers.

Among other evidence tendered to the mayor during this examination was that of the maiden aunt, who, to her unqualified accusation of the prisoner as the sole author of the catastrophe, superadded the information that Rosalie had, only a week or two previously, attempted to murder her husband, by mixing a quantity of white powder in some soup, which had been kept warm for his supper upon the ashes of the hearth, and which had produced violent vomitings, after he had partaken of it about half an hour.

As the monotonous accents of the greffier fell upon her ear, the unhappy woman sat with her hands forcibly clasped together, and her flushed face and eager eyes turned steadily towards him: but he no sooner ceased reading, than she started convulsively from her seat, and, leaning forward eagerly towards the bench, exclaimed, "I am innocent, M. le President; I am innocent!"

"Peace!" thundered out the frowning official; and then, as the wretched prisoner sank back between her guards, and once more endeavored to conceal herself, he extended his arm towards her, and, with outstretched finger, directed the attention of the court to the quailing form of the accused, amid a silence so deep that it could almost be heard, and which he ultimately terminated by these extraordinary words:—"You see that woman, gentlemen of the jury, who has just so vehemently declared her innocence; and now I, in my turn, tell you that I entertain no doubt of her guilt; and that I, moreover, believe her to be capable of anything."

Be it remembered that this declaration on the part of the presiding officer of the court—of the man who sat beneath the awful effigy of a crucified Saviour—and to whom had been delegated the supreme duty of administering even-handed justice alike to the accused and to society, did not even await the evidence of the witnesses whose revelations were to decide a question of life and death—but that he volunteered this frightful assertion before any distinct proof of the guilt of the prisoner had been adduced: nor should the fact be overlooked that the jury, which was composed of small farmers and petty tradesmen, regarded with awe and reverence the solemn and stately personage who had arrived from the capital expressly to preside over

the tribunal of their remote province, and that they were consequently prepared to consider his opinion as infallible.

I watched the countenances of those who were nearest to me, and I at once perceived that the cruel words of the president had not failed in their effect; nor was it, indeed, possible that such a declaration, pronounced, moreover, with an emphasis which appeared to ensure the perfect conviction of the speaker, could do otherwise than impress every one who heard it; and it was amid the sensation produced by this startling incident that the first witness was called and sworn.

This witness was the aunt; and, if my preconceived notions of a criminal trial had already been shaken, I became still more bewildered and surprised as the proceedings progressed. Instead, as is the case in our own courts of law, of rejecting all merely hearsay evidence, the old woman was urged, alternately by the president and the procureur, to detail all the reports consequent upon the fire; and to repeat what Jean-Marie So-and-so had said relatively to the prisoner to Dominique, or Joseph, or Jules; while the bitter volubility of the vindictive witness, whose occasional glances of hatred towards the accused sufficiently testified to the feeling by which she was actuated, ably seconded their efforts; and throughout a whole half-hour she poured forth, in the most guttural *patois*, a tide of village gossip and scandal, all of which tended to cast suspicion upon the prisoner. Two leading facts were, however, elicited from her evidence, which threw considerable doubt upon her statements. The farm at which the fire had occurred was the joint property of her brother and herself; and she had been careful to insure her own portion of the estate against the very calamity which had taken place; nor had she failed, within twenty-four hours of the event, to claim the amount due to her, after having solemnly sworn that she believed the fire to have been purely accidental. She, moreover, admitted, that she had not accused the prisoner of the crime of arson until the money had been paid over to her; while the cross-questioning of the prisoner's counsel soon enabled him to prove that, subsequently to her having done so, on being informed that should her step-niece be found guilty of arson, she would be called upon to refund her insurance money, she had endeavored to recall her accusation, and to persuade her neighbors that they had misunderstood her meaning. It was, however, too late; her extreme loquacity had rung an alarm throughout the village—the ignorant are always greedy of the marvellous—and her disclaimers were universally disregarded. All the inhabitants of the hamlet at once decided that Rosalie was the incendiary; and, with a pertinacity which almost drove the aunt to desperation, quoted her own declarations as evidence of the fact. Thus taken in her own toils, the heartless old woman, instead of acknowledging that she had no authority for the rumors which she had spread, but had been instigated to this act of cruel injustice by her hatred and jealousy of her step-niece, vehemently declared that, since such was the case, if she were compelled to refund the money, she would at least have the life of the prisoner as some compensation for the loss.

When accused by the counsel of having made use of this threat, her denial was faint and sullen, and finally terminated by the scolding remark,

that, if she had ever said so, she was prepared to abide by it; that she maintained the guilt of the prisoner; and that they should do better, even if they lost the money, so that they were rid of her nephew's wife along with it.

As these malignant words passed her lips a low murmur filled the court, and the president ordered her to stand down. Half-a-dozen other witnesses were then successively called on the same side, and in every case were asked whether they were relatives, friends, or lovers of the prisoner? To which question two sturdy young peasants answered bitterly, "No, thank God!" and in both instances it was elicited by her counsel that they were discarded suitors, who had, since her marriage, caused frequent misunderstandings between herself and her husband.

Still, hour after hour, the tide of words flowed on, and no one *proof* of guilt had been brought against the prisoner. At intervals, some leading question, well calculated to cause her to criminate herself, was abruptly put by the president, and at each denial she was desired to remember that she had confessed as much during her previous examination; but, agitated as she was, she still retained sufficient self-possession to refute the assertion, declaring that she never could have accused herself of a crime of which she was innocent.

As the next name was called, and one of the ushers of the court was about to introduce a new witness, a faint scream burst from the lips of the prisoner, which was succeeded by a violent fit of weeping; and I grew sick at heart lest she was at last to find herself in contact with an accuser whose charge she could not refute. A slight confusion at the extremity of the hall, a low murmur, and the drugging of heavy steps along the floor, at that moment diverted my attention from the wretched woman; and I saw slowly approaching the witness chair, an infirm and aged man, supported by two of the subordinate officers of the court. As he was led forward, he looked helplessly from side to side, as if bewildered by the novelty of the scene about him; and, after having been assisted up the steps of the dais, he dropped into the chair to which he was conducted, nor did he attempt to rise when told by the president to stand up while he took the customary oath.

"Stand up," repeated the usher; but the old man continued motionless.

"He can't hear," shouted the harsh voice of his sister from the extremity of the court; "he's been deaf this many a year; you must shout into his ear." The usher acted upon this suggestion; but the poor old man only shook his gray head, and laughed.

"Does he know why he is here?" asked the president impatiently.

"Not he," replied the same voluntary spokeswoman; "we did n't tell him, or he would n't have come."

"Can he be made to understand the nature of an oath?"

"May-be yes, may-be no; he's childish like; but you can try him."

"This is trifling with the court!" exclaimed the president angrily; "and cruel to this poor old man. Who is he?"

"Her husband's father, my brother; the father-in-law that she tried to burn out," responded the woman.

"Silence!" shouted the president. "Usher,

remove this man from the court, and see that he is taken care of until he can be conveyed to his home."

He was obeyed; the old man was with difficulty induced to leave his seat, and many a tear followed him as he disappeared. It was a most painful spectacle, nor was it the only one which we were destined to witness; for, before the examination was resumed, an individual approached the bench, and whispered a few words to the president, who, with an irritated gesture, impatiently replied, "Well, if it must be so; but we are losing time."

The messenger made a sign, and he had no sooner done so than a woman appeared at a side door, carrying an infant in her arms, with which she approached the prisoner, who eagerly leant forward to receive it. The child sprang with a joyful cry of recognition into the embrace of its wretched mother, who for a moment strained it convulsively to her bosom; but when she endeavored to give it the nourishment which it required, the infant flung itself violently back, terrified by the feverish contact, and could not be induced again to approach her. Never shall I forget the agony depicted upon the countenance of the unhappy prisoner; her tears seemed to have been suddenly dried up; and, rising from her seat, she gave back the struggling infant into the arms of its nurse without a word. Had she been the veriest criminal on earth, she was an object of intense pity at that moment!

The proceedings were once more resumed. Other witnesses for the prosecution followed, but the evidence was still vague and inconclusive; and at length the procureur rose to address the court. His speech was eloquent and emphatic; but, although he cleverly availed himself of every opportunity of bringing the guilt of both charges home to the prisoner, he was rather startling than convincing in his arguments. He repeatedly called upon her to deny the truth of his conclusions, but he gave her no opportunity of doing so; he hurled at her the most bitter invectives, applied to her the most opprobrious epithets, and defied her to summon a single witness to prove her innocence, or to save her from an ignominious death; and, finally, he reproached her with her ingratitude to a family by whose generosity she had been raised from poverty to comfort; reminded her of the disgrace which she had brought, not only upon the wretched old man of eighty-six years of age, who had been taken through her means a public spectacle, but also upon the helpless children to whom she had given birth, and especially upon the innocent and ill-fated infant who had first seen the light through the iron bars of a prison.

It was a frightful piece of elocution; never for an instant did he appear to remember that the wretched prisoner might yet, despite appearances, have been wrongfully accused, and have been a victim rather than a criminal. There was no leaning to the side of mercy, no relenting, no gleam of light thrown upon the darkness of the picture; and it was evident that the miserable woman felt she was lost long before his terrible words ceased to vibrate in her ears. For a time she had sat motionless, gazing upon him with a wild stare of affrighted wonder; but as he rapidly heaped circumstance upon circumstance, recapitulated the gossip of the villagers, and deduced from the most apparently unimportant facts the most condemnatory conclusions, she gradually sank lower and lower upon her seat, until she appeared

no longer able to sustain herself; and, when a deep and thrilling silence succeeded to the speech of the public accuser, her choking sobs were distinctly audible.

The procureur was right; the witnesses for the defence were unable to prove her innocence of the crime imputed to her; but they one and all bore evidence to the irreproachability of her character; to her piety, her industry, her neighborly helpfulness, and her charity, both of word and deed. They showed, moreover, that she had borne with patience and submission the tyranny of her husband's aunt, the violence of that husband himself, and that she had been to her father-in-law a devoted and affectionate daughter.

"But," said the procureur to one of her panegyrists, "if the accused were indeed the admirable person whom you describe, how do you account for her having made so many enemies, and for the general belief in her guilt prevalent throughout the village?"

"Ha, monsieur!" replied the brave young peasant; as he turned a hasty and sympathizing glance towards the prisoner; "hate grows faster than love, and lasts longer. Before the neighbors dreamt of Rôsalie's good luck—or, rather, bad luck, as it has since turned out, poor woman!—there was many a lad in the village that hoped to make her his wife; but she listened to none of them, and they can't forgive her for having married above them."

"And you, not having been of the number, can afford to say a good word for her. Is that what we are to understand?" asked the procureur, sarcastically.

"No, monsieur," was the sturdy reply; "but I loved her too well to bear malice."

A gleam of light at last! But, alas! too faint to penetrate the gloom of her prison cell.

"Stand down," said the president; and the heroic young man obeyed. And this was heroism; for he had boldly avowed his affection for one who had appeared to be abandoned by every other human being—her adopted father had abandoned her in the unconsciousness of second childhood—her infant, in the terror of hopelessness—her friends, from the dread of shame—she stood alone, until that humble but upright man braved the world's withering scorn, and dared the contemptuous laughter of his fellows to silence one throb of her bursting heart.

The last witness had been heard, and the counsel rose for the defence. He no doubt felt that he had undertaken not only a difficult, but an onerous task, for at the commencement of his speech he was visibly agitated; he perpetually repeated himself; and, instead of plunging boldly into the heart of his subject, and at once grappling with the charges brought against his client, he dwelt upon her youth, on the agony of mind and body which she had undergone for so many months, and on the misery which she must have endured when she gave birth to her last infant in disgrace and tears. Suddenly, however, he rallied; and declared, with an energy as startling as it was unexpected, that, although the sufferings which he had enumerated were of themselves almost a sufficient punishment for the crimes of which she was accused, he had no intention of asking an acquittal upon such grounds.

"No, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, vehemently, "we seek no such subterfuge—we desire no impunity which does not restore our

honor. We have already endured enough, more than enough; we care not to remain a mark for the finger of scorn and of suspicion; we must leave this court not only free, but justified. I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that we have a right to demand this; and I have no fear but that you will feel as I do. What has been proved against the accused? I will tell you in a few words. It has been proved that she was pretty and good—so pretty and so good, that half the young peasants of the village sought to win her affections; that she was industrious, obliging, and modest; and that so preëminently, that, although poor and humble, the daughter of a daily laborer, and a menial in the family of a richer neighbor, she was chosen by the son of her master for a wife. I will even recall to your minds the fact that he would have won her more lightly, and that it was only when he became convinced of the uselessness of his illicit addresses, that he came forward loyally and generously to offer her his hand—for this circumstance tends to prove her worth—ay, and that hand was given despite the reproaches and opposition of his relatives, who, in their ignorance of the just value of qualities like hers, believed their kinsman, the heir of a few acres of land and a few thousands of hoarded francs, to be degrading himself by such an alliance. You have heard that the marriage was an unhappy one, and it has been inferred that my client was the cause of this unhappiness; but I will merely ask you to reflect upon what you have seen and heard this day, ere you credit the assertion. The prisoner is accused of having attempted the life of her husband by poison. Where was the husband—the intended victim—when his would-be murderess was arraigned for the offence? Where was he? I will tell you, gentlemen; so securely hidden away, that even the emissaries of his vindictive aunt could not trace him out, and drag him hither to appear against a traduced and injured wife. What was the poison? You must allow me to fall back upon the evidence, and to add to it a most material fact. The accusation sets forth that Rosalie, assisted by her aunt, prepared a pan of cabbage-soup for the dinner and supper of the family, and that of this soup they all partook at noon; it was then set aside till evening, when it was once more placed upon the fire; and at five o'clock, Baptiste being still absent at the wine-shop, the prisoner and her female relative again ate of the soup; and, the embers of the fire being still warm, the pan was carefully surrounded by hot ashes, to await his return. More than once the lid of the pan was raised to stir the contents, lest they should adhere to the bottom of the vessel; and this precaution was taken by the aunt herself, who never moved from the chimney-corner from the termination of her own supper to the return of her nephew, who, according to his usual habit, was far from sober, and who, after partaking of the soup, was attacked by violent sickness. On the following morning, the aunt—you have seen and heard her, gentlemen, and can consequently appreciate her character—showed the dregs of the soup, upon which there floated a species of white flaky film, with infinite mystery, to half-a-dozen chosen friends; after which, she herself flung out the residue of the soup before the door of the house, where pigs and poultry could alike devour it, and where it doubtlessly was devoured, without any detriment to either from the ashes, which, in the action of stirring the contents, she had herself,

beyond all doubt, introduced into the mixture. Why, if she indeed suspected poison, did she cleanse the vessel with her own hands? Why did she, whose god was mammon, incur the risk of poisoning the animals who might partake of it? Great stress was laid upon the fact of the vomiting by which her nephew was attacked after having eaten of this soup; but we have shown that he was a man of intemperate habits, who was subject to this malady; and our wonder should rather be excited by the fact, that he could, while full of wine, have swallowed a mess of this description, than that it should have produced, under the circumstances, the effect ascribed to it.

"Gentlemen of the jury, before God and society, is Rosalie—guilty of having attempted, in that soup, to poison her husband? We calmly await your decision. We now come to the second charge. On a certain evening the farm of Baptiste's father and aunt is fired; the two women are seated in the common room, or house, as the witnesses have universally described it, meaning thereby the single apartment not used as a sleeping-chamber; this room looks upon the farm-yard; the prisoner is near the window, occupied in repairing her husband's linen; the aunt, according to her habit, is dozing near the fire. Rosalie leaves the room for a few minutes, and shortly after her return remarks that she hears an extraordinary noise upon the premises; upon which she is told that she is a fool, and always full of absurd fancies; but, notwithstanding this rebuff, she again exclaims that she is sure something must be wrong, and that she smells an odor of burnt straw. The words are scarcely uttered, when a body of flame bursts from an adjacent barn; upon which the accused, uttering a loud scream, rushes to the bedside of her sleeping child, hurriedly wraps it in a blanket, and leaves the house at all speed.

"Was this extraordinary? Was this unnatural? Was this a proof of guilt? M. le Procureur has decided in the affirmative; but I boldly demur to his conclusion. The first impulse of the mother was to save her infant; and in this instance it must have been doubly powerful, since, disappointed in all her other affections, the child of her bosom was all in all to her. You have been told that she lent no assistance in extinguishing the fire, and, personally, I admit that she did not do so. It has been asserted, upon oath, that no one knew where she was hidden until the flames were extinguished; and yet it has been proved that, on leaving her home, she made her way, with her precious burden, to the cottage of her aged and widowed father, who hurried, at her entreaty, to the farm, while she remained alone in his hovel to watch over her infant. We would have produced that father to swear to the fact, gentlemen of the jury, but he has been summoned to a higher tribunal than ours; he was poor, but he was not too poor to feel—humble, but not too humble to be beyond the reach of shame; and the birth of his last grandchild in a prison—I cannot, I dare not dwell upon this subject, gentlemen of the jury—I am warned by the suffocating sobs behind me that my zeal is degenerating into cruelty; suffice it, then, that the unhappy old man is dead, and that thus one important witness has been lost to us.

"M. le Procureur expatiated largely also upon the expressions of bitter hopelessness, which were from time to time forced from the wrung heart of my unhappy client. She 'wished that the farm were burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced

to the rank of a common laborer,' and even declared, while smarting under the tyranny of her near relatives, that 'she would gladly fire it herself, to be relieved from the life of wretchedness to which she was condemned.' I am not about to justify these expressions; I am ready to admit that they were alike unguarded and unseemly; but, gentlemen of the jury, remember the provocation! Is there one of us who has never rashly uttered a word that he would gladly recall? Do we, men of education, of station, and eager for the applause of the world, do we always measure our sentences, and weigh our phrases in a moment of passion? Do not let us lie to our own souls.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have done. What the prosecution could not prove we cannot disprove; but we can appeal to our God—we can appeal to the judgment of all honest men—and we can appeal to your decision. This we do boldly; this we do fearlessly; we are in your hands, and we are safe. You will restore a wife to her husband—a mother to her children—an outcast to her home. You will do this, for you have sworn to defend the right; and that right can only be maintained by our acquittal."

A low murmur of applause, which was, however, instantly checked, was heard throughout the court; and silence was no sooner restored, than the procureur once more rose. He dissected with great forensic eloquence the address of the counsel, and alluded with keen and even indelicate sarcasm to the youth and good looks of the prisoner, which had, as he asserted, stood her in stead of innocence. He commented upon the want of experience of her advocate, who had, as he declared, sacrificed his judgment to his enthusiasm; and where he should have convinced, had only dazzled his hearers. He even appealed to the prisoner herself whether, had an acquittal been possible, she could have desired it, when, as she must be well aware, it could but entail upon her an existence of obloquy and suspicion; and, finally, he called upon the jury to deliver society from a woman, whose after career, should she leave that court absolved, might be readily prophesied from its antecedents.

I confess that as I eagerly watched the countenances of the jury, I entertained little hope for the wretched woman, who sat with clasped hands and bent head, utterly motionless, as though she also were counting the brief moments of her forfeited existence; until, as the jury were preparing to retire, one of her guards laid his hand upon her shoulder, and whispered a few words in her ear, upon which she passively rose, and disappeared with the two gendarmes through the narrow door by which she had entered. Thence, as I was informed, she was conducted to a cell, where, alone and in darkness, all prisoners await the verdict about to be pronounced upon them; a fearful ordeal to those upon whose guilt or innocence the arbiters of their fate were tardy in deciding.

And while she was thus abandoned to all the agonies of suspense, the court itself became a scene of bustle and excitement. The president, the procureur, and half a dozen of their friends, had retired to the apartments of the former to partake of refreshments; and they had no sooner withdrawn, than a group of some twenty or thirty privileged individuals gathered together on the platform, some of whom were busied in devouring *bon-bons*, and exchanging jokes which elicited hearty, although suppressed laughter; while others drew the daily papers from their pockets, and were soon

absorbed in politics, totally forgetful of the wretched woman whose fate was even then under discussion in the jury-room.

To myself this appeared the most painful feature of the trial; the careless mirth and heartless indifference to the agonies of a fellow-creature, so recklessly exhibited at such a moment, revolted me; but, happily, the suffering was brief. Ten minutes only had elapsed when the bell once more sounded, every one resumed his seat, and the officials returned to their places, closely followed by the jury. When order had been restored, the president, in a tone of more solemnity than he had hitherto used, asked the supreme question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty?"

The jury rose, and the foreman steadily replied, "NOT GUILTY, M. le Président."

The effect of the verdict was electrical. It appeared as though, like myself, nine-tenths of the auditory had believed that there existed no hope for the accused; and while a joyous whisper arose on all sides, I remarked that the procureur, who had so earnestly striven to secure the condemnation of the prisoner, turned a congratulatory smile upon her advocate, whose anxiety had rendered him as pale as marble; but this circumstance was soon forgotten in what followed.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the president, "it is my duty to compliment you upon your verdict; you have ably and honorably fulfilled the trust reposed in you. There can be no doubt, in any honest mind, that you have come to a true and just decision. At the commencement of my legal career, when I was yet a mere youth, the interests of my employer compelled me to reside, during several weeks, in the hamlet of which the accused was a native. I have never forgotten—I never shall forget—what I witnessed in that obscure village. It is enough for me to assure you that throughout the whole of my after-experience, I was never forced into contact with so utterly worthless a set of individuals; jealousy, slander, and falsehood were the aliments upon which they appeared to exist; and it was more than sufficient that the accused, whose reputation you have restored by a most righteous verdict, was pure and modest; and that, by the united charms of her person and her character, she had raised herself from a low station to one of comparative affluence, for every mouth to be opened against her. Gentlemen of the jury, once more I say, that I congratulate you; and that I believe the accused to be as innocent of the crimes imputed to her as either you or I."

I could scarcely trust my senses as I listened, and remembered that this very man, only a few hours previously, had branded the prisoner as a wretch so sunk in vice as to be "capable of anything;" but I could detect no similar surprise on any countenance about me. It did not appear to strike his listeners that he had, at the commencement of the trial, cruelly exceeded his privilege, and even forsworn his own conscience. There was no murmur of indignation, no evidence of disgust; but, on the contrary, an approving smile beamed on him from every side, as if in recompense of his tardy frankness.

I was still lost in wonder, when his voice again sounded through the hall—

"Bring in the prisoner."

In another moment she once more occupied her frightful station; and then the greffier announced

to her, in the same monotonous tone as that in which he had read her accusation, the verdict by which she stood acquitted.

In an instant the purple flush faded from her cheeks, and she became as white as a corpse. She swept her hand across her forehead, gave one long stare about her, and then, with a shriek, which rang through the court rather like the cry of a wild animal than the utterance of human lips, she

made a spring towards the door, nearly upsetting the gendarmes by whom it was guarded, and disappeared.

All was over. The officials collected their papers; the counsel threw off their gowns; the crowd dispersed; and I regained my home, fervently thanking God that it was not thus that justice was administered in my own happy country.

ENGLISH AUTHORS IN OFFICE.—Mr. Disraeli has hereditary pretensions to lead the literary interest in the Lower House, and I do not think there could be any "opposition" to his claim of being the first novelist at present in the House of Commons. The only other M. P. whom I can find avowedly contributing to the fiction interest, is Mr. Grantley Berkeley, whose novel of "Berkeley Castle," and its consequences, might furnish a chapter to "Curiosities of Literature." Lord J. Russell, as author of "Don Carlos," is the only dramatist in the Lower House, and he ranks also among essayists, biographers, and historians, by his various publications. Lord Mahon and Colonel Mure are at the head of the historical and critical M. P.'s; and I perceive the names of Mr. Macgregor, Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh, and Sir John Walsh, as authors of historical writings. Under the head of poets, I observe Lords Maidstone and John Manners, and Mr. Monkton Miles. The "travellers" are more numerous represented in the Lower House of Parliament than most other departments of literature; amongst them are—Lords Jocelyn and Naas, Mr. Emerson Tennent, Mr. Urquhart and Mr. Whiteside; and I think that Sir George Staunton and Mr. George Thompson may be classed with the travellers. In the department of "political philosophy" I find Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Molesworth, Mr. W. J. Fox, and Colonel Thompson, Mr. Cornewall Lewis, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. George Smythe, and Mr. Mackinnon, appear among the general essayists. Mr. Walter, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wakley may be ranked with the editorial interest; and I may add that Mr. Butt—the new M. P. for Harwich, besides being the reputed author of a three-volume novel, was for some years the editor of the Dublin *University Magazine*. The biographers are represented by Mr. Grattan, author of a five-volume work on his celebrated father. The pamphleteer department is represented by "legion," and I pass it by, with the remark that Lord Overstone in the Upper, and Mr. Cobden in the Lower House, are at its head by the importance of the publication. Turning to the Lords, the Bishop of St. David's (Dr. Thirlwall) is clearly at the head of the historians in that assembly—Lord Brougham of political philosophy and belles-lettres—and Lord Campbell of the biographers. The novelists are represented by Lords Normanby and Lonsborough.

The "editorial interest" of the peers is of a different kind from that in the Lower House, and is represented by the Earl of Malmesbury, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Lords Holland and Braybrooke. Lord St. Leonard's work on "Powers" shows that he has other than an ex-officio right to be placed at the head of living English writers on law. The Duke of Argyll, by his treatise on the Church History of Scotland, has added to the literary works of the Campbells. The Marquis of Ormonde has published a richly illustrated narrative of a residence in Sicily. In physical sciences, the Earl of Ross, not merely as P. R. S., but by his accomplishments, distances all competition in either House. There is only one autobiographer in the Legislature—Lord Cloncurry. The acted drama, since the removal of Mr. Shiel, Sir T. N. Talfourd, and Sir Bulwer Lytton from the Lower House, has no other representative in the Legislature than the Earl of Glengall. Lord Strangford repre-

sents the poets of the peers, and of the belles-lettres interest in the Upper House, the Earls of Carlisle and Ellesmere are efficient supporters. In the interest of the fine arts we may rank "Athenian Aberdeen," and as a musical composer the Lords have Lord Westmoreland. A more original author neither House can boast of than the venerable writer of "The Wellington Dispatches." I have not by me, when I write, the means of ascertaining the number of the bench of bishops ranking with the literary interest; but foremost amongst them, besides the Bishop of St. David's (named *anfe*), are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Archbishop of Dublin, and the Bishops of London and Oxford. I may add that the number of peers is only about two-thirds that of the Lower House, but, on the other hand, the peers enjoy much more leisure.—*Athenæum*.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE ROOK SITS HIGH.

The Rook sits high when the blast sweeps by,
Right pleased with his wild see-saw;
And though hollow and bleak be the fierce wind's shriek,

It is mocked by his loud caw-caw.
What careth he for the bloom-robed tree,
Or the rose so sweet and fair?
He loves not the sheen of the spring-time green,
Any more than the branches bare.
Oh, the merriest bird the woods e'er saw,
Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw!

Winter may fling crystal chains on the wing
Of the field-fare, hardy and strong;
The snow-cloud may fall like a downy pall,
Hushing each warbler's song;
The starved gull may come from his ocean home,
And the poor little robin lay dead;
The curlew bold may shrink from the cold,
And the house-dove droop his head;
But the sable Rook still chatters away,
Through the bitterest frost and the darkest day.

He builds not in bowers, 'mid perfume and flowers,
But as far from the earth as he can;
He "weathers the storm," he seeks for the worm,
And craves not the mercy of man.
Then a health to the bird whose music is heard
When the ploughboy's whistle is still,
To the pinions that rise, when the hail-shower flies,
And the moor-cock broods under the hill;
For the merriest fellow the woods e'er saw
Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw!

We read in the page of the gray-haired sage,
That Misfortune should ne'er bow us down,
Yet if Care come nigh, the best of us sigh,
And cower beneath his frown.
But the Rook is content when the summer is sent,
And as glad when its glories fade;
Then fill, fill to the brim—here's a bumper to him
Who sings on through the sun and the shade;
For the wisest fellow the world e'er saw
Is the sable Rook with his loud caw-caw!

HOUSEHOLD SCENERY.

Most people amuse themselves, at one time or other of their lives, by fancying what sort of house they would like to live in; what sort of house they would build for themselves, if they had opportunity for that very charming amusement. But the last thing that people seem to have any thought about is the walls of their rooms. Yet, what is there that we see so much of as the walls of the rooms we live in? Even those who have the blessing of a country residence—those even who dwell in one of the very few remaining parsonages in the north of England, where a spacious porch shelters the house-door from draughts and driving rains, and who resort to that porch, looking out upon a meadow or a flower-garden—even these have to sit between four walls for at least three-fourths of the year; and certainly always to sleep within them. It is all very well to revel in fine views from terrace or window; but it is well, also, to consider what our eyes shall rest upon in all times of sickness, of bad weather, and when the sun is below the horizon. It is a charming speculation to a man about to build a house for his own residence, to plan what it shall look like externally—how many rooms it shall have, and how they shall be most conveniently arranged; but the aspect of the four walls of each room is worth mature consideration too. In old times, people thought more of this matter than we do, if we may judge by the pains taken to decorate the interior of ancient buildings; and those who attend to the signs of civilization assure us that there will be a revival of such thought and pains—and very soon. Let us hope that this is true.

There could scarcely, at any former time, have been a greater variety in the walls of human abodes than there is now. High up in the north there are the Esquimaux, huddled together within a circular wall made of snow, built up in slabs, inclining inwards, so as to form a dome—a house of beehive shape. Our English feelings would be put to a severe trial in such a place. If the walls remain solid, it is only because the temperature is below freezing point. If we should begin to flatter ourselves with any notion of warm feet—of ceasing to ache and shiver with cold—at once the walls begin to steam and run down, and the wretched chill of thaw brings back despair. Much the same may be said of such palaces of ice as we read of in Russia. Translucent, glittering with a bluish starlight, there is still the terrible alternative of frost or thaw within doors; each alike excluding all hope of wholesome warmth. Much pleasanter to our feelings is the South Sea Island dwelling, where the walls are nothing more than poles of bamboo; through which the morning and evening breeze may blow freely. To be sure, if privacy is desired, something more is requisite; for such an edifice seems to be designed for a community of that kind of stupid people, of whom the Americans say that they “cannot see through a ladder.” However broad may be the eaves, however prolonged the thatch of palm-leaves, the sun must peep into the abode when he is low in the sky; and there is no hour of the day in that climate when the sun is a welcome visitor within doors. To meet these cases, there are mattings made of grass, which may be hung up where wanted. These simple hangings have a grace and charm about them which no others, however gay and costly, can boast; they

are deliciously fragrant, especially when moistened. As the night dews descend, and when the breeze from the sea comes to shake these primitive curtains, a sweet scent charms the watcher, and spreads luxuriously through the dreams of the sleeper.

There are houses even now in civilized countries which let the stars be seen through their walls. We have ourselves been entertained in a dwelling where the drawing-room was full of couches, easy chairs, books, and musical instruments; where the dining-room was set out with an array of plate; but where, being wakeful in the night, we enjoyed the singular amusement of observing the stars passing over chinks in the walls, shining full into our eyes in the transit. How could this be? Why, the house was a log-house, on a plantation in a hot region. Perhaps from want of leisure, perhaps for the sake of coolness, the logs had been left rough, and the spaces between were not filled up with clay and moss, as is the practice further north. So the mosquitoes swarmed in and out, and hummed all night long; not to our annoyance, for we were safe within a “mosquito-bar,” or muslin curtain, completely enveloping the bed; not to our annoyance, therefore, and we may hope to their own satisfaction, unless they were hungry, and tantalized by our inaccessible presence. Poets compare human eyes to stars. It struck us that we preferred those real stars, shining through the wall, to certain glittering human eyes which a lady once saw shining from her wall. As the story goes, this poor lady—destined to a terrible fright—was sitting alone before the fire, opposite a mirror which rested on the mantelpiece, and taking off her jewelled necklace and bracelets before retiring to rest, when she looked up accidentally and saw in the mirror—what must have made a tapestried room terrible to her as long as she lived—for it was in a room hung with tapestry that she was sitting. She saw shining eyes rolling in the head of one of the woven figures, a sight which we, safe from all ambush of the kind, can never think of without a quiver of sympathetic dread. She knew that a thief was watching her, and that there must be some accomplice in the house who had cut out the eyes of the figure to enable him to do so. She did not go into hysterics, nor do anything else that was not to the purpose. She took no notice, sat awhile longer without looking into the mirror;—no doubt with a deadly horror of being approached from behind. She unfastened some part of her dress, yawned, put on a natural appearance of sleepiness, lighted her chamber candle, locked her jewel case, and—the only suspicious proceeding—left it on the table, walked steadily towards the eyes, the door being in that direction, quickly took the key from the lock, left the room, locked the door on the outside, and quietly went to seek help which she could better trust than that of her own servants. Such is one of the horrible stories which belong to the days of tapestry hangings, those curtain-coverings for walls which are perhaps the most objectionable of all modes of decorating apartments.

This is downright heresy, no doubt, in the eyes of those who make the pursuit of tapestry an idolatry. Nobody doubts the vast amount of pains and care spent on tapestry as an art. Nobody doubts the skill which so directed the shuttle or the needle as that they rivalled the pencil and the brush in their delineations. In fact, no art could be despised which employed the talents of the

greatest painters; and while the cartoons of Raffaele are associated in our minds with tapestry hangings, it is impossible to speak with disrespect of such a representative of the art of a past century. But we may be glad that it belonged to a past century, and that the present has done with tapestry. It might be necessary, in the days of imperfect building, to keep out draughts. King Alfred might have been glad of it before he invented his lantern, and when his candles were flaring and wasting so as to baffle him in his measurement of time by their burning; but we, in our tight houses, whose walls have no chinks and cracks, may better hang our apartments with clean, and light, and wholesome paper, which harbors no vermin, screens no thieves, and scares no fever patient with night-visions of perplexity and horror.

It does not appear, however, that tapestry was invented to cover defects in the building of walls. From the little we know, it may rather be inferred that it was first used as a convenient imitation of the more ancient decoration of painted walls. The first tapestries which are seen fluttering amidst the shadows of remote history, were in the East, and of the same monstrous order of delineation with the Egyptian decorations, which so many travellers have described for a thousand years past. The Egyptians used to paint the scenes of their lives and deaths—their occupations, amusements, their funerals, and their mythology, upon the massive walls of their temples and tombs. There seems to be no doubt that the convenience of making these pictures movable gave rise to the manufacture of woven hangings. One striking instance of this is on record, in the case of the hangings of the Tabernacle which Moses caused to be made in the desert. The description of the animals wrought on that tapestry answers exactly to that of the walls of an Egyptian temple; and it is the opinion of learned men that the Greeks, as well as the Hebrews, thence derived their notions of fantastic composite creatures—griffins, centaurs, and the like, which certainly were wrought in tapestries for the Greeks by Oriental workmen. After a time, the Greeks substituted prettier objects in the centres of their hangings, and drew off all the monstrosities into the borders. In like manner, during the Middle Ages, when tapestries were gifts for kings to bestow and to receive, there was great beauty of design and infinite delicacy of execution in the finer tapestries, on which artists spent their best pains, and kings spent a vast amount of money.

We must not suppose that all hangings were like those that our Henry the Eighth fostered, or the French Henry the Fourth and Louis the Fourteenth. While the royal and the rich hung their palaces and their mansions with such fabrics as the Gobelin tapestry, the less wealthy were content with plain velvet, with worsted stuff, with anything that would hide their unsightly walls, and keep them warm in their ill-built houses. The best and the worst were alike a nuisance in a dwelling-house. They imbibed the smoke; they grew mouldy with damp; and, in hot weather, they gave out a worse plague (if there be a worse) than the mosquitoes of tropical countries. It appears to us, in our cleanly times, that our grandfathers knew nothing about this kind of delicacy. After the rushes on the floor (which were offensive with filth), came the tapestries, which were almost as bad; and, while this was the condition of

men's abodes, their persons were worthy of their dwellings—powder, pomatum, wigs, and other unnatural devices, rendering a pure state of the skin impossible.

It was a great day when a Frenchman bethought himself that, instead of hangings of wrought carpeting, or of velvet-flock, or stuff, a covering for walls might be made of figured paper—cheaper, lighter, cleaner—preferable in every way. It is said that this invention was made known in 1632, and that the first blocks used in making paper hangings are preserved in Paris. England followed so soon that there was some dispute as to which ought to have the credit of the invention, but it was doubtless due to France. James the First had lately given two thousand pounds—a large sum in those days—to encourage a manufacture of fine tapestry at Mortlake; but it was in a drawing-room of the Royal Palace at Kensington that the first specimen of English paper hanging was seen. If anybody is curious to know whether that paper was like any that we see now, we can tell nothing more than that it was an imitation of the "velvet-flock" then in common use.

The "flock" order of paper seems to be coming into fashion, more and more, after a long interval. Perhaps the truth is, that the reduction of the duty on paper hangings puts a higher class of papers within reach of a greater number of householders. Sir Robert Peel took off tenpence out of the shilling a yard duty on French paper hangings, which, before 1842, kept good decorations out of the reach of all but the wealthy. We remember the time—somewhere about 1818—when stencilling came into fashion, and was thought a great popular boon. Stencilling was done by splashing walls with color through the interstices of tin patterns. The result was, very coarse and untidy decoration of white-washed walls; the colors being bad, and the pattern never accurately made out for many consecutive feet of wall. But the work was so much cheaper than paper hangings, that people of small means were very glad of it; and, even in gentlemen's houses, the attics and servants' rooms were often thus colored. Now, we seldom hear of stencilling; for papers of a tolerable quality and really good pattern may be had for less than a penny a yard, so that the abodes of the humble present a very different appearance now from anything that could be seen even ten years ago. As for the taking off the duty, the story is the same that Free-traders are almost tired of telling about other articles. There were dismal prophecies that the French, who much excel us in the designs and preparations of paper hangings, would destroy the manufacture in England; and the wealthy did supply themselves—and perhaps do so still—almost exclusively from Paris; but, so much more extensively are paper hangings used, and so great is the improvement continually taking place through the emulation of the French by our manufacturers, that the manufacture is largely and steadily increasing. It only remains now to get the duty removed from the raw material, the paper, to give everybody a fair chance of a neat set of walls to his dwelling-rooms, decorated according to his means.

Perhaps there are no gayer walls to be seen anywhere—in our country at least—than those we saw yesterday, on the premises of Her Majesty's Paper-stainer for Scotland, Mr. Wm. McCrie. This gentleman's walls—even the rough walls in the yards and passages—are as good as a rainbow for colors. The boys empty their brushes on the

space next at hand, to save the trouble of washing them ; and the result is a show which would make a little child—with its love of brilliant colors—scream for joy. There are things to be seen at Mr. McCrie's, which may please elderly people as much as rainbow hues can gratify a child. By means of studying there the process of paper-staining from beginning to end, glimpses are obtained into all classes of homes, from the queen's palace, and the student's library, and aristocratic club-houses, down to the humble abode of two or three rooms in town or country.

The paper used in this manufacture is made in Scotland, whence it is sent to England and Ireland, where more of the staining goes on than in Scotland. Mr. McCrie's establishment near Edinburgh, and one in Glasgow, are the only ones north of the Tweed. For ordinary patterns, the Scotch paper is about two feet wide. The French are narrower—a circumstance which should be remembered, when the cost of hangings is reckoned by the piece. Some of the granite papers for halls and staircases, and panel papers, are of greater and various width. The pieces, of twelve yards, are tied up in bundles of ten ; so that a bundle contains one hundred and twenty yards. The first thing that is done with the contents of a bundle, when it is untied, is to fit it for receiving a pattern by covering it smoothly and evenly with a coat of Paris white, or tint, for the ground, made of sulphate of lime and water, with size, which forms in fact a cement, and sets the pattern. This Paris white arrives from Hull and Leith ; the size is made on the premises, as the observer's nose informs him ; and in the yard, he sees the bundles of buffalo skins from which it is made, and the caldron in which they are boiled. No part of the business is more serious than that of the preparation of the size—both for making the pattern on the paper, and for attaching the hanging to the wall. The size made in hot weather is never good ; it runs, and the pattern is blotchy in places ; and for this mischief there is no remedy. If the production must go on, without waiting for cooler weather, the patterns must suffer, and the sellers must have patience. A much more serious consideration for householders and decorators is, that none but the best size should be used for attaching the paper to the walls. Many a fever has been caused by the horrible nuisance of corrupt size used in paper-hanging in bedrooms. The nausea which the sleeper is aware of on waking in the morning, in such a case, should be a warning needing no repetition. Down should come the whole paper at any cost or inconvenience ; for it is an evil which allows of no tampering. The careless decorator will say that time will set all right—that the smell will go off—that airing the room well in the day, and burning some pungent thing or other at night, in the mean time, will do very well. It will not do very well ; for health, and even life, may be lost in the interval. It is not worth while to have one's stomach impaired for life, or one's nerves shattered, for the sake of the cost and trouble of papering a room, or a whole house, if necessary. The smell is not the grievance, but the token of the grievance. The grievance is animal putridity, with which we are shut up, when this smell is perceptible in our chambers. Down should come the paper ; and the wall behind should be scraped clear of every particle of its last covering. It is astonishing that so lazy a practice as that of putting a new paper over an old one should exist to the extent it does. Now and

then an incident occurs which shows the effect of such absurd carelessness.

Not long ago, a handsome house in London became intolerable to a succession of residents, who could not endure a mysterious bad smell which pervaded it when shut up from the outer air. Consultations were held about drains, and all the particulars that could be thought of, and all in vain. At last, a clever young man, who examined the house from top to bottom, fixed his suspicions on a certain room, where he inserted a small slip of glass in the wall. It was presently covered, and that repeatedly, with a sort of putrid dew. The paper was torn down ; and behind it was found a mass of old papers, an inch thick—stuck together with their layers of size, and exhibiting a spectacle which we will not sicken our readers by describing. A lesser evil, but still a vexatious one, may be mentioned here ; that when there is not alum enough in the size, it will not hold. A family, sitting around a table, at dinner or at work, does not relish the incident of the entire papering of the room coming down at once, with a tearing, crushing sound, and a cloud of dust. Worse still is the trouble, when it is the pattern of the paper that is affected. A room was very prettily hung, not long ago, with a paper where a bright green trail of foliage was the most conspicuous part of the pattern. Day after day everything in the room was found covered with a green dust ; and the pattern on the wall faded in proportion. The size had, in fact, been insufficient to fix the green powder, one ingredient of which, by the way, was arsenic. The decorator, being sent for, saw at once what was the matter, and, with expressions of shame and concern, pulled down the pretty paper, and put up another without charge.—While on the subject of the mistakes that may be made in paper-hanging, we may mention one for which the householder is answerable, and not the manufacturer or decorator. While we are well, we ought to remember that we, and those belonging to us, shall some time or other be ill ; and it is just as well to arrange the sleeping-rooms of our houses so as to give every advantage to invalids, when the day of sickness comes. It is of no consequence to the healthful, perhaps, how their beds stand ; but it may make the difference to a sick person, of fever or tranquillity, of sleep or no sleep, whether his bed stands, as it should do, north and south, or east and west ; and whether the window is opposite the foot of the bed, or in some less annoying direction. In the same way we may never think of the pattern on the wall of our room, while we go to bed only to sleep and rise the moment we awake ; but it is certain that delirium in fever cases has been precipitated, and that frightful visions, or teasing images, have been excited by fantastic patterns on chintz bed-curtains, or on the hangings of the walls. The paper for bed-rooms should be of a rather light color, and of a pattern as indefinite as can be had. For our part, we like nothing so well as a blank paper of some pleasant hue, with a dark border for a relief ; but there are many papers now which do not present any of the everlasting forms and varieties of the square, the circle, and the diamond. A watered paper, or any trailing pattern is objectionable, because the eye of the invalid will trace human profiles in them. There are patterns in abundance which are pretty enough in a humble way—consisting of an aggregate of various small figures—so small and so various as to create nothing to the eye but a pleasantly-broken color.

Having delivered our conscience of this admonition, out of the doctoring and sick-nursing part of our experience, we may return to our paper-staining.

The laying on the Paris white is done by a machine. The wet whitening is thrown into a trough, where it is licked up by a cylinder, which daubs it on a cylindrical brush, which transfers it to another cylinder, under which the paper is drawn, receiving the plaster as it goes. A wide brush, like a fringe of soft bristles, is fixed before the last cylinder, and sweeps the paper as the long sheet passes on, distributing the coating evenly, and smoothing the surface. The paper, in lengths of twelve yards, is drawn out by little boys, who carry it over little heaps of sticks, lifting up a stick, and of course the wet paper with it, and hoisting both on a pole, so that the paper can be carried to the drying place without being touched by human hands. Two boys thus carry away a piece in four folds, which of course do not touch each other. The lads, with their poles, lay the sticks across horizontal poles at some height from the ground; and there, still untouched, hangs the paper to dry.

If a polished ground is wanted, the paper—duly prepared by a chemical process in the open air—is rubbed with a lump of French chalk; then, with a surface of felt or flannel, and finally with a polishing brush; and from this treatment it comes out with a burnish like satin. The paper, with a polished or a dead ground, is now ready to receive the pattern.

There are three ways of giving it a pattern—by a printing machine, by block printing, and by marbling by hand. It appears that one machine does the work of about four block printers; that two persons may prepare the paper for fifteen printing tables; and that fifty workmen can, by great diligence, turn out three thousand pieces (of twelve yards each) per week. They are paid by the piece—from twenty-pence to two shillings per score, and a workman can easily earn from thirty to thirty-five shillings per week. The business is carried on in large airy rooms, and although much activity and strength of eye, foot, and hand are required for joining the pattern, lifting the heavy block, and stamping it, there is no pernicious fatigue, or perilous liability of any kind. It is altogether a favorable and fortunate kind of employment for a good workman.

In one part of the premises abides the designer, educated now, generally speaking, at one of our schools of design. He watches the French; he watches the English; he watches nature; and draws ideas from all for his patterns. Star patterns are eternal in popular favor; and so are lobby patterns—granites and marbles; but beyond these, all is uncertainty. A new set of designs must be made every year; and if a pattern does not pay its cost the first year, it never will. It may not be utterly lost, but it will never be remunerative. In one of the lower rooms at Mr. McOrie's we trod upon wealth in a truly magnanimous manner. The floor was laid with obsolete blocks; and thus we trampled on many hundred pounds' worth of property.

The blocks are a pretty sight, from the beginning, when the block-cutter traces his pattern from oil paper upon the wood, and taps his chisel, sending it down to a certain depth in the wood (pine), and then clears out the spaces, up to the funeral ceremony of laying these memorials of

departed fashions in the ground; that is, in the floor. Where little bits of the wood are broken away, they are supplied with brass or copper. The blocks for granite papers are stuck all over "with everything that will make a mark," as we are told; with odds and ends of copper and brass, and with common nail-heads. For the printing machine, the block is cylindrical, the process being just that of cylinder-printing of any kind. For the printing tables, the blocks are furnished with a strap at the back, to receive the workman's hand, and they are pressed down on the paper by a mallet driven by the workman's foot. Every time that he applies the block, he dips it on the surface of a stiff liquid, in a trough by his side—the liquid being either the color he wants to impress, or the oil which is to catch and retain the color to be afterwards shed over it. For the best sort of gilding, gold leaf is applied; for the commoner gilding, bronze powder; for flock papers, the flock which is brought from the wool districts. The flock is wool, dyed of various colors, and reduced to powder. If the size or oil on which it is deposited be good, the flock cannot be rubbed off, or removed by any means short of scratching. The array of crimson flock papers is really superb in our day. One never tires of gazing at them in an establishment like this, and fancying how each would look in one's own study or dining-room. Of all charming rooms in a middle class house, the most bewitching, perhaps, is a library lined almost throughout with books, with the spaces between papered with a rich crimson flock paper, and affording room between the book-cases, for a pedestal here and there, with a bust, or a good cast upon it, surmounted by a very few choice prints. The crimson makes a glorious ground for prints.

The workman has not always dismissed his piece when he has printed it from end to end. It may be a pattern of two colors, or of six, or even of twelve; and for each color a fresh block and a fresh process are required, each repetition of course reckoning as a new piece in regard to his wages. The workman who does his work wholly by hand, he who marbles papers for lobbies and stair-walls, has also to go over it several times. The yellow polished ground is supplied to him ready for his brush. He veins it with a camel hair brush, dipped in a dark color. One cannot but admire the decision with which he makes his strokes, and groups his veinings. We should stand hesitating which way to make our pencil wander, doubting whether we were making anything like marble; but the accustomed stainer wields his brush with as much purpose and decision as we do the pen, knowing as well where to go and wherefore. When he has thus veined a certain portion, he sprinkles, by jerking a brush, little drops of soap and turpentine, which make blotches, and give a marbled appearance to the whole surface. The colored streaks, being diluted, spread into a perfect resemblance of the veins of marble; and nothing remains but to daub some white blotches into the centres of the groups of streaks. Of all the imitation papers this appeared to us the most perfect. The granite was good, with its glittering "frothing," which frosting is done by scattering, very sparingly, particles of the thinnest possible glass from the glass-houses. The graining of oak papers is done by putting an iron comb in the place of the smoothing brush, when the paper receives its first coat.

Among the papers shown in the warehouse, where the completed goods are deposited, the most beautiful in our eyes was a broad panelled paper of white, watered with a panel border of roses. We looked in vain for the sort of hanging which we must think will be in demand ere long; a hanging which, being dark near the floor, becomes gradually lighter towards the ceiling. At present, decorators depend on a dark carpet and a light ceiling to give the effect indicated by decorative principle and required by a trained eye, some aid being given by a dark skirting board, and a cornice of light and bright colors; but there seems to be no reason why the hangings on the walls should not do their part, and there can be no doubt that a wide new range of design would be opened by following out this principle.

What we owe to the designers of good paper-hangings can hardly be estimated by those who have not travelled in countries which assume to be highly civilized, but have no time to get things done in the best manner. Even at home, and in good houses, one meets occasionally with a mistake in the choice of a pattern; a mistake which causes irritation and annoyance to the visitor, from hour to hour; as when a pattern, which is everything that could be wished in the single breadth, gives birth to an imperfect form when joined with the next breadth; a diamond, for instance, which turns out a little smaller on one side than the other, or a curve which is not freely carried out. But in some parts of the United States, among other places, where money is not spared in decorating dwellings, but workmen are scarce and ill-qualified, one sees extraordinary spectacles on the walls of good houses. We were once standing in perplexed contemplation of our chamber wall, when our hostess entered, and told us how vexed she had been about it. She had employed an emigrant paper-hanger, who had passed himself off as a first-rate workman. She gave him the papers, and left him to his work. In a wonderfully short time, he came to her, exulting; he had done the job—capitally—he would say that for himself; he had “made every crease show.” And so he had—with the most perverse ingenuity—by now spoiling the pattern, and now leaving a white thread of space between the breadths. There was no upholsterer’s store within many miles, and therefore no remedy. Our hostess was English, and annoyed accordingly. The Americans care less for such things, or do not even discover them, unless the blemish is very flagrant. We remember a curious instance of this difference between the American and English eye, which met our notice as far off as Lexington, in Kentucky. We were taken, of course, to the Senate Chamber at Lexington—merely our own party—to see the room. A picture over the president’s chair hanging awry, we naturally stepped upon a bench which stood below, and set it right with a touch; after which the party went home, to one of the best houses in the neighborhood, where a young Englishman of rank and a Mr. Clay were to join us at dinner. Our hostess and her guests fell into conversation about furnishing drawing-rooms, and attention was drawn to the paper of the handsome room we were sitting in. All admired it; but we observed on the oddity of the workman having put up two breadths, in different parts of the room, upside down. The hostess laughingly doubted it, had never heard of it, could not see it now; would ask the young Englishman, and see if anybody thought so but ourselves.

Presently came a Mr. Moat with Mr. Clay. Mr. Moat was asked to look round the room, and say if he saw any blemish anywhere. He glanced round, and pointed to the two breadths that were topsy-turvy, to the amusement of the good-humored hostess, who said the English eye was something past her comprehension. Upon this, Mr. Clay related that he had just been taking Mr. Moat to see the Senate Chamber, and that he had mounted a bench to set straight a map which he declared to be hung awry, though nobody else could see it. The laugh was now louder than ever; and then followed a discussion whether it was a privilege or a misfortune to be so particular as we English had proved ourselves. Perhaps we should suffer more from our particularity in a new country than the thing is worth; but we should be sorry to lay it aside at home.

The omnipresent gutta-percha is among the paper hangings already. It presents itself in the form of consolation to the owners of houses which are cursed with a damp wall or corner. As for a generally damp house, one has only to quit it, if one has ever been foolish enough to go into it. But there are many excellent houses with some faulty bit—some corner or projection which got wet in the building, and could never be got dry; and here comes in the gutta-percha paper most consolingly. The housewife may have rubbed, and warmed, and dried, with toil and pain, every summer; but in winter the stains come again, and, towards spring, the green moss. She may have battened that end or corner; but then, there was the uneasy thought that the damp and the moss were growing behind the screen. In case of damp from driving rains, in exposed situations, it may be true that there is nothing like a mantle of ivy, under whose leaves dry dust may be found at the end of the wettest winter. But, if the damp be incurred in the process of the building, the ivy is not the appropriate cure; and, besides, it takes some years to cover the end of a house. The gutta-percha paper confines the damp within the wall, at least, and compels it to evaporate externally, if at all. It thoroughly intercepts, if it cannot cure, a very great evil; and it will, no doubt, be in extensive use till all men are too sensible to have any damp corners in their houses at all.

CHARACTER OF CHARLES LAMB.—It is not possible for the subtlest characteristic power, even when animated by the warmest personal regard, to give to those who never had the privilege of his companionship an idea of what Lamb was. There was an apparent contradiction in him, which seemed an inconsistency between thoughts closely associated, and which was in reality nothing but the contradiction of his genius and his fortune, fantastically exhibiting itself in different aspects, which close intimacy could alone appreciate. He would startle you with the finest perception of truth, separating by a phrase the real from a tissue of conventional falsehoods, and the next moment, by some whimsical invention, make you “doubt truth to be a liar.” He would touch the inmost pulse of profound affection, and then break off in some jest, which would seem profane “to ears polite,” but carry as profound a meaning to those who had the right key as his most pathetic suggestions; and where he loved and doted most, he would vent the overflowing of his feelings in words that looked like rudeness.—*Talfourd’s Life and Letters of Lamb.*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE MYSTERIES OF A FLOWER.

BY PROFESSOR R. HUNT.

FLOWERS have been called the stars of the earth ; and certainly, when we examine those beautiful creations, and discover them, analyzing the sunbeam, and sending back to the eye the full luxury of colored light, we must confess there is more real appropriateness in the term than even the poet who conceived the delicate thought imagined. Lavoisier beautifully said—"The fable of Prometheus is but the outshading of a philosophic truth—where there is light there is organization and life ; where light cannot penetrate, death forever holds his silent court." The flowers, and, indeed, those far inferior forms of organic vegetable life which never flower, are direct dependencies on the solar rays. Through every stage of existence they are excited by those subtle agencies which are gathered together in the sunbeam ; and to these influences we may trace all that beauty of development which prevails throughout the vegetable world. How few there are, of even those refined minds to whom flowers are more than a symmetric arrangement of petals harmoniously colored, who think of the secret agencies forever exciting the life which is within their cells, to produce the organized structure—who reflect on the deep, yet divine philosophy, which may be read in every leaf ;—those tongues in trees, which tell us of eternal goodness and order.

The hurry of the present age is not well suited to the contemplative mind ; yet, with all, there must be hours in which to fall back into the repose of quiet thought becomes a luxury. The nervous system is strung to endure only a given amount of excitement ; if its vibrations are quickened beyond this measure, the delicate harp-strings are broken, or they undulate in throbs. To every one the contemplation of natural phenomena will be found to induce that repose which gives vigor to the mind—as sleep restores the energies of a toil-exhausted body. And to show the advantages of such a study, and the interesting lessons which are to be learned in the fields of nature, is the purpose of the present essay.

The flower is regarded as the full development of vegetable growth ; and the consideration of its mysteries naturally involves a careful examination of the life of a plant, from the seed placed in the soil to its full maturity, whether it be as herb or tree.

For the perfect understanding of the physical conditions under which vegetable life is carried on, it is necessary to appreciate, in its fulness, the value of the term *growth*. It has been said that stones grow—that the formation of crystals was an analogous process to the formation of a leaf ; and this impression has appeared to be somewhat confirmed, by witnessing the variety of arborescent forms into which solidifying waters pass, when the external cold spreads it as ice over our window-panes. This is, however, a great error ; stones do not *grow*—there is no analogy even between the formation of a crystal and the growth of a leaf. All inorganic masses increase in size only by the accretion of particles, layer upon layer, without any chemical change taking place as an essentiality. The sun may shine for ages upon a stone without quickening it into life, changing its constitution, or adding to its mass. Organic matter consists of arrangements of cells or sacs, and the increase in size is due to the absorption of gaseous matter, through the fine tissue of which they are composed. The gas—a compound of carbon and oxygen—is decomposed by the excitement induced by light ; and the solid matter thus obtained is employed in building a new cell—or producing actual growth, a true function of *life*, in all the processes of which matter is constantly undergoing chemical change.

The simplest developments of vegetable life are the

formation of *conferve* upon water, and of lichens upon the surface of the rock. In chemical constitution, these present no very remarkable differences from the cultivated flower which adorns our garden, or the tree which has risen in its pride amidst the changing seasons of many centuries. Each alike have derived their solid constituents from the atmosphere, and the chemical changes in all are equally dependent upon the powers which have their mysterious origin in the great centre of our planetary system.

Without dwelling upon the processes which take place in the lower forms of vegetable life, the purposes of this essay will be fully answered by taking an example from amongst the higher class of plants, and examining its conditions, from the germination of the seed to the full development of the flower—rich in form, color, and odor.

In the seed-cell we find, by minute examination, the embryo of the future plant carefully preserved in its envelope of starch and gluten. The investigations which have been carried on upon the vitality of seeds appear to prove that, under favorable conditions, this life-germ may be maintained for centuries. Grains of wheat, which had been found in the hands of an Egyptian mummy, germinated and grew ; these grains were produced, in all probability, more than three thousand years since ; they had been placed, at her burial, in the hands of a priestess of Isis, and in the deep repose of the Egyptian catacomb were preserved to tell us, in the eighteenth century, the story of that wheat which Joseph sold to his brethren.

The process of germination is essentially a chemical one. The seed is placed in the soil, excluded from the light, supplied with a due quantity of moisture, and maintained at a certain temperature, which must be above that at which water freezes ; air must have free access to the seed, which, if placed so deep in the soil as to prevent the permeation of the atmosphere, never germinates. Under favorable circumstances, the life-quickening processes begin ; the starch, which is a compound of carbon and oxygen, is converted into sugar by the absorption of another equivalent of oxygen from the air ; and we have an evident proof of this change in the sweetness which most seeds acquire in the process, the most familiar example of which we have in the conversion of barley into malt. The sugar thus formed furnishes the food to the now living creation, which, in a short period, shoots its first leaves above the soil ; and these, which rising from their dark chamber are white, quickly become green under the operations of light.

In the process of germination a species of slow combustion takes place, and—as in the chemical processes of animal life and in those of active ignition—carbonic acid gas, composed of oxygen and charcoal, or carbon, is evolved. Thus, by a mystery which our science does not enable us to reach, the spark of life is kindled—life commences its work—the plant grows. The first conditions of vegetable growth are, therefore, singularly similar to those which are found to prevail in the animal economy. The leaf-bud is no sooner above the soil than a new set of conditions begin ; the plant takes carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and having, in virtue of its vitality, by the agency of luminous power, decomposed this gas, it retains the carbon, and pours forth the oxygen to the air. This process is stated to be a function of vitality ; but as this has been variously described by different authors, it is important to state with some minuteness what does really take place.

The plant absorbs carbonic acid from the atmosphere through the under surfaces of the leaves, and the whole of the bark ; it at the same time derives an additional portion from the moisture which is taken up by the roots, and conveyed "to the topmost twig" by the force of capillary attraction, and another power, called *endosmosis*, which

is exerted in a most striking manner, by living organic tissues. This mysterious force is shown in a pleasing way by covering some spirits of wine and water in a wine-glass with a piece of bladder; the water will escape, leaving the strong spirit behind.

Independently of the action of light the plant may be regarded as a mere machine; the fluids and gases which it absorbs pass off in a condition but very little changed—just as water would strain through a sponge or a porous stone. The consequence of this is the blanching or *etiolation* of the plant, which we produce by our artificial treatment of celery and sea-kale—the formation of the carbonaceous compound called *chlorophyle*, which is the green coloring-matter of the leaves, being entirely checked in darkness. If such a plant is brought into the light, its dormant powers are awakened, and, instead of being little other than a sponge through which fluids circulate, it exerts most remarkable chemical powers; the carbonic acid of the air and water is decomposed; its charcoal is retained to add to the wood of the plant, and the oxygen is set free again to the atmosphere. In this process is exhibited one of the most beautiful illustrations of the harmony which prevails through all the great phenomena of nature with which we are acquainted—the mutual dependence of the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

In the animal economy there is a constant production of carbonic acid, and the beautiful vegetable kingdom, spread over the earth in such infinite variety, requires this carbonic acid for its support. Constantly removing from the air the pernicious agent produced by the animal world, and giving back that oxygen which is required as the life-quickening element by the animal races, the balance of affinities is constantly maintained by the phenomena of vegetable growth. This interesting inquiry will form the subject of another essay.

The decomposition of carbonic acid is directly dependent upon luminous agency; from the impact of the earliest morning ray to the period when the sun reaches the zenith, the excitation of that vegetable vitality by which the chemical change is effected regularly increases. As the solar orb sinks towards the horizon the chemical activity diminishes—the sun sets—the action is reduced to its minimum—the plant, in the repose of darkness, passes to that state of rest which is as necessary to the vegetating races as sleep is to the wearied animal.

These are two well-marked stages in the life of a plant; germination and vegetation are exerted under different conditions; the time of flowering arrives, and another change occurs, the processes of forming the alkaline and acid juices, of producing the oil, wax, and resin, and of secreting those nitrogenous compounds which are found in the seed, are in full activity. Carbonic acid is now evolved and oxygen is retained; hydrogen and nitrogen are also forced, as it were, into combination with the oxygen and carbon, and altogether new and more complicated operations are in activity.

Such are the phenomena of vegetable life which the researches of our philosophers have developed. This curious order—this regular progression—showing itself at well-marked epochs, is now known to be dependent upon solar influences; the

Bright effluence of bright essence increate

works its mysterious wonders on every organic form. Much is still involved in mystery; but to the call of science some strange truths have been made manifest to man, and of some of these the phenomena must now be explained.

Germination is a chemical change which takes place most readily in darkness; *vegetable growth* is due to the secretion of carbon under the agency of light; and the processes of *floriation* are shown to involve some new and compound operations; these three states must be distinctly appreciated.

The sunbeam comes to us as a flood of pellucid light, usually colorless; if we disturb this white beam, as by compelling it to pass through a triangular piece of glass, we break it up into colored bands, which we call the *spectrum*, in which we have such an order of chromatic rays as are seen in the rainbow of a summer shower. These colored rays are now known to be the sources of all the tints by which nature adorns the surface of the earth, or art imitates, in its desire to create the beautiful. These colored bands have not the same illuminating power, nor do they possess the same heat-giving property. The yellow rays give the most *light*; the red rays have the function of *heat* in the highest degree. Beyond these properties the sunbeam possesses another, which is the power of producing *chemical change*—of effecting those magical results which we witness in the photographic processes, by which the beams illuminating any object are made to delineate it upon the prepared tablet of the artist.

It has been suspected that these three phenomena are not due to the same agency, but that, associated in the sunbeam, we have *light*, producing all the blessings of vision, and throwing the veil of color over all things—*heat*, maintaining that temperature over our globe which is necessary to the perfection of living organisms—and a third principle, *actinism*, by which the chemical changes alluded to are effected. We possess the power, by the use of colored media, of separating these principles from each other, and of analyzing their effects. A yellow glass allows *light* to pass through it most freely, but it obstructs *actinism* almost entirely; a deep-blue glass, on the contrary, prevents the permeation of *light*, but it offers no interruption to the *actinic*, or chemical rays; a red glass again cuts off most of the rays, except those which have peculiarly a *calorific*, or heat-giving power.

With this knowledge we proceed in our experiments, and learn some of the mysteries of nature's chemistry. If, above the soil in which the seed is placed, we fix a deep, pure yellow glass, the chemical change which marks germination is prevented; if, on the contrary, we employ a blue one, it is greatly accelerated; seeds, indeed, placed beneath the soil, covered with a cobalt blue finger-glass, will germinate many days sooner than such as may be exposed to the ordinary influences of sunshine;—this proves the necessity of the principle actinism to this first stage of vegetable life. Plants, however, made to grow under the influences of such blue media present much the same conditions as those which are reared in the dark; they are succulent instead of woody, and have yellow leaves and white stalks—indeed, the formation of leaves is prevented, and all the vital energy of the plant is exerted in the production of the stalk. The chemical principle of the sun's rays, alone, is not therefore sufficient; remove the plant to the influence of light, as separated from actinism, by the action of yellow media, and wood is formed abundantly—the plant grows most healthfully, and the leaves assume that dark-green which belongs to tropical climes or to our most brilliant summers. Light is thus proved to be the exciting agent in effecting those chemical decompositions which have already been described; but under the influence of isolated light it is found that plants will not flower. When, however, the subject of our experiment is brought under the influence of a red glass, particularly of that variety in which a beautifully pure red is produced by oxide of gold, the whole process of floriation and the perfection of the seed is accomplished.

Careful and long-continued observations have proved that in the spring, when the process of germination is most active, the chemical rays are the most abundant in the sunbeam. As the summer advances, light, relatively to the other forces, is largely increased; at this season the trees of the forest, the herb of the valley, and the cultivated plants which

adorn our dwellings, are all alike adding to the wood. Autumn comes on, and then heat, so necessary for ripening grain, is found to exist in considerable excess. It is curious, too, that the autumnal heat has properties peculiarly its own—so decidedly distinguished from the ordinary heat, that Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville have adopted a term to distinguish it. The peculiar browning or scorching rays of autumn are called *parathermic* rays; they possess a remarkable chemical action added to their calorific one; and to this is due those complicated phenomena already briefly described.

In these experiments, carefully tried, we are enabled to imitate the conditions of nature, and supply at any time those states of solar radiation which belong to the varying seasons of the year.

Such is a rapid sketch of the mysteries of a flower; "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Under the influence of the sunbeam, vegetable life is awakened, continued, and completed; a wondrous alchemy is effected; the change in the condition of the solar radiations determines the varying conditions of vegetable vitality; and in its progress those transmutations occur, which at once give beauty to the exterior world, and provide for the animal races the necessary food by which their existence is maintained. The contemplation of influences such as these realizes in the human soul that sweet feeling which, with Keats, finds that

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increasing, it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

* * * * *

Such the sun and moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in.

From Household Words.

WALKING-STICKS.

WHETHER it was a cripple or a dandy, an old gentleman, or a young gentleman, who first invented walking-sticks, cannot now be determined. That the pilgrim of the Middle Ages used a staff we know well from song and story;—a stout, strong, serviceable staff, shod with iron, which stood no nonsense; for it was intended not merely to support the pilgrim when weary, and to aid the ascent and descent of hills and mountains; but to quell the familiarities of rough wayfarers. There was a protuberance a short distance below the top, to afford a firm grasp; and the upper part formed a hollow tube, in which the pilgrim carried relics of saints, small crucifixes, or other humble but cherished treasures. There are records of other articles stored away in these staff receptacles; the first head of saffron is said to have been brought to England from Greece in a pilgrim's staff, at a time when it was death to take the living plant out of the country; the silk-worm first found its way into Europe by a similar piece of cunning; and pilgrims sometimes contrived to lay aside a store of gold coin in this hiding-place.

The staff or *alpenstock*, of the Swiss and Tyrolese is an unquestionable walking-stick, of a formidable and invaluable kind. Exceeding in length the height of the user, and tipped with iron, it renders important assistance to all Alpine pedestrians. With its chamois-horn as a surmounting crook, it makes some pretension to ornament. All who have read narratives, or seen pictures, or heard lectures, concerning the ascent of Mont Blanc, will readily call to mind

the claim which these alpenstocks have to be called life-preservers.

One of the earliest kinds of walking-stick adopted as a support by elderly persons, was the *ferula* or staff of fennel-wood. Being long, tough, and light, it is well fitted for this purpose, and it seems to have given name to a certain castigatory weapon but too well known to school-boys. In Oriental countries, the hollow or pithy-stalked palms and bamboos naturally become the material for walking-sticks, and it is to such countries that we owe the designation of cane, so much given to those pedestrian accompaniments. Ancient Egyptian walking-sticks have been discovered, made of cherry-wood, and having carved knobs. Henry the Eighth had "a cane garnished with sylvan and gilte, with Astronomie upon it;" and "a cane garnished with golde, having a perfume in the toppe."

Of the Clouded Cane, of whose nice conduct Pope's Sir Plume was justly vain; of Jambees at ten guineas per joint, and plain Dragons described in the Tatler; of the strong cane and the amber-tipped cane, sung by Gay; of the long and elegant sticks used by elderly ladies in the second half of the last century, and by footmen of the present day; of the stout, knotted sticks and the slender bamboos in fashion half a century ago; of the enormous, grotesque heads carved upon sticks to suit certain abnormal tastes; of comic canes with Tim Bobbins and Punch and Merry Andrews and Toby Fillpots grinning from their heads; of rough sticks and smooth sticks; of straight sticks and crooked sticks; of all sorts of sticks, from rattans to bludgeons, it is not our present purpose to indite;—the reader will find an amusing account of most of them in the Report of the Exhibition Jury on Miscellaneous Articles—a jury which worked most indefatigably in their miscellaneous duties. We pass all this to say a little respecting the commerce in walking-sticks, which is much more extensive than most persons would imagine.

It appears that there is scarcely a grass or a tree which has not been made available for this purpose. The varieties most usually selected, among the growths of Europe, are blackthorn, crab, maple, ash, oak, beech, orange-tree, cherry-tree, furze-bush, and Spanish reed; from the West Indies there come vine-stems, cabbage-stalks, orange-stalks, lemon-stalks, coffee-stalks, briar-stalks; while from other countries in the warm regions are brought rattans, calamus-stems, bamboos, Malaccas, and Manilla canes. Whatever is the kind employed, the wood is usually cut towards the end of autumn, especially if it be wished to preserve the bark.

A walking-stick of moderate pretensions, made of ordinary wood, and to be sold at a moderate price, passes through almost as many processes as a needle, and is, to all intents and purposes, a manufactured article. Let us look on, while such a stick is being made.

First, then, shall it have the bark on or not? Most of the better kinds have lost their bark, and ours shall accordingly. Only one half-penny is paid for stripping the bark from a branch of the warted-crab, which is a favorite wood for sticks; but has a bark obstinately clinging to the protuberances on the side of the branch. The peelers boil the branch for a couple of hours, and the bark then readily yields to any simple instrument. In straighter and smoother branches, the difficulty is less; and, consequently, the rate of pay is lower.

Then comes the straightening of the stick, and the fashioning of the crook, which so often forms its upper termination. The upper end is immersed in hot, damp sand; it becomes soft and non-elastic, and readily assumes and maintains any curvature which may be given to it. For every kind of wood, there is a temperature and a dampness best fitted for this process; and thus the stick-maker has to store his mem-

ory with a body of practical rules on the subject. Then, for the straightening, the stick is immersed in hot, dry sand, which gives it a kind of pliability different from that requisite for the crooking; and by bending and humoring it in a groove in a board, the stick becomes straight and symmetrical. But if our walking-stick contemns this Quaker-like straightness, and has a yearning for the knobby and crooked, it comes under the operation of the rasp and the file, unless, indeed, the knobs are such as Nature gave.

The external adornment is even more varied than the original form. Many walking-sticks appear in such masquerade costumes, that their brother-branches would not know them again; they are sand-papered, or emiered, or rotten-stoned, and are further smoothed with fish-fin or fish-skin; then they are stained by liquid dyes, the chemical composition of which the stick-maker probably numbers among his secrets; and, lastly, they are varnished. Sometimes the surface is charred, and the charred portion scraped off here and there, so as to impart a mottled appearance to the stick. Sometimes, but more frequently on the continent than in England, lithographic transfers decorate the surface of the stick.

These every-day, steady-looking, thoroughgoing, middle-class, serviceable walking-sticks form the mainstay and support of the manufacture, like as willow-pattern plates and two-penny cups and saucers are commercially more important to the Staffordshire potteries than Parian statuettes or dessert services. But still the more ornate and aristocratic sticks and canes give employment to a large number of work-people; whalebone, tortoise-shell, ram's-horn, rhinoceros' horn, gutta percha, shark-spine, narwhal-horn, ivory—these are some only among many substances employed for sticks. The mode of working each kind does not differ materially from that of manufacturing other articles from the same materials; but there is a curious exception in relation to tortoise-shell; the raspings and parings of this substance are susceptible of being conglomerated by heat and pressure, and formed into elongated rods for sticks—a capital mode of picking up crumbs, and making them useful.

As to the ferules, crooks, handles, and decorative appendages, who shall number them? Gold, silver, sham-gold, sham-silver, ivory, ebony, tortoise-shell, mother o' pearl, agate, cornelian, jasper, jade, leather, hair, silk, skin—all are employed. What offence crooks have given, that they should be out of favor, does not appear; but certain it is that the rectangular handle is now in the ascendant; it juts out in stern precision from the vertical stem, and ignores Hogarth's theory of the beauty of curved lines. It sometimes aspires to stags' heads, and at others descends to stags' feet; and not unfrequently it makes a Jenny Lind-ish attempt at portraiture.

So large has this manufacture now become, that the principal London maker is said to sell annually about one hundred and fifty thousand walking-sticks made of English wood, and three hundred and sixty thousand rattans and canes for making the more expensive varieties. The polished ash sticks are mostly made at Birmingham; where they are sawn and turned by machine-lathes, previous to the polishing. The importation of walking-sticks from abroad is not very considerable, as the English makers strive to meet all the demand that may arise; this relates to the finished sticks, and not to the raw material.

There is a nationality even in walking-sticks. Germany makes better whalebone sticks than England, and is also expert in making elastic and tough sticks from the almost impenetrable hide of the rhinoceros. Austria excels in the sticks with carved ivory handles; but England bears the palm for those ornamented with silver wire, or gold and silver chasing. Paris is said to have had, in 1847, no less than one

hundred and sixty-five manufacturers, and nine hundred and sixty-two work-people employed in making walking-sticks and whips; but, as we cannot tell how many have been added to these numbers from other and similar trades, so are we likewise without data to settle the numerical claims of the walking-sticks. There were, however, four thousand five hundred and fifty-six cwts. of rattans, bamboos, and other canes imported into France in 1850, and this seems to tell significantly of a large walking-cane manufacture in that country. The little Grand Ducal (if anything so little can be grand) State of Hesse excels all other countries in the manufacture of pictorial walking-sticks. In neatly transferring lithographic patterns to sticks Hesse is unrivalled. They are sold largely to England and America, and some of them are exceedingly elegant; the patterns are transferred from paper while the ink from the printing, whether colored or black, is wet, and the stick is afterwards varnished.

But Hamburg seems to be the walking-stick metropolis. Herr Meyer, of that city, is the king of stick-makers. His star of walking-sticks, radiating in all its splendor in the Zollverein department of the Great Exhibition, attracted many an admiring gaze. Very little less than five hundred varieties there made their appearance, from the ornate and costly, down to the useful and cheap. Being a free port for the reception of sticks and canes from all parts of the world, and hand-labor being cheaper there than in London, Hamburg drives a large trade in this department of industry.

Crochety walking-sticks occasionally make a noise in the world—walking-sticks which contain a shop full of furniture (more or less) in their bosoms. A Scottish physician has lately constructed a walking-stick containing a variety of medical instruments and medicines. Another sagacious personage has enriched society with a walking-stick containing a compass, a mirror, a dressing-case, an inkstand, a telescope, a thermometer, a set of drawing instruments, stationery and lucifers. A third, thoughtful concerning the supply of nature's wants, has made a walking-stick which acts as a miniature larder and wine-cellar; for it contains a long, cylindrical bottle, a wine-glass on similar elongated principles, and a receptacle for biscuits or compressed meats. Another has contrived to pack away in his walking-stick a useful map of London and a compass. A fifth (perhaps an electro-biological gentleman) has made a walking-stick with a complete galvanic battery in its interior; "on holding the knob in the hand, a shock is slightly felt, and by taking a piece of silver or copper in each hand, and touching the knob on each side, the shock is greatly increased!"

As to the murderous walking-sticks, which thrust out upon you their swords, or dirks, or spring spears, we like them not; their use is only to be tolerated in private gentlemen and editors, who do not feel comfortable in the streets of California or Kentucky without a Colt's revolver peeping out of their pockets loaded to the muzzle and on full cock.

ANCIENT MARK OF EMPHASIS.—The following note, extracted from *The English Churchman* of Sept. 19, 1851, may not inappropriately be transferred to the "N. & Q."

"In a toll case, tried at Bedford, Mr. Devon, who was brought from the Record Office to produce some translations from *Domesday Book*, stated in his evidence the singular fact that, in many old manuscripts, when particular emphasis was given to a word, it was customary, instead of underlining it as at the present day, to run the pen completely across the words in the same manner as we now erase them."

Notes & Queries.

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

A CONSIDERATION OF SOME OF THE RELATIONS OF CLIMATE TO TUBERCULAR DISEASE.

BY W. J. BURNETT, M. D., BOSTON.

THERE are two prominent facts which have made the subject of the climatic relations of tubercular disease, one under active discussion among the medical men of this country and Europe during the last few years.

These are: first, the almost alarming increase of disease of this nature; and, second, the facilities of travel, so that climate can be easily and cheaply changed. The time has been when only a few thought about distant travel for health. But now, almost every one who at all values his life, can easily put himself in a more genial atmosphere and beneath an almost cloudless sky. With the attention thus directed, the questions are—*what* climate is to be sought; and what are the reasonable expectations as to its effect upon tubercular disease?

Of late there has been published quite a number of works upon the climate of those European and insular countries hitherto quite celebrated as resorts for invalids of this character; and as the most dissimilar views have been advocated, there has arisen much confusion among medical men as to the correct answers of the questions above referred to. Some, in fact, have become thorough sceptics as to the benefit of any change of climate out of the latitude in which the invalid has been accustomed to live.

From among these works recently published may be mentioned two, viz., that of Dr. Pollock, appearing in the London Medical Gazette of last year; and that of Dr. Burgess, not long since separately published. Both are upon the climate of Italy, and are well calculated to lessen the enthusiasm of invalids for a land which has always been made more sunny by the pens of poets than the favor of nature. I have no doubt that the conclusions of these men, and especially those of Dr. Pollock, upon the climate of southern Europe, are correct in the main; and, as they were addressed to the English people, will no doubt lead many English physicians to hesitate before advising their usual migration.

But in this country, a misapplication and sometimes a misinterpretation of these and similar opinions, has led very many physicians to be quite sceptical as to the real benefit to be derived by northern invalids, from a change of residence into the southern and more sunny States. This scepticism seems to be yearly increasing—and there can be but little doubt that it is as mischievous as it is really unfounded. It is certainly quite desirable that clear and distinct opinions should be entertained by northern physicians upon a subject fast getting to be one of such paramount importance. I make this remark, because I think that the reason of their doubts of climatic influence is plain; in other words, that the cause of their unfortunate experience is becoming well understood. It is, that the climate has not been thoroughly tried. To make a clear and full statement of the whole matter, I will say that I am convinced that the shifting, migratory course, South in winter and spring, and North the rest of the year, usually advised and followed, is an erroneous and mischievous one; and that if a northern consumptive can reasonably expect any benefit from this change of climate, this benefit will be obtained

only from a continued southern residence for several years.

There is a grave error in thinking that, if one goes South in late autumn, and remains there until late spring, and then returns North to pass the summer and early autumn, he keeps himself in the train of favorable climatic influences. It is not so; and the error is concealed in the fact that a summer at the North does not make a southern climate. This leads me to some considerations upon the peculiarities and differences of the northern and southern climates of this country.

As to the New England climate, it seems quite clear, that, taken as a whole, there is something in it highly predisposing to the development of tubercular disease. Not only do we see this disease here constantly peering out from hereditary predispositions, but the cases are quite numerous in which it seems purely indigenous, being engrafted upon an untainted stock. It is true that this may be said of other countries having an intemperate climate, but very far from the extent of what I think is true of New England. Statistics can be produced to show, that, take the whole year through, pulmonary diseases—inflammation of the mucous membrane of the air-passages—constitute a very large proportion of the disease. In fact, the tendency of disease here seems to be quite towards the pulmonary organs. Aside from the evidence of general observation, this statement has a very significant support in the fact, that in cases presenting some obscure aspects, the suspicion of the intelligent physician is quickly fastened upon the lungs, and an examination of the chest is made; thus showing that where outstanding local or temporary causes are absent, one is almost unconsciously led to suspect insidious disease referable to ever-constant general agencies.

An unequal, fluctuating climate, in any latitude, tends to produce these effects. But the climate of New England, besides having this inequality and diversity in a very marked degree, possesses other characteristics having a great influence. Its atmosphere is dry and stimulating, and during the greater part of the year of a low temperature considering the latitude. The effect of such an atmosphere upon a sound constitution is highly bracing, leading to a mental and corporeal activity quite inconsistent with endurance and longevity. It is probably not an incorrect opinion that many of the moral and physical peculiarities of New England people, included under the terms enterprise and action, may be traced to these agencies.

In such an atmosphere, the constant vicissitudes of temperature render the functions of the skin imperfect, thus increasing the liability of congestions of the mucous membrane; and this mucous membrane, from the fact that it is ever in contact with an irritating medium, is generally that of the air-passages. On this account, mainly, the urgency of these conditions is considerably lessened by the use of flannel next to the skin; the importance of which, worn in summer as well as winter, is now well recognized.

On the whole, New England climate has little in it that is sedative at any long season of the year. The winters are broken and unsteady, especially so on the sea-board, and it is only in the northern inland portions that there is that constant cold which has a far more favorable influence. The character of New England spring weather is too well known to need comment. Nothing could be more uncertain and less reliable. The months of May and

June frequently change places, and one is not sure of warm weather until into July. As for the summer months, it is a great mistake, as I have before said, to suppose that they furnish a climate like that of the South. There is, to be sure, heat enough, but it is unsteady, and during July and August the thermometer not unfrequently falls 30° or 40° in a few hours. Intensely hot as it is frequently in mid-day, yet, at midnight, if one is exposed, it is rare that over-clothes are not the more comfortable.

But a fact more significant than all the rest, as to the influence of our summer weather, is that our consumptives do not generally improve in it; on the other hand, they lose ground. This is generally attributed to the depressing influence of the heat. No doubt there is much in this, for the heat is here often very intense; but more is probably due to the sudden and wide changes of temperature. That this is the correct version of the matter, would seem to be indicated by the influence of our early autumn weather, which is far the best and most genial we have. There is generally a season, commencing about the first of September, and continuing until the early frosts of October, when the weather of New England may be said to be truly fine. The atmosphere is warm and dry, presenting a hazy, quiet aspect, and the light wind is generally from the W. or S. W. It is then that we have those dreamy days that come and go so quietly as scarcely to leave a ripple-mark—reminding one of the sunny skies of the pine-lands of Georgia and South Carolina. Every one, and especially those out of cities, has felt the soothing, sedative influence of this weather.

It is well known that during this weather, our consumptive and other pulmonary invalids improve. The functions of their skin are more active, and the urgency of the cough and all the other pulmonary symptoms is decreased. The expectoration is less purulent, the appetite improved, and the spirits, strength and flesh increased. In many instances the improvement is as unexpected as it is remarkable—and there is often a melancholy pleasure in thus observing this temporary improvement, brightened as it always is by the patient with a thousand delusive hopes.

This short season is the only weather in New England, with which I am acquainted, that is really favorable to consumptive invalids.* And in its favorable influence, and at the same time in its resemblance to that of the pine-lands of the South, there may be drawn something more than a hint as to the real agency of southern climates upon diseases of this nature. But broad as this hint is, it is not usually taken; or, if so, not in time. For many invalids in the second stage of consumption, improved as they have, do not perceive the wisdom in taking means to continue in this same climate, but delude themselves with the hope that they will be well enough to remain North during winter; or, if they conclude to go South, defer it until they are obliged to, having two or three "colds upon their lungs."

* The fine weather of a New England June has always been insisted on and highly recommended. But of late years this does not appear to have been true—for it has been unsettled, and often colder and more uncomfortable than May. If one can trust the testimony of elderly people, it would seem that, in this and other respects, the climate has changed very perceptibly in the last quarter of a century. Now, they affirm, the winters have not that steady severe cold as formerly, but are more open and broken, running into the spring; and this last, in its turn, usurping a portion of summer.

The peculiarities of a southern climate, as bearing upon its benefit to consumptive invalids, are far from being referable alone to its elevated temperature. I refer here to the alluvial and pine-land portion of Georgia and South Carolina. It has other characteristics, which, though less well understood, are not the less important as to effects. The atmosphere has a decidedly sedative, soothing influence, which, due to whatever causes it may be, has a very desirable effect upon the mucous membranes of the air-passages—and this effect, once commenced, is not likely to be disturbed by sudden vicissitudes of temperature. There the general tendencies of disease seem to be changed; and that, too, from the thoracic to the cutaneous and abdominal organs; and it is through these changed relations that the cure is to be effected. But a fact more worthy of notice than all the rest, is the almost complete exemption from phthisis of the native inhabitants of this section of the country. It is true that consumption is there found; but a careful inquiry has shown that in almost every instance it had been immigrated either directly or indirectly. Other diseases, such as those of miasmatic character, those of the intestinal canal and its appendages, seem to exist in the place of those of a tubercular nature; and were we better acquainted with that curious yet important subject—the *antagonism of diseases*—we might, perhaps, better understand how these relations are effected.

That these relations of disease are based upon climatic influences, might be here shown in many ways; but I will mention one fact, observed by myself, which is quite indicative. In northern and upland Georgia the soil and aspect of the country quite resemble that of New England. There, as in New England, the primitive geologic rocks appear; and it has for a long time been remarked, that nowhere South is the climate so much like that of New England as in this section. The diseases follow in the same train, for they are pre-eminently those of the pulmonary organs. Consumption, lung fever, bronchitis, are common, and this, too, at the apparent exclusion of the diseases of the low and pine-land regions.

An additional fact of the same bearing, and which may here be mentioned, is, that, even in the pine-land country of upper South Carolina, a very severe winter (as the last, for instance) is quite productive of pneumonia or lung fever with those inhabitants living on creeks or in damp spots. The construction of their houses is little calculated to shield them from the adversities of cold and damp; and, thus situated, it is rather a noticeable fact, that the disease assumes an acute form, exactly as is true of the Irish of New England, in whom tubercular tendencies are not common; whereas, among our native inhabitants, acute pneumonia is rather a rare disease, the pulmonary affections being generally of a more chronic and insidious nature.

If such are the influences of climate upon comparatively healthy constitutions, we should naturally infer that its tendency would be towards arresting the development of tubercular disease, and favoring that condition of the general system leading to a permanent cure.

That this is so, I fully believe, and think it can be tolerably well shown, imperfect as the state of inquiry has hitherto been.

But if we sought proof in the results of migratory invalids, our case would truly be a poor one.

If climate is to work a change, it is foolish to expect that that change will be effected unless the individual gets acclimated. It is, therefore, to the results of those cases of tubercular disease where the residence has been permanent, that we are to look for a correct version of the matter.

In my intercourse with many intelligent physicians at the South, many cases were described to me, in which individuals from the North, having phthisis in its first stage, had taken up their permanent residence there. Their pulmonary symptoms gradually disappeared, and now they are quite free from them, enjoying a very fair share of health. In the same manner, also, several cases were described to me, in which the disease had far advanced in the second stage—a cavity or small cavities having been produced in one of the lungs. These individuals remained there permanently, settling down into a quiet life. They recovered so as to enjoy tolerable health—the cure taking place, as indicated by physical signs, much in the way Laennec has described, by the partial cicatrization of the cavities, which yielded a blowing, dry, amphoric sound. In one of these instances the young man felt so much restored after a few years, that he hazarded a return to New England for a permanent residence. But in less than a year he was seized with a violent and unexpected hemorrhage, and died soon after of ordinary phthisis.*

It is to be regretted that statistics upon this subject have not been made out; but, as the matter now stands, the conviction left in the mind of the medical inquirer and observer is full and clear.

There is another fact, vouched for by an intelligent physician of Georgia, and which should be mentioned in this place. He affirmed to me that the negroes of Maryland and Northern Virginia, affected and broken down by pulmonary trouble, and perhaps scrofula, as shown in enlarged glands, &c., if sold to the Georgia and other far southern planters, soon improved, losing their symptoms, quite often recovering, and growing strong and fat.

I was also struck with the fact of the long duration of phthisis with those negroes of the South, who, from quite ill conditions of life, had contracted the disease. It seemed to run a light, lengthy form, although perhaps fatal in the end. I recall to my mind one instance, where I examined the chest of a negro having tuberculosis of the apices of both lungs, and a cavity in the left one. To the physician with me I declared that he would die in three months. But he affirmed that he would live two to three years, and that, as property, this probability of life would be admitted.

But I need discuss this matter no farther. It now remains for me, in conclusion, to make a few general remarks.

The view I advocate is, that if a consumptive can reasonably expect benefit from a southern climate, his residence there must be permanent and not migratory.

Besides the arguments already adduced in support of this view, it may be worth while to notice the testimony given me by those physicians residing in the winter resorts of northern consumptives. Generally, they say, they (the invalids) do not ar-

rive there until actually driven by the cold weather of the North. As soon as the warm, delightful weather of April has come, and they are, if at all, in a fair way for permanent improvement, they are uneasy about their return North; and the occurrence of two or three quite warm days in succession, soon settles their determination. By early May they have left, looking much better than when they came. The ensuing winter they appear again, but it is evident they have lost ground during their absence; they return home again in early spring as before, and here often is the end of their migrations. Others, having the disease in a more chronic form, appear regularly for many years; but at last are not seen or heard of again.

I am aware that invalids, on going South, expect too much in the way of climate. They picture in their minds cloudless skies over a land of the cypress and myrtle, and which will immediately effect their restoration. I need scarcely say that in this they are doomed to disappointment; and so will it always be, until the opinion is fully recognized—that it is not sunny skies that will alone benefit them, but rather a continuation under the aggregate of the influences of the climate.

At the present day numerous objections are raised by northern physicians against this southern migration. One class disapprove of it on the ground, both of the incurability of the disease, and a disbelief in warm climate, based upon an ill-digested theory, partly chemical and partly medical. Another class, and much the more numerous, although avowing a belief in southern climate, nevertheless quite object to the migration on the ground of humanity. They cry out against what they call the cruelty of sending people away from the comforts and attentions of home—and that too with a wide possibility to die among strangers. In its place they advise the patient to remain among the comforts of home—occupying a large chamber, which by various arrangements is to have a southern or summer atmosphere!

There is some force in a part of this objection, for sometimes there is great inconsiderateness in urging patients away. But, taken as a whole, it is not valid. Certainly no judicious person would advise the going away of a patient unable to bear the journey, or whose end is not far distant. But the conveniences of modern travel have taken away the former terrors of the transit. The journey now is easy and of short duration, and with mail and telegraph one can feel quite near home. With these conveniences there seems little necessity for the immuration of an invalid in a chamber—obliged all the while to take sedative medicines for cough—and however many and complete the home-comforts, yet in a fair way to depress the nervous system, and enervate the whole body.

In no disease is there so much danger of over-medication as in consumption. Experience has shown, that as a disease primitively of the nutrition, our object must be to strengthen the nutritive function, and to spare every unnecessary dose of medicine into the stomach, the tone and power of which must be carefully nursed by proper food. I need scarcely say that these relations cannot be carried out by a winter's residence at the North, however favorable the circumstances.

In cases where the symptoms are not immediately threatening, and the patient has remaining considerable physical power, so as to be about in an easy way without fatigue, it will generally, I think, be judicious to advise, at least a winter's res-

* In citing these facts, I trust I shall not be misunderstood. I am very far from advocating the doctrine that all who have consumption in the first and second stages can get well by living permanently at the South; but I do advocate that if benefit in these cases can be reasonably hoped for by this change of climate, this change should be permanent.

idence at the South, where one can be under the influence of pleasant days, and drink in balmy air instead of cough mixtures.

As to a summer's residence at the South, beside the objection of its being unnecessary, there is another generally urged—the enervating effect of its excessive heat. This objection is not well-founded, and rests more upon ideas of a more southern latitude than anything else. As to degree of heat, the mercury certainly rises higher in the New England than in the Southern States. For in these last it rarely exceeds 90°, even in the hottest season. It is true that the hot season is long, and, in the low sandy regions, its effect is quite depressing. But possessing such a variety of climates as do South Carolina and Georgia, the invalid need not thus be endangered, for there are resorts midway between the low and the mountainous parts of both of these States, where the summer climate is indescribably fine, having, perhaps, no equal in this or any other country.*

But in advocating the necessity of a permanent southern residence for the consumptive, I should be willing to do so only with some exceptions. There is a class of patients, generally of the so-called lymphatic and bilious temperaments, who bear heat badly; and what they gain in a decrease of local symptoms, they lose in general strength. I need scarcely say that this class of cases everywhere is the most intractable, and least amenable to treatment. It belongs to the judicious physician to perceive the relations of such cases, and advise accordingly.† As to variety of climate and climatic advantages, the United States are certainly more highly favored than any country. If this fact is known generally, it is not appreciated. No invalid need cross the water; for in our own borders, among our own people, who speak the same language as ourselves, we can, by a journey of less than eighty hours, be in a clime certainly not surpassed by any of the old world. Dissatisfied as the English are fast getting with their "sunny Italy," or their "beloved Madeira," it may not be regarded improbable that, when the communication shall have become easier and more direct, they will exchange these for the sunnier spots of Carolina and Georgia.

Boston, September 13, 1852.

From the Christian Observer.

ON TACT.

TACT may not be unaptly described as the microscope of discretion; or it may be considered as the feeler of the mind. It is that feathery touch which turns instinctively from everything, however trifling, which can needlessly wound the sensibilities of another, or recoil with pain upon ourselves. The very opposite to this are often the men of large capacities, who use the telescope, and not the microscope; and who, while they are employed in

wandering amongst the stars, knock themselves against everything which is on a level with their heads, and stumble over everything which is on a level with their heels. These giants in intellect sometimes, it must be owned, trample, without knowing it, upon many of the decencies of human life, and spoil much on which its beauty and symmetry depend. But in their case there is ample compensation to society; and we feel, as in the instance of Dr. Johnson, that we ought to bear much from them. But truly, if, as Solomon tells us, "a fair woman without discretion is like a jewel of gold in a swine's snout," an ordinary man without tact is not unlike the aforesaid animal, leaving the jewel of gold wholly out of the bargain.

Tact, like many things in the moral and spiritual world, is best explained by negatives; it is best defined by what it is not, rather than by what it is. And its value can alone be fully known by its absence and its loss. It is, as I have intimated already, a microscopic instrument, and acts upon things too minute for those to see who are without it. But are those minuter objects of small importance, as they bear upon the comforts of daily life, and upon the sum of human happiness? Far from it. It would be impossible to calculate how much real uneasiness and distress the want of this fine feeler of the mind occasions. How many hard blows the tactless man is ever dealing around him; and how, in wounding others, he is constantly inflicting wounds upon himself.

One development of want of tact, is the saying for an acquaintance what it is his part, and not yours, to say. And this is sometimes rather ridiculous than distressing. I could instance in the case of a young man who once called upon me with a message from his father, and the message was as follows:—"My father has sent me to request that you will do yourself the pleasure of dining with him." Now the word pleasure did not come well from him, however it might have come from me; though some might doubt this latter; for what prospect of pleasure was there, they might say, in dining with a family of which this youngster was a sample? I could instance in the case of another where the blunder was not quite so inoffensive. A friend of mine, distinguished equally for his piety and talents, was once speaking of the coachman of an acquaintance of his, who had shown a most affecting degree of humility in some transaction which had taken place between them, and added, as if he deeply felt it, "How superior, I thought at the time, might that humble man have been to myself!" This pious reflection, which came so gracefully from him, was echoed with strange effect from one in company who thought it necessary to add, "Yes, it is far from improbable that he was so."

The occasions indeed are endless, on which want of tact inflicts its wounds upon the vulnerable mind. Small though the inflictions may appear, they act like flies which with their petty stings can goad one of the noblest animals almost to madness. Thus, what some blundering friend meant as a compliment to Goldsmith, forced from him the exclamation, that that man was just the one who would drive him to commit suicide. Truly may it be said, that "the tender mercies of the tactless are cruel." Little do they dream what annoyances they give, what pains they daily and hourly occasion. They are wholly unconscious, for instance, of the wound they inflict upon the man who has an impediment in his speech, when they are before-

* Such is the character of climate of Greenville and its neighborhood, in South Carolina, and of Stone-Mountain in Georgia. In fact, there can be little doubt that the climate of both of these States is far better in summer for invalids than in winter.

† In this connection I may make a remark having an unrestricted application. It is, that in a disease so precarious as consumption, if an individual residing at the South is doing well, the wisdom of letting well alone and remaining there, should be recognized, however late in spring the time may be. They should not act up to the dictates of a common theory, before they have tested its value in their cases, by individual experience.

hand with him in the word he is struggling to bring forth. Nor does the man who has the misfortune of wanting a leg or arm, feel less indignant at the officiousness which keeps his infirmity constantly in the minds of the company, by forcing assistance upon him which he does not want. But in no case are the attentions of the tactless more unwelcome than in that of the man who begins to feel that he is growing old, and who at the same time vainly (vainly in both senses of the word) thinks that no one has made the discovery but himself. If he takes up a book, one of his tormentors comes to him with another, saying, "I am afraid that print is too small for you." Or if he announces that he has bought a horse, another of them inquires with anxious look "whether he is sure it is quite safe;" thereby broadly hinting how brittle he considers the destined load of this new purchase is, and of what awful consequence he thinks a fall to a man of his time of life would be. Again, when he is about to mount that horse, which he is quite equal to without aid, he is mortified by feeling something pushing at his back, as if he were a lifeless sack, and not a living man. Nor, if he would descend from his carriage, is it pleasant to see one running to offer his arm with the same courtesy that he would use to a lady. Nor again, to conclude this list of grievances, is it a small annoyance to him to endure the attentions of some awkward young man, who, as he is taking his leave, flies to help him on with his great-coat, as if, unless thus aided, he must go without it.

But all this is nothing compared with the petty martyrdom which the hypochondriac undergoes from good-natured but blundering friends. Such a man, though full of apprehensions himself, dreads the least sign of sympathy in others, for this only doubles and confirms his fears. And those, therefore, who have penetration to discern this symptom of his case, dread even to look the sufferer fully in the face, for fear he may read his sentence in their eyes. Not so the man who is troubled with no such nicety of feeling. Those of this temperament, who belong to the lower order, often think it a piece of good-breeding to condole with a nervous patient, and tell him how "sorry they are to see him so changed, and so fallen away that they would scarcely know him." But gross as this is, it is hardly worse than the obtuseness of many even of higher rank, who, in order to cheer the hypochondriac, tell him how well he is looking, and what a different man he looks from what he did the day before. Whereas the unhappy man had, with all his fears, indulged the hope that they had been but fancies; and flattered himself that he had to others been presenting the appearance of a man in health. And now to be told that he seems better to-day, implying thereby, though nothing further has been said, that he was looking ill yesterday, is but cold comfort, or, I rather would say, red-hot despair. It sends him away with a heavy heart, and well prepared to torment himself with the following reflection: "If I looked ill yesterday, and no one told me, I may look as ill to-morrow, and no one say a word about it. Who then can I trust, when all are thus in conspiracy against me?" But I have said that this obtuseness not only acts distressingly upon others, but reacts still more distressingly upon ourselves. Tact is the faculty by which a man hits the point of his right position in the world, and what place he relatively holds in station, talents, and other particulars. And here the maxim of Horace with respect to literary labors may well come in:

*Sumite materiem vestris, qui scribitis, equam
Viribus; et versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri.*

Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care,
What suits your genius—what your strength can bear.
Francis.

I am convinced that a great proportion of the heart-burnings and miseries which men feel, arises from error in this matter. They are filled with jealousy. they are goaded into "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," simply by mistaking the scale of their own pretensions, and thinking that they have been wronged in the place which society has assigned to them. At this they fret, and on this they brood. And all this, because they really do not know the relative position which justly and fairly belongs to them. Nor have I the slightest doubt that the sum of human happiness would be immeasurably increased, simply by there being some infallible authority to which all rivalships and competitions might be referred; and in submitting to which, every reasonable man would feel and know that he was done full justice. For it would not be infirmity, but downright wickedness, to demur at not being preferred to one whom we believed and acknowledged to be our superior. Perhaps such a state of things may be one of the rich ingredients of millennial blessedness.

But it is in the minuter details of life, that tact must find its appropriate exercise. Those who have felt it, best know the pangs which young men feel when they have by some mismanagement got into an awkward position, and, as it were, a wrong place in a room of company—when they make a remark which no one seems to hear, or start a topic which no one seconds or deigns to notice, except it be by a passing look of surprise, which seems to inquire why he thought it necessary to obtrude his thoughts upon the company. All this mortification does he bring upon himself by the want of tact—of that faculty which would have taken right measure of his own relative importance in the circle in which he now is placed. The fact is, that, in general society, no observation that is made, no opinion offered, or circumstance related, will interest or command attention unless supported by one of two things—either its own importance, or the importance of the speaker.

A man of consequence may say the most trifling thing, and if he be in the company of his inferiors, they will not only listen to it with attention, but really derive entertainment from it. But if an humble man would obtain a hearing, he must say something worth the listening to, or the best he can expect is patience, bordering upon restlessness, in the company. But this is precisely the thing which the man without tact does not perceive. Suppose him to be a person of small importance, he does not see that the thing which comes very well from one of leading talents or high position, does not come well from him. And then he feels that he is done injustice to, if the very words which won applause for another, can gain for him no reception but that of indifference or disgust. I could draw many a picture which would clearly and practically illustrate the principle I have laid down. Let us suppose a large party domesticated in a country house. One of them is a nobleman of exalted station, the others of the several grades of gentry. They come down to breakfast in the morning. The nobleman turns to the lady of the house, and observes, we will suppose, what a beautiful view there is from the room he slept in; or,

how much the scene has been improved since he last was there. Or suppose he were to entertain the company by telling what strange vagaries his horse had played with him the day before; nay, if he were to announce what an extraordinary dream he had the preceding night, the hearers would exhibit, not an affected, but real interest in all he said. But if some shy and forward youth (for they are not incompatible) were to think, that because it became the other, it would become him also, to talk of his horse, or his dreams, or what he saw out of his bedroom window, the general feeling would be, "Who cares for your horse, or your dreams; who minds where you slept or what you saw out of your bedroom window, or how you liked it?" No! If an insignificant person would gain a hearing in mixed society, he must say something worth the saying. He must give value received for the attention he demands. He must pay in specie; his signature or endorsement will go for nothing, if he offers paper. I will now conclude this head with the following anecdote.

A clergyman, remarkable for doing with effect what no one without his peculiar powers could do, meeting once a stranger upon the road, with scarcely any preface said, "Where are you going? Are you going to heaven or to hell?" The sudden surprisal of this question, I am told, produced a most salutary effect. Whether such a manner of address might, or might not, appear judicious to many, it appeared highly so to a brother minister who witnessed the transaction. This worthy person, possessed of more zeal than tact, took the hint, and resolved to adopt that mode of operation on his return to his own parish. Arriving there, one of the first persons he met was a lady in a very critical state of health, and near her confinement. On her he tried his new experiment, accosting her at once with, "Are you going to heaven or to hell?" This extraordinary compellation was, I am assured, very near sending her quickly to, it is to be hoped, the former place.

Will it be thought by any that I have handled this subject in a manner unsuitable to the spirit which in general breathes in the pages of the Christian Observer, and unworthy the approval of its excellent conductor? Will it be said that I have used lightness? My answer is, that if I have done so, I have done it with no light intention. Want of tact is a thing in itself ridiculous, and, as such, is best painted in ridiculous colors. If indeed this distortion were the result of some malformation of the mind, and as being so, were unavoidable and incurable, it would be but wanton cruelty to expose it to the scorn and laughter of the world. But I believe it is in most instances far from being so. It may have some mixture indeed of natural infirmity in it. But it is, I am sure, in a great degree, a moral distemper, and, as such, may yield to moral remedies. The Gospel is, in a word, the grand specific for whatever is calculated to distort the symmetry of the mind. It is the great corrective of whatever would mar that fair image in which man was at first created, and which it is the purpose and design of true religion to restore. I have heard it said, by one of great discernment in the things of God, that he could not conceive it possible for a pious man to be what is called an *od-dity*. And surely if God has given to all his children "the spirit not only of power and love," but also "of a sound mind;" if "he that hath not the Spirit of Christ is none of His;" if "charity beareth itself not unseemly;" if the same mind which was in Christ Jesus should be in us also,

can that be any other than the most hideous caricature of true religion, which tramples under its feet the pearls of decency and decorum, and stumbles over or breaks down the fences which are set to guard the proprieties and charities of social life? No! I repeat it, to want tact is to be without one of the most amiable ingredients of the Christian character. It is to fail in many of what some would call the lesser, but what I believe to be the finer, and therefore the more peculiar and characteristic, features of a heavenly mind. For it is not in great, but in little things, that the new nature is brought out and made apparent. Those who think otherwise resemble the simple clown, who considers a common clock of far more value than the finest watch, because the former is eight feet high, and is heard through all the house. On the great outlines of right and wrong, all creeds and classes will in a measure agree. But the true believer and child of light proclaims his parentage by graces which adorn his daily conversation, by all the charms and charities which constitute a happy home.

Who can calculate how much of that forwardness which want of tact occasions, would be corrected by Christian humility; how many random thrusts, and rash, inconsiderate sallies, would be avoided by habits of sober thought; how quick-sighted the mind would become in discerning the vulnerable points of others, if there were a real anxious desire to shun whatever could cause them even the slightest pain? But still higher motives would teach the Christian, that if he would win souls to God, no instrument has a sharper edge for the execution of that blessed work, than tact. It was this which enabled the great apostle to adapt himself to all the shades of character he met, to touch every chord of the human heart with a master's hand, and to be "made all things to all men, that he might by all means save some."

But lastly, and above all, who could continue insensible, as the tactless are, to the feelings of his neighbor, if it were his constant study and his prayer to grow, not only in the knowledge, but in the resemblance of the Lord Jesus Christ? For what was it that brought the Majesty of Heaven down to the low level of our nature? It was, doubtless, that in that nature which had sinned, He might offer to God a sacrifice for sin. But the Incarnation had another and no less important purpose to accomplish. It was, that the blessed Jesus might, as man, feel for man; that He might experimentally ascertain what passes in a human heart; that having "Himself suffered, being tempted, He might be able to succor them that are tempted." It was, in a word, to acquire that tact which sympathy alone can teach. It was this which qualified Him to be a merciful High Priest, who was "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." It was this which qualified Him to be the tender Shepherd of his sheep, and to lead them into pastures convenient for them; to "gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and quietly lead those that are with young." Such, finally, is the picture of that express image of God's person drawn by the hand of Him who cannot err: "Behold my servant, whom I have chosen; my Beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased; I will put my Spirit upon Him, and He shall show judgment to the Gentiles. He shall not strive nor cry; neither shall any man hear His voice in the streets. A bruised reed shall He not break, and smoking flax shall He not quench, till He send forth judgment unto victory." H. W.

From Household Words.

THE SHADOW OF THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

Who is Gonzalves Zarco?

It is the beginning of June; the year 1419. Two small vessels are leaving the port of Lisbon. The Infant Don Henry waves his hand from the quay as the commander of the little expedition bows profoundly from the deck of the leading ship. That commander is Gonzalves Zarco. Let us pursue his shadow in companionship with that of Juan de Morales, his pilot.

Where is Gonzalves sailing when he trusts his ships to the broad bosom of the Atlantic? Where, without the guides of modern navigation? Charts he has none. He has heard that Marco Polo brought from China to Europe the knowledge of an instrument that invariably pointed to the North—but he doubts. He will hug the land as long as he can. The meridian sun and the polar star must direct him in his need. His business is to find the Isles of the West, of which ancient tradition imperfectly whispers. In 1418, Gonzalves was engaged in exploring the coasts of Africa. He was shipwrecked on a little island, which he will now endeavor again to reach.

The seas are calm; the days are bright and long. If the nights are dark, Gonzalves anchors. He is pretty certain of the course. In due time he reaches the small island of Porto Santo, in which, last year, he left two or three of his crew.

What is this strange relation which soon meets the ear of Gonzalves—a relation which is to give new ardor to his sagacious courage, but which has terrors for his superstitious seamen? On the north-east of the isle, there appears, at a long distance, a thick darkness—a motionless cloud—which hangs over the sea, and reaches to the sky. That region of darkness—is it not the abyss? There, is the boundary of this earth; and beyond, is the entrance to the Shades. Sometimes a distant murmur, as of troubled waters, comes across the sea. It is the rush of the mournful river of Acheron. Some say, that when the Christians fled from the oppression of the Moors and Saracens, they found an island of refuge in this ocean; and that from that time a mysterious cloud covered that island, so that no enemy could come near to harm them. Who shall dare to pierce that cloud, and solve these mysteries?

Gonzalves sits on the beach of Porto Santo, and looks again and again in the direction of that cloud. When the morning sun shines bright in the East, the cloud is there. When the moon climbs the sky, the cloudy distance is still visible. It never changes its place; its form is always the same. Gonzalves will take counsel of Juan de Morales.

Juan is many years younger than Gonzalves; yet his forehead is wrinkled with cares that scarcely belong to the young. He has passed his boyhood in captivity in Morocco. He has done servile offices up to the period of manhood. He has been chained to the oar, and rowed his taskmasters through many a perilous surf. There is something strange and mysterious about him. His messmates shun him, for they say he is a Castilian, and an enemy to Portugal. He has the Castilian steadiness, with more than Castilian reserve. Misfortune has not abased him; he carries himself as loftily as the proudest of his countrymen; and yet he is of a fairer complexion than

those countrymen, and he speaks their language with a singular mixture of other dialects, and even of other tongues. But that may come of his long captivity amongst Christian slaves of all lands. Juan is not popular; but Gonzalves has unbounded confidence in his pilot.

"Juan," says Gonzalves, "we will wait no longer. Hold you still your opinion?"

"My belief is ever the same. That dark mass, so defined and unchanging, is a mountainous land, seen through a constant mist."

"You have the confidence of knowledge, rather than of conjecture. Did you ever hear speak of such a mountainous land? In that quarter, leagues off, must lie the African deserts."

"I have no knowledge—except my dreams be knowledge. I dream of mountains, rising from the sea, covered with trees to the very summits; of ravines, where rivers come dashing down out of the mountain mists, and rush brightly to the ocean; of a narrow beach under the mountains, where the waves break wildly, and yet how beautifully!"

"Juan! you must have seen such a land!"

"Oh no! it is a dream—a dream of the poor ship-boy's loneliness."

"We will sail to-morrow, Juan."

"Good."

"Say nothing; but steer us right to the cloud."

The anchors are weighed in the dawn of a summer morning. A brisk breeze soon carries them away from Porto Santo. There is a man of importance on board, Francis Alcaforado, a squire of Don Henry's chamber. He is keeping a diary of that voyage—a busy, inquisitive man.

"Captain, where are you steering?"

"To look for the Isles of the West."

"But you are sailing towards the darkness!"

"I think they lie beyond the darkness."

"You are tempting Heaven. See, we are in the bosom of a mist. There is no sun in the sky. Change your course, Gonzalves."

"Sir, I must obey my commission."

"Look! there is something darker still in the distance."

"I have seen it before—it is land."

Juan is at the helm. He steers boldly through the mist. It is land. The sun is behind that mass of mountains. Juan must be cautious; there are rocks in that sea. Gonzalves orders out the boats. There is a loud murmuring of surf upon a shore not very distant. The sun is mounting out of the exhalation. The mist is rolling off. There are trees on the hills. The boats may near the shore. Glory to Saint Lawrence! That eastern cape first seen, and now doubled, shall be the Cape San Lourenço! All are joyful but Juan de Morales. It is not the land of his dreams. The crew gather round the pilot—and greet him well. But he is silent.

There is a streamlet gushing down to the sea. Gonzalves commands the crew to disembark. A priest goes with them. The water is blessed. The shore is blessed. The commander of the expedition proclaims that the mysterious cloud-land is a veritable possession of the King of Portugal.

And now they coast carefully along in their boats. They peer into the dark ravines, covered with everlasting forests. Again and again they land. Are there any inhabitants? Not a trace of human dwelling, not a foot-print, not a token that man has ever abided here. Birds of bright plumage fly fearlessly about them. They come to

a point where four rivers join in their course to the sea. They fill their flasks to carry that sparkling water to the banks of the yellow Tagus. They bring provisions on shore, and sit down in a green valley where gentle waterfalls are sparkling around. They penetrate a wood; the rough gales have torn up some trees. They elevate one tree, and form a cross; they kneel, and the priest gives his benediction. This point is Santa Cruz. They coast on; a tongue of land stretches far out—a shady covert. Suddenly a flight of jays darkens the air. This shall be Punta dos Gralhos, the point of jays. Further on, another tongue of land is covered with cedars, and this, with the Ponto dos Gralhos, forms a wooded bay. It shall be the bay of Cedars. Another valley is reached, and here Gonzalves makes an attempt to ascend the high ground, he sees enough to satisfy him that what he has discovered is an island. Again Gonzalves leads the way in his boat, and reaches an open space, where the land is not encumbered with the dense growth of timber that has everywhere else met their view. The sea-beach to the foot of the mountains is covered with fennel, the *funcho* of the Portuguese. This beach shall be called *Funchal*.

What has happened to Juan de Morales? He stirs not—he speaks not. He looks upon the sea—he looks on the ravine. Then he rushes to gaze upon the islets which the rivers of that valley have formed in their perennial courses; he smiles, he weeps; he sees something very like the land of his dreams.

The ships have followed the course of the boats; but at a wide berth from the land. They now come into the bay of Funchal, and anchor in the river; here will the crew next day take in wood and water. They cannot have a pleasanter harbor. They will sleep in security. The sea is smooth; the air is balmy. The watch is set; and Juan, though his duty is ended, is amongst the watchers. The ripple of the river seems a familiar sound. He listens, as if he expected some human voice to mingle with that murmur of waters. The moon rises. The wooded ravine lies before him in deep shadow; but here and there is a breadth of silvery light. Is that the figure of a man moving on the bright greensward? The sea breeze stirs the topmost branches of the cedars, and their shadows, Juan, make up the semblance of humanity.

On the morrow the island is again explored. No sign of cultivation—no trace of man. In the heart of the mountains there are mighty chasms, into which the torrents rush, and form gentle rivers. Cedars and chestnut trees rise into the foggy summits of the highest peaks. Myrtles clothe the precipitous declivities. Deep caverns have been dug into the sides of the rocks by the untiring sea. Hush! there is a noise as of the tread of men. A multitude of seals rush out from that hollow, with a sudden cry, and plunge into the waves. That point shall be *Camara dos Lobos*, the cave of seals. The navigation becomes more difficult. The surf is more dangerous on that rocky coast. Gonzalves will return to his ships in the bay of Funchal. He is eager to be once more in the Tagus; he has brave tidings for Don Henry. One such discovery is enough for a summer. But what shall he call this noble island? He takes council of the squire Alcaforado, who has been busy with his tablets incessantly. He will write a narrative of this prosperous voyage, which shall be deposited

in the archives of Portugal.* The island shall be called *Madeiro*—the island of wood.

It is the summer of 1421, and Gonzalves-Zarco is again embarking in the port of Lisbon.

The preparations for this voyage are very different from those of the expedition of 1419. One ship of considerable tonnage, is now employed. Large stores of provisions are taken into the hold—raisins, and olives, and casks of wine from Xeres and Oporto. There are live animals too in considerable numbers—sheep and goats, and a few mules. Cuttings of the choicest vines, and small plants from the orange groves, are carefully stowed, and duly watered. There are implements of husbandry, and artificers' tools—spades and axes, anvils and hammers. Tents are there for shelter; spears and bows for defence. There are the nets of the fisherman and of the fowler. But, in greater abundance than all, packages of clothing. A colony is to be founded.

Gonzalves comes on board with his two sons. They carefully inspect a little cabin, that is fitted up with unusual luxury. They are satisfied—they go on shore. Presently a litter appears, borne by four of the crew, who tread briskly under their load. Gonzalves walks before them. The litter is set down on the deck, and a delicate girl is lifted out by the sons of Gonzalves, and carried to the decorated cabin. She scarcely speaks—she is ill and exhausted. The ship is under way. Juan de Morales is again at the helm.

The heat of the day is over. The ship has dropped down the Tagus, and passed the bar. The distant vesper bell is sounding into the quiet evening. Anna Zarco is refreshed, and begs to be brought upon deck. A couch is made up at the stern. The sick girl speaks cheerfully to her father, as she watches the stars coming softly out of the blue sky. There is a light in the fort of St. Julian, which grows fainter and fainter as they sail on. Anna has fixed her lustrous eyes on that light. It is the last object that marks her native land. It is gone. It mingles with the stars. She looks in her father's face. A thought comes across him which forces a tear or two. Will Anna ever again see her birth-place? Will she reach her new home?

The ship's course is now direct to *Madeiro*. Every evening the feeble girl is brought upon the deck, and lies peacefully there, with her thin hand resting in the large rough palm of her father's. She listens with interest as the commander talks to his pilot. They talk of the beautiful island to which they are sailing, of its pleasant climate, its green woods, its sparkling streams. They will land at Funchal. They will run up their houses on that sheltered beach; their sheep and goats shall pasture in the green valley between the mountains. They will find clear sunny spots on the hill-sides to plant their vines; they will have an orange grove sheltered from the north, and will water their plants by channels from the river, whose streams will never fail. "Quintas" of olive

* In 1671 was published, at Paris, "*Relation Historique de la découverte de l'île de Madère*," which professes to be a translation from a Portuguese book, of which the manuscript then existed. An abstract of this French work, which is the narrative of Francis Alcaforado, has been given in a new "*Biographie Universelle*," 1852. The French work is stated to be a book of the most extreme rarity, and no copy, it appears, is known to exist of the Portuguese original.

and maize shall flourish in that genial soil. They will have everything for comfort soon around them. Gonzalves has the command of the island—he will be a kind viceroy over few but happy subjects.

We see the shadow of Gonzalves, after he has landed, without storm or pirate to harm him during his passage. He has dwelt with his sons and his daughter for a short while in tents; but a house strong enough to stand against the Atlantic gales is soon built; it has abundance of conveniences; other houses are growing up around them. Friends have come with Gonzalves to settle with him. An ecclesiastic is here to teach and to console. Before the equinox the good ship is to return to Lisbon with a diminished crew—and a freight of native curiosities for Dom Henry, their patron.

Let us look at the shadow of Juan de Morales in this interval of his sea-life. He comes on shore daily to assist his captain; he works at the buildings; he cuts timber; he dries the reeds and rushes of the water-courses for a ready thatch. Juan is handy; and seems to have an almost instinctive knowledge of the sweetest pastures for the sheep and the best soil for the corn and olives. But Juan has a gentler task to perform. Anna Zarco is grown strong enough to take exercise; Juan daily leads her mule up into the shady hills, or along the margin of the sea. Sometimes, when there is not a cloud in the sky, and there is a gentle ripple in the bay, Juan strews sweet rushes in his boat, on which Anna placidly lies, breathing the soft air with a sense of delight that is the herald of renovated health. Juan, then, tells her the seamen's stories of storm and wreck; of pirates who lie in wait for the defenceless merchant-ship—the enemies of all nations; of Moors, who, in their hatred of Christian people, fiercely attack every vessel that comes near their inhospitable coasts, and carry their crews to a life-long slavery. Juan tells her, too, of distant lands, for in his own captivity he has gathered much knowledge from other captives—of England, especially, and its great King Edward, and his wars in France. Of England Juan delights to talk; and when Anna asks him of his own life, before he was in slavery at Fez, he has a confused story, with something English in his recollections, which makes her think that he is not a Castilian, as the sailors say he is. Gonzalves is happy that his daughter is gaining such health in this daily life, and willingly does he spare his pilot to be her guide and companion; for in a few weeks Juan will return to Lisbon, and then, when the house is finished, and the quinta planted, he will lead her mule himself, and himself will row her, in bright autumn days under the shade of the mountains. There is a place about three miles off, where Anna's mule is often led by the pilot. He conducts her through a narrow defile, when suddenly they are in a valley—a mere chasm between the loftiest mountains—a solemn place, but one also of rare loveliness—for the basaltic rocks are clothed with evergreens, and the narrow, level plain has a smiling river running through its entire length. Juan delights to bring his tender charge to this secluded spot; but here he is ever more than usually silent.

One day, Anna looks in Juan's face, and sees that he has been weeping. There is one spot in that valley which he often stops at—a spot marked by a pile of stones. On this day Juan suddenly falls on his knees at this spot and prays for a minute. Anna is scarcely surprised, for Juan is a

mysterious man—quite unlike other seamen. She questions him.

"Juan, my kind nurse, for you have been as a nurse to me in my feebleness, why did you kneel, and why have you been weeping?"

"Senora! forgive me. I must not tell you. The knowledge that makes me weep is now little more than a vain memory. It has nothing in common with my present fortune. I shall sail again, to Lisbon—perhaps never to come back. Do not ask me."

"But, Juan! I look on you as a brother. I am getting well under your care. Will you not confide in your sister?"

"Nay, lady! Yet I must speak. You will keep my secret. I believe that I knelt at my mother's grave!"

"Your mother's grave? How, Juan, could your mother ever come to this island, where never ships touched before my father's ship?"

"It is a wild story, an almost improbable story. But you shall hear it. My earliest memories, I once thought, were of my task-masters in Morocco, of whom I have before told you. I became a slave when I was four or five years old, as near as I may guess. There was a companion in my fate, who was kind to me—an English sailor. He taught me his language; he said he would one day tell me my own history. All that I knew was, that the ship in which he and I were sailing was captured by a corsair, and carried into Fez. I was in captivity twelve years; but I then escaped, and got to Spain. The infidels had made me a skilful seaman, and I had good knowledge of their coasts. After some time I went to Lisbon. I became your father's pilot. The Englishman and I had been soon separated; but he had told me something about an island in the west; and I gladly went with your father in quest of those western islands. When we came here two years ago, it seemed to me as if everything were familiar, but yet confused. I was in a dream. In the spring of this year an English vessel came into the Tagus. I talked with some of the crew. I spoke of our discovery of Madeira, and of the prize it might be to the Crown of Portugal. An old sailor said that the Portuguese were not the first discoverers. I grew angry; but the Englishman was confident. I will repeat what he said:—

"The discoverer of that island was Robert Machin, my countryman. Robert Machin, a bold adventurer, won the love of Anne Arfet, the daughter of a Bristol merchant. His suit was rejected by the father; but Robert married her, and carried her off in his ship. They were bound for the Mediterranean, but missed their course. Their vessel foundered in the Atlantic; Machin and his wife were saved. They reached the wooded island, which you Portuguese have named Madeira. They abode there three or four years; in utter solitude, but contented and happy. The wife then sickened and died. They had a little boy; but Robert could not endure that loneliness, and he dreaded now that he might die, and that the boy should perish. He resolved to leave the island as he had come to it. He stowed his boat with chestnuts, and with fish dried in the sun—the food on which he and his wife had always subsisted. It was a calm season, and he made good way. Off the coast of Morocco an English ship picked him up. I was the mate of that ship. Poor fellow! his toil and his grief had been too much for him. He died in a few weeks—his boy was

my charge. I was little use to him, for we were soon taken by a rover, and carried into Fez. I wish I could meet with that orphan boy. But that will never be!"

Anna Zarco blushes and trembles:—"I know the rest. You were that little boy; and this island is your inheritance, and not my father's discovery."

"Keep my secret, Anna. I love your father, and would not rob him of an atom of his honor."

Anna Zarco does not keep the secret from her father, who is a just man, and not unmindful of his daughter's happiness.

Juan de Morales does not return to Lisbon.

In a few years there is a pretty cottage, and a vineyard in the "Corral," where, not far from the tomb of stones, dwell other Machins, John and Anne, whose shadows are pleasant to look on.

A SCENE ON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.

See the Times, August 4th, 1852.

"*DEY* must not pass!" was the warning cry of the Austrian sentinel

To one whose little knapsack bore the books he loved so well.

"They must not pass? Now, wherefore not?" the wond'ring tourist cried;

"No English book can pass mit me," the sentinel replied.

The tourist laughed a scornful laugh; quoth he, "Indeed, I hope

There are few English books would please a Kaiser or a Pope;

But these are books in common use: plain truths and facts they tell—"

"*Der Teufel!* Den *dey* *most* not pass!" said the startled sentinel.

"This Handbook to North Germany, by worthy Mr. MURRAY,

Need scarcely put your government in such a mighty flurry;

If tourists' handbooks be proscribed, pray, have you ever tried

To find a treasonable page in *Bradshaw's Railway Guide?*

This map, again, of Switzerland—nay, man, you need n't start or

Look black at such a little map, as if 't were *Magna Charta*,

I know it is the land of *Tell*, but, curb your idle fury—

We've not the slightest hope, to-day, to find a *Tell* in your eye (*Uri*)."

"*Sturmwetter!*" said the sentinel, "Come! cease dis idle babbles!

Was ist dis oder book I see? *Das Haus mit sieben Gabbles?*

I nevvare heard of him bifer, ver mosh I wish I had,

For now Ich kann nicht let him pass, for fear he should be bad.

Das Haus of Commons it must be; Ja wohl! 't is so, and den

Die *Sieben Gabbles* are de talk of your chief public men;

Potzmiekchen! it is dreadful books. Ja! Ja! I know him well;

Hoch Himmel! here he most not pass;" said the learned sentinel.

"Dis *PLATO*, too, I ver mosh fear, he will corrupt de land,

He has soch many long big words, Ich kann nichtonderstand."

"My friend," the tourist said, "I fear you're really in the way to

Quite change the proverb, and be friends with neither Truth nor *PLATO*.

My books, 't is true, are little worth, but they have served me long,

And I regard the greatness less than the nature of the wrong;

So, if the books must stay behind, I stay behind as well."

"Es ist mir nichts, mein lieber Freund," said the courteous sentinel.

Punch.

"NEWS FROM VERONA!"

Vide Times, Aug. 30, 1852.

YE simple English travellers, who rave of sunny Italy, And long to see the many gems that in her every city lie,

Take warning by my hapless fate, lest, by a like mishap, you let

Yourself be caught, as I was, in the city of the Capulet.

For in Verona recently, I chanced awhile to tarry, sirs!

And there, while sketching quietly the *Porta de Bosari*, sirs!

"*Spiatore!*" said a voice behind; and, looking o'er my shoulder, I

Beheld myself surrounded by a troop of German soldiery.

"Spy a Tory! that you don't, my friends," said I, "for I'm a Liberal!"

But, bless you! at the word they soon began to rave and gibber all;

I cannot sketch in company, and strove from them to clear myself,

Which made them jabber more and more, till I could scarcely hear myself.

One swarthy fellow seized the chalks I bought in town of Ackerman;

My drawing-book, with all its "bits," was collared by a blacker man;

They took me to their officer, and, in a mighty tiff he sent

Me off to muse in prison on "*Verona the Magnificent*."

They put me in the common cell, damp, filthy, dark, and dreary, sir!

They gave me naught to eat or drink, though I was faint and weary, sir!

They kept me in the dirt all night to study Entomology,

And let me out next afternoon, without the least apology.

And though they've not the slightest right a Briton to oppress at all,

From ne'er a fellow in the place could I obtain redress at all;

Though Shakspeare wrote about the town, he never could have known her, man!

For you could n't find "*Two Gentlemen*" to-day in all Verona, man!

If at the Foreign Office, now, we had but good Lord Palmerston,

Each blustering Austrian officer would soon be forced to calm his tone;

But Malmesbury, in jobs like these so wofully mis-carries, sir!

Complaints to him are little more than complaints to *Mrs. Harris*, sir!

And so I pocket up my wrongs, and strive to take them coolly, yet

I'm sure when'er I look again on *Romeo* and *Juliet*,

When poor Verona's civil strife *Mercutio's* wrath arouses, man!

More vex'd than he, I shall exclaim, "A Plague on all your houses, man."

Punch.

From the Christian Remembrancer.

Japan; an Account, Geographical and Historical, &c. By CHARLES MAC FARLANE. London: Routledge. 1852.

In defiance of Mr. Mac Farlane's assertion to the contrary, we maintain that even educated persons know little or nothing about Japan. And yet it is called an empire, and Mr. M'Culloch assures us that it contains 50,000,000 inhabitants; its population we believe actually reaches to half this amount. As far as general impressions go, the ordinary floating feeling—we cannot call it knowledge—about Japan is, that it seems to realize a good deal the notions conveyed by Swift's Flying Island. We get to think of it as of some Atlantis of the East; a mystery and marvel seldom or very partially revealed to the sons of men. We hear of it as a place surrounded by prejudice as by a wall of brass; a polity complete and total in itself; a great exception to the family of mankind; like the fabled river of antiquity, it is a people which flows through the ocean of society but never mingles with the common stream of humanity. And then the whole world takes offence at this. While we are writing, the government of the United States is meditating an expedition to compel Japan to be neighborly and civil, and to observe the conventional Law of Nations; that is to say, Western civilization is resolved to open out Japan—not for the sake of Japan, but for the necessities of Western civilization.

It is argued that no nation has a right to occupy an exceptional position; that commerce is like the air, a chartered libertine; that no people has a right to say, I will not trade with others, except upon my own terms. If the Japanese systematically refused food and water, and the means of repairs to ships, we should say that the American claim was not unreasonable. No nation has a right to block up the highway and to prevent legitimate traffic with others. If it does not choose to trade itself, it must not present an hindrance to trading with others. It is very well to say that Japan must be treated as though it did not exist, and that our proper course is to take it upon its own grounds, and simply avoid it. But common sense revolts at this theorizing; the Japanese Empire lies right across some fifteen degrees of latitude; it is a physical obstruction if it does not conform to the natural laws of mankind. Navigation involves certain abstract rights, which are not so much a matter of common consent as of antecedent natural justice. A ship in distress has claims for water, wood, and fresh provisions, and for means of refitting and repairing accidents. These claims are not a matter of political agreement, but are physical results from the mere constitution of the planet. And in this sense, and for fundamental elementary necessities, the earth and sea are common property. But as a fact, Japan does not refuse these elementary rights. To take only our own vessels; in 1791 the "Argonaut" received wood and water. The "Providence" landed its crew for nautical observations on the coast of Yesso, and refitted. The "Phaeton," Captain "Pellaw," in the early part of the present century took in water. The "Samarang" was in 1845 supplied with stores by the Japanese authorities; and magnetic observations were, though very reluctantly, permitted. In 1849, Captain Mackinnon, of H. M. S. "Mariner," received vegetables and water from the islanders.

What the Japanese decline is, to trade with any other country except on their own terms. Acutely enough, they guard against the slightest violation of their principle of exclusion. In all the cases which we have mentioned payment for supplies sent on board was refused. The transaction was one of natural charity, not commerce. Under those circumstances the question is simply whether we can, or ought to, force such a people to trade with us whether they like it or not. The vague series of conventionalisms known as the Law of Nations, has certainly never been accepted by Japan. Vattel is not a text-book at Jeddo, nor even in Bundum, which Peter Heylyn affirmed to be "an university bigger than Paris." We hardly think that it is fair to quote Puffendorf and Grotius to a community of this sort. And it is difficult to pick a quarrel with Japan. If the Japanese refused assistance to a shipwrecked vessel, this might be the pretext for forcing their ports. As it stands, all that the American president can say is, "Japan is within twenty days' sail of California; Japan has coal, and it would be very useful to our steamers; Japan has admirable productions, both natural and manufactured; the States have the same; reciprocity and trade are very good things; friendly commercial intercourse is a great blessing," &c. But as the Japanese cannot or will not see this, the serious question remains, whether there is any inherent right in one nation, or in all the nations of the earth collectively, to force an outstanding member of mankind into the commercial brotherhood. Speech is a great blessing, and necessary to the existence of society, but if any individual is so sulky or so unmanageable as to decline conversation, we doubt the natural right in his neighbor to make him talk.

Nor are our doubts lessened when we survey the anomalous and extraordinary history of Japan. It was unknown to recent research, till the noble Venetian, Marco Polo, at the end of the thirteenth century, noticed it. The first European who seems to have visited it was Fernam Mendez Pinto, the Portuguese adventurer, whose name, very unjustly, has been considered equivalent to mendacity itself. This visit was in 1542; the Portuguese were most hospitably received, and allowed free traffic. Seven years after a fugitive Japanese fled to Goa, and was converted to Christianity. The Portuguese, combining worldly wisdom with a deep sense of spiritual duties, at once saw the opening both for trade and the Gospel which Japan afforded; and as early as 1551 the splendid and successful mission of Xavier to Japan had been terminated by the Jesuit apostle's death. Fifty churches and tens of thousands of converts composed the Japanese church of twenty years later. During the whole of this time—

The Portuguese—mariners, merchants, padres, and all—were received with open arms, not only at Bungo, but at whatsoever other part of the empire they chose to repair unto. The local governments and the minor princes, who then enjoyed a considerable degree of independence, vied with each other in inviting them to their ports and towns. They went wherever they pleased, from one extremity of the empire to the other, and by land as well as by sea. The merchants found a ready and a most profitable market for their goods; the missionaries, an intellectual, tolerant people, very willing to listen to the lessons which they had to teach them. There was no one established, dominant religion in the country; the most ancient faith was split into sects; and there

were at least three other religions imported from foreign countries, and tolerated in the most perfect manner. Moreover, a faith said to be of Braminical origin, and which had been imported from India, was at the time widely spread among the people. This faith bore so near a resemblance to the doctrines introduced by the Portuguese, that it must have greatly favored their reception. It appears to have comprised the *existence, death, and resurrection of a Saviour born of a virgin*, with almost every other essential dogma of Christianity, including the belief in the Trinity. If this be a true statement and correct description, and if we then add to it the tradition, that this form of religion was introduced under the reign of the Chinese emperor, Mimi, who ascended the throne in about the fiftieth year of the Christian era, can we avoid admitting the conclusion, that some early apostle reached the eastern extremity of Asia, if not the islands themselves of Japan? Then the pomp and impressive ceremonials of the Roman church, and the frequency of its services, delighted the impressionable Japanese, who, in all probability, would have paid far less attention to a simpler form of worship. The first missionaries, moreover, were men of exemplary lives—modest, virtuous, disinterested, and most tender and charitable to the poor and afflicted. They sought out cases of distress; they attended the sick; and some knowledge they possessed of the superior science of medicine, as practised by the most advanced nations of Europe, was frequently of great benefit to the natives, and another means of facilitating their conversion. Xavier quitted Japan for China in 1551, and died on the second of December of the following year, at Shan-Shan, on the Canton river, not far from Macao; but he left able and enthusiastic missionaries behind him, and others soon repaired to the country.—*Mac Farlane's Japan*, pp. 4-7.

Without discussing Mr. Mac Farlane's assumption of an apostolic journey to Japan, it is unquestionable that Nestorian missionaries had penetrated into China at a very early period. The celebrated inscription proves this. Whether Buddhism, which is not the original religion of Japan, is, according to a singular conjecture, a diabolic anticipation of Christianity, or whether much of its present rites and doctrines are not rather corruptions of the Gospel, it is enough to feel convinced that Buddhism does present in itself a singular caricature and distortion of the Gospel. It does not quite appear whether the Japanese Christians were converts from Buddhism, or from the older and national religion of the Sintoos, which seems to differ little from the common Indian systems. The question would be important whether such a resemblance as Buddhism offers of Christianity would be an aid or an obstacle to conversion! The fact, however, remains, that in less than half a century from its rediscovery, Japan was at free commercial intercourse with the whole western world, and was the seat of a flourishing and promising church. Before, therefore, we are so especially angry with the Japanese for their seclusion from the world, the inquiry is of immense interest, how the present state of things came about, and who is responsible for it.

It is plain that two hundred and fifty years ago the Japanese ports were open to all ordinary commercial intercourse. The Portuguese had a monopoly of it, chiefly because they had competitors. Such, however, presented themselves with the seventeenth century. One William Adams, an Englishman, sailed as pilot to a "fleet of Hollanders," equipped for the Indian trade in 1598.

During this voyage a storm brought him to the Japanese coast. But strange vessels had at that period become suspicious. It is undeniable that Dutch and English ships, if not avowedly buccanniers, acted very piratically. The obligation of treaties ceased at the line. On the Spanish main it was simply Rob Roy's law. We can quite therefore account for and admit "the evil report made by the Portuguese of the English and Dutch." The Portuguese could not esteem them as other than pirates. The consequence was that William Adams was detained in Japan until the day of his death. But he did his work; he opened the trade to his Dutch friends, who, in 1609, "came to the court of the emperor, where they were in great friendship received, conditioning with the emperor to send yearly a ship or two: the first of which, arriving in 1611, was well received, and with great kindness entertained."

When we say that the Japanese ports and commerce were open to all traders, it must not be understood that, two hundred and fifty years ago, either in Japan or anywhere else was trade carried on with that freedom from local restraints which now generally prevails. What we mean is, that, under regulations, any European community might have got a commercial footing in Japan. Trade was then generally conducted by corporations and factories rather than by individual enterprise. Even in our own East India trade, up to a comparatively recent period, the quantity of exports and imports was fixed. It was at that time considered necessary to keep up prices by restricting trade. To throw tea and spices overboard is a practice not yet forgotten. It is quite conceivable, therefore, how early in the seventeenth century commercial intercourse with Japan might be free; and yet with a restriction on the number of vessels and amount of commodities permitted to enter its ports.

Before the year 1620, then, the Portuguese and Dutch factories were established side by side on a small island, called Firando, looking over the Korean straits. They were not likely to prove themselves pleasant neighbors or agreeable guests. Of course in those days the Dutch in Portuguese eyes appeared only as heretics, if not atheists; while the Dutch returned the compliment by stigmatizing their brother Christians as mere idolaters. The mutual hatred and suspicions existing between Holland and Portugal were not likely to impress the calm and inquiring Japanese with exalted notions either of Christians in general or Europeans in particular. Nor were the native Christians such as had kindled under Xavier's words of fire, or had melted before his glow of love. Persecution had commenced on the part of the heathen; the Christian orders were divided against each other; Dominican and Franciscan were mutually misrepresented, and stumbling-blocks innumerable were thrown in the Japanese path to the Gospel, and this we fear by Christian hands. The sad history of the procription of the Gospel in Japan may be told in few words. The Christians may have become rapacious; but it is certain that old powerful heathenism at last found out that toleration of Christianity was in the end treason to Buddhism and Sintoicism. No religions could coexist with the Cross. Christianity must be accepted or destroyed. The Japanese nationalists preferred the latter part of the alternative. The arrival of more missionaries was first forbidden; then conversions were prohibited; at last, a persecution

terrible as that of Decius commenced. In 1614 the native converts who would not recant were crucified and tortured; the churches were destroyed; the schools closed, and the profession of Christianity in a Japanese declared illegal. Hitherto the foreign Christians had not been persecuted; but Portuguese missionaries were constantly evading the law. The commercial result was the restriction of foreign trade to the little Island of Desima.

But worse remained. A real, or suspected, plot against the Japanese government, said to have been entered into by the Japanese Christians, implicated the Portuguese. It is curious, to say the least, that the documentary evidence of this plot was found in "a Portuguese ship captured by the Dutch." Whether the Dutch invented the plot, or only took advantage of it, we cannot pronounce. It is indisputable that they denounced it to the Japanese government; and the result was, that the Portuguese were banished forever from Japan and its dependencies. Nor was this all. From 1637 commenced the exclusive policy of the Japanese of which Europeans complain. The proclamation which decreed that "the whole race of the Portuguese, with their mothers, nurses, and whatever belongs to them, shall be banished forever," goes on to set forth—

That no Japanese ship or boat, or any native of Japan, should henceforth presume to quit the country under pain of forfeiture and death; that any Japanese returning from a foreign country should be put to death; that no nobleman or soldier should be suffered to purchase anything of a foreigner; that any person presuming to bring a letter from abroad, or to return to Japan after he had been banished, should die, with all his family, and that whosoever presumed to intercede for such offenders should be put to death, &c.; that all persons who propagated the doctrines of the Christians, or bore that scandalous name, should be seized and immured in the common goal, &c. A reward was offered for the discovery of every padre or priest, and a smaller reward for the discovery of every native Christian.—*Ibid.*, p. 48.

Here it is obvious to remark, that whichever version of this incident is true, whether the Portuguese did enter into a political plot against the Japanese government, or whether the Dutch, out of mere jealousy to Portugal, invented the conspiracy, and the Portuguese complicity with it, the result is the same. The Japanese expelled Europeans, and restricted their intercourse with the whole world, on account of European intrigue. They acted in self-defence. Their policy might be short-sighted and bigoted; but the Europeans compelled it. We are only witnessing and suffering under the untoward results of the duplicity and intrigues, or the treachery and bigotry, of the seventeenth century.

This was the hour of temptation to the Dutch, and they were not proof against it. Bitter rivals both in commerce and religion to the Portuguese, they did all they could to exasperate the contest between the Portuguese and Japanese. If they did not cause the Portuguese expulsion, they mainly contributed to it; and this under the most discreditable and degrading circumstances. Though nominally a dispute between Japan and Portugal, it was, in fact, a controversy between Heathenism and Christianity. The Dutch took their side and kept it. They ranged themselves with persecution and apostasy. We avail ourselves of Mr. Mac Farlane's judgment in the case, and he is not a prejudiced witness:—

Though deprived of their padres, or European teachers, and though menaced, not only with imprisonment, but also with torture and death, the converts persevered in their faith. Oppression drove them into open rebellion; and they took refuge, and made an heroic stand against the troops of the emperor in the province of Simabara. The imperial government called upon the Dutch to assist them in their war against these Christians; and the Dutch promptly gave the aid required of them. The fact is admitted by all their own countrymen who have written about Japan, from their first writers in the middle of the seventeenth century, down to the year 1833. M. Fischer, the very last on the list, says that the Dutch were compelled to join in the persecution against the stubborn remnant of that Christian host. Others would soften the matter by saying that the Dutch only supplied the heathen Japanese with gunpowder and guns, taught them a little artillery practice, and sent ammunition, arms, and troops in their ships to the scene of action. But Kämpfer, who was only a German in the Dutch service, most distinctly and positively assures us that the Christian traders acted as auxiliaries and belligerents. The stronghold of the native Christians was an old fortified place, which the emperor's troops could not take.

"The Dutch, upon this, as friends and allies of the emperor, were requested to assist the Japanese in the siege . . . M. Kockebecker, who was then director of the Dutch trade and nation, having received the emperor's orders to this purpose, repaired thither without delay, on board a Dutch ship, lying at anchor in the harbor of Firando (all the other ships, perhaps upon some intimation given, that some such request was like to be made to them from court, set sail but the day before), and within a fortnight's time he battered the old town with 426 cannon-balls, both from on board his ship and from a battery which was raised on shore, and planted with some of his own guns. This compliance of the Dutch, and their conduct during the siege, was entirely to the satisfaction of the Japanese, and although the besieged seemed in no manner of forwardness to surrender, yet, as by this cannonading they had been very much reduced in number, and their strength greatly broken, M. Kockebecker had leave at last to depart, after they had obliged him to land six more of his guns for the use of the emperor."

A recent writer, a right-hearted and right-minded American, says—"The walls of Simabara were unquestionably battered by the Dutch cannon, and its brave defenders were slaughtered. Some apology might be made for this coöperation at the siege of Simabara, had its defenders been the countrymen of Alva, or Requesens, or John of Austria, or Alexander Farnese. But truth requires that the measures of Kockebecker should be regarded as the alternative, which he deliberately preferred to the interruption of the Dutch trade."

It appears that the siege was converted into a long and close blockade, and that when the indomitable converts of Xavier were reduced, and in good part exterminated by famine, a storm and an atrocious massacre ensued, none being spared, because none would recant and beg quarter; but men, women, and children being all butchered in heaps. In this war of religion, according to the most moderate estimate, there fell on both sides 40,000 men. According to the papists, the number of native Christians alone was far greater than this, and all the atrocities and horrors of the Diocletian persecution were repeated, exaggerated, and prolonged. The magnitude of the holocaust does indeed afford some measure of the depth and tenacity with which Christianity, in its Roman form, had struck its roots into the soil.

Over the vast common grave of the martyrs was set up this impious inscription:—"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to

come to Japan ; and let all know, that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."—*Ibid.*, pp. 49—52.

The Dutch, however, were disappointed in their hopes ; they derived less benefit from their intrigues and apostasy than they expected. One of themselves, Kämpfer, admits this :—

By this submissive readiness to assist the emperor in the execution of his designs, with regard to the final destruction of Christianity in his dominions, it is true, indeed, that we stood our ground so far as to maintain ourselves in the country, and to be permitted to carry on our trade, although the court had then some thoughts of a total exclusion of all foreigners whatsoever. But many generous and noble persons, at court and in the country, judged unfavorably of our conduct. It seemed to them inconsistent with reason that the Dutch should ever be expected to be faithful to a foreign monarch, and one, too, whom they looked upon as a heathen, whilst they showed so much forwardness to assist him in the destruction of a people with whom they agreed in the most essential parts of their faith (as the Japanese had been well informed by the Portuguese monks), and to sacrifice to their own worldly interests those who followed Christ in the very same way, and hoped to enter the kingdom of heaven through the same gate. These are expressions which I have often heard from the natives, when the conversation happened to turn upon this mournful subject. In short, by our humble complaisance and connivance, we were so far from bringing this proud and jealous nation to any greater confidence, or more intimate friendship, that, on the contrary, their jealousy and mistrust seemed to increase from that time. They both hated and despised us for what we had done. In the year 1641, soon after the total expulsion of the Portuguese, and the suppression of Christianity among the natives, we were ordered to quit our comfortable factory at Firando, and to confine ourselves, under a very rigid inspection, to the small islet of Desima, which is more like a prison than a factory. So great was the covetousness of the Dutch, and so strong the alluring power of the Japanese gold, that rather than quit the prospect of a trade (indeed most advantageous), they willingly underwent an almost perpetual imprisonment, for such in fact is our residence at Desima, and chose to suffer many hardships in a foreign and heathen country, to be remiss in performing divine service on Sundays and solemn festivals, to leave off praying and singing of psalms, entirely to avoid the sign of the cross, the calling upon the name of Christ in presence of the natives, and all the outer signs of Christianity ; and lastly, patiently and submissively to bear the abusive and injurious behavior of these proud infidels towards us, than which nothing can be offered more shocking to a generous and noble mind.—*Ibid.*, pp. 52—54.

To this miserable islet, Desima, the Dutch are confined ; the island is only 600 feet long, and is joined to the Japanese city, Nagasaki, by a bridge, strongly guarded. The most rigid watch is held on the Dutch ; no females are allowed in their community. Their vessels are searched, the guns and ammunition removed, and the crews are only allowed "to refresh themselves" in this filthy prison, Desima ; a fit punishment for their treason to the faith and their brethren. They have the gold for which they bartered the gospel duties, but it is poured molten down their throats. With respect to their practical renunciation of Christianity, we follow Mr. Mac Farlane :—

All who serve the Dutch, or have any close dealings with them, are bound to take a solemn oath of renun-

ciation and hatred of the Christian religion, once, twice, or even three times a year ; and, at least at one of these ceremonies, they are made to trample under foot crosses and crucifixes, with the image of the Redeemer upon them. The ill-meant, mocking, impious jests of Voltaire, as to the Dutch going through the same ceremony, may not have been, at every period, quite destitute of truth. As Lutherans or Presbyterians they may have entertained no more reverence for crosses and crucifixes and images of saints, than was felt by our English Puritans, who, in the days of their prepotency, found a rude delight in destroying such articles, and treating them with every imaginable disrespect. The Portuguese, when driven to despair through their hated rivals, nearly involved the Dutch in their own ruin by announcing to the imperial government that they were Christians like themselves. It behoved the Dutch to convince the Japanese that there was the widest difference between them ; that they belonged to a sect quite hostile to that of the Portuguese ; that they hated Pope, Jesuits, Franciscans, Dominicans, and all manner of monks and priests. We can, therefore, easily credit that, if put by the Japanese government to that test, the Dutchmen would not much scruple to trample upon the cross in the manner described by Voltaire. A bigoted Presbyterian would even find a pleasure in so doing. An old Nangasackian joke is, that a Dutchman, at the time of the great persecution, being surprised in some place by the Japanese police, and being asked whether he were a Christian, replied, "No ! I am a Dutchman." We fear, indeed, that after any lengthened residence in the country, such religion as these Dutchmen carried with them was almost wholly evaporated. The life led in their prison at Nagasaki was little calculated to foster devotional feelings. Kämpfer says that in his time they lived like a set of heathens—that the principles of Christianity were so little conspicuous in their lives and actions, that the Japanese were absurd in fearing that they would attempt the conversion of the heathens.—*Ibid.*, pp. 57—58.

After this Mr. Mac Farlane must have ventured upon a gentle jest, when he goes on to observe : "But good and religious men have gone through this ordeal without any detriment to their faith or morals ; so let not these remarks be taken as uncharitable, or as disrespectful to the Dutch."

It is, perhaps, fortunate for us that we were never subjected to the like temptations. The history of the English commercial intercourse with Japan does not admit of abridgment, and it is curious as an almost solitary instance of English failure in trade :—

Through the help and admirable diplomacy of Adams, a commercial treaty, or a series of privileges, more favorable than any ever enjoyed by Portuguese or by Dutch, was granted to the English, and apparently without any demur or delay on the part of the imperial court.

The first article in these original privileges of 1618 runs thus :—"We give free license to the King of England's subjects, Sir Thomas Smith, Governor, and Company of the East India Merchants, forever, safely to come into any our ports or empire of Japan, with their ships and merchandise, without hindrance to them or their goods ; and to abide, buy, sell, and barter, according to their own manner, with all nations ; and to tarry so long as they will, and depart at their pleasure."

The second article exempted English goods from all manner of customs or duties ; the third granted to the English full freedom of building houses in any part of the empire, which houses, at their departure, they might freely sell ; the fourth article placed the property of any English subject that might die in the

empire under the sole control of the captain, merchant, or English resident, and exempted entirely all English subjects, whatever their offences, from the somewhat summary process of Japanese law; and the three remaining articles were all in the same liberal and most friendly spirit.

These privileges were, however, somewhat modified in 1616, when the English, wherever they might arrive on the coast, were ordered to repair immediately to the port and town Firando, there to sell their merchandise, and not to stay at, or trade in, any other port whatsoever. But it was ordered at the same time, that, in case of contrary winds or bad weather, the English ships might abide in any other port, without paying anchorage duties; and the people were enjoined to treat such ships in a friendly manner, and to sell them whatsoever they might require. At the same time, all the other valuable privileges of 1613 were confirmed. Captain Cook, who established himself at Firando, and remained in the country long after the departure of Saris, paid more than one visit to the imperial court at Jeddo.

Our factory at Firando, or rather, perhaps, those who managed their shipments in England, made an injudicious selection of merchandise, sending out commodities which were not in request in that country. In this manner the trade was conducted, rather at a loss than profit; and this, with some other circumstances of discouragement, induced the East India Company prematurely to abandon the experiment.

"Of the English," says a recent English writer (Rundall), "it is simply to be observed, that in their commercial project they failed, and that they retired with honor, and regretted, from the scene of their misadventure." In the year 1623, after upwards of 40,000*l.* had been uselessly expended, they entirely withdrew from that country and trade.—*Ibid.*, pp. 66—69.

From that time to the present the Japanese have maintained their policy, not, as we have said, without justification. And we have been thus minute in our historical statement, because we doubt whether here or in the United States much is known of the antecedents of the present state of things in Japan.

We were attracted to the name of Japan chiefly on account of the commercial interests involved in the proposed American expedition to these islands. Proposed, we say, for we have not heard much of it lately. If this expedition is undertaken as one of aggression, we cannot doubt but that the Americans, fertile in expedients for aggrandizement, will find some occasion for mortal quarrel with the poor islanders. One presents itself *in limine*: it is the practice of the Japanese authorities to surround all foreign ships on their arrival with a triple circle of guard-boats. A ship-of-war may not unreasonably regard this as an insult. A *casus-belli* is at once established; and a pretext for a collision given. A lesson is to be read; the Japanese towns are battered, and immense destruction of life and property ensues. The local authorities, military and civil, are held responsible at the seat of government. With one consent they all rip up their bowels—the prescribed method of suicide—in atonement for neglect of duty. The Americans occupy and retain an island on the coast; the old story between China and England is repeated, and free-trade and the Gospel once more enter Japan, through seas of blood. Whether in either case, that of China or Japan, the best course is adopted, either for recommending our commercial policy or our religion in these places may be questioned.

But having reached Japan, we may as well sur-

vey the mysterious region to which an isolated circumstance has transferred some share of public curiosity. The islands forming the combined Japanese and Kurile archipelago are of considerable length, and very scanty width. Adopting Humboldt's parallel view of the original conformation of the Atlantic islands as the summits of a submerged chain of mountains, it seems not improbable that a similar origin may be given to the Japanese group, which is only a single member of a prolonged chain of volcanic peaks, ranging from Kamschatka through the Aleutian, Japanese and Philippine Islands, down to the southern tropic. They are all volcanic—indeed, some are active volcanoes; and they present an axis more or less parallel with that of the coast. This gives a great diversity of climate; and, as is well known, by the variation in the isothermal lines, the cold region comes down very far on the eastern coast of Asia. The Japanese possessions, therefore, range from a semi-tropical climate to one approaching to that of Kamschatka. We read of the bamboo as indigenous to Japan, and most extensively used; the camphor-tree and tea-tree are grown in the most southern islands, but the Kurile islands, to which the empire extends, have no better climate than that of Norway. This accounts for the very different terms in which travellers describe Japan—at one time as the chosen seat of fog and frost and storm, at another, as equal to the garden of the Hesperides.

Mr. Mac Farlane, in what he says of the physical geography of Japan, is neither scientific nor consecutive. Indeed, in the absence of any detailed account, we are left to pick up such information from the most scanty and scattered intimations of various writers. At Nagasaki, the southern port, the thermometer is said to range between 35° and 98° Fahrenheit. At Jeddo, the capital, snow falls every year. The population of this place was once reckoned at 2,000,000. It is doubtless a large place, and larger because it is built after the old Oriental type, in which, as in the interior cities of China, as we learn from Mr. Fortune, vast open spaces are enclosed within the walls.

There is a largeness and roundness in the older oriental descriptions, which certainly satisfies the mind and fills it with a composing sense of breadth and magnitude. Japan, as described, is no exception. Everything seems to be on the most imposing scale. Miaco, the ecclesiastical capital, contains precisely, we are assured, 6000 temples. Marco Polo speaking of Japan, which he dignifies with the sonorous name of Zipangu, assures us that the great "palace was roofed with gold considerably thick—covered with it as we cover churches with lead." The palace of the Kobo with its gardens is, we are assured, eight miles in circumference; this palace must be of the same aspect as that which

In Xanadu did Kublai Khan
A stately pleasure-house decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran.

But there are no rivers of any size in Japan; the narrowness of the islands and the general bearing of the elevation preventing it. The Fusi Jamma, compared to the Pico in Tenerife, is the highest volcanic peak, and is said to be 12,000 feet high; the height indeed of the Pico—which is only 3,000 feet short of that of Mount Blanc. It cannot be so high as this, for the Dutch speak of "the

snow seldom melting on it." We conceive that in such a climate as that of Jeddo, near which the mountain is laid down in the maps, the line of perpetual snow must be below 12,000 feet. The largest island, Nippon, is in length 900 miles; the greatest width of any of the group is about 100 miles.

The government of Japan is remarkable; it recalls the double kings of Sparta—dare we say of Brentford? There is a Secular Emperor, the Kobo, and an Ecclesiastical Emperor, the Mikado or Daïri, who reign coördinately. Such at least is the common account; but one which we cannot assent to put in this vague way. The government was a sort of theocracy, because an especial sanctity was attached to the person who reigned. In all early states of society the sacerdotal and kingly offices were considered identical. The emperor ruled by divine right and by inheritance, and was the representative descendant of the gods; we do not find, as in the later developments of Buddhism, that he was an incarnation of the Divinity. In fact, this latter view (the Thibetan) may only have arisen from the literal translation of a metaphor. But as in Thibet so in Japan, the theocracy was a convenient theory for the aristocracy of the sacerdotal caste. The emperor in Japan, or the Dalai Lama in Thibet, seems to lead the life of the Lucretian gods. The Mikado lives shut up in his palace, "with one wife and twelve concubines, plenty of paper, books, and music." But the dignity is dreary enough.

Even to this day (says Kämpfer), the princes descended from the family, more particularly those who sit on the throne, are looked upon as persons most holy in themselves, and as Popes by birth. And in order to preserve these advantageous notions in the minds of their subjects, they are obliged to take an uncommon care of their sacred persons, and to do such things, which, examined according to the customs of other nations, would be thought ridiculous and impertinent. It will not be improper to give a few instances. The ecclesiastical emperor thinks that it would be very prejudicial to his dignity and holiness to touch the ground with his feet; for this reason, when he intends to go anywhere, he must be carried thither on men's shoulders. Much less will they suffer that he should expose his sacred person to the open air; and the sun is not thought worthy to shine on his head. There is such a holiness ascribed to all parts of the body, that he dares to cut off neither his hair, nor his beard, nor his nails. However, lest he should grow too dirty, they may clean him in the night when he is asleep; because they say that what is taken from his body at that time hath been stolen from him, and that such a theft doth not prejudice his holiness or dignity. In ancient times, he was obliged to sit on the throne for some hours every morning, with the imperial crown on his head, but to sit altogether like a statue, without stirring either hands, or feet, head or eyes, nor indeed any part of his body, because, by this means, it was thought that he could preserve peace and tranquillity in his empire; for if, unfortunately, he turned himself on one side or the other, or if he looked a good while towards any part of his dominions, it was apprehended that war, famine, fire, or some other great misfortune, was near at hand to desolate the country. But it having been afterwards discovered, that the imperial crown was the palladium which, by its immobility, could preserve peace in the empire, it was thought expedient to deliver his imperial person, consecrated only to idleness and pleasure, from this burthensome duty, and therefore the crown, alone, is at present placed on the throne for several hours every morning.

His victuals must be dressed every time in new pots, and served at table in new dishes; both are very clean and neat, but made only of common clay, that, without any considerable expense, they may be laid aside, or broken, after they have served once. They are generally broken, for fear they should come into the hands of laymen; for they believe religiously, that if any layman should presume to eat his food out of these sacred dishes, it would swell and inflame his mouth and throat. The like ill effect is dreaded from the Daïri's sacred habits; for they believe that if a layman should wear them without the emperor's express leave or command, they would occasion pains in all parts of his body.—*Ibid.*, pp. 171–178.

But what is really an exceptional case is, this theocracy descends occasionally to females, and that the spiritual emperor may be, in short, an empress. The throne, when vacant, is filled by a nominee of the Council; that is, the Pope is elected by the Cardinals. Elected we say, for though the succession is nominally in a right line, yet the council determines who is the nearest heir, which, in a country where polygamy is permitted, opens a large door to external interest.

The rise of the secular emperor seems to have been this:—Japan was a strictly feudal state; the separate dukes and counts, as we should call them, only paid a nominal obedience to the spiritual emperor. Then arose, as in Europe, the great struggle between the Suzerain and the independent holders of fiefs. We all know how it terminated in Europe, by the king calling into existence a burgher, or middle class, and throwing himself on the municipalities. The kings of France and England dissolved the powerful confederacies of the nobles—in Japan matters took the opposite course. In feudal countries there will always be some prominent baron, some Warwick or the like, who holds the real sway. He commands the army in the West—in the East he is Vizier. It requires but a single step to make the office of Mayor of the Palace hereditary; this process was effected in Japan, and the Ziogun, the officer who held this dignity, though he did not at first assume the imperial name, soon acquired all the real power of the empire. The first Ziogun assumed office about the middle of the twelfth century, so that some strange political affinity and change in social relations was working on the Seine and in Nippon at the same time. He was not then, nor is he now, theoretically joint emperor with the Daïri; he is only the secular king. He held all the real power, but a certain theoretical supremacy is reserved to the Daïri, or Mikado, the ecclesiastical emperor. It was not till 1585 that the title Ziogun, General-in-Chief, was expanded into that of Kobo, which is the present appellation of the (so called) secular emperor. It is only in this sense that Japan has two emperors; that Church and State both bear imperial sway, and that a conjoint, yet separate dynasty, celestial and terrestrial, rules without collision or interference. Curiously enough, the fate which overtook the Daïri has pursued the Kobo; the lay and spiritual emperors are both reduced to shadows, the sovereignty either of Church or State is merely ideal and fictitious; the Daïri sleeps away his torpid existence at Miaco, the self-torturing shadow of departed greatness, while the Kobo is immersed in dignified, but unauthoritative, seclusion in his palace at Jeddo. The charmed slumbers of the famous king in the "Sleeping Beauty," are the only parallel for the imperial state of Japan.

We must, however, remark, that the political history of Japan, since the expulsion of the Portuguese, is very scanty. This principle of dualism, which the lay and clerical empires present, is said, with what truth we know not, to pervade other Japanese institutions.

It remains to give some account of the religion of Japan, which, from the extremely perplexed and conflicting statements on the subject, is far from easy. The recognized religion, as we said, is Sintoism, though it would be hard to say what Sintoism is. The Japanese, however, seem to have solved the problem which causes so much trouble to European states. There is an established religion, and there is the most perfect toleration—purchased, as such a system only can be purchased, by an entire surrender of principle on every side. The Kobo sends an embassy, or goes on a pilgrimage to his ecclesiastical elder brother, the Sinto Emperor, and at the same time builds a Buddhist temple; while the Dai-ri, the prince and priest of Sintoism, allows the easy importation of strange gods into the sacred temples of his own faith. In fact, it is the height of politeness for different religious professors to attend the worship of the gods of their friends. The only thing, as of old, which is proscribed, is Christianity; neither the Japanese nor the Roman empire would refuse the Cross its intercommunion in rites. It is the exclusiveness of the Gospel which is its scandal.

Sintoism was perhaps originally a form of Sabæanism; its chief divinity is the Goddess of the Sun. She is worshipped through the mediation of inferior gods and deified mortals. Some doctrine of a future state, and of rewards and punishments, is retained; but the actual duties of religion consist in, 1, Preservation of pure fire; 2, Purity of the heart and body; 3, The observance of festival days; 4, Pilgrimage; and, 5, The public and private *cultus* of the inferior gods and saints—the Kami. These last seem to be the ordinary Teraphim of the eastern, and Penates of classical worship. The temple and domestic worship is thus described:—

The religious observances on festival days appear to be very simple and very short. The worshipper, clad in his best clothes, approaches the temple, performs his ablutions at a tank, kneels in the veranda opposite a grated window, through which he can fix his eyes on the mirror; he then offers up his prayers, and a sacrifice of rice, fruit, tea, sackee, or the like; deposits a little money in a box, and, takes his departure, to spend the rest of the day in sports and pastimes, or in the manner he thinks best. According to Kämpfer, they conclude their ceremonies at the temple by striking three times upon a bell, which is hung over the door, believing the gods to be highly delighted with the sounds of musical instruments. "All this being done, they retire, to divert themselves the remaining part of the day with walking, exercises, sports, eating and drinking, and treating one another to good things." The temple must not be approached with a downcast spirit or a sorrowful countenance, for that might disturb the placid beatitude of the Kami.—*Ibid.*, pp. 209, 210.

The domestic rites of the ancient and dominant Japanese religion are not well known. If Siebold, from whom the account is taken, is to be trusted, the last sentence, apart from its awkward phraseology, in the following extract is very curious:—

At home in every Sinto house, each meal is preceded by a short prayer, and in nearly every garden

or courtyard attached to such house, there is a miniature *mya*, or temple. The Sinto priests are called *Kami-Nusi*, or the hosts or landlords of the gods; they dwell in houses built within the grounds attached to the temples. The money deposited by the worshippers goes into their purse, and the oblations of rice, fruit, tea, and the rest, go to their kitchen and table. They have thus the means of hospitality, and are said to exercise it liberally to strangers. The Dutch, however, always found, that, in their case, a return in solid cash was expected, and that these temple-visits were very expensive. Celibacy is no tenet of the Sintoos; the Kami-Nusi marry, and their wives are priestesses, to whom specific rites and duties are allotted. It appears that they act as god-mothers general to all the female children of their sect that are born in Japan, giving them their names, sprinkling them with water, and performing other ceremonies.—*Ibid.*, pp. 210, 211.

We need hardly remark, that the parallel which Mr. Mac Farlane seems to suggest between what he calls the Japanese pilgrimages and the Romanist devotion to shrines, is singularly inaccurate. The sacred regulation of the law for all the males to appear at Jerusalem, is a closer parallel. However, as the writer whom we have hitherto followed has compiled with general accuracy, we may take his facts apart from his inferences:—

Pilgrimage is the grand and most sanctifying act of Sinto devotion. There are no fewer than twenty-two shrines in different parts of the empire, which are frequented annually, or more frequently by the devout. The most conspicuous, and most honored of all—the very Loretto of the Japanese—is Isye, with its ancient temple of Tan-sio-dai-zin, or the Sun Goddess. The principal temple is surrounded by nearly a hundred small ones, which have little else of a temple than the mere shape, being, for the most part, so low and narrow, that a man can scarcely stand up in them. Each of these temples, or little chapels, is attended by a priest. Near to them live multitudes of priests and functionaries, who call themselves the messengers of the gods, and who keep houses and lodgings to accommodate travellers and pilgrims. . . . The principal temple itself is a very plain, unpretending edifice, and evidently of great antiquity, though not quite so old as the priests and devotees pretend. According to the latter, the Sun Goddess was born in it and dwelt in it, and on that account it has never been enlarged, improved, or in any way altered. Among the priestesses of the temple, there is almost always a daughter of a spiritual emperor.

"Orthodox Sintonists," says Kämpfer, "go in pilgrimage to Isye once a-year, or at the very least once in their lifetime; nay, it is thought a duty incumbent on every true patriot, whatever sect or religion he otherwise adheres to, and a public mark of respect and gratitude which every one ought to pay to the Sun Goddess, as to the protectress, founder, and first parent of the Japanese nation. . . . This pilgrimage is made at all times of the year; but the greatest concourse of people is in their three first months, March, April, and May, when the season of the year and the good weather make the journey very agreeable and pleasant. Persons of all ranks and qualities, rich and poor, old and young, men and women, resort thither; the lords only of the highest quality, and the most potent princes of the empire excepted, who seldom appear there in person.

"An embassy from the emperor is sent there once every year, in the first month, at which time also another with rich presents goes to Miaco with presents to the ecclesiastical hereditary monarch. Most of the princes of the empire follow the emperor's example."—*Ibid.*, pp. 211—213.

We cannot say, however, that when we read

that the certificate of having appeared at the sacred shrine is considered as a plenary remission, and that in the available form of a piece of printed paper it is sold, with all its virtues, to all who can afford to pay for it, and who do not choose to go to the expense in time and trouble of a personal visit to Isye, we are forcibly reminded of the abuses connected with the system of indulgences.

What the ordinary writers of Japan think proper to call religious orders and monasteries, are only the Buddhist Lamacovics, which the readers of our recent paper on M. Huc's Travels are not likely to have forgotten. A society of female devotees, whom Kamper thinks proper to compare with the nuns, or at least, Beguines of Europe, "of no particular faith, and of very doubtful morality," much more pointedly resembles the devotees of Mylitta in the temples of Babylon.

Japan, however, like China, seems to have passed its culmination. In religion, as well as in art, these great mysterious countries are on the decline. The popular superstitions seem to have a very slight hold on the vulgar mind; Buddhism has the strongest, but, perhaps, because it is a double system, presenting a vague Pantheizing philosophy for the initiated, and the most sordid idolatry for the lower classes. The accounts seem to combine in representing the apparently inconsistent facts, that all religious persons, priests and the like, are the objects of perpetual ridicule and contempt, and yet that the temples and shrines are well attended, and supplied with pecuniary support. It is even doubtful whether, in the extreme East, an individual ever prays, or has any personal belief in God; his religion is simply and nakedly vicarious; it is the business of the priest, or Lama, to pray for him, or to grind out prayers in the Thibetan Prayer-mill. If he pays for this he thinks that he may safely despise the instrument of his devotions; so long as he gets his religion done for him, he has no further concern with it. In some such way as this, the conflicting accounts which we read of Chinese and Japanese religion, must be understood; for it is common in popular works to describe them both as a religious people, and as entire atheists.

It would be quite superfluous in this place to give any details of the philosophic religion of Japan—the *Suto* or "way of the philosophers"—because it is only the abstract and mystical esoteric Buddhism, which, perhaps, scarcely differs from the Indian and kindred Pantheism. The high spiritualistic Oriental philosophers differ rather in terminology, and not much in that, than in ideas. They believe, generally, or affect to believe, in a universal soul and spirit, sustaining but not creative, which is diffused through the universe and animates all things, which absorbs souls and intelligences as the ocean receives the rivers and waters. This is the philosophic faith which the educated classes in Japan, as throughout the East, affect to hold. They conform to the popular religious observances by way of example, and as thinking it better that the vulgar should profess, or conform to idolatry, rather than to nothing.

The public worship of Buddhism is well described by Mr. Fortune in his elegant and instructive volume, "The Tea Districts of China:"—

Anxious to see the whole of the Buddhist service, I took my station at one of the passages leading to the large temple a few minutes before the priests assembled. I had not been there long before an old

priest walked past me to a huge block of wood, carved in the form of a fish, which was slung from the roof of one of the passages. This he struck several times with a wooden pole, and a loud hollow sound was given out which was heard over all the building. The large bronze bell in the belfry was now tolled three times; and the priests were observed coming from all quarters, each having a yellow robe thrown over his left shoulder. At the same time an old man was going round, beating on a piece of square board, to awake the priests who might be asleep, and to call the lazy ones to prayer.

The temple to which the priests were hurrying, was a large building, fully 100 feet square, and about 60 feet in height. Its roof was supported by numerous massive wooden pillars. Three large idols—the Past, the Present, and the Future, each at least 80 feet in height—stood in the middle of the temple. An altar was in front of them, and more than a hundred hassocks were on the floor in front of the altar for the priests to kneel on during the service. Ranged on each side of this spacious hall were numerous idols of a smaller size, said to be the representatives of deified kings, and other great men, who had been remarkable for piety during their lifetime.

Entering with the priests, I observed a man lighting the candles placed upon the altar, and burning incense. The smoke of the incense, as it rose in the air, filled the place with a heavy yet pleasing perfume. A solemn stillness seemed to pervade the temple. The priests came in one by one, in the most devout manner, scarcely lifting their eyes from the ground, and arranged themselves on the right and left sides of the altar, kneeling on the hassocks, and bending down lowly several times to the idols. Again the large bell tolled—slowly and solemnly at first, then gradually quicker; and then everything was perfectly still.

The priests were now all assembled; about eighty in number, and the services of the temple began. I took a seat near the door. The priest nearest to the altar now rang a small bell, another struck a drum, and the whole eighty bent down several times upon their knees. One of them then struck a round piece of wood, rather larger than a man's skull, and hollow inside, alternately with a large bronze bell. At this stage of the ceremonies, a young priest stepped out from amongst the others, and took his station directly in front of the altar, bowing lowly and repeatedly as he did so. Then the hymn of praise began. One of the priests, apparently the leader, kept time by beating upon the hollow piece of wood, and the whole of the others sang or chanted the service in a most mournful key. At the commencement of the service, the priests who were ranged in front of the altar, half on the right side and half on the left, stood with their faces to the large images. Now, however, they suddenly wheeled round and faced each other. The chanting, which began slowly, increased in quickness as it went on, and when at the quickest part suddenly stopped. All was then silent for a second or two. At last, a single voice was heard to chant a few notes by itself, and then the whole assembly joined, and went on as before.

The young priest who had come out from amongst the others now took his station directly in front of the altar, but near the door of the temple, and bowed lowly several times upon a cushion placed there for that purpose. He then walked up to the altar with slow and solemn steps, took up a vessel which stood on it, and filled it with water. After making some crosses and gyrations with his hand, he sprinkled a little of the water upon the table. When this was done, he poured a little from the vessel into a cup, and retired slowly from the altar towards the door of the temple. Passing outside, he dipped his fingers in the water and sprinkled it on the top of a stone pillar which stood near the door.

While this was going on the other priests were still

chanting the service. The time of the music frequently changed ;—now it was fast and lively—now slow and solemn—but always in a plaintive key. This part of the service being ended, all knelt lowly before the altar, and when they rose from their knees a procession was formed. The priests on the right of the altar filed off to the right, and those on the left to the left, each walking behind the other up the two sides of the spacious hall, and chanting as they went a low and solemn air, time being kept by the tinkling of a small bell. When the two processions met at the further end of the building, each wheeled round and returned in the same order as it came. The procession lasted for about five minutes, and then the priests took up their stations in front of the altar, and the chanting went on as before. A minute or two after this the whole body fell upon their knees, and sang for a while in this posture. When they rose, those on the left sang a part of the service by themselves, then knelt down. The right side now took up the chant, and, having performed their part, also knelt down. The left side rose again, and so they went on for ten minutes, prostrating themselves alternately before the altar. The remainder of the service was nearly the same as that at the commencement.

This striking ceremony had now lasted for about an hour. During the whole time a thick screen had been hanging down in front of the large door, to keep out the sun's rays. Just before the conclusion of the service the curtain was drawn aside, and a most striking and curious effect was produced. Streams of ruddy light shot across the temple, the candles on the altar appeared to burn dimly, and the huge idols seemed more massive and strange than they had done before. One by one the priests slowly retired as solemnly as they came, and apparently deeply impressed with the services in which they had been engaged. Nearly all the priests adjourned to the refectory, where dinner was served immediately. The Buddhists eat no animal food ; but they manage to consume a very large quantity of rice and vegetables. I have been perfectly astonished at the quantity of rice eaten by one of these priests at a meal. And yet, generally, they look poor and emaciated beings, which is probably owing as much to the sedentary lives which they lead as to the nature of their food.—*Tea Districts of China*, pp. 304—309.

It has been said or thought, that the toleration of different sects is a promising omen for missionary work in Japan ; and it has actually been proposed, should an entrance ever be forced or yielded in the great barrier against national intercourse which these singular islands have for so many centuries maintained, that the Christian missionaries should place themselves under the protection of the spiritual emperor. If, it is said, Christianity would come down from its transcendental and exclusive position, if it would renounce the right of total independence, the cross might once more triumph over the centimaneous deities of Buddhism. Now we are far from saying that the Portuguese mission was without its faults, or that we should not do well, did the occasion offer, entirely to avoid that interference with secular politics, which, sooner or later, becomes the bane of all Jesuit missions ; and through which, in Japan, the church planted by Xavier fell. But there are two especial difficulties connected with any Japanese mission. In recognizing the government of the country, and in submitting to its ordinances, it is difficult to see how a mission could distinguish between the coördinate secular and ecclesiastical authorities. While the Mikado or Dai-ri claims to be the son and representative of Deity, so long as the spiritual emperor is not only protector of the sects but himself in-

herits the theocracy, so long as an innate holiness is ascribed to his person, and so long as he claims to exercise the attributes of Divinity, the power of causing famine and pestilence, and the like, it seems all but impossible for any Christian mission to recognize the Mikado at all or his authority.

The separation of the state authority into two (theoretically) independent functions, and the necessity of recognizing both, is then one especial difficulty in the way of evangelizing Japan ; and it is one of recent growth, for in Xavier's days it had not taken its present definite form. Add to this that Christianity has been tried and rejected : an apostate country is harder to reclaim than a simply heathen one. The Gospel is a savor of death unto death. It is hoped, however, that if Christianity were presented with simpler rites, and in direct antagonism to that form of it against which the Japanese are so prejudiced, "a troop of reformed missionaries might again have a chance of success ;" so we are told ; but we must not forget that Japan has received and rejected the Gospel, under Roman Catholic auspices ; it has in the person of the Dutch seen something of its reformed aspect. If the one has repelled, the other would not be likely to attract, either the philosophizing from his supersensual contemplations, or the vulgar from his sensual idolatries. The Christians of Xavier's church might provoke a popular tumult, by insulting the *Dii minorum gentium* of Shintooism or Buddhism ; all that the Japanese know of Christianity, under any other name, is that presented by the Hollanders, who helped the Japanese idolaters to massacre the Japanese Christians. These are ill omens for the evangelization of Japan ; and, though we do not, and dare not, for a single moment, doubt of the ultimate success of our own Church, in the great work of Oriental missions, if fairly presented in its own principles, yet what has already been detailed of Japan will serve to show what especial hindrances it must encounter, if the work of planting the cross in Nippon should be reserved for us—or for our American brethren.

Of late years the subject of missions has been taken up with some better approaches to philosophy and common sense. But we shall never succeed in missions, if we suppose that an ordinary gentleman, of less than ordinary capacity, with nothing to offer to the subtle professors of Brahmanism and Buddhism, than the Bible, and the Prayer Book, with its unvarying ritual, constructed for England, and English tastes, will make the least impression on the great Oriental mind. Few of our readers have, perhaps, realized the vastness of the system to be attacked ; Buddhism and Brahmanism combined far exceed in numerical strength Christianity under its varied forms. The statistics of religion combine in representing Buddhism alone as nearly equalling the Gospel in point of numbers ; some accounts give Buddhism a clear superiority. The ordinary computation of the population of the globe, according to religious profession—we take that adopted by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—is :—

Christians, ...	260,000,000.
Jews, ...	4,000,000.
Mahometans, ...	96,000,000.
Idolaters of all sorts, ...	500,000,000.=860,000,000.

This table does not vary very fatally from the more scientific enumeration furnished by Mr Keith Johnstone, in his "Physical Atlas," which,

adopting the above method of division, would stand thus:—

Christians, ...	286,000,000.
Jews, ...	5,600,000.
Mahometans, ...	116,000,000.
Idolaters, ...	484,000,000.=891,000,000.

It is frightful, however, to remember, that this awful aggregate of the sum of idolaters, is made up, according to Mr. Johnstone, in particulars of—

Buddhists, ...	245,000,000.
Brahmanists, ...	183,000,000.
Pagans, ...	106,000,000.=484,000,000.

An unauthoritative and anonymous table, given by Mr. Mac Farlane, shows still more alarming proportions; we believe them to be an exaggerated statement of Oriental religion:—

Mahometans, ...	252,000,000.
Buddhists, ...	315,000,000.
Brahmanists, ...	111,000,000.

But anyhow, we have nearly four hundred millions of religionists not strictly worshippers of wood and stone, but under its Brahmanical and Buddhistic varieties, professors of a religion which claims to have a deep and commanding philosophy, which numbers educated and thoughtful men in its ranks, which is old, venerable, full of great associations, and abounding in lofty pretensions. Against all this we have to offer Christianity, externally crippled, and internally weakened by divisions. In the plenitude of his heathen scorn, when the Japanese emperor was once asked to proscribe Christianity, he replied, "We have already thirty-four sects of our own; the Christians will make the thirty-fifth; this will do no great harm; let them remain." But when Christianity is next proffered to the proud feudality of Japan, it will not be in the shape of a thirty-fifth faith, one compact and intelligible, but in the perplexing form of twice thirty-five denominations of Christians, repeating with exaggerations the terrible warning of the strife between Portuguese and Dutch. The enmity between two bodies of Christian professors destroyed Japanese Christianity once; what we have next to try is, whether the Japanese will be indifferent to the sight of eight or ten rival missions, all proclaiming the Gospel, and all "thoroughly convinced," and thoroughly proclaiming their convictions, "of the difference between the Church of Rome, and the reformed churches." To this obstacle we must reconcile ourselves as we may; it is one common in days of division, to every church, and to "all denominations;" it is no especial hindrance to the Church of England. We make up our minds to it, and expect it, and fight it as we can. All that we can do is either to face it, or to abandon missionary work altogether.

There remain, however, certain specialities, which account for the little success which our recent missions have had in grappling with the Oriental mind. We do not undervalue the Tinnely successes, and the like; they are, however, recent and partial. And they, which is most thankworthy, show that "the common people hear the Gospel gladly." But as regards the great labyrinth of Indian metaphysics, and Buddhist theosophy, have we penetrated even the outskirts of the jungle? What impression has been made upon those hundreds of millions of souls? Can we expect any impression? Passing by that

deadliest curse upon missionary purposes, the evil lives of Christian professors, what machinery have we to grapple with the systematic unbelief of the East? What with Islam?

It is comparatively easy for very common-place people, and with very ordinary means, to displace Fetichism, or to substitute the worship of Almighty God for that of a black stone; but confront a missionary of the ordinary "Society" stamp with a great religion, which professes the loftiest doctrines and the purest principles of abstract morality—which preaches the beauty and holiness of self-sacrifice—which inculcates the necessity of prayer without ceasing, and the deepest meditation upon spiritual mysteries—which is ascetic and charitable—which commands self-examination and the most minute watchfulness over every thought, and deed, and word, and work; and all that we can say is, that he requires a very different training from what among ourselves he receives. The foundation of S. Augustine's College has led to some expectations of an improved state of things. We believe that these expectations will not be disappointed; but beyond this admirable institution we have a right to scrutinize every quarter where aid can be legitimately demanded. There is a Sanscrit professorship, and there are Sanscrit scholarships at Oxford. It is not unfair to inquire, what assistance the church has derived from these endowments, in coping with Buddhism in the strongholds of its influence and successes? We say it without bitterness or contempt; but what can be expected from a divine of the calibre of Bishop Smith of Victoria, who has only signalized himself by squabbling with the American missionary bishop, Dr. Boone, about precedence and jurisdiction? What we want—and to supply the want we can never begin too early—is a body of men of the highest education who shall be able to grapple with refined infidelity of the most specious forms in Benares, Canton and Jeddo.

A story is told somewhere of a resolution, which some well-meaning persons came to, for converting Southern India by a liberal distribution of Butler's Analogy in the vernacular, having failed by the preliminary difficulty of universal ignorance as to what was the Tamil for analogy. It is a fact, that after some years of Anglo-Saxon missions at Hong Kong, the American and English missionaries cannot settle, either for themselves or each other, the Chinese word for God, in its Christian sense. Such difficulties are not confined to a single theological term. The instance is adduced only to show that the very highest education, and the greatest intellectual powers of Europe, will be taxed, when they enter into controversy with the higher forms of Oriental religion.

Neither will it help the missionary cause if the way to Jeddo is opened by British or American steamers and cannon. The Japanese, as a people, we believe, regret the policy which shuts their ports to European civilization and European trade. Much, however, as in their hearts they might welcome the downfall of the moribund political system, which estranges Japan; we question whether the propagation of the Gospel would be benefited by its connexion with bloodshed and revolution. It is a misfortune that the English Church must be in Chinese eyes connected with the opium war; not a misfortune that the Bishopric of Victoria was founded as soon as we settled at Hong Kong; but a deep and abiding misfortune, that the first which was heard in so many Chinese

provinces of England, was in connexion with the Nemesis, and the "devil's ships." The Gospel of Peace and a British broadside are hard things for the Chinese intellect to reconcile.

However, we are venturing on subjects perplexing, if not painful; we will therefore turn to a more promising aspect of the Japanese character, and, as it is connected with our last observations, some account of Japanese learning, and of the general diffusion of education, will not be out of place; only premising that the Japanese language is monosyllabic,* that paper made of bark is said to have been used as early as the seventh century, and that the art of printing from engraved wooden blocks is some centuries older than its European invention or introduction.

From the moment the Japanese acquired a written language, their literature advanced rapidly, and it appears to have improved from age to age. Unfortunately, in Europe, it is scarcely known; but from the few Japanese books that have fallen into the hands of learned foreigners, and from the accounts left us by the missionaries and other travellers, it is evident that these people possess works of all kinds—historical compositions, geographical and other scientific treatises, books on natural history, voyages and travels, moral philosophy, cyclopædias, dramas, romances, poems, and every component part of a very polite literature.

The wide diffusion of education, which has been more than once mentioned, is of no recent date. The first of all the missionaries who visited the country found schools established wherever they went. The sainted Xavier mentions the existence of four "Academies" in the vicinity of Miako, at each of which education was afforded to between three and four thousand pupils; adding, that considerable as these numbers were, they were quite insignificant in comparison with the numbers instructed at an institution near the city of Bandone; and that such institutions were universal throughout the empire.

Nor does it appear that these institutions have decreased in modern days. Speaking of the early part of the present century, M. Meylan states that children of both sexes and of all ranks are invariably sent to rudimentary schools, where they learn to read and write, and are initiated into some knowledge of the history of their own country. To this extent, at least, it is considered necessary that the meanest peasant should be educated. Our officers, who visited the country as late as the year 1846, ascertained that there existed at Nagasaki a college, in which, additionally to the routine of native acquirements, foreign languages were taught. Among the visitors on board our ship, many spoke Dutch. Some understood a little French. One young student understood English slightly, could pronounce a few English words, caught readily at every English expression that struck him, and wrote it down in his note-book. They all seemed to be tolerably well acquainted with geography, and some of them appeared to have some acquaintance with guns, and the science of gunnery. The eagerness of all of them to acquire information greatly delighted our officers.

The Japanese printers keep the market well supplied with cheap, easy books, intended for the instruction of children, or people of the poorer classes. The editions or impressions of books of a higher order appear to be uncommonly numerous. Most of these books are illustrated and explained with frequent woodcuts, which are engraved on the same woodblocks

with the type. Like the Chinese, they only print on one side of their thin paper. An imperial cyclopædia, printed at Miako, in the spiritual emperor's palace, is most copiously embellished with cuts.

All are agreed that reading is a favorite resource and recreation with both sexes, and that the Dairi, or court of the Mikado, is eminently a bookish, literary court.

It is said that few sights are more common in Japan, during the sunny seasons of the year, than that of a group of ladies and gentlemen seated by a cool running stream, or in a shady grove, each with book in hand. Whatever their literature may be, it is evident that it delights them, and that it has polished their manners.—*Mac Farlane's Japan*, pp. 372—375.

It is added, also, that every Japanese, of whatever rank, is sent to school. It is said that there are more schools in Japan than in any other country in the world; and that even the peasants and poorest persons can read;—that, contrary to oriental practice, the minds of the women are equally cultivated with those of the men. Many of their authors are female; and travellers are enthusiastic in praise of their courtly manners and refinement. The national vice, among the men, is incontinence; but female chastity is in universal esteem. We conclude with an account of the national amusements, which presents very pleasing elements of a high and almost incredible civilization:—

In the great world the young ladies find delight, at their social meetings, in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for the head-dress, all for the favorite use of giving as presents. Such employments serve to wile away the long winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door and rural amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late in the night. . . .

This is an enjoyment which can only be shared under the advantages of such a climate and scenery, viz., the climate of Nice and the scenery of Lugano. Their lakes and rivers are, after sunset, one blaze or illumination, as it were, with the brightly-colored paper lanterns displayed in their vessels. They play meanwhile that game with the fingers, which has been perpetuated from classic times in Italy. A floating figure is also placed in a vase of water; as the water is stirred by the motion of the boat, the figure moves. The guests sing to the guitar the strain "Anataya modamada,"—"He floats, he is not still," till at last the puppet rests opposite some one of the party, whom it sentences to drain the sackee bowl, as the pleasing forfeit of the game. All this stands out in cheerful contrast to the dull debaucheries of the men, and the childish diversions of the women, among other oriental nations. The female sex, at least, have greatly the advantage over the scandal of the Turkish bath; and the man has, equally with the Turk, the resource of his pipe, in the intervals of those better enjoyments which the admission of the female sex into society affords him, and which are prohibited to the Mussulman.

Assuredly, these are captivating, delicious pictures of life and manners.—*Ibid.*, pp. 329—331.

HUMAN thought forms the world in its own image.

THE man who anticipates too much in the future, loses the present; he looks before him, and has his pocket picked.

* A Jesuit once said of it, that it must have been invented, and invested with the utmost difficulty by Satan himself, in order to drive poor missionaries mad, and hinder the progress of the faith.

From the Examiner.

A Treatise on the Law of Master and Servant, including therein Masters and Workmen in every description of Trade and Occupation. By CHARLES MANLEY SMITH, of the Middle Temple, Special Pleader. Sweet.

We have here, in a neat, compact duodecimo, a treatise on the relations of employer and servant in every department of industry, written in so well-measured a style of good English as to be equally fitted for the professional or popular student. It consists of a brief but lucid introduction, which may be called a history of servitude in this country;—of eleven chapters, clear and succinct, in which the law of master and servant is stated in all its varieties;—and of an appendix, containing an alphabetic index, to all the statutes which bear on the question of labor, and all the statutes themselves, *in extenso*, now in force, from the time of Elizabeth to that of Victoria.

We believe Mr. Smith's work to be the only separate publication in our language, on the subject; and as the book is not only written with a thorough acquaintance with the matter in hand, but commodiously arranged and skilfully composed, we do not hesitate most strongly to recommend it. The subject, indeed, is one which has a deep and domestic interest for every man and woman in the kingdom. The legal portion of Mr. Smith's book is of far too multifarious a character for our columns, and on that head we must therefore refer our readers to the work itself; but we shall take this opportunity of offering a few observations on the subject of the Introduction.

It is hardly necessary to say that the word "servant" is the Latin for "slave,"—come to us, in its present shape, through the Norman French. A servant, in the sense in which the word is used by ourselves and the other civilized nations of Europe, is a thing unknown to barbarous and rude times, in which the land is wide, and those who occupy it few in number, compared with the capacity of the soil to maintain population. There has been much idle discussion respecting the first origin of slavery, which is about as profitless as an inquiry into the origin of evil in general. In a barbarous state of society, and with the scanty population which is its concomitant, slavery seems to us to be inevitable. Tribes, or parties of the same tribe, struggle for power, and the conquerors seize the only thing of intrinsic value belonging to the conquered—that is, their labor; in other words, they make slaves of them. Among a thousand other examples, it was in this manner that the Spartans made slaves of the Helots.

Antiquity knew nothing of a servant in our sense of the word. All servants were either slaves or bondsmen among the Greeks, the Romans, the Persians, and the Jews. In reference to the last of these nations, the late Lord Eldon, a very great lawyer, a very small politician, and no philosopher at all, was so satisfied that Hebrew slavery was even of divine origin, that the pious Tory used it deliberately, in his place in Parliament, as an argument against all African emancipation by free-born Britons. Even in our times the greater part of labor in all rude and under-peopled countries is performed by slaves, under one modification or another. Russia and Turkey are striking examples. It is not religion, nor morality, nor the liberty of the ruling classes, that overthrows slavery, and substitutes free labor for it; but density of population, and its necessary result, low-priced

labor, which makes it more convenient and profitable to hire free laborers than to breed and maintain slaves. In China, without having attained any very high pitch of morality, slavery has disappeared through mere density of population. It has done the same in the northern and central portions of Hindustan, which are thickly inhabited, while in the thinly inhabited regions of the south of the same country there still exist some millions of slaves. Julius Cæsar sold by public auction whole cities of Gaul as slaves, because there was a good market for slaves in Italy. Had the Italy of his day contained, like the present, some two or three hundred inhabitants to the square mile, the hero, philosopher, and fine writer would have been saved the dishonor of such exploits; for his Gallic slaves, instead of being a profitable import into the Roman market, would have been worse than a drug—a mere import of pauperism.

Our own country is as good an example as can well be adduced for the manner in which slavery came to be abolished among us. Our worthy Saxon and Norman ancestors rioted in slavery. It disappeared gradually and slowly, from sheer inanity, the Legislature of our free country never once having interfered to put it down. The silent operation of a leading principle of that hard-hearted science, political economy, did it all. It had not wholly disappeared in England until about the middle of the reign of James the First. It lasted, therefore, during 1,300 years that we were stanch Roman Catholics, and fifty since we were zealous Protestants. In Scotland, it seems to have generally disappeared about the same time as in England; yet, strange to say, some traces of it still existed in that part of the United Kingdom down to the last year but one of the last century. The parties who were in this condition of *quasi* slavery were certain colliers and salt-manufacturers, who, until the year 1799, when a statute was passed for their emancipation, might be bought and sold along with the collieries and salt-pans to which they were attached. Some of these, once Caledonian slaves, are still living; and slavery itself was thus in existence when Robert Burns was singing, that, save the chains of love, "the brave Caledonian" was "as free as the air of his mountains."

The villeinage of Russia is, without a doubt, doomed also to perish, not through Russian virtue, but pretty much through the same process with that which extinguished slavery in Britain, France, Germany, and Italy. Were, for example, the population of Russia, compared to the number of her present inhabitants, relatively as great as the population of the England of Elizabeth compared to that of the England of the Saxon Heptarchy or of the Conquest, it is certain that Russian slavery must at once cease and determine. On the continent of America it will terminate, probably, in the same way; for it is not easy to imagine the Great Republic with a population of 50,000,000, which it will have in a quarter of a century, and slavery along with it. Even now it lives only by virtue of black skin and oblique facial angle.

No sooner did cheap and abundant free labor come to displace slavery in England by underselling it in the market, than that Legislature which had never budged to put it down, began to tamper with free labor, and to put its own price on it. The first statute for this purpose was as early as 1349, in the reign of Edward the Third; and its preamble pretended, that in consequence of the

plague and other causes, such a scarcity of servants was created, that many "seeing the necessity of masters, would not serve unless they might receive excessive wages;" which excessive wages could, of course, only mean the market price of labor; what labor was, in fact, intrinsically worth. Many statutes followed this one, compelling laborers and servants to work, and regulating their wages, diet, apparel, and games—a tissue of impertinence which shows that English Parliaments 500 years ago legislated in the spirit of the laws of the Emperor Christophe of Hayti. The working clergy, that is, the poor curates of the time, the pretext being their "scant numbers," had their wages also fixed like those of day laborers. By a statute of the religious King Henry the Eighth, indeed, husbandmen and laborers, with prentices, women and others, were forbid to read the New Testament in English; leaving them, however, it may be supposed, the liberty to read it in Greek.

Tampering with the wages of labor, in short, appears to have been the rule of the Legislature for the 477 years which elapsed between the first act of Edward the Third having this object in view, to the sixth of George the Fourth, which repealed the combination laws. At present (we must refer to Mr. Smith's work for details) the relations between master and servant are tolerably well defined; but the struggle that brought this state of things about was a long and a severe one, between freedom and philosophy on one side, and power and prejudice on the other.

OFFICE OF THE LIVING AGE, }
25th Oct., 1852. }

DANIEL WEBSTER IS DEAD.

As we looked out yesterday upon the bright foliage of the autumn woods, through the thinned branches of which the dawn of the Christian Sabbath was gleaming, we heard the first gun booming from Boston as a signal of the sad bereavement which for several days had been impending. And as minute after minute the windows rattled at each discharge, our hearts felt the sound as that of earth falling upon the coffin of a father, during the choking solemnity which gives "Earth to earth; dust to dust; ashes to ashes!"

From the Boston Courier.

LINES

ON HEARING THE MINUTE GUNS AND TOLLED BELLS ANNOUNCING THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

"But hark! that heavy sound." * *

BOOM on! thou melancholy minute gun,

Boom on!

And toll, thou solemn bell!

To sorrowing hearts your story tell—

Ye bid the Nation robes of mourning don;

Her statesman's course is run!

Down through the still, pure air

Of this clear morn

The stricken leaves are floating everywhere,

Stripping each blithe young tree, each aged thorn,

Autumn, with fingers chill, retakes his vestments fair!

Boom on, thou melancholy minute gun,

And toll, sad bell.

A glorious life hath faded with the leaves—

A people for its benefactor grieves;

At height of hope, death ruthlessly bereaves—

Ring on, thou tribute knell!

Not for a Hero's rest,

Thou mournful gun.

Not o'er the shivered sword and trampled crest,

And carnage done;—

O! not for these, thou deep-toned bell,

Thy heavy tidings swell!

His nobler fields were won

Where Peace serenely sat

In halls of loftiest state—

Where Faith and Honor wait,

To guard the massive gate;

And he expires

Amid his household band,

Propped by Affection's tenderest hand

Beside Home's altar fires!

Calmly to welcome rest,

Life's labors done,

Sinks on Columbia's breast

Her honored son!

The trappings of her woe,

From east to farthest west,

Her drooping banners soon will show;—

From north to south thy voice shall go,

Thou melancholy gun;—

Thy funeral notes, O dreary bell,

Shall swing through many a distant dell!

And beat with startling throbs the air

O'er crowded marts—o'er hamlets fair;

And foreign lands will learn to weep

Such echoes, wafted o'er the deep!

Not least, where he will roam no more,

By fertile lea, or sounding shore—

The blank will be!

His kindly greeting, ready hand—

His aspect, dignified, yet bland.

His bearing free,

Forever more are gone!

Toll on, sad bell—and thou, stern gun,

Boom on!

Ye poured his requiem notes at earliest morn—

And with the unclouded sun,

His life, on earth well done,

In worlds of light and joy is just begun!

Ours is the grief—his the high triumph won.

Peal on! of both the voice, thou signal gun!

Boston, Oct. 24, 1852. W. W. M.

From the Springfield Republican.

LIVE OAK—A SONNET.

THE kingly oak that crowned the distant height

Grew daily purple in the Autumn light;

Frost after frost, that fell so chill and cold,

But changed its ripening glories into gold,

And travellers in the valley paused to gaze

Where it was burning in the sunset blaze.

A night passed by—a dark and dreary time;—

Then the sweet Sabbath dawned upon the world;

But those great branches glistened in the rime

Silent and bare—their mantling beauty furled!

WEBSTER! Thy character, though past thy life,

Still on the height majestically towers,

Each root and branch was knit in noble strife;

Its fallen fruit, its golden leaves are ours.

J. G. H.

A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,

A motion or a tear,

Has often healed the heart that's broken,

And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth

Full many a budding flower,

Which, had a smile but owned its birth,

Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing

A pleasant word to speak;

The face you wear—the thoughts you bring—

The heart may heal or break.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

From the [Democratic] Boston Post, 28th Oct.

THE MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL.

ONE of the most remarkable occasions that Faneuil Hall ever witnessed was the meeting convened yesterday to do honor to departed greatness. For this purpose, at noon, when the men of Boston are apt to be most engrossed in business, a vast multitude completely filled this venerated place. The mourning drapery covered the windows, while the array of burners within shed a dim religious light. Noiselessly, with saddened looks, the people occupied the hall; and while waiting for organization, almost all eyes were contemplating the great picture of Healy's Webster which adorns the walls. At the appointed time, Hon. Edward Everett called the meeting to order, when the audience spontaneously uncovered, and so they appropriately remained, in solemn silence, throughout the entire meeting!

Mayor Seaver, in a brief and neat manner, announced the object of the meeting, dwelt on the interest Mr. Webster ever felt in Boston, and spoke of his last address in Faneuil Hall. Col. Heard,* in a few remarks, as happily conceived as they were impressively delivered, introduced a series of resolutions, expressive of the public grief at the great calamity. Two speeches then followed, of such beauty of diction and touching eloquence as to demonstrate, that though the voice of the great orator was silent, yet there remained those who could worthily speak his praise. The effort of Hon. George S. Hillard was worthy of his reputation. It was classical, touching, and of great beauty, while portions of it were received with great sensation. It was a speech which, in the conception and delivery, would have graced any occasion. The address of Hon. Edward Everett was a master effort of this accomplished orator. Such strains of pathetic, heart-moving eloquence are seldom heard. Great occasions only call them forth, and this was felt by all to be a great occasion. The sensation it produced, the effect seen in eyes unused to weep, was the best tribute to the power of the gifted orator; and at times it may be said, with the strictness of truth, that Faneuil Hall was in tears. It was admirably calculated, in the new facts of thrilling interest it presented, to increase respect for Daniel Webster as a friend and a man.

This was indeed a remarkable meeting—remarkable in the numbers composing it—in the profound silence that characterized it—in the sympathy that existed between the speakers and the audience—in the appropriateness of the proceedings—and in the high character of the speeches. It was a fitting tribute by the citizens of Boston to the memory of the great man whom they so touchingly deplore.

MR. HILLARD'S SPEECH.

A great man has passed away from earth. A far-shining light is extinguished, and a strong

column has fallen. We, who were guided by that light, who leaned upon that column, are left to walk by fainter rays, to rest upon feeble supports. I am not here to pronounce a eulogy upon Daniel Webster, nor you to hear one. A fresh grief is impatient of details. We are here to mourn, and not to praise him. You need not that I should unfold to you the treasures of his greatness. You need not that I should set forth to you his claims as a jurist, an orator, a statesman, and a patriot. You know them all too well. To suppose you ignorant of them is to suppose you ignorant of the history of your country, where they are written in lines bright as the belt of Orion.

It is fitting for us to be here assembled with these countenances of sadness. In the general bereavement, ours is a particular loss, for he belonged to us. It is now thirty years since he was sent by the citizens of Boston to take part in the councils of the nation, and since that time he has been the foremost man in this community. His eloquence has kindled, his wisdom has guided, his experience has taught us. All of us have turned, again and again, to look at his commanding presence, which, however often it might be seen, seemed an ever new expression of intellectual power and weight of character. Two generations of children have pointed him out to one another, as he moved along our streets. None of us who have seen him can ever have any other ideal image of greatness than that which his face and form have left upon our memories. He was our pride and our boast, whom we delighted to show to the stranger as the grandest growth of our soil and our institutions. "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him."

But the influence which moved from here has gone forth to the ends of the earth. His voice of wisdom and power, which was at home among us, has penetrated wherever there was an oppressor to be rebuked or a victim to be cheered. Everywhere it has brought hope to the struggling and the down-trodden, and confusion to the wrong-doer.

Not from one land alone—not in one tongue alone, will his death be mourned. From the four corners of the globe tributes and testimony will be gathered up. The shepherd who tends his flock beneath the clear skies of Greece—the cavalier that spurs over the plains of South America—the Hungarian pining in exile, or languishing in prison—will all, when they hear of his death, feel a common grief at a common loss. Liberty will mourn a champion—humanity a friend.

There is a strong propriety in our meeting here to do honor to the memory of this great man. With this spot his image is indissolubly associated. Here we have been accustomed to come together, to hang upon his words, to be guided by his counsels, and sustained by his strength. Here you have, again and again, looked upon his majestic form, and that noble, intellectual countenance to which no artist has yet done full justice. Here you have seen him stretch forth that strong

[* Of the Democratic party.—*Liv. Age.*]

right hand of his, as if he were hollowing out for the mountain streams the channels in which they should flow. Here you have heard his burning and powerful eloquence—the lightning of passion running along the iron links of argument. Have seen, do I say? Have heard? Surely you see and hear him now. Evoked by the potent genius of the place, the departed hours and the departed man come back again. We need not that pictured canvas to recall his mighty presence. In the mind's eye you see once more that heroic shape—that glowing and inspired countenance. In the mind's ear you hear again that deeply-freighted voice which has so often made the hearts of thousands swell and throb like one. The shadow of him we have lost is more than the living forms of all who are left.

Great men are among the best gifts which God bestows upon a people. In this respect He has not hidden his face from us. Great men have been among us, by whom we have been led and formed and upheld; men wise in council, brave in action, earnest in patriotic purpose, and faithful to duty. Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Marshall, are illustrious names. History has none greater or better to show. And now another—a commensurate spirit—has been summoned away from the cares and trials of life, to take his place by their side. But we, that stand looking with weeping eyes into his open grave, should not forget to thank God for what we have had—for his three-score and ten years of rich and crowded life—for all that he has done for liberty and for law—for the confidence which his presence inspired—for the wisdom that saw the right, and the firmness that maintained it—for his great powers of thought and speech—for the precious legacy of his writings. Let us be thankful that such hands have shaped the moulds in which the opinions of so many have been cast.

It is now almost half a century since the nation was called upon to mourn the sudden and appalling death of the man who, by the greatness of his genius, and the greatness of his services, suggests the most obvious parallel to him who has just been taken from us. He died in the prime of his life, when his country had reason to expect many more years of valuable labor and influence. He died by what, if actions derive their character from the motives that prompt them, may be called a felon stroke and an assassin's hand. When the news of Hamilton's death smote upon the land, the general sorrow was mixed up with a burning sense of wrong, with a stupefying shock of surprise and the wreck of high expectations suddenly dashed in pieces. Ours is a serener grief, for ours is a more natural, a more endurable bereavement. Daniel Webster had reached that period of life when it becomes a man to set his house in order, and wait his final summons. As year after year passed by, and found us still leaning on his wisdom and experience, which the growth of the country and its widening relations made more and more important—when dates and the inexorable hours compelled us to admit that he was getting to be an old man—we could not help sometimes asking ourselves, to whom should we turn when this support should have been withdrawn? For some time past—though we have struggled against the conviction—we have been forced to acknowledge that time and toil were making inroads upon his vigorous frame. He has died full of years and full of honor, with no duty unperformed and no

trust undischarged. He has done his work and earned his crown. And as we have such cause for gratitude for his long and great life, so let us also be thankful for the mercy which so ordered its close, that he died by no lingering and painful decay, making him dead while yet living—that he died with all his glorious faculties unimpaired—and that this great orb, which had so long guided and cheered us with its light, sunk below the horizon undimmed by a single cloud.

And there are other soothing and consoling reflections that temper this stroke. No man knoweth the place of his sepulchre. In the East, there is a touching benediction: May you die among your kindred. This blessing was given unto him. He died as the heart hopes to die. He died in his own home, amid those scenes of natural beauty endeared to him by the joys and sorrows of many eventful years, with the faces of family, kindred, and friends around his bed, religion pillowing his head, in that mellow and pensive season of the year so dear to his thoughtful and tender spirit, with his own trees waving before his dying eyes, and that voice of the sea, which he loved so well, soothing his dying ear:—

For him there is no longer any future,
His life is bright—bright without spot it was,
And cannot cease to be. No ominous hour
Knocks at his door with tidings of mishap.
Far off is he, above desire and fear;
No more submitted to the chance and change
Of the unsteady planets. Oh 't is well
With him! But who knows what the coming hour
Veiled in thick darkness brings for us?

Yes, my friends, for us. These words are not inappropriate to the hour and the place. We are a great, a powerful, a prosperous people; but there are dangers in our path, and we know not what is hidden in the darkness of the coming hours. When we shall have discharged the last and duty to this great statesman and patriot, and laid that illustrious head in the grave, who can fail to offer up a fervent supplication that a double portion of his spirit may be upon us! May his influence help to save us from the evils of selfish ambition, of grasping injustice, of headlong fanaticism. May he continue to infuse into our councils the spirit of wisdom, the spirit of justice, and the spirit of peace.

What living man is so eloquent as death! What living lips can speak like those on which the grave has set its seal of silence! From the book of Job to the newspaper of to-day, the same teachings have been drawn from the dread presence which no custom can make familiar. The cold and rigid frame—the mute tongue—the dim eye—the powerless hand, have ever given occasion to poets and moralists to discourse on the vanity of human wishes and the shadowy nature of human hopes. But the death of the great and good has other lessons than these. While it teaches impressingly that that which is mortal must die, it teaches also, not less impressively, that that which is immortal shall not taste of death. "I still live," were among the last words of Webster. They are yet true. His works, his words, his examples, his life, still live. A death like his—so simply, so serenely great—brightened by hope and faith, and love—dignified with the perfect possession of such glorious powers, is not so much the close of one day as the dawn of another—not so much the putting off of mortality as the putting on of immortality. When we read of such an

euthanasia, we seem to hear a voice from the sky which says—"Lift up that dejected brow, and the hands which are cast down. The death which you lament is but a great event in the life of the soul. It is a change, and not a dissolution. It is the gate to a new sphere, in which the mind, enriched with larger powers, shall enter upon broader fields of action and duty, where nobler struggles shall task the strength, and more precious crowns reward the victory—where the hopes and the dreams of earth shall be turned to sight, and the broken circles of life be rounded to the perfect orb."

MR. EVERETT'S SPEECH.

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens:—I never arose to address an assembly, when I was so little fit, body or mind, to perform the duty; and I never felt so keenly how inadequate are words to express such an emotion as manifestly pervades this meeting in common with the whole country. There is but one voice that ever fell upon my ear, which could do justice to such an occasion. That voice, alas! we shall hear no more forever. No more at the bar will it unfold the deepest mysteries of the law; no more will it speak conviction to admiring senators; no more in this hall, the chosen theatre of his intellectual dominion, will it lift the soul as with the swell of the pealing organ, or stir the blood with the tones of a clarion, in the inmost chambers of the heart.

We are assembled, fellow-citizens, to pour out the fulness of our feelings; not in the vain attempt to do honor to the great man who is taken from us; most assuredly, not with the presumptuous hope on my part to magnify his name and his praise. They are spread throughout the land. From East to West, and from North to South (which he knew, as he told you, only that he might embrace them in the arms of loving patriotism), a voice of lamentation has already gone forth, such as has not echoed through the land, since the death of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

You have listened, fellow-citizens, to the resolutions which have been submitted to you by Col. Heard. I thank him for offering them. It does honor to his heart, and to those with whom he acts in politics, and whom I have no doubt he well represents, that he has stepped forward so liberally on this occasion. The resolutions are emphatic, sir, but I feel that they do not say too much. No one will think they overstate the magnitude of our loss, who is capable of appreciating a character like that of Daniel Webster. Who of us, fellow-citizens, that has known him—that has witnessed the masterly skill with which he would pour the full effulgence of his mind on some contested legal and constitutional principle, till what seemed hard and obscure became as plain as day; who that had seen him, in all the glory of intellectual ascendancy—

Ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm

of parliamentary conflict; who that has drunk of the pure fountains of wisdom and thought in the volumes of his writings; who, alas, sir, that has seen him

in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power,

that has come within the benignant fascination of his smiles, has felt the pressure of his hand, and

tasted the sweets of his fireside eloquence, will think that the resolutions say too much!

No, fellow-citizens, we come together not to do honor to him, but to do justice to ourselves. We obey an impulse from within. Such a feeling cannot be pent up in solitude. We must meet, neighbor with neighbor, citizen with citizen, man with man, to sympathize with each other. If we did not mute nature would rebuke us. The granite hills of New Hampshire, within whose shadows he drew his first breath, would cry shame; Plymouth Rock, which all but moved at his approach; the slumbering echoes of this hall, which rung so grandly with his voice; that "silent but majestic orator," which rose in no mean degree at his command on Bunker Hill—all, all would cry out at our degeneracy and ingratitude.

Mr. Chairman, I do not stand here to pronounce the eulogy of Mr. Webster; it is not necessary. Eulogy has already performed her first offices to his memory. As the mournful tidings have flashed through the country, the highest officers of nation and state, the most dignified official bodies, the most prominent individuals, without distinction of party, the press of the country, the great voice of the land, all have spoken, and with one accord of opinion and feeling, and a unanimity that does honor at once to the object of this touching attestation and to those who make it. The record of his life, from the humble roof beneath which he was born (with no inheritance but poverty and an honored name), up through the arduous paths of manhood, which he trod with lion heart and giant steps, till they conducted him to the helm of state—this stirring narrative, not unfamiliar before, has, with melancholy promptitude, within the last three days, been again sent abroad through the length and breadth of the land. It has spread from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Struggling poverty has been cheered afresh; honest ambition has been kindled; patriotic resolve has been invigorated; while all have mourned.

The poor boy at the village school has taken comfort as he has read that the time was when Daniel Webster, whose father told him he should go to college if he had to sell every acre of his farm to pay the expense, laid his head on the shoulder of that fond and discerning parent, and wept the thanks he could not speak. The pale student who ekes out his scanty support by extra toil, has gathered comfort, when reminded that the first jurist, statesman and orator of the time, earned with his weary fingers, by the midnight lamp, the means of securing the same advantages of education to a beloved brother. Every true-hearted citizen throughout the Union has felt an honest pride as he re-peruses the narrative, in reflecting that he lives beneath a constitution and a government under which such a man has been formed and trained, and that he himself is compatriot with him. He does more, sir; he reflects with gratitude that in consequence of what that man has done, and written, and said—in the results of his efforts to strengthen the pillars of the Union—a safer inheritance of civil liberty, a stronger assurance that these blessings will endure, will descend to his children.

I know, Mr. Mayor, how presumptuous it would be to dwell on any personal causes of grief, in the presence of this august sorrow which spreads its dark wings over the land. You will not, however, be offended, if, by way of apology for putting myself forward on this occasion, I say that my rela-

tions with Mr. Webster run further back than those of almost any one in this community. They began the first year he came to live in Boston. When I was but ten or eleven years old, I attended a little private school in Short street (as it was then called; it is now the continuation of King-ston street), kept by the late Hon. Ezekiel Webster, the elder brother to whom I have alluded, and a brother worthy of his kindred. Owing to illness, or some other cause of absence on his part, the school was kept for a short time by Daniel Webster, then a student of law in Mr. Gore's office; and on this occasion, 47 or 48 years ago, and I a child of ten, our acquaintance, since then never interrupted, began.

When I entered public life, it was with his encouragement. In 1838, I acted, fellow-citizens, as your organ in the great ovation which you gave him in this hall. When he came to the Department of State in 1841, it was on his recommendation that I, living in the utmost privacy beyond the Alps, was appointed to a very high office abroad; and in the course of the last year, he gave me the highest proof of his confidence, in entrusting to me the care of conducting his works through the press. May I venture, sir, to add that in the last letter but one which I had the happiness to receive from him,—alluding, with a kind of sad presentiment, which I could not then fully appreciate, but which now unmans me, to these kindly relations of half a century,—he adds: "We now and then see stretching across the heavens, a clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud, or mist, or haze. And such appears to me our acquaintance from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little school-house in Short street to the date hereof," 21st July, 1852.

Mr. Chairman, I do not dwell upon the traits of Mr. Webster's public character, however tempting the theme. Its bright developments in a long life of service are before the world; they are wrought into the annals of the country. Whoever in after times shall write the history of the United States for the last forty years will write the life of Daniel Webster; and whoever writes the life of Daniel Webster, as it ought to be written, will write the history of the Union from the time he took a leading part in its concerns. I prefer to allude to those private traits which show the man, the kindness of his heart, the generosity of his spirit, his freedom from all the bitterness of party, the unaffected gentleness of his nature. In preparing the new edition of his works, he thought proper to leave almost everything to my discretion—as far as matters of taste are concerned. One thing only he enjoined upon me with an earnestness approaching to a command. "My friend," said he, "I wish to perpetuate no feuds. I have lived a life of strenuous political warfare. I have sometimes, though rarely, and that in self-defence, been led to speak of others with severity. I beg you, where you can do it without wholly changing the character of the speech, and thus doing essential injustice to me, to obliterate every trace of personality of this kind. I should prefer not to leave a word that would give unnecessary pain to any honest men, however opposed to me."

But I need not tell you, fellow-citizens, that there is no one of our distinguished public men whose speeches contain less occasion for such an injunction. Mr. Webster habitually abstained from the use of the poisoned weapons of personal invective or party odium. No one could more

studiously abstain from all attempts to make a political opponent personally hateful. If the character of our congressional discussions has of late years somewhat declined in dignity, no portion of the blame lies at his door. With Mr. Calhoun, who for a considerable portion of the time was his chief antagonist, and with whom he was brought into most direct collision, he maintained friendly personal relations. He did full justice to his talent and character. You remember the feeling with which he spoke of him at the time of his decease. Mr. Calhoun, in his turn, entertained a just estimate of his great opponent's worth. He said, toward the close of his life, that of all the leading men of the day, "there was not one whose political course had been more strongly marked by a strict regard to truth and honor than Mr. Webster's."

One of the resolutions speaks of a permanent memorial to Mr. Webster. I do not know what is contemplated, but I trust that such a memorial there will be. I trust that marble and brass, in the hands of the most skilful artists our country has produced, will be put in requisition to reproduce to us—and nowhere so appropriately as in this hall—the lineaments of that noble form and beaming countenance on which we have so often gazed with delight. But, after all, fellow-citizens, the noblest monument must be found in his works. There he will live and speak to us and our children when brass and marble have crumbled into dust. As a repository of political truth and practical wisdom applied to the affairs of government, I know not where we shall find their equal. The works of Burke suggest themselves to the mind, as the only writings in our language that can sustain the comparison. Certainly no compositions in the English tongue can take precedence of those of Burke, in depth of thought, reach of forecast, or magnificence of style. I think, however, it may be said, without partiality, either national or personal, that while the reader is cloyed at last with the gorgeous finish of Burke's diction, there is a severe simplicity and a significant plainness in Webster's writing that never tires. It is precisely this which characterizes the statesman in distinction from the political philosopher. In political disquisition elaborated in the closet, the palm must perhaps be awarded to Burke over all others, ancient or modern. But in the actual conflicts of the senate, man against man and opinion against opinion; in the noble war of debate, where measures are to be sustained and opposed, on which the welfare of the country and the peace of the world depend—where often the line of intellectual battle is changed in a moment.—no time to reflect, no leisure to cull words, or gather up illustrations, but all to be decided by a vote, although the reputation of a life may be at stake—all this is a very different matter, and here Mr. Webster was immeasurably the superior. Accordingly, we find historically (incredible as it sounds, and what I am ready to say, I will not believe, though it is unquestionably true), that these inimitable orations of Burke, which one cannot read without a thrill of admiration to his fingers' ends, actually emptied the benches of Parliament. Ah, gentlemen, it was very different with our great parliamentary orator. He not only chained to their seats, willing, or if there were such a thing, unwilling senators; but the largest hall was too small for his audience. On the memorable 7th of March, 1850, when he was expected to speak upon the great questions then pending before the

country, not only was the Senate Chamber thronged to its utmost capacity, at an early hour, but all the passages to it, the rotunda of the capitol and even the avenues of the city, were alive with the crowds who were desirous of gaining admittance. Another senator, not a political friend, was entitled to the floor. With equal good taste and good feeling he stated that "he was aware that the great multitude had not come together to hear him; and he was pleased to yield the floor to the only man, as he believed, who could draw together such an assembly." This sentiment—the effusion of parliamentary courtesy—will, perhaps, be found no inadequate expression of what will finally be the judgment of posterity.

Among the many memorable words which fell from the lips of our friend just before they were closed forever, the most remarkable are those, which my friend Hillard has just quoted—"I STILL LIVE." They attest the serene composure of his mind, the Christian heroism with which he was able to turn his consciousness in upon itself, and explore, step by step, the dark passage, (dark to us, but to him we trust already lighted from above) which connects this world with the world to come. But I know not, Mr. Chairman, what words could have been better chosen to express his relation to the world he was leaving:—"I still live. This poor dust is just returning to the dust from which it was taken; but I feel that I live in the affections of the people to whose service I have consecrated my days. I still live. The icy hand of death is already laid on my heart, but I shall still live in those words of counsel which I have uttered to my fellow-citizens, and which I now leave them as the last bequest of a dying friend."

Mr. Chairman, in the long and honored career of our lamented friend, there are efforts and triumphs, which will hereafter fill one of the brightest pages in our history. But I greatly err if the closing scene—the height of the religious sublime—does not, in the judgment of other days, far transcend in interest the brightest exploits of public life. Within that darkened chamber at Marshfield was witnessed a scene, of which we shall not readily find the parallel. The serenity with which he stood in the presence of the King of Terrors, without trepidation or flutter, for hours and days of expectation; the thoughtfulness for the public business, when the sands were so nearly run out; the hospitable care for the reception of the friends who came to Marshfield; that affectionate and solemn leave separately taken, name by name, of wife, and children, and kindred, and friends, and family, down to the humblest members of the household; the designation of the coming day, then near at hand, when "all that was mortal of Daniel Webster would cease to exist!" the dimly recollected strains of the funeral poetry of Gray, last faint flash of the soaring intellect; the feebly murmured words of Holy Writ repeated from the lips of the good physician, who, when all the resources of human art had been exhausted, had a drop of spiritual balm for the parting soul; the clasped hands; the dying prayer; Oh! my fellow-citizens, this is a consummation over which tears of pious sympathy will be shed, ages after the glories of the forum and the senator are forgotten.

His sufferings ended with the day,
Yet lived he at its close;
And breathed the long, long night away,
In statue-like repose.

But ere the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the Eastern skies,
He passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise.

MR. CHOATE'S SPEECH,

[At a meeting of the Suffolk Bar, held at the Supreme Court Room, on the 28th of October.]

May it please your Honors:—I have been requested by the members of the Bar of this Court to add a few words to the resolutions just read, in which they have embodied, as they were able, their sorrow for the death of their beloved and illustrious member and countryman, Mr. Webster; their estimation of his character, life, and genius; their sense of the bereavement—to the country as to his friends—incapable of repair; the pride, the fondness—the filial and the patriotic pride and fondness with which they cherish and would consign to history to cherish—the memory of a great and good man.

And yet I could earnestly have desired to be excused from this duty. He must have known Mr. Webster less, and loved him less than your honors or than I have known and loved him, who can quite yet—quite yet—before we can comprehend that we have lost him forever—before the first paleness with which the news of his death overspread our cheeks, has passed away; before we have been down to lay him in the Pilgrim soil he loved so well—till the heavens be no more—he must have known and loved him less than we have done—who can come here quite yet, to recount the series of his service—to display with psychological exactness the traits of his nature and mind; to ponder and speculate on the secrets, on the marvellous secrets and source of that vast power, which we shall see no more in action—nor aught in any degree resembling it—among men. These first moments should be given to grief. It may employ, it may promote a calmer mood, to construct a more elaborate and less unworthy memorial.

For the purposes of this moment and place, indeed, no more is needed. What is there for this Court or for this Bar to learn from me, here and now, of him? The year and the day of his birth—that birthplace on the frontier yet bleak and waste; the well of which his childhood drank—dug by that father of whom he has said, "that through the fire and blood of seven years of revolutionary war he shrank from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own"—the elm tree that father planted, fallen now, as father and son have fallen—that training of the giant infancy on catechism and Bible and Watts' version of psalms, and the traditions of Plymouth, and Fort William and Mary, and the revolution, and the age of Washington, and Franklin, on the banks of the Merrimack, flowing sometimes in flood and anger, from his secret springs in the crystal hills—the two district schoolmasters, Chase and Tappan—the village library—the dawning of the love and ambition of letters; the few months at Exeter and Boscawen, the life of college, the probationary season of school-teaching, the clerkship in the Fryeburg Registry of Deeds; his admission to the Bar, presided over by Judges like Smith, illustrated by practisers such as Mason, where by the studies, in the contentions, of nine years, he laid the foundation of the professional mind; his irresistible attraction to public life, the oration on

commerce, the Rockingham resolutions, his first term of four years' service in Congress, when by one bound he sprang to his place by the side of the foremost of the rising American statesmen; his removal to this state, and then the double and parallel current in which his life, studies, thoughts, cares, have since flowed, bearing him to the leadership of the Bar, by universal acclaim; bearing him to the leadership of public life—last of that surpassing triumvirate, shall we say the greatest, the most widely known and admired!—all these things, to their minutest details, are known and rehearsed familiarly. Happier than the younger Pliny, happier than Cicero, he has found his historian, unsolicited, in his lifetime—and his countrymen have him all by heart!

There is, then, nothing to tell you; nothing to bring to mind. And then, if I may borrow the language of one of his historians and friends—one of those through whose beautiful pathos the common sorrow uttered itself yesterday, in Faneuil Hall—"I dare not come here, and dismiss in a few summary paragraphs, the character of one who has filled such a space in the history—who holds such a place in the heart of his country. It would be a disrespectful familiarity to a man of his lofty spirit, his great soul, his rich endowments, his long and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them"—a half hour of words, a handful of earth, for fifty years of great deeds, in high places!

But although the time does not require anything elaborated and adequate—forbids it rather—some broken sentences of veneration and love may be indulged to the sorrow which oppresses us.

There presents itself, on the first, and to any observation of Mr. Webster's life and character, a two-fold eminence—eminence of the very highest rank in a two-fold field of intellectual and public display—the profession of the law, and the profession of statesmanship, of which it would not be easy to recall any parallel in the biography of illustrious men.

Without seeking for parallels, and without asserting that they do not exist, consider that he was by universal designation the leader of the general American Bar; and that he was also by an equally universal designation foremost of her statesmen living at his death; inferior to not one who has lived and acted since the opening of his own public life. Look at these aspects of his greatness separately—and from opposite sides of the surpassing elevation. Consider that his single career at the Bar may seem to have been enough to employ the largest faculties without repose—for a life time—and that if then and thus the "*infinitus forensium rerum labor*," should have conducted him to a mere professional reward—a Bench of Chancery or law—the crown of the first of advocates—*jurisperitorum eloquentissimus*—to the pure and mere honors of a great magistrate; that that would be as much as is allotted to the ablest in the distribution of fame. Even that half—if I may say so—of his illustrious reputation—how long the labor to win it—how worthy of all that labor! He was bred first in the severest school of the common law—in which its doctrines were expounded by Smith, and its administration shaped and directed by Mason, and its foundation principles, its historical sources and illustrations, its connection with the parallel series of statutory enactments, its modes of reasoning, and the evidence of its truths—he grasped easily and completely—and I

have myself heard him say, that for many years, while still at that bar, he tried more causes, and argued more questions of fact to the jury, than perhaps any other member of the profession anywhere. I have heard from others how even then he exemplified the same direct, clear and forcible exhibition of proofs, and the reasonings appropriate to proofs—as well as the same marvellous power of discerning instantly what we call the decisive points of the cause in law and fact—by which he was later more widely celebrated. This was the first epoch in his professional training.

With the commencement of his public life, or with his later removal to this state, began the second epoch of his professional training—conducting him through the gradation of the national tribunals to the study and practice of the more flexible, elegant and scientific jurisprudence of commerce and of chancery—and to the grander and less fettered investigations of international, prize, and constitutional law—and giving him to breathe the air of a more famous forum, in a more public presence, with more variety of competition, although he never met abler men, as I have heard him say, than some of those who initiated him in the rugged discipline of the Courts of New Hampshire; and thus, at length, by these studies, these labors, this contention, continued without repose, he came, now many years ago, to stand *omnium assensu* at the summit of the American Bar.

It is common and it is easy, in the case of all in such position, to point out other lawyers, here and there, as possessing some special qualification or attainment more remarkably, perhaps, because more exclusively—to say of one that he has more cases in his recollection, at any given moment; or that he was earlier grounded in equity; or has gathered more black letter or civil law, or knowledge of Spanish, or of Western titles; and these comparisons were sometimes made with him. But when you sought a counsel of the first-rate for the great cause, who would most surely discern and most powerfully expound the exact law, required by the controversy, in season for use—who could most skilfully encounter the opposing law—under whose powers of analysis, persuasion and display, the asserted right would assume the most probable aspect before the intelligence of the Judge—who, if the inquiry became blended with, or resolved into facts, could most completely develop and most irresistibly expose them—one, "the law's whole thunder born to wield"—when you sought such a counsel, and could have the choice, I think the universal profession would have turned to him. And this would be so in nearly every description of cause—in any department. Some able men wield civil inquiries with a peculiar ability—some criminal. How lucidly and how deeply he elucidated a question of property, you all know. But then, with what address, feeling, pathos, and prudence he defended—with what dignity and crushing power, *accusatoro spiritu*, he prosecuted the accused of crime, whom he believed to be guilty, few have seen—but none who have seen can ever forget it.

Some scenes there are—some Alpine eminences rising above the high table land of such a professional life, to which, in the briefest tribute, we should love to follow him. We recall that day, for an instance, when he first announced with decisive display what manner of man he was to the Supreme Court of the Nation. It was in 1818, and it was in the argument of the case of Dart-

mouth College. William Pinkney was recruiting his great faculties, and replenishing that reservoir of professional and elegant acquisition in Europe. Samuel Dexter, "the honorable man, and the counsellor, and the eloquent orator," was in his grave. The boundless old-school learning of Luther Martin; the silver voice and infinite analytical ingenuity and resource of Jones; the fervid genius of Emmett pouring itself along *immenso ore*—the ripe and beautiful culture of Wirt and Hopkinson—the steel point unseen, not unfelt, beneath the foliage; Harper, himself statesman as well as lawyer—these and such as these were left of that noble bar. That day, Mr. Webster opened the cause of Dartmouth College to a tribunal unsurpassed on earth in all that gives illustration to a bench of law, not one of whom any longer survives.

One would love to linger on the scene—when, after a masterly argument of the law—carrying, as we may now know, conviction to the general mind of the Court, and vindicating and settling for his lifetime, his place in that forum, he paused to enter, with an altered feeling, tone and manner, with these words on his peroration—"I have brought my alma mater to this presence, that if she must fall, she may fall in her robes; and with dignity," and then broke forth in that strain of sublime and pathetic eloquence, of which we know not much more than that in its progress, Marshall, the intellectual—the self-controlled—the unemotional, announced—visibly—the presence of the unaccustomed enchantment.

Other forensic triumphs crowd on us—in other competition—with other issues. But I must commit them to the historian of constitutional jurisprudence.

And now, if this transcendent professional reputation were all of Mr. Webster, it might be practicable, though not easy, to find its parallel elsewhere, in our own, or in European or classical biography.

But, when you consider that side by side with this, there was growing up that other reputation—that of the first American statesman—that for thirty-three years, and those embracing his most herculean works at the bar, he was engaged as a member of either House, or in the highest of the executive departments, in the conduct of the largest national affairs—in the treatment of the largest national questions—in debate with the highest abilities of American public life—conducting diplomatic intercourse, in delicate relations, with all manner of foreign powers—investigating whole classes of truths, totally unlike the truths of the law, and resting on principles totally distinct—and that here, too, he was wise, safe, controlling, trusted, the foremost man; that Europe had come to see in his life a guaranty for justice, for peace, for the best hopes of civilization; and America to feel surer of her glory and her safety, as his great arms enfolded her—you see how rare, how solitary almost was the actual greatness! Who anywhere has won, as he had, the double fame, worn the double wreath of Murray and Chatham, of Dunning and Fox, of Erskine and Pitt, of William Pinkney and Rufus King, in one blended and transcendent superiority!

I cannot attempt to grasp and sum up the aggregate of the service of his public life at such a moment as this—and it is needless. That life comprised a term of more than thirty-three years. It produced a body of performance, of which I may say, generally, it was all which the first abilities

of the country and time, employed with unexemplified toil, stimulated by the noblest patriotism, in the highest places of the state—in the fear of God—in the presence of nations—could possibly compass.

He came into Congress after the war of 1812 had begun, and though probably deeming it unnecessary, according to the highest standards of public necessity, in his private character—and objecting in his public character to some of the details of the policy by which it was prosecuted, and standing by party ties in general opposition to the administration—he never breathed a sentiment calculated to depress the tone of the public mind; to aid or comfort the enemy; to check or chill the stirrings of that new, passionate, unquenchable spirit of nationality, which then was revealed, or kindled to burn till we go down to the tombs of states.

With the peace of 1815 his more cherished public labors began; and thenceforward, has he devoted himself—the ardor of his civil youth—the energies of his maturest manhood—the autumnal wisdom of the ripened year—to the offices of legislation and diplomacy—of preserving the peace—keeping the honor—establishing the boundaries, and vindicating the neutral rights of his country—restoring a sound currency, and laying its foundation sure and deep—in upholding public credit—in promoting foreign commerce and domestic industry—in developing our uncounted material resources—giving the lake and the river to trade—and vindicating and interpreting the constitution and the law. On all these subjects—on all measures practically in any degree affecting them—he has inscribed his opinions and left the traces of his hand. Everywhere, the philosophical and patriot statesman and thinker will find that he has been before him, lighting the way, sounding the abyss. His weighty language—his sagacious warnings—his great maxims of empire—will be raised to view, and live to be deciphered, when final catastrophe shall lift the granite foundation in fragments from its bed!

In this connection, I cannot but remark to how extraordinary an extent had Mr. Webster, by his acts, words, thoughts, or the events of his life, associated himself forever in the memory of all of us with every historical incident, or at least with every historical epoch; with every policy, with every glory, with every great name and fundamental institution, and grand or beautiful image, which are peculiarly and properly American. Look backwards to the planting of Plymouth and Jamestown; to the various scenes of colonial life in peace and war; to the opening, and march, and close of the revolutionary drama—to the age of the constitution—to Washington, and Franklin, and Adams, and Jefferson—to the whole train of causes from the Reformation downwards, which prepared us to be republicans—to that other train of causes which led us to be unionists; look round on field, workshop and deck, and hear the music of labor rewarded, fed and protected—look on the bright sisterhood of the States, each singing as a seraph in her motion, yet blending in a common hymn and swelling in a common harmony—and there is nothing which does not bring him by some tie to the memory of America. We seem to see his form and hear his deep grave speech everywhere. By some felicity of his personal life; by some wise, deep, or beautiful word spoken or written; by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, it has come to pass that "our granite hills, our inland seas, and prairies, and fresh, unbounded, magnificent wilder-

ness;" our encircling ocean; the rock of the Pillars; our new-born sister of the Pacific; our popular assemblies; our free schools, all our cherished doctrines of education, and of the influence of religion and material policy and law, and the constitution, give us back his name. What American landscape will you look on—what subject of American interest will you study—what source of hope or of anxiety, as an American, will you acknowledge, that it does not recall him?

I shall not venture, in this rapid and general recollection of Mr. Webster, to attempt to analyze that intellectual power which all admit to have been so extraordinary, or to compare or contrast it with the mental greatness of others—in variety or degree—of the living or the dead; or even to attempt to appreciate exactly, and in reference to canons of art, his single attribute of eloquence. Consider, however, the remarkable phenomenon of excellence in three unkindred, one might have thought incompatible, forms of public speech—that of the forum, with its double audience of bench and jury, of the halls of legislation, and of the most thronged and tumultuous assemblies of the people.

Consider, further, that this multiform eloquence, exactly as his words fell, became at once so much accession to permanent literature, in the strictest sense—solid, attractive and rich—and ask how often in the history of public life such a thing has been exemplified. Recall what pervaded all these forms of display and every effort in every form; that union of naked intellect in its largest measure, which penetrates to the exact truth of the matter in hand by intuition or by inference, and discerns everything which may make it intelligible, probable and credible to another, with an emotional and moral nature profound, passionate, and ready to kindle, and with imagination enough to supply a hundred fold more of illustration and aggrandizement than his taste suffered him to accept—that union of greatness of soul with depth of heart, which made his speaking almost more an exhibition of character than of mere genius—the style not merely pure, clear, Saxon, but so constructed, so numerous, as far as becomes prose, so forcible, so abounding in unlabored felicities, the words so choice, the epithet so pictured, the matter absolute truth, or the most exact and specious resemblance the human wit can devise; the treatment of the subject, if you have regard to the kind of truth he had to handle, political, ethical, legal, as deep, as complete as Paley's, or Locke's, or Butler's, or Alexander Hamilton's, of their subjects; yet that depth and that completeness of sense, made transparent as though crystal waters—all embodied in harmonious or well-composed periods; raised on winged language, vivified, fused and poured along in a tide of emotion, fervid and incapable to be withstood; recall the form, the eye, the brow, the tone of voice, the presence of the intellectual king of men—recall him thus, and, in the language of Mr. Justice Story, commemorating Samuel Dexter, we may well "rejoice that we have lived in the same age, that we have listened to his eloquence, and been instructed by his wisdom."

I cannot leave the subject of his eloquence without returning to a thought I have advanced already. All that he has left—or the larger portion of all—is the record of spoken words. His works, as already collected, extend to many volumes—a library of reason and eloquence, as Gibbon has said of Cicero's—but they are volumes of speeches only,

or mainly—and yet who does not rank him as a great American author—an author as truly expounding, and as characteristically exemplifying in a pure, genuine, and harmonious English style, the mind, thought, point of view of objects, and essential nationality of his country, as any other of our authors professionally so denominated? Against the maxim of Mr. Fox, his speeches read well, and yet were good speeches—great speeches—in the delivery. For so grave were they, so thoughtful and true, so much the eloquence of reason at last, so strikingly always they contrived to link the immediate topic with other and broader principles, ascending easily to widest generalizations, so happy was the reconciliation of the qualities which engage the attention of hearers, yet reward the perusal of students—so critically did they keep the right side of the line which parts eloquence from rhetoric, and so far do they rise above the penury of mere debate, that the general reason of the country has enshrined them at once, and forever, among our classics.

It is a common belief that Mr. Webster was a various reader; and I think it is true even to a greater degree than has been believed. In his profession of politics, nothing, I think, worthy of attention had escaped him—nothing of the ancient or modern prudence, nothing which Greek or Roman or European speculation in that walk had explored, or Greek or Roman or European or Universal history, or public biography exemplified. I shall not soon forget with what admiration he spake, at an interview to which he admitted me while in the Law School at Cambridge, of the politics and ethics of Aristotle, and of the "mighty mind which," as he said, "seemed to have thought through" all the great problems which form the discipline of social man. American history and American political literature he had by heart—the long series of influences which trained us for representative and free government; that other series of influences which moulded us into a united government; the Colonial era; the age of controversy before the Revolution; every scene and every person in that great tragic action; every question which has successively engaged our politics, and every name which has figured in them—the whole stream of our time was open, clear and present, ever, to his eye.

Beyond his profession of politics, so to call it, he had been a diligent and choice reader, as his extraordinary style in part reveals, and I think the love of reading would have gone with him to a later and riper age, if to such an age it had been the will of God to reserve him. This is no place or time to appreciate this branch of his acquisitions; but there is an interest inexpressible in knowing who were any of the chosen from among the great dead in the library of such a man. Others may correct me, but I should say of that interior and narrower circle were Cicero, Virgil, Shakspeare, whom he knew familiarly as the Constitution, Bacon, Milton, Burke, Johnson—to whom, I hope it is not pedantic nor fanciful to say, I often thought his nature presented some resemblance; the same abundance of the general propositions required for explaining a difficulty and refuting a sophism copiously and promptly occurring to him—the same kindness of heart and wealth of sensibility; under a manner, of course, more courteous and gracious, yet more sovereign; the same sufficient, yet not predominant, imagination, stooping ever to truth, and giving affluence, vivac-

ity and attraction to a powerful, correct and weighty style of prose.

I cannot leave his life, and character, without selecting and dwelling a moment on one or two of his traits, or virtues, or felicities, a little longer. There is a collective impression made by the whole of an eminent person's life, beyond and other than, and apart from, that which the mere general biographer would afford the means of explaining. There is an influence of a great man derived from things indescribable almost, or incapable of enumeration, or singly insufficient to account for it; but through which his spirit transpires, and his individuality goes forth on the contemporary generation. And thus, I should say, one grand tendency of his life and character was to elevate the whole tone of the public mind. He did this, indeed, not merely by example. He did it by dealing, as he thought, truly and in manly fashion with that public mind. He evinced his love of the people, not so much by honeyed phrases as by good counsels, and useful service—*vera pro gratis*. He showed how he appreciated them by submitting sound arguments to their understandings, and right motives to their free will. He came before them less with flattery than with instruction; less with a vocabulary larded with the words humanity and philanthropy, and progress and brotherhood, than with a scheme of politics, and educational, social and governmental system, which would have made them prosperous, happy and great.

What the greatest of the Greek historians said of Pericles, we all feel might be said of him: "He did not so much follow as lead the people, because he framed not his words to please them, like one who is gaining power by unworthy means, but was able and dared, on the strength of his high character, even to brave their anger by contradicting their will."

I should indicate it as another influence of his life, acts and opinions, that it was in an extraordinary degree uniformly and liberally conservative. He saw with vision, as of a prophet, that if our system of united government can be maintained till a nationality shall be generated of due intensity and due comprehension, a glory indeed millennial, a progress without end—a triumph of humanity hitherto unseen—were ours, and therefore he addressed himself to maintain that united government.

Standing on the rock of Plymouth, he bid distant generations hail, and saw them rising—"demanding life—impatient for the skies," from what then were "fresh, unbounded, magnificent wildernesses"—from the shore of the great tranquil sea—not yet become ours. But observe to what he welcomes them—by what he would bless them. "It is to good government." It is to "treasures of science and delights of learning." It is to the "sweets of domestic life—the immeasurable good of a rational existence—the immortal hopes of Christianity—the light of everlasting truth."

It will be happy if the wisdom and temper of his administration of our foreign affairs shall preside in the time which is at hand. Sobered, instructed by the examples and warnings of all the past, he yet gathered from the study and comparison of all the eras, that there is a silent progress of the race—without pause, without haste, without return, to which the counsellings of history are to be accommodated by a wise philosophy. More than, or as much as, that of any of our public

characters, his statesmanship was one which recognized a Europe, an old world, but yet grasped the capital idea of the American position, and deduced from it the whole fashion and color of its policy; which discerned that we are to play a high part in human affairs, but discerned also what part it is, peculiar, distant, distinct and grand, as our hemisphere; an influence, not a contact—the stage—the drama—the catastrophe, all but the audience, all our own, and if ever he felt himself at a loss he consulted reverently the genius of Washington.

In bringing these memories to a conclusion—for I omit many things because I dare not trust myself to speak of them—I shall not be misunderstood, or give offence, if I hope that one other trait in his public character, one doctrine rather of his political creed, may be remembered and be appreciated. It is one of the two fundamental precepts in which Plato, as expounded by the great masters of Latin eloquence and reason and morals, comprehends the duty of those who share in the conduct of the state—" *Ut quacunq; agunt, TOTUM corpus reipublice curent; nedum partem aliquam tuerentur, reliquas deserant,*" that they comprise in their care the whole body of the republic, nor keep one part and desert another. He gives the reason, one reason, of the precept—" *Qui autem parti civium consulunt, partem negligunt, rem perniciosissimam in civitatem inducunt, seditionem atque discordiam.*" The patriotism which embraces less than the whole, induces sedition and discord, the last evil of the state.

How profoundly he had comprehended this truth—with what persistency—with what passion, from the first hour he became a public man to the last beat of the great heart, he cherished it—how little he accounted the good, the praise, the blame—of this locality or that—in comparison of the larger good and the general and thoughtful approval of his own, and our, whole America—she this day feels and announces. Wheresoever a drop of her blood flows in the veins of man this trait is felt and appreciated. The hunter beyond Superior—the fisherman on the deck of the night night-fundered skiff—the sailor on the uttermost sea—will feel, as he hears these tidings, that the protection of a sleepless, all-embracing, parental care is withdrawn from him for a space—and that his pathway henceforward is more solitary and less safe than before.

But I cannot pursue these thoughts. Among the eulogists who have just uttered the eloquent sorrow of England at the death of the great Duke—one has employed an image and an idea, which I venture to modify and appropriate.

"The Northmen's image of death is finer than that of other climes; no skeleton, but a gigantic figure that envelops man within the massive folds of its dark garment. Webster seems so enshrouded from us, as the last of the mighty three, themselves following a mighty series; the greatest closing the procession. The robe draws round him and the era is past."

Yet how much there is which that all-ample fold shall not hide; the recorded wisdom; the great example; the assured immortality!

They speak of monuments!

Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him.

From the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

THE LATE DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE greatest intellect of the present generation has ceased to be contemporary with us. Daniel Webster is no more. The suddenness of his death has taken the nation by surprise. For, though his friends have feared, for months, that his constitution was at last giving way, the hope that he would yet recover, which they naturally endeavored to maintain, prevented his peril from being made generally public.

On our first page we give a short sketch of his life. From this it will be seen that he was principally eminent as an orator, a constitutional jurist, and a diplomatist. In the latter capacity he has probably had no equal in America. He achieved success in this department without resorting to the low cunning which is popularly considered indispensable to it. The truth was, that those negotiating with him, discovering the subtlety as well as breadth of his intellect, shrank from provoking what would have been a hopeless struggle of wits, and accepted the offer, which he was always the first to tender, of a frank and honest discussion of the points in question.

As a constitutional jurist he has never had his equal. Much of what is now recognized as law Webster was the first to evolve from the rudimentary principles of the federal compact. When the famous case of Dartmouth College came before the Supreme Court, Justice Story, glancing over the subject, observed that he did not see what Mr. Webster could have to say; but, before the argument was finished, not only Story, but the entire bench, had been convinced that a state has no right to repeal a charter, without the consent of the corporation asked and obtained. In various speeches in the Senate he laid down maxims of constitutional law, which, though then new, and even questioned, have since become universally accepted. Of this description was his triumphant vindication of the integrity of the Union, as against the schemes of nullification, first broached by Hayne, and afterwards supported by Calhoun. His services in this field entitled him to be regarded, next after Madison, as the father of the Constitution. The accusation of being friendly to consolidation, so often made against him, must fall to the ground, on a sincere and thorough examination of the facts. The republic owes a debt of gratitude to Webster, for his exertions in behalf of the Union, which no honors to himself could have liquidated, and which no respect to his memory, paid by our posterity, can ever discharge.

Great as Webster was, however, he was never a favorite with the masses. He had the qualities that extort admiration rather than those that win love. He swayed men by the might of an imperial intellect, and not by the talisman of affection, as did his great rival, Clay. He was more the pride than the idol of the people. Perhaps no intellect so vast, considered as pure intellect, has existed in this century, if we except the Emperor Napoleon. Where no disturbing influences prevailed to bias his judgment, questions of social or political philosophy were worked out, in his mind, with the exactitude of mathematical problems. He never regarded a subject from the common level of ordinary men, but surveyed it in every aspect from the lofty height of his soaring intellect. His opinions consequently had a breadth and compre-

hensiveness, that gave them the weight of an oracle, when pronounced respecting matters of pure statesmanship. In a word, when Webster sunk the partisan, and spoke as the patriot, his decision was like the award of history, while his warnings of the future were listened to as prophecies. Yet his intellect was sluggish, rather than active; and required the stimulus of a great occasion to bring out its full strength; like some enormous machine, it was not easily set in motion, but, once having begun, it crushed everything that opposed it.

This characteristic affords a key to his career as an orator. It has been customary in New England to extol whatever he said, as if it was the perfection of rhetoric and style, of thought and language. Yet few men have made so many careless speeches. When fired, however, by a sufficient motive, his whole powers became a blaze in a moment, and a torrent of burning eloquence rushed forth, scorching and consuming like liquid lava. If it was a personal insult that roused the slumbering lion, his roar of rage was appalling, and the spring and death-blow that followed were lightning-like and simultaneous. But it was when some great public interest, in addition, was at stake, that the might of his vast intellect shone transcendent. When feeble minds, awed by the darkness of the political firmament, fled for shelter from the tempest, he rushed forth exultingly to the elemental war, all his faculties stimulated to their utmost. When the thunders of disunion muttered in the distance, he was there foremost to watch the coming storm; and when at last they burst, he offered his forehead to the bolts, like the Mammoth of Indian tradition, shaking them off as they fell.

His second reply to Hayne is an illustration of this. The assault had been made on him, and on New England through him, with the avowed purpose of crushing the influence of both. Even his best friends trembled lest the coalition should gain their object. Others feared that the disunion sentiments, then first broached, would find no adequate answer. But Webster was equal to the emergency that appalled all others. He has left on record his feelings when he rose to reply. After the first dizzy moments were over, during which the sea of faces whirled around him; after a single recollection that his brother had fallen dead, a few years before, in a climax of similar excitement;—his faculties appeared to grow strangely calm, and there opened before him, as in a boundless gulf of space, all that he had ever read, or thought, or felt, so that he had but to summon, with a wish, whatever he required, and it came. How skilfully he ordered his serried array, how boldly he poured down with it on his enemies, and how utter was the discomfiture that followed, all know who have heard of that immortal day. So terrible a defeat was never but once before. We must go to Milton for language to describe the scene:—

With the sound
Of torrent floods, or of a numerous host,
He on his impious foes right onward drove,
Gloomy as night.

It was on occasions like this that Webster was truly great;—and then he surpassed all others. His ponderous words, at such times, fitly clothed his ponderous thoughts; and the swell and roll of his voice, according to his biographer, was like waves upon the shore of the "far resounding" sea. His very aspect, when powerfully excited, struck

terror to the hearts of his adversaries. His eye, from under his dark brows, glowed like a volcano, or shot sudden and angry lightnings; and his tall form, towering like that of a giant, seemed actually to dilate as he proceeded. His retorts were invariably felicitous. An instance of this occurred in the speech to which we have already alluded, when he turned a quotation made by Hayne against the South Carolinian himself. He rarely attempted pathos, but when he did, drew tears. His celebrated apostrophe to Massachusetts, in this same speech, made hoary men, it is said, weep like children. He was fond of Bible imagery, especially the grand metaphors of the prophets. His scorn blighted wherever it fell. His irony played with his victim, making it undergo in anticipation, again and again, the agonies of death. But all these things were only the accessories to the solid phalanx of argument, the light troops skirmishing on the flank of his array; which, advancing, column upon column, and concentrating at last on a single point, bore everything down before it, like a land-slide on Mount Washington.

There will be different opinions respecting the moral greatness of Webster. No man who has filled so prominent a part in politics, who has served so many friends and offended such numbers of foes, can have justice done to him until passion and prejudice are laid asleep, until new generations have arisen, until history can speak with the impartiality of a future age. To that period must be postponed the consideration of his character as a man and his consistency as a statesman. If popularity is a proof of worth in these respects, he has died at a fortunate time for his renown; for never, perhaps, in his whole career, was he more profoundly esteemed, or even revered, than now. The reputation of having staked and lost his dictatorship in Massachusetts, for the cause of compromise and the constitution, throws a halo around his dying bed, which will linger, like an eternal twilight, about his name forever. Many, indeed, will regard him as a martyr. Others will enshrine him as a new victim to the ingratitude of republics, and as such perpetuate his fate and worship his memory. But however the selfish desertion of party-leaders may have once irritated him, we cannot believe that any such spectres of the past haunted his expiring hours. On the contrary, we would persuade ourselves that the protecting angel of America stood over his couch, and, as she waited for his parting breath, recalled to him his closing words, in that great speech to which we have so often alluded:—"When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union—on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent!—on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured, bearing for its motto everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that sentiment dear to every American heart—'LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE!'"

From the Morning Post.

WEBSTER.

Go, glorious Soul! gigantic Child of Thought!
Thy boat is launched on that tideless sea
From whose vast depth no breeze hath ever brought
The close-kept secrets of Eternity.
The mind is strong to fathom earthly lore,
And like the eagle's is thy earnest eye;
But once thou partest from Earth's well-known shore,
To thee, as unto us, all, all is mystery.
We wait with drooping head and half-drawn breath
The latest throbbing of thy giant heart,
When the calm hand and solemn voice of Death
Motion thee seaward with the word "Depart!"
And when, at last, thou sinkest from our sight,
Above thy setting, in the illumined sky,
High gathered clouds of gorgeous, golden light
Shall build the monument of thy great Memory.
October 23, 1852. D. HOFFMUNG.

From the Transcript.

STANZAS.

SCARCE through the vaulted caverns of the West
Has died a people's tributary sigh;
And now New England's granite-girdled breast
Thrills with the utterance of her funeral cry;
And slow and sad, the cannon's iron lips
Proclaim the gloom of unforetold eclipse.
Death's giant shadow thrown among the stars,
Upon Jove's broad, refulgent orb is bent;
It passed beyond the crimson disc of Mars
To quench the whitest of the firmament—
A voice is mute, whose calm, deliberate word
Fell, more resistless than the warrior's sword
In the hushed city—on the listening hills—
That requiem mingles with our Sabbath prayer;
Most fitly—else our sense of coming ills
Had worn the unlustrous garment of despair;
Forgetting Him whose promises abide
Though human champions fall on every side.
Most fit are hour and time—the autumnal leaf
Trails like a drooping banner, half-mast high;
And Nature spreads her veil of gorgeous grief
Around the precincts where his ashes lie,
And comes, arrayed in her most regal charms,
To take those kingly relics to her arms.
And it seems meet that when the closing week
Had laid aside its load of toil and woe,
In kindred peacefulness, that soul should seek
The Power which sent its embassy below;
And that its second mystery should begin
While the full year's ripe fruits are gathered in.
And well ye chant—ye cannon-tongues of flame—
Your solemn dirges to the sister hill,
Whose answering echoes syllable his name
Where his own accents almost linger still;
And, like a right arm, lifted to the sky,
Yon shaft takes oath his memory shall not die.
Die? It is true that giving dust to dust
We pile the turf above that massive brow,
But in the bosoms of the wise and just
His deathless image hath its dwelling now—
And in all hearts whose sympathies have spanned,
Like his, the horizon of our mutual land.
Earth is serene in sorrow—doubt and fear
Environ manhood—lo! the beacon-rock
Is dark, where, ever luminously clear,
His spirit shone above the billows' shock:
No single Titan now upholds the State,
The feeblar many share its tottering weight.
Roll on, oh Sun! Thy chariot leaves behind
Upon the broad convexity of Earth,
In the world's councils not a mightier mind,
No soul more gentle by the poor man's hearth.
Pause thou, oh Death! insatiate as thou art!
Thy spoil to-day hath been a nation's heart.

Oct. 24th, 1852.

J. F. C.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE PLANT AND THE ANIMAL.

BY PROFESSOR R. HUNT.

THE beauty—the infinite variety—of the vegetable world has ever been a theme for the poet's song. To man, even in his present advanced state of intelligence, a plant is surrounded with many mysteries; and the contemplative mind sees a shadow of Divinity in the strange vitality of each green leaf. How much more mysterious must these wondrous organisms have appeared, when the lights of science burned dimly on the earth, or were obscured by the thick veil of superstitious ignorance!

The psychological influences of plants and flowers are continually figured forth in writings sacred and profane; the earliest poetry, as the latest song, bears evidence of the effects produced by them upon the human mind. The olive-branch of the Noachian dove has ever been the emblem of peace; and since Job wrote "he cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down," the transitory beauties of vegetable life have been regarded as emblems of the instability of human existence. To pass over those oriental philosophies, which invested all nature with a pantheistic spirit, and the lotus worship of the Egyptian priests, we find, in the poetic mythology of the Greeks, abundant evidence of the holy dreams kindled by the contemplation of the vegetable world. The sacred wreath of myrtle spoke to the human spirit of mortality; and the immortality of the soul was typified by the corn sown in the earth, by its revival in the green blade, and by its full ripeness in the golden harvest.

By the Greek, every tree was invested with a divinity—a spirit held possession of every grove; thus giving poetical expression to their dim consciousness of that vitality which a modern philosophy—with somewhat too much haste—refers to certain physical forces or powers. Again, in the wilder mythologies of the Scandinavian races, the creation of more northern and less luxuriant climes, we have a similar expression of the human dream, in the sylph which nestled amid the petals of the rose, or our own fairy, sporting in the shadows of the lovely fern.

Men, then, have ever felt the "sweet influences" of—

Whatever earth, all-bearing mother, yields,
In India East or West, or middle shore,
In Pontus, or the Punic coast, or where
Aleinos reigned.

And even now, when a material philosophy invades the realms of poetry, there linger around the vegetable creation unknown agencies—mysteries of life—which appear to radiate, like the painted glories of the holy saints; lights, redolent of that sanctity and love, which still linger over the earth as a type of the joys of the lost Eden.

A certain class of experimentalists—we were about to call them philosophers, which would have been a very incorrect appellation—have been lately endeavoring to refer the grander phenomena of animal life to electrical agency. They have, for example, constituted the brain a voltaic battery, and the nerves conducting wires; and according to the amount of certain chemical changes, is, they say, the quantity of electricity in action—which is true—and the quantity of vitality, *vis vita*, or *life* exerted, of which we know no more than did Hamlet the Dane. These *savans* rush to the con-

clusion that life and electricity are but modified forms of one physical force; because, during the operations of vitality, electric phenomena are manifested. Applying their rule of materiality to the highest phenomena of life, they refer the vitality of plants as well as animals to electricity. Even the human senses are explained by certain rude analogies between their operations and those electro-chemical agencies which are developed in the voltaic battery. It would be out of place to explain all the sources of error; it is sufficient to say, that a false logic, based upon imperfect analogies (reasoning by analogy being always dangerous), has led to the substitution of the effect for the cause. Man, the monarch of the world, is charged, as a duty, with its subjugation; every created materiality he may examine; and even the physical agencies by which the constitution of the organic and inorganic kingdoms is regulated, he may employ as his ministering spirits. There is, however, a line drawn, beyond which he is forbidden to pass; and if, in his temerity, he oversteps the boundary, he is speedily involved in lamentable confusion and wreck.

Life is a condition of spirituality; and, although we discover heat, electricity, and chemical action manifested during its operations, depend upon it, neither of these physical powers are capable of conversion into any form of vitality. The Creator "breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul." Life, therefore, an emanation from the Eternal, is far removed beyond the most subtle materialities, and is infinitely superior in action and influences to any of those physical agencies which we can detect by the aids of our philosophy.

Having thus explained that, in our consideration of the phenomena of living organisms, we deal only with those agencies which may, in distinction to the spiritual agency, LIFE, be termed material, we turn first to the conditions of animal existence.

The animal fabric is made up of a certain amount of earthy matter which constitutes the solidifying portion of the bones, of muscle, blood, and fat, all of which are compounds, in varying proportions, of gases, familiar to us by the names oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with carbon—which is, be it remembered, only charcoal in a state of purity. If we take a portion of any animal body and expose it to heat, we, in the first place, dissipate a large quantity of water; and of course the weight of the mass is very considerably reduced. If the temperature is now increased, we shall find that every portion undergoes decomposition; and if the escaping gases are collected, they will be found to weigh exactly the amount lost in the process. Eventually, the temperature being sufficiently high, and supposing the experiment to have been made in a closed vessel, a mass of animal charcoal alone will be left behind, mixed with some earthy matter. Let us convert this into carbonic acid, by burning it in contact with air, and a little white ash will be the only residue. "A pinch of dust," says the poet, "alone remains of Cheops." The noblest human being subjected to this chemical analysis will be resolved into those few gaseous elements, and a few grains of earthy matter, consisting mainly of flint and of lime.

Careful examination proves that the animal draws his supply directly from the vegetable world; that, indeed, the vegetable and animal

kingdoms are in mutual dependence on each other. Animal life is supported by carbonaceous and nitrogenous foods, which are prepared in the vast laboratory of the vegetable kingdom. The herbivora derive all their muscle and fat from the grass of the field upon which they feed; and on these the carnivora prey, requiring for the conditions of their existence that they receive the muscle and fat already formed. Was the vegetable world to perish, the vegetable-eating tribes must die; and, these ceasing to be, the flesh-eaters must inevitably perish. Nor is this all. Let us suppose the world to be possessed of animals only, and examine the conditions of such a state of creation. All the animal races are, during every moment of their lives, pouring forth into the atmosphere the products of their combustion, to which the maintenance of animal heat is due. As from the fires of our furnaces and of our domestic hearths carbonic acid is constantly formed, and delivered to the air, from the charcoal combining with the oxygen it contains; so, in the processes of life, with every exhalation, each animal would add to the store of atmospheric carbon, which, in its combination with oxygen, forming carbonic acid, is of a deadly character. Thus the earth's atmosphere would become so far deteriorated, that animal life would cease under the very influences it had created.

Animals and man, and all the processes by which man, with the subtle agency of fire, reduces nature to his bidding, constantly give rise to carbonic acid. On the lowest computation, the population of London alone must add to the atmosphere daily at least four million pounds of this gas. Consider, therefore, the enormous quantity of carbonic acid which all the inhabitants of this planet are hourly producing. The destructive nature of this air is shown by the almost immediate death of those who incautiously descend into deep wells or brewers' vats, in which accumulations of this compound of carbon and oxygen are commonly found. Therefore, were this allowed to accumulate in the air, it would render our atmosphere destructive to all animal life; we should die by a poison of our own production, as heaps of miserable slaves have died in the holds of the slave-ships, and as prisoners have perished when forced in numbers into close cells. It is certain, therefore, that some means must have been devised by nature for the purpose of removing, as readily as it is formed, this deleterious product of animal life. In a former article, it has been shown, that by a provision, remarkable for its harmony and efficiency, this carbonic acid is rendered the necessary food for the vegetable kingdom; and that, under the influence of light, it is taken to supply that woody matter which we find in such enormous masses in the great forests of the tropics, and in large, though yet smaller proportions, in the trees and plants of the temperate and arctic regions. The entire subject is of such exceeding interest, that it appears necessary to guide our contemplations; some brief digression should be made to familiarize the mind with the conditions.

The animal and vegetable kingdoms, it has been said, are mutually dependent upon each other; the former could not exist, if the latter were removed; and if the animal races were by some dire cataclysm swept away, the vegetable kingdom would speedily perish; one cannot exist without the other in some of the forms in which living organisms are developed. It has been thought by

some, that, during the great geological epoch to which the formation of our coal deposits belongs, enormous forests of tree-ferns and similar plants waved in a tropical luxuriance over the areas now occupied with fossil fuel, there being an entire absence of animal life. It was the hypothesis of an eminent geologist, that these quick-growing plants were employed to remove carbonic acid from the air, and fit the earth's surface for the existence of animals. Unfortunately for the hypothesis, geological research has proved the existence of air-breathing animals during the carboniferous epoch; and the probability is, that, much further back in the scale of time, the world teemed with moving organisms. This bit of scientific romance has, however, been seized by the public mind, and some of our most popular writers have employed it to add to the interest of their compositions. We have now, however, the most satisfactory evidence, to prove the existence of animal life during every epoch when vegetation covered the face of the land.

The maintenance of animal heat, which is an essential element for the support of animal life, is due, almost entirely, to chemical action, and to chemical action exerted on the food taken into the stomach, to supply the waste of the system. As the temperature of the different zones of the earth's surface varies, so we discover some very remarkable changes in the habits of the inhabitants. Those races who inhabit the inter-tropical climes are largely fruit-eaters, the quantity of animal food made use of by them being exceedingly small. As we advance towards the temperate regions of the earth, we find the inhabitants eating more flesh; but still it is mainly the muscular or nitrogenous parts which are consumed. Let us advance to the colder regions of "the ice-bound north," and there we shall find man eating enormous quantities of fat as food, and using animal oil as a common drink. Most startling statements are in print of the gluttonous meals made by the Esquimaux and the Indians along the frozen shores of Northern Asia. Strange as these narrations appear to us, they are the natural consequences of the situation in which these men have been placed. Animal heat must be maintained; and, where the atmosphere, from its extremely low temperature, is rapidly robbing the body of the heat it develops, the supply of highly-carbonized food—which stands in the relation of fuel—must of necessity suffer a corresponding increase. The food of man is regulated by a law from which he dare not deviate without suffering.

Man, and the lower animals, are constantly consuming azotized and carbonaceous matter; and water, a compound of hydrogen and oxygen, is their constant pabulum. The nitrogen of the former combines with the hydrogen of the water, to form ammonia; and the carbon of the latter, with its oxygen and that of the air, to form carbonic acid. These pass into the atmosphere, and are the most important principles upon which the vegetable world depends.

Man walks the earth, its monarch; all things material he may, by the power of his mighty mind, subdue to do him service. And yet we find him a mere dependency upon the vegetable world; and in return for the support of life, by the supply of the elements of nutrition which it gives him, man, the mighty, is made the machine for furnishing food for the tender leaves, which tremble to every passing breeze.

All natural phenomena progress in a circle, and each division of nature is dependent upon one another. We have not yet discovered all the links of the chain; but, depend upon it, no one in the band by which the creation is bounded is wanting.

The cedars of Lebanon, which waved above the head of Solomon, have grown, and added to their bulk, by absorbing the carbonic acid formed by the men who aided that mighty king to build his temple to the Lord, and those who, generation after generation, have mouldered to dust, even to those now living and breathing, in performance of the destined ends. The palms of the tropics—the glorious flowers of far southern lands—the fruits of Asia and America—the humbler, but no less beautiful, European trees and flowers—the herb of the valley, and the weed upon the wall—are all of them the result of animal life. They have fixed, for a season, the elements produced in the animal economy, at the same time as they aid in supplying all that is demanded by the waste which the necessities of life compel.

The plant is stationary, and is, chemically, nature's laboratory for producing gluten, starch, sugar, gum, resin, and all the elements for the formation of flesh and fat.

The animal is locomotive and may be regarded as an apparatus for combustion. All the compounds formed by the plant are taken into its furnace, and returned in a gaseous condition, reduced to the more simple elements, back to the air.

The plant, under the excitation of light, again absorbs these principles, combines them anew, and gives them back to the animal races once more.

Thus are the changes forever occurring. Nature knows no rest; but, like the o'erlabored Psyche, toils on forever. Matter now existing in one form of organization will soon become a disorganized mass; but the spirit of change is working in it, and its chaos gradually assumes new conditions of organization, and puts on new forms of beauty. We may constantly witness the renewal of the great work of creation. The world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; the mighty word, "Let there be light," was spoken—the light was; and chaos became, beneath its mysterious touch, converted into a world teeming with every form of life, and glowing with the beautiful.

The round of organic change—the conversion of inorganic matter into an organized form—exhibits to us that constant renewal of creation, which must, to every thinking mind, carry home the conviction that the presiding care of a Creator is over all things now, as it was in the beginning. Things are mutable to us—we may read the story of the earth's mutations on the tablets of her mountains—but these changes are but the pulsations of time, marking the progression of order and life around the circle of eternity.

Part of a Notice in the Spectator.

SHAW'S RAMBLE IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

THE mode of life is more civilized than among the Americans; and Sunday service by a bishop, if at all, is not to be found among the Californian Republicans.

I remained two or three nights with Mr. King, one of the commissioners, in the government tent, and afterwards went to one of the best lodging establishments to be found at the Turon. When breakfasting

there one morning with a very agreeable companion, he said—"Did you observe the lady of our lodging take one of the sheets from my bed and put it on the table for breakfast, being perfectly persuaded that it made an excellent tablecloth?" I only met with one case of incivility during my sojourn at the diggings, and that was from a drunken man one Sunday morning. The rogue took a particular dislike, not only to the tout ensemble of my appearance, but to a big, heavy New Zealand stick which I carried; and also to a green hat, very broad in the brim, and very shabby; both of which he took care to anathematize in a very loud and often-repeated, coarse, stammering voice—so loud that I was perfectly ashamed of the fellow, and immediately beat a retreat to a large tent which I observed at a short distance; this turned out to be the new church then erecting; and, observing a gentleman in black (the bishop's chaplain), I immediately walked up to him, and commenced conversation by the side of several other serious and well-behaved church-going people; when, to my great annoyance, the scoundrel, who was then at a distance of three hundred yards, shouted out with a voice of thunder—"I shall know you again, you blackguard in the green hat and big, thick stick." I then joined the congregation, and attended divine service. I soon observed, on the three front forms nearest the bishop, that two-thirds of the people there seated were gentlemen, although garbed in red and blue serge shirts, and disguised to the best of their ability! A collection was made afterwards, which amounted to 22*l*.; all the people giving freely.

The bishop is said to be Puseyite. I attended the afternoon service, and found quite another class of diggers present, and all of them nearly of the same stamp—viz., hard-working men; with idlers, and probably some rogues, who, when the plate made its appearance for a collection, all bolted, to a man, without giving a single sixpence—to the great astonishment of the Metropolitan Bishop of Sydney, Dr. Broughton; who very soon found himself in solitude, and utterly confounded. It all arose from the bishop not sending the plate round before giving the benediction.

It is just for the artifex to perish by his own art. The monopoly feelings, and, indeed, laws of the American Californians, against allowing foreigners at the diggings, have reacted on themselves.

After I quitted the Turon, I was sorry to hear of the Americans, who come to visit the shores of Australia, either to dig or make a trip of pleasure, being hooted and insulted at their diggings; so much so as to compel them to pack up and return to California. The diggers, in so doing, I think have shown a want of taste, sympathy, and even hospitality, to that people; who are not only of the same flesh and blood as themselves, but who brought with them the strong ties of relationship—members of the same great family, who have attained to a state of civilization, wealth, and commerce, to which the page of history offers no parallel. That the Australians should have thus stultified themselves, will be a matter of deep regret to every well-wisher of the Anglo-Saxon race.

I was sorry to find in Sydney, and in every part of Australia that I visited, the deepest-rooted prejudices, and most unreasonable antipathy to the Americans. I took up the weapons of defence, and always supported the American people; by which I made more enemies than friends, and for which I was considered especially cracked.

Dr. Shaw seems to have forgotten that several gentlemen from Sydney have been hanged in California; and in some cases less for any offence they had been guilty of, than because they were from Sydney.

From the Eclectic Review.

Quiet Hours. By a Little Brother and Sister.
Reading: Rusher and Johnson. 1852.

THE vicissitudes and trials of human life awaken the sensibilities and expand the powers, while they restrain and humble the otherwise proud heart of man. Many are the glorious productions of genius which owe their origin to the stern pressure of personal or relative want, and lessons which have been learnt in solitude and poverty often become available, in prose or verse, for the instruction of succeeding generations. The actual occurrences of life are found by the watchful observer to be as extraordinary and as replete with interest and still more with moral instruction, as any of the creations of the imagination. Almost every village could furnish its own tale of facts possessing all the interest of the wildest romance, and the incidents of which have stirred to their lowest depth, or roused into their noblest or most fearful exercise, the passions of the human heart. Occasionally it happens, in this age of printing, that some memorials of such occurrences find their way into a wider circle, and present themselves more or less to the attention of the indefinable public.

A few years since we resided in a quiet and somewhat antiquated town in one of the midland counties of England. In the neighborhood, at the distance of a pleasant walk, was situated a small hamlet, embosomed in luxuriant trees, and commanding a fair and extensive prospect of rich meadows and fertile corn-fields studded with their farm-houses and adjoining buildings. In this hamlet one house was preëminent. It was capacious, standing in grounds comprising shrubbery, pleasure, fruit, and kitchen garden, with a park-like paddock in its front, the home of the banker of the neighboring town. Every afternoon its proprietor might be seen wending his way from his place of business to his quiet country seat; and though the silent observer did not fail to notice the stealthy glance and confused expression of countenance which he sometimes manifested, few doubted the respectability of his character or the large amount of his wealth. On sunny days there hastened out of that home, to meet his returning footsteps, as joyous and bright a company of children as ever received a parent's blessing; and many a time have the woods and fields reverberated with their merry laughter and youthful frolic. Sometimes along with them was to be seen the mother, in full pride of pensive and earnest womanhood, now pushing aside the wild and entangled locks of a lively girl of six or seven, that would be too boisterous and playsome for her sex and rank, and now assisting to sustain firmly in his seat a younger child that dangled in a pannier from the side of a quiet Shetland pony. They, of all families in the neighborhood, seemed to be among the happiest, nor did their happiness appear undeserved. A very short time, however, elapsed, and a dark cloud spread over the bright sunshine of their day. The farmers and tradesmen of an agricultural neighborhood discovered to their amazement that at the usual hour one morning the shutters of the banking house were not removed, and suspicion and fear soon advanced to certainty—the bank had stopped. Distress and perplexity were exhibited on many countenances, and dismay and sorrow spread through the town. The struggling tradesmen, in some instances, had lost the

entire amount of the hard-earned savings of many years of anxiety; and those who had been poor hitherto felt that henceforth they must be poorer still. As to the cause of so unexpected a catastrophe, it became gradually known that for years, though no one had suspected it, the affairs of the bank had been in an unsound state: its proprietor, conscious that danger was imminent, had sought to avert it by speculation with the money entrusted to his care, and by several unfortunate transactions had thereby only increased his difficulties and robbed his conscience of repose. At last, after years of apparent affluence, reputation, and comfort, he had been overtaken in advancing age by righteous retribution, and was compelled, as a disgraced and ruined man, to leave the neighborhood. The home so lovely, the haunt of so many pure affections and household joys, was speedily dismantled and disposed of by public auction, in order to enlarge the scanty dividend, and the mother and her children found a resting-place in the abode of an aged and near relative, whose means of benevolence were diminished by the calamity which most imperatively called for its exercise. Here in that quiet country mansion these children have had opportunity of considering the misfortunes which have beclouded their childhood, and, let us hope, of learning, amidst the indulgent extenuations which filial love would suggest, lessons which may be profitable in future days. The mother leads a life of devout Christian resignation and of lonely widowhood, though death has not taken away the husband of her youth; the elder children are sensible of the calamity which has crushed the hopes and darkened the prospects of their lives, for they can well recollect the hours of childhood and the comforts of their own home; while the younger branches feel there is a mystery in their father's absence which they have not courage fully to explore.

The little book whose title is placed at the head of this article owes its origin to the circumstances which we have briefly narrated, and was found in circulation in the neighborhood where the events occurred. As they were matters of public notoriety when they happened, and are so directly referred to in pages exposed for the public eye, it will be esteemed, we trust, no breach of delicacy or act of harsh intrusion into the privacy of the domestic circle thus to have enumerated them. The preface relates "that some kind and partial friends have expressed a wish that the following pages should appear before the public," refers to their contents as "the uncorrected composition of children of eleven and fourteen years old," and as designed to interest young persons and afford them an acceptable companion to their quiet hours. It appeared to us, apart from the affecting circumstances to which the volume owes its origin, and which we have endeavored to relate with the kindest respect for the tender sensibilities of its authors, the literary merit of the poems was such as to entitle them to circulation in a wider circle than that in which they are at present known. Some persons—and we confess, but for the unqualified and distinct language of the preface, we should be amongst the number—will doubt whether these refined productions can be the compositions of authors so young in years and in literature, but let our readers, with the poems and testimony before them, on this subject form their own judgment. We proceed to supply a few specimens, and to cull here and there a flower from the sweet

nosegay of spring as it lies before us. And, first, here are lines which, admitting the statement of the preface to be authentic, are very beautiful and extraordinary, and would not disgrace the pages of some of our established poets. They are entitled

PASSING THOUGHTS.

I love you, I love you, bright, beautiful flowers ;
And can you, then, only be given,
To gladden the sin-stained dwellers of earth,
And denied to the blessed in heaven ?

You are there, you are there, bright, beautiful flowers,
Glowing in sunshine eternal,
With God's own breath to strengthen your powers,
And make you forever vernal.—p. 12.

The completeness of the thought, and its expression in these eight lines, is such as we do not often find in youthful poets ; and the brevity and terseness with which the sentiment is conveyed constitute no trifling charm. The book is full principally of allusions to the changes and trials which its authors have undergone, and which give throughout a pensive and mournful tone to their versification, ever accompanied, at the same time, we are glad to observe, by the spirit of Christian gratitude and content. Here are two poems, full of tender and mournful reminiscences, which will be read with lively interest as the effusions of a youthful heart :—

ON SEEING MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

I gaze upon thee young and fair,
In girlhood's early prime ;
Amid thy dark luxuriant hair
Bright jewelled snowdrops shine.

Slowly I turn my gaze from off
That pictured Hebe face,
To fix it on thy pensive brow,
Resemblance to trace.

The merry smile hath passed away,
The cheek hath lost its bloom ;
Thy children see a charm left still,
Which time can ne'er consume.

Thy brow is fair, and on it sit
Deep thoughts serene and holy ;
Such lineaments become thee well,
My mother, meek and lowly.

I should not wish to see thee dressed
In jewels' gaudy glare ;
Thy gentle voice and sad sweet smile
Have charms beyond compare.—p. 18.

TO MY FATHER.

We are parted now, my father !
Thy form no more I see,
Thy daughter's heart is with thee
Wherever thou mayst be.

Three years of many sorrows
Have been, and passed away,
Since last we heard thy loving voice
Blessing us in our play.

We had a peaceful home, father,
With friends a goodly store ;
They vanished like the morning mist,
As soon as we were poor.

Much comfort we possess, father,
Which poverty can't lessen ;
Our grandsire's tender care, also
Thy prayers, thy love, thy blessing !—p. 31.

We give another, in which we cannot help thinking, notwithstanding the preface, that we must have the composition in some respects of the parent rather than the child :—

ON A RECENT OCCURRENCE.

She stood at the gate of her father's home,
And her infant spirit sunk before it ;
For memory turned to happier days,
Ere sorrow had waved its pinions o'er it.

Deep thought came over that infant brow,
And tears bedewed the fair young face,
For others dwelt in her own loved home,
And occupied her parents' place.

She paused awhile—then gazed once more ;
She thought upon her wayward fate ;
The stranger's dog—faithful, though rude—
Drove her in haste from her father's gate.

Courage, sweet child ! thou 'rt not alone—
Thy Heavenly Father guards thy fate,
And when thy wand'rings on earth are done,
Will bid thee enter thy Father's gate.—p. 27.

But there are in the volume poems of an entirely different form of stanza, and giving indication of power of various kinds, which we hope may hereafter make itself felt and known in the productions of riper years. Take, for instance, the following, which, more than any other in the book, sounds like the language of a child :—

TO MY SHETLAND PONY.

Black Billy ! my pony,
My infancy's pet,
I've lost thee forever,
But I cannot forget.

I hope thy new master
Is gentle and kind,
That thy home is as happy
As the one left behind.

In my dreams, I am often
Feeding thee still,
Or in happiness riding
O'er woodland and hill.

I fear I am wrong
To wish for thee yet,
As my God has seen good
I should lose thee, my pet.

Thou dost not, my pony,
Remember me still,
Or those joyous rides
O'er woodland and hill.—p. 33.

It will afford pleasure to those who have perused these juvenile specimens of verse to meet with the authors of them engaging in due time in more laborious and elaborate tasks and fulfilling the promise of their youth. To those gifted with such capabilities there need be no despair of success in the struggles of this life ; and amidst the temptations to which the possession of such tastes and talents will expose them, our hope is that our young friends will never forget the lessons taught them in the bitter school of disappointment and adversity. Christian parents may without hesitation introduce " Quiet Hours " to their children's attention, and we shall be pleased to see a future edition with the name of some London publisher on the title-page.

HOW I WENT TO SEA.

How many years ago is it, I wonder, when resenting some boyish grievance, deeply and irrecoverably irate at some fancied injury, wounded and exacerbated in my tenderest feelings, I ran away from school with the hard, determined, unalterable intention of going on the tramp and then going to sea? The curtain has fallen years ago, and the lights have been put out long since, on that portion of my history. The door of the theatre has been long locked and the key lost where *that* play was acted. Let us break the door open now and clear away the cobwebs.

About that time there must have been an epidemic, I think, for running away at Mr. Bogryne's establishment, Bolting House, Ealing. "Chivying" we called it. We had three or four Eton boys among us, who had carried out so well the maxim of *Floreat Etona* at that classic establishment, that they had flourished clean out of it; and—whether it was they missed the daily flogging (Mr. Bogryne was tender-hearted), or the flogging, or the interminable treadmill on the *gradus ad Parnasum* (we were more commercial than classical)—they were always running away. One boy "chivied" in consequence of a compulsory small-tooth comb on Wednesday evenings—he would n't have minded it, he said, if it had been on Saturdays. Another fled his *Alma Mater* because he was obliged to eat fat, and another because he could not get fat enough. Spewloe, our biggest boy—who was the greatest fool and the best carpenter of his age I ever knew—caught the chivying disease of the Etonians, and was continually absconding. He was always being brought back in a chaise-cart at breakfast-time, and spoiling our breakfast with his shrieks (he was fifteen, and bellowed like a bull) while undergoing punishment. They beat him, and he ran away the more. They took away his clothes, and he ran away the next day in the French master's pantaloons (crimson crossbars on an orange ground), and the knife-boy's jacket. They tried kindness with him, and fed him with large blocks of plum cake and glasses of ginger wine, but still he ran away. They riveted a chain on him with a huge wooden log attached to it, as if he had been a donkey; but he ran off next day, log and all, and was found browsing in a hedge, like an animal as he was. At last they sent for his uncle, a fierce Being connected with the East Indies in a blue surtout and white duck trousers; so starched and stiff and cutting, that his legs looked, as he walked, like a pair of shears. He took Spewloe away; but what he did with him I know not, for he never revealed the secrets of his prison-house. I saw him again, years afterwards, in a cab, with a tiger; his foolish face decorated with such tight whiskers and moustaches, such a tight neckcloth, such tight boots and gloves and stays, that he could scarcely move. I believe he went into the army and to India, to fight the Afghans. I hope they proved less terrible to him than Bogryne, and that he did not run away from them.

I think, were I to be put upon my affirmation relative to the cause of my running away from Mr. Bogryne's establishment, and going on tramp, that I should place it to the account of the Pie. There was a dreadful pie for dinner every Monday; a meat pie with a stony crust that did not break; but split into scaly layers, with horrible lumps of

gristle inside, and such strings of sinew (alternated by lumps of flabby fat) as a ghoul might use as a rosary. We called it kitten pie—resurrection pie—rag pie—dead man's pie. We cursed it by night, we cursed it by day; we would n't stand it, we said; we would write to our friends; we would go to sea. Old Bogryne (we called him "old" as an insulting adjective, as a disparaging adjective, and not at all with reference to the affection and respect due to age)—old Bogryne kept Giggleswick the monitor seven hours on a form with the pie before him; and Giggleswick held out bravely, and would not taste of the accursed food. He beat Clitheroe (whose father supplied the groceries to the establishment, and who was called in consequence "Ginger") like a sack, for remarking, sneeringly, to the cook, that he (Bogryne) never ate any of the pie himself, and *that we knew the reason why*. Candyman, my chum, found a tooth in the pie one day—a dreadful double-tooth. Who was going to stop in a school where they fed you with double-teeth! This, combined with the tyranny of the dancing-master, some difficulties connected with the size of the breakfast roll, and others respecting the conjugation of the verb *τίνα*, I strike (for, though we were commercial, we learnt Greek, hang it!), and the confiscation of a favorite hockey stick—for which I had given no less a sum than four-pence and a copy of Philip Quarll—drove me to desperation. I "chivied" with the full intention of walking to Portsmouth, and going to sea. Lord help me!

One bright moonlight night I rose stealthily from my bed, dressed, and stole down stairs. I held my breath, and trod softly as I passed dormitory after dormitory; but all slept soundly. The French master—who was wont to decorate himself hideously at night with a green handkerchief round his head, and a night-garment emblazoned like the *San benito* of a victim of the Inquisition—gurgled and moaned as I passed his door; but he had a habit of choking himself in his sleep, and I feared him not. Clitheroe, who slept under the last flight of stairs, was snoring like a barrel-organ; and Runks, his bedfellow, who was the best story-teller in the school, was telling idiotic tales, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, to himself in his slumbers. I crept across the playground cautiously, in the shadow of the wall. The play-shed; the brick wall against which we were wont to play "fives;" the trim little gardens, three feet by four, where we cultivated mustard and cress, and flowering plants which never flowered; somehow seemed to glance reproachfully at me as I stole out like a thief in the night. The tall gymnastic pole on which we climbed appeared to cast a loving, lingering shadow towards me, as if to bring me back. The sky was so clear, the moon was so bright, and the fleecy clouds were so calm and peaceful as they floated by, that I half repented of my design and began to blubber. But the clock of Ealing church striking, called to mind the bell I hated most—the "getting-up bell." The pie, the tooth, the dancing-master, the diminished roll, the Greek verb, came trooping up; and, my unquenchable nautical ardor filling me with daring, I got over the low palings, and dropped into the high road on my way to sea.

Nobody was in my confidence. Such friends and relatives as I had were far away, and I felt that "the world was all before me where to choose." My capital was not extensive. I had jacket, waistcoat, and trousers with the etceteras, half-a-

crown in money, a curiously-bladed knife with a boat-hook and a corkscrew by way of rider, and an accordion. I felt that, with these though, I had the riches of Peru.

To this day I cannot imagine what the New Police could have been about, that moonlight night, that they did not pounce upon me, many-bladed knife, accordion and all, long before I got to Hyde Park Corner. Nor can I discover why Mr. Bogryne pursued me in a chaise-cart and sent foot runners after me up and down all roads save the very one I was walking quietly along. I must have looked so very like a runaway boy. The ink was scarcely dry on my fingers; the traces of yesterday's ruler were yet fresh on my knuckles; the dust of the playground adhered to my knees.

A bed next night at a London coffee-shop; a breakfast and a wild debauch on raspberry tarts and ginger-beer, very soon brought my half-crown to twopence, and I felt a lowness of spirits and the want of stimulants. A penny roll and a saveloy brought me to zero. The accordion was a bed the next night, and a sausage-roll by way of breakfast, the next morning. The many-bladed knife produced a mouthful of bread and cheese and half-a-pint of beer for dinner. Then, having nothing, I felt independent.

By some strange intuitive education, I felt myself all at once a tramp, and looked at the journey to Portsmouth quite philosophically. Curiously, when the produce of the many-bladed knife had been consumed and forgotten, and the want of another repeat began to be very unpleasantly remembered; it never once occurred to me to turn back, to seek assistance from any friend or friend's friend or boy's father with whom I had spent a holiday in London. It never struck me that if employment were to be found at sea, there were docks and ships in London. I was bound for Portsmouth—why I know not—but bound as irredeemably as if I had a passport made out for that particular seaport, and the route was not by any means to be deviated from. If the London Docks were situated in New York, and if Blackwall were the port of Bombay, they could not, in my mind, have been more unattainable for the purpose of going to sea, than they were, only a mile or so off. I was not afraid of Mr. Bogryne. I seemed to have done with him ages ago. I had quite finished and settled up accounts with him; so it appeared to me. He, and the days when I wore clean linen, and was Master Anybody, with a name written in the fly-leaf of a ciphering-book; with a playbox, and with friends to send me plum cakes and bright five-shilling pieces, were fifty thousand miles away. They loomed in the distance, just as the burning cities might have done to Lot's wife, very dimly indeed.

It was Saturday afternoon. I well remember loitering some time about Vauxhall, and wondering whether that hot, dusty road—with the odors of half-a-dozen bone-boiling establishments coursing up and down it like siroccos—could be near the fiery establishment where there were always fifty thousand additional lamps, and to which young Simms at Bolting House had been—marvellous boy!—twice during the Midsummer holidays. After listlessly counting the fat sluggish barges on the river, and the tall dusty trees at Nine Elms (there was no railway station there then), I set out walking, doggedly. I caught a glimpse of myself in the polished plate-glass window of a baker's shop, and found myself to be a very black, grimmy

boy. Vagabondism had already set its mark upon me. I looked, so long and so earnestly, in at the baker's window that the baker—a lean, spiky Scotchman, whose name (McCorquodule, in lean spiky letters above his shop-front) looked like himself—appeared to think I was meditating a bold border foray on his stock in trade, and rushed at me so fiercely round his counter with a bread-tin, that I fled like a young gazelle. I plodded down the Wandsworth road, blushing very much as I passed people in clean shirts and well-brushed clothes, and pretty servant-maids, dressed out in ribbons like Maypoles, laughing and chattering in the gardens and at the doors of suburban villas. I had a dreadful qualm too, on meeting a boarding school for young gentlemen in full force walking in procession two and two. As I passed the master—a stout man genteelly garrotted in a white neckcloth, and walking severely with the youngest pupil as if he had him in custody—I shivered. Bolting house and Mr. Bogryne loomed, for an instant, not in the distance, but close upon me. Good gracious! I thought—What if there should be some masonic intercourse between preceptors, relative to the recovery of runaways; some scholastic hue-and-cry; some telegraphic detection of chivying? But the schoolmaster passed me in silence, merely giving me a glance, and then glancing at his boys, as if he would say, "See, young gentlemen, the advantage of being boarded, washed, and educated in an establishment where moral suasion is combined with physical development (Times, August 20). If ever you neglect your use of the globes, or sneer at your preceptors, or rebel at pies, you may come, some day, to look like that." The last and biggest boy, in a checked neckcloth and a stand-up collar, as I made way for him on the pavement, made a face at me. It was so like the face I used to make at the ragged little boys, when Bogryne's boys went out walking, that I sat down on a dog's meat vendor's barrow and cried again.

By some circuitous route which took me, I think, over Wandsworth Common, and through Rochampton and Putney, I got that evening to Kingston-upon-Thames. The sun was setting, as I leaned over the bridge. I was tired and hungry; but, dismissing the idea of supper, as something not sufficiently within the range of possibility to be discussed, I certainly began to feel anxious concerning bed. Where or how was it to be? Was it to be barn, or hay-rick, or outhouse—or simply field, with the grass for a pillow, and the sky for a counterpane? My thoughts were interrupted by a stranger.

He was, like myself, a tramp; but, I think I may say without vanity, he was infinitely more hideous to look at. Short and squat and squarely built, he had the neck of a bull and the legs of a bandy tailor. His hands were as the hands of a prizefighter. They were so brown and horny that where the wrists joined on to his arm you might fancy the termination of a pair of leather gloves. His face was burnt and tanned with exposure to sun and rain to a dull brickdust color; purple red on the cheek-bones and tips of the nose and chin. Both hands and face were inlaid with a curious chequer work of dirt, warranted to stand the most vigorous application of a scrubbing-brush. His head was close-cropped like a blighted stubble-field, and his flabby ears kept watch on either side of it like scare-crows. He had pigs' eyes of no particular color; no eyebrows, no beard save a stubbly mil-

dew on his upper lip, like the mildew on a pot of paste, a "bashed" nose, and a horrible hare-lip. He had an indefinite jacket, with some letters—a W, I think, and an I—branded on one sleeve, a pair of doubtful trousers, and something that was intended for a shirt. None of these were ragged, nor could they be called patched, for they were one patch. Finally, he had a bundle in his hand, a cap like a disc cut out of a door-mat on his head, and something on his feet which I took to be a pair of fawn-colored slippers, but which I subsequently found to be a coating of hardened mud and dust upon his skin.

He looked at me for a moment half curiously, half menacingly; and then said, in a shrill, falsetto voice that threw me into a violent perspiration:—

"Where were you a going to!"

I replied, trembling, that I was going to bed.

"And where was you a going to sleep?" he asked.

I said I did n't know.

He stroked the mildew on his lip and spoke again:—

"I s'pose now you'd be a young midshipmite?"

I am certain that I must have looked more like a young sweep, but I contented myself with saying that I did not belong to his majesty's service—yet.

"What might you be doing of, now?" he demanded.

It was a dreadful peculiarity of this man that when he spoke he scratched himself; and that when he did n't speak he gave his body an angular oscillatory wrench backwards and forwards from the shoulder to the hip, as if he had something to rasp between his jacket and his skin; which there is no doubt he had. I was so fearful and fascinated by his uncouth gestures that he had to repeat his question twice before I answered; then, not knowing what to describe myself (for I could not even assume that most ambiguous of all titles, a gentleman), I said, at hazard, that I was a tailor.

"Where was you a going to-morrow?"

I said, hesitatingly, to Portsmouth.

"Ah! to Portsmouth," resumed the man, "to Portsmouth, surely! Have you got thruppence?"

I replied, humbly, that I had n't.

"No more have n't I," said the tramp, conclusively; "not a mag."

There ensued an ambiguous and, to me, somewhat terrifying silence. I feared that my companion was indignant at my poverty, and that, on the principle of having meal if he could n't get malt, he would have three-pennorth of jacket, or three-pennorth of waistcoat, or three-pennorth of blood. But I was agreeably disappointed; the villanous countenance of my companion cleared up; and he said, condescendingly—

"I'm a traveller."

"And a very evil-looking traveller, too," I thought.

"If you had got thruppence, and I had got thruppence," he went on to say, "I knows a crib down yonder where we might a snoozed snug. But if you ain't got nuffin, and I ain't got nuffin," the traveller continued, quite in a didactic style, "we must turn in at the Union. Do you know what the Union is?"

I had heard of the repeal of the Union, and the Union Jack, and one of our boys' fathers was a member of the Union Club. I had an indistinct

notion, too, of an Union workhouse; but my fellow tramp had some difficulty in explaining to me that the Union was a species of gratuitous hotel; a caravansary kept by the Poor Law Commissioners for the special relief of the class of travellers known in ordinary parlance as tramps, and in the New Poor Law Act as "casual paupers;" and where, in consideration of doing an hour's work in the morning, I could be provided with supper and a bed.

We walked together to the house of the relieving officer to obtain tickets of admission. The functionary in question lived in a pretty little cottage, with a shining brass door-plate much too large for the door, and a fierce bell; which, every time it pealed, shook the little house to its every honeysuckle. The parochial magnate was not at home; but a rosy girl—with an illuminated ribbon and a species of petrified oyster as a brooch, and who was his daughter, I suppose—came to a little side window in the wall in answer to our summons; and, scarcely deigning to look at us, handed us the required tickets. Ah me! A twitch, a transient twitch came over me when I thought that there had been days when Master Somebody, in a prodigious lay-down collar and white ducks, had walked with young ladies quite as rosy, with brooches quite as petrified, and had even been called by them, "a bold boy."

Misery, they say, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows; but shall I ever again, I wonder, sleep in company with such strange characters as shared the trusses of straw, the lump of bread, and slab of Dutch cheese, that night, in the casual ward of Kingston workhouse? There was a hulking fellow in a smock frock, who had been a navigator, but had fallen drunk into a lime-pit and burnt his eyes out, who was too lazy to beg for himself, and was led about by a ragged, sharp-eyed boy. There were two lads who tramped in company; they had been to sea and were walking from Gosport to London. My fellow, the man with the wrench, had been born a tramp and bred a tramp; his father was a tramp before him, and I dare say his children are tramps now.

"Yer see," he deigned to explain to me, after he had despatched his supper, "I likes change. I summers in the country, and winters in London. There's refuges and 'ressipockles'" (by which, I presume, he meant receptacles), "in winter time, and lots of coves as gives yer grub. Then comes spring time; I gets passed to my parish—the farther off the better, and I gets a penny a mile. When I gets there I goes 'cross country on quite another tack. I knows every Union in England. In some they gives you bread and cheese, and in some broth, and in some skilleygolee. In some they gives you breakfast in the morning, and in some they does n't. You have to work your bed out. Here, Kingston way, you wheels barrows; at Guildford you pumps; at Richmond you breaks stones; at Farnham you picks oakum; at Wands worth they makes you grind corn in a hand-mill till your fingers a'most drops off at yer wrists. At Brighton now, they're a good sort, and only makes you chop up fire-wood; but Portsmouth's the place! You're a young un," he pursued, looking at me benignantly, "and green. Now, I'll give you a wrinkle. If you're a-going to Portsmouth, you manage to get there on a Saturday night; for they keeps you all day Sunday, and they won't let you do no work; and they gives you the jolliest blow-out of beef and taters as ever

passed your breastbone. The taters is like dollops o' meal!"

With this enthusiastic eulogium on the way in which they managed matters at Portsmouth, the traveller went to sleep—not gradually, but with a sudden grunt and a jerk backward. The blind navigator and his guide had been snoring valorously for half-an-hour; and the two sailor lads, after an amicable kicking-match for the biggest heap of straw, soon dropped off to sleep, too. There was an unsociable tinker in the corner, who had smuggled in a blacking-bottle full of gin, notwithstanding the personal search of the workhouse porter. He gave no one, however, any of the surreptitious cordial, but muddled himself in silence; merely throwing out a general apothegm to the auditory that he preferred getting drunk in bed, as "he had n't fur to fall." He did get drunk, and he did fall. I was too tired, I think, to sleep; but none of my companions woke during the night, save an Irish reaper who appeared more destitute than any of us; but whom I watched, in the dead of the night, tying up some gold and silver in a dirty rag.

Next morning was Sunday—a glorious, sunshiny, bird-singing, tree-waving Sunday. They turned us out at eight o'clock with a meal of hot gruel, and without exacting any work from us. The hereditary tramp and I walked together from Kingston to Esher. The navigator stopped in Kingston, having a genteel begging walk in the environs; and the Irishman sallied forth Londonward with a slipshod wife, and a tribe of ragged children, who had slept in the women's casual ward. With them went the two sailor lads; one of whom, with a rough kindness that would have made me give him a penny if I had possessed one, carried the Irishwoman's sickly baby.

"Why don't you chuck them ere shoeses off?" asked my friend as we plodded along. "They would n't fetch nothing, to sell, and they're only a bother to walk in, unless you was to put some wet grass in 'em. Look at my trotters," he continued, pointing to his feet, and tapping the sole of one of them with the blade of his knife, "they're as hard as bricks, they is. Go buff-stepped—thats the game."

Some remnants of Master Somebody's pride in his neat Bluchers must have lingered about me, for I declined the invitation to walk barefoot.

"When shoes is shoes," pursued the tramp argumentatively, "they're good for those as likes 'em, which I don't; but when they're 'crabshells,' and leaky and gummy in the soles, and lark-heeled, the sooner you get shut of 'em the better. There's togs, too," he pursued, looking with proper pride at his own attire, "the sooner you peel off them cloth kickies the better. There ain't no wear in 'em, and they're no good, if you ain't on the flash lay. My jacket's Guildford jail. My trousers is Dartford Union; and my flannel shirt is the Society for the 'Ouseless poor. When I can't patch 'em no longer, and they gets all alive like, I tears up. Do you know what 'tearing up' is? A course you don't. Well, I goes to a Union a night, and I rips up into bits every mortal bit I has upon me. Then they comes in the morning, and they puts me into a sack, and they puts me in a cart and takes me afore the beak. Tearing up is twenty-one days, and quod meals, which is mind ye regular, is good for a cove, and freshens him up."

Here he sat down on a milestone; and, producing a remarkably neat housewife case, proceeded

to overhaul all parts of his apparel with as much care and circumspection as if they had been of purple and fine linen, catching up any stray rents and "Jacob's ladders" with a grave and deliberate countenance.

How long this man and I might have kept company I am not prepared to say; but we soon fell out. He descried, or fancied that he could descry, something in my face that would be sure to attract the sympathies of the benevolent, and loosen their purse strings; or, as he phrased it "nobbie the flats;" and he urged me with great vehemence, not only to beg pecuniary relief from all passers-by, but also to diverge from the high road, and go "a grub cadging," i. e., to beg broken victuals at small cottages and gentlemen's lodge-gates. Finding that I was too shame-faced, he felt himself, I suppose, called upon to renounce and repudiate me as unworthy his distinguished company and advice; and, telling me that I warn't fit for tramping no-how, he departed in great dudgeon down a cross road leading towards Reading. I never saw him again.

I walked that day—very slowly and painfully, for my feet had begun to swell—to Guildford. I was very hungry and faint when I arrived, but could not muster courage enough to beg. I had a drink or two of water at public-houses, going along, which was always readily granted; and I comforted myself from milestone to milestone with the thought of a supper and bed at Guildford, where my ex-mentor had informed me there was a "stunning Union." But, woe! when I got to Guildford, it was full nine o'clock in the evening. The good people of that pleasant market-town were taking their walks abroad, after church service; good, easy, comfortable, family folk—fathers of families—sweethearts in loving couples—all, doubtless, with cosy suppers to go home to, and snug beds—and knowing and caring nothing for one poor, soiled, miserable tramp, toiling along the highway with his fainting spirit just kept breast high by the problematical reversion of a pauper's pallet and a pauper's crust. I soon found out the relieving officer, who gave me my ticket, and told me to look sharp or the Union would be closed; but I mistook the way, and stumbled through dark lanes, and found myself, weeping piteously and praying incoherently, in quagmires, and when I did get at last to the grim, brick, castellated Union-house, the gates were closed, and admission to the casual ward was impossible. The porter, a fat, timid man, surveyed me through the grate, and drew back again as by the light of a lantern he scanned my gaunt, hunger-stricken mien. He thrust a piece of bread to me between the bars, and recommended me to seek the relieving officer again, who, he said, would find me a bed. Then, he wished me good night, and retreated into his little lodge or den with the air of a man who has got rid of a troublesome customer.

Good night! It began to rain, and to menace a thunderstorm; but I sat down in a ditch, and devoured the bread. It was eleven o'clock, and I was wet to the skin; when, by dint of dodging up and down dark lanes, and knocking up against posts, and bruising my shins over milestones, I got to the relieving officer's again.

The relieving officer lived up a steep flight of steps; and, as I approached the bottom thereof, was peeping out at the door to see what sort of a night it was. He shook his head, either at the dirty aspect of the weather or at that of your

humble servant, and was just about closing his door, when I ran up the steps and caught him by the coat-tail.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer, when I had explained my errand to him, "dear-a deary me!"

This was perplexing rather than encouraging; and I waited some moments for a more definite communication. But, none came, and the relieving officer kept staring at me with a bewildered expression, twitching nervously at a watch-ribbon meanwhile, and then whirling it round as if he intended presently to sling the seals at my head; but I made bold to tell him what the porter had told me about his finding me a bed.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer again, dropping the threatened missiles; but, this time, with a shake of the head that gave solemn significance to his words. "Where am I to find a bed?"

This was a question that I could not answer; nor, apparently, could the relieving officer. So he changed the theme.

"There is n't such a thing as a bed," he remarked.

I don't think that he meant to deny the existence of such a thing as a bed, taken in the light of a bed; but rather that he intended to convey the impossibility of there being such an institution as a bed for such as I was.

"You must go further," he said.

"Where, further?" I asked desperately.

"Oh, I'm sure I can't say," replied the relieving officer; "you must go on. Yes," he repeated with another stare of bewilderment and clutch at his watch appendages, "go on—further—there's a good lad."

Whatever I may have found inclination to respond to this invitation, was cut short by the relieving officer shutting the door precipitately, and putting up the chain. So I did go on; but not much further. I wandered down to the banks of the canal, where I found a coal-barge just unladen. It was very hard, and black, and gritty; but I found out the softest board, and, in that barge, in spite of all the rain and the coal-dust, I slept soundly.

From Guildford to Farnham next day, through Alton; where, if I remember right, the ale is brewed. My feet were terribly swollen and blistered; but, with a sullen pride, I kept to my shoes. I have those shoes to this day in a neat case. Such crabshells! It was just one o'clock when I walked into Farnham, Hants; but I was so tired out that, pending the opening of my hotel, the workhouse, I turned into a field, and slept there, under a hedge, until nearly eight o'clock.

I may remark, as a noteworthy feature of the frame of mind I must have been in during my tramp, that although I was a sharp boy, with a taste for art and a keen eye for the beauties of nature, I observed nothing, admired nothing—nor smiling landscapes, nor picturesque villages, nor antique churches. I saw, felt, thought of, nothing but of the mortal miles I had to walk. The counties of Surrey and Hampshire were to me but vast deserts of coach-roads, diversified by oases of mile-stones, with a Mecca or Medina, in the shape of an Union workhouse, at the end of each day's weary travel. I met wayfarers like myself, but they were merely duplicates of the sunburnt tramp, the Irish reaper, and the drunken tinker. There was, now and then, a stray Italian boy, and an Alsatian broom-girl or so; and once I met a phi-

lanthropist in a donkey-cart, who sold apples, onions, pots and pans, red-herrings, Common Prayer-books, and fannel. He gave me a raw red-herring—if, being already cured, that fishy esculent can be said to be raw. Raw or cooked, I ate it there and then.

I never begged. Stout farmers' wives, with good-humored countenances, threw me a halfpenny sometimes, and one pleasant-spoken gentleman bade me wait till he saw whether he could find sixpence for me. But he had no change, he said; and, bidding me good evening in quite a fatherly manner, rode away on his dapple gray steed. Has he change now, I wonder?

When I woke up I went straight to the workhouse. Farnham did not boast an Union, but had a workhouse of the old school. The master was a pleasant old man, with a large white apron, and gave me a liberal ration of bread and cheese. I happened to be the only occupant of the ward that evening; and, being locked up early, I had time to look about me, and select the cleanest and softest-looking truss of straw. The whitewashed walls were covered with the names of former tramps; their poetical effusions and their political sentiments were scratched with nails or scrawled in charcoal. John Hind had labored hard to rhyme "workhouse" with "sorrow;" but, although he had covered some six feet of wall with his efforts, he had not succeeded. Some anonymous hand had scrawled in desperate Roman capitals, "God help the poor;" to which I said Amen. Mr. Jack Bullivant had recorded, in energetic but untranscribable terms, his disapproval of the quality of the cheese; and J. Naylor had given vent to his democratic enthusiasm in "Hurrah for uni"—something which looked like unicorn, but was intended, I fancy, to mean "universal suffrage." Chartism was the great wall-cry in those days. Close to the door was the sign manual of "Paul Sweeny, bound to London with Fore Kids." Motherless, perhaps.

There had been one "casual" in before me; but he was taken so violently ill immediately after his admission, that he had been removed into another out-house, on to a truckle bed; the rules of the establishment not permitting his being transferred to the infirmary. The poor wretch lay groaning piteously, as I could hear with painful distinctness through the thin wall that separated him from the casual ward. His groans became at last so appalling that they worked me into an agony of terror; and I clung to the locked door (in the centre of which there was a largish grating) and beat against it, to the great disgust and irritation of the porter; who, with a lantern at the end of a pitchfork, came in to look at the moribund occasionally, and who made a rush at me at last as he would have done at a young bull. "It's all over with him," he said to me in remonstrance; "so weere's the good! The doctor's gone to a birth; but we've give him a bottle of stuff till he comes, and made him comfortable. So lie down."

Whatever the "stuff" was—doctor's stuff, kitchen stuff, or household stuff—the miserable man continued "moaning of his life out," as the porter said querulously, until it was almost morning. Then the doctor (a pale, over-worked, underpaid young man with tight trousers, and spectacles, always in a chaise and a perspiration) came; and I heard him tell the porter that the man would "go off easily." He presently did.

They let me out at eight o'clock—sick, dizzy,

and terrified. "I told you so," the porter said with apologetic complacency, "he went off quite 'comfable.'" This was his epitaph. Who he was or what he was—where he came from or whither he was going—no man knew, and it was no man's business to inquire. I suppose they put him in the plain deal shell, which I saw the village carpenter tacking together as I turned down the street, and so lowered him underground. They might have written "comfable" on his tombstone, for any purpose a word would serve—if they gave paupers tombstones; which they do not.

But, this poor dead unknown man did me a service. For, whether I was superstitious, or whether my nerves were unstrung, or whether repentance at my obdurate folly came tardily, but came at last, I went no further on the way to Portsmouth, but thought I would n't go to sea, just at present, and tramped manfully back to Ealing, determined to take all Mr. Bogryne could give me, and be thankful. But I did not get what I

expected and what I deserved. I found anxious friends just on the point of putting out bills of discovery as for a strayed puppy; I found a fatted calf already slaughtered—kindness, affection, forgiveness, and *Home*.

There was but one drawback to my happiness. With some strong preconceived notion of the dreadful company I must have been keeping, and the horrible dens I must have sojourned in, my relations and friends found it to be their bounden duty to wash me continually. When it was n't warm bath, it was yellow soap and scrubbing-brushes; and when it was n't that, it was foot-bath. I was washed half away. I was considerably chafed, and morally hustled, too, by good pious relatives in the country; who, for many months afterwards, were forever sending me thick parcels; which, seeing, I thought to be cakes; which, opening, I found to be tracts.

I have walked a good deal to and fro on the surface of this globe since then; but I have never been to sea—on similar terms—since, any more.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

STANZAS

BY A BEREAVED ONE.

MOTHER, they say the summer ray
Shines out on flower and tree;
Thy coffin-lid has darkly hid
The summer light from me.

Mother, they tell me bee and bird
Are singing loud and near;
Thy latest moan is all the tone
That lingers on my ear.

Mother, they offer daily fare,
But, ere the bread be broke,
I look upon thy empty chair,
And then that bread would choke.

Mother, my eyes watch out the night,
And yet no tear-drops fall,
But there is dimness in the sight,
And fever in the ball.

I have had many an hour of pain,
That bade me pray for rest,
But now there 's fire upon my brain,
And ashes in my breast.

MOTHER! oh, God! thou great Supreme,
Thou Mighty and Divine—
Forgive me if I dared to deem
That name as blest as thine.

The bridegroom waits to lose his bride,
But, ere the passing year,
You 'll find another by his side,
As beautiful and dear.

The father sighs to miss his child,
But, ere the waning week,
Some other darling has beguiled
The shadow from his cheek.

The friend may see his friend depart,
But, ere the closing day,
Some new companions warm his heart,
And chase the old away.

We all may meet a rising star,
Bright as the one of yore;
Bride, child, friend, are replaced—but ah!
The mother comes no more.

Oh! who will love as thou hast done?
Who heed my woe and weal?

Oh! who will guard thy youngest one
With such an angel zeal?

*Thy cerecloth wraps my living brow,
I 'm in the world alone;
I know—I feel I 've nothing now
That I can call my own.*

*The lichen clingeth to the rock,
The ivy to the tree—
Yet, oh! more fond, more close the bond
That linked this soul to thee.*

*The form that twined about thy neck
In happy infant play,
Once more is bowed above thy shroud,
And bends beside thy clay.*

*Once more I press the gentle hand
I ever loved to hold;
It does not strain my hand again,
Ah! no, 't is dead—'t is cold!*

*Once more I kiss thy whitened lips,
But, hark! the tolling bell;
Once more—the last—away, 't is past—
MOTHER, farewell! farewell!*

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE BONNIE, BONNIE BIRD.

O! where snared ye that bonnie, bonnie bird?
O! where wiled ye that winsome fairy?
I fear it was where nae ear heard,
And far frae the shrine o' guid Saint Mary.

I didna snare this bonnie, bonnie bird,
Nor try ony wiles wi' this winsome fairy;
But won her heart where the angels heard,
In the shadowy glen o' guid Saint Mary.

O what want ye wi' sic a bonnie bird?
I fear me its plume ye will ruffle sairly,
Or bring it low to the lone kirk-yard,
Where the flowers o' grace are planted early.

As life I love my bonnie, bonnie bird,
Its plume shall never be ruffled sairly;
Till the day o' doom will I keep my word,
An' cherish my bonnie bird late an' early.

O! whence rings out that merry, merry peal?
An' O! but the song is chorus'd rarely!
It is, it is the bonnie, bonnie bird,
An' three sma' voices piping early.

For, he didna snare the bonnie, bonnie bird,
Nor work ony guile wi' the winsome fairy;
But made her his ain, where the angels heard,
At the holy shrine o' bless'd Saint Mary.

From *Sharpe's Magazine*.

ANNIE ORME.

HOW ANNIE ORME WAS SETTLED IN LIFE, AND WHAT WE DID TO HELP IT ON. BY HER AUNT, MISS RACHEL SINCLAIR, MANTUA-MAKER, LASSWADE.

(Communicated by the Author of "*Margaret Mantland*," 4c. 4c.)

CHAPTER I.

WHERE we live is about six miles out of Edinburgh. In the summer time, the place is full of folk, seeking country air, and health, and change. Some come because they are delicate, some because other folk come; but, whatever the reason is, there are aye strangers at Lasswade, and a good house is a kind of heritage, by reason of the high rents that the visitors are content to give.

I have heard folk call it dull, and some say that they do not like the place, but I never heard a word from one meaning, even in a far-off way, that Lasswade was not bonnie. Behind us we have woods, before us we have the Esk, which, for its size, is as fine a river as you will see in any place. I would not undertake to say it was just like the Clyde, or the Thames, or the St. Lawrence, though I never saw them, and may-be they are not so grand as young Nicol Mouter says; but when the sun shines on our water, and the light comes down, green and cool, through the lime-trees, and you look along the hollow, and see the steep braes and the links of the water glimmering away into the sky, with a house here and there, sitting quiet on its side, the way the bairns sit in the warm days laving their feet, you would like the Esk, and come back in your thoughts to look at it again. No doubt it is finer to young folk when it wears in among the woods, and whiles you can just hear it, as if it were stepping cannily upon broken branches and over stepping-stones; but to me, that am older than I once was, it is pleasantest to see the houses climbing up the braes, and at night to look across the bridge at the lights shining in the dark water. I mind seeing them many a night, when my sister Alexina and me were coming home from the school in winter. My mother used to set the door open—we lived in a white house on the brae, as you go to Maviswood—and little Annie, that was the youngest of us, sat on the outer-step with our dog, Warlock, and cried our names in the darkening, long before we came in sight. I think sometimes I hear her yet, when the winter afternoon has worn past, and the lights begin to be lighted in the town. The air has just the same hum it used to have when she cried down through the dark, "Lexie! Rechie! come home!" And there is aye a bark now and then, to stand for a little short bark that Warlock threw in whenever Annie cried. Annie Orme, my dear! it is your mother I am thinking about—and you need not cry.

We were six of us in a family, and we were brought up with a fight, like most poor men's bairns. Robert, the oldest son, was a merchant in the town, and had a good shop of his own for a while, and looked like a prosperous person; but he failed, poor man, and went away to America, in the year 'eighteen, which was the year that Annie Orme was born. George was a clerk in an office in Edinburgh; he was a kindly lad as ever was, but never thrived; it might be his own blame—it might be other folks'—it is not my part to say. John died when he was young; he was the

flower of them all, and we laid him in the churchyard, at Pennycuik. These were all my brothers.

My sister Lexie is the oldest of the family. She never was well-favored, honest woman, any more than myself; but she had a head as different from mine as the Esk water is from the sea. There never was such a good judgment and sensible mind in our family as Lexie's, and so everybody said;—she thought so herself besides, which was her only fault.

My father was a tall, thin man; my mother, a fat body, round and merry. Lexie is like the one—she is as tall as the precentor—and I am like the other;—so that I see strangers give looks at us on the road to the church, and laugh to themselves, and ask who the little body is, trotting away after the lang lady? But I never heed; for when the folk say it is Miss Rechie Sinclair, they commonly put in a kindly word, which I like to hear.

But my sister Annie was like none of us—poor, sorrowful, heart-broken lassie. She married a young man that was not what he should have been; and as soon as she found it out, it went to her very soul, and she wasted away, and never looked up again. Yes, Annie Orme, my dear, your mother broke her heart; and a heart-break is a strange trouble. It took the light out of her eyes first, then the color from her lips—and I never saw gentle or simple, except one high lady, that was at Mrs. Lyons', last July, have lips or eyes like Annie Sinclair—and then without a word, the gold bowl broke, and she departed. The lad died himself soon after; but you need not be down-cast, Annie Orme—for you're come of creditable folk on one side, if there's nothing to boast of on the other.

So, as I was saying, we were left—after my father died, and Robert went to America—with my mother, a frail old woman, and Annie's infant, an orphan, in a strange woman's arms, and George in Edinburgh, in anything but a thriving way. Lexie and me had learned the mantua-making, and set up in a house near the toll, on the Dalkeith-road, six months before my father's death; so here we were, with the infant and the aged woman dependent on us, and George, poor man, taking a heavy lean, and us nothing but our needles and our thread in this wide world.

I could tell many a story of that time. We were sore enough pressed whiles; and folk that call my sister Lexie a hard woman, and laugh at her for being prim and stiff, would maybe have their own thoughts, if they knew how Lexie was trysted, when she was only young, and (no to speak of the sense that never forsook her) little wiser in appearance than other folk; but, any way, we got through. What with hard work of us both, and Lexie's thought and care and judgment, we paid our rent, and kepted upsides with the world. My old mother got comfort and quiet the time she was here, and was laid in the grave with respect and honor when she went away; and we aye did what we could for George, poor man, besides bringing up Annie Orme, Annie Sinclair's infant, in a creditable way, and keeping her at the school to get grammar and counting and all the higher branches, besides making her a perfect woman at white-seam, and as good a mantua-maker as any in the land.

She never had a dress yet—from her christening gown, that I worked myself at odd hours, for a whole year, to that white one she is sitting there at the window making for her wedding—but we

have earned with the labor of our hands. I am not to say proud of this—be it far from me—but I think it's anything but right of Lexie to scorn the work we've lived by, as she does. No doubt we're come of folk that were far above letting their daughters work common work like this; but, still we need it, and we have done it, not without credit; and I think there is very little gratitude to the Giver in thinking shame of the means that He gave us to get our bread by. It does not aye please him to send the young ravens—whiles it is an honest handicraft instead of the birds—but well I wot, for my own part, I would rather get the bread in my quiet way, than in Elijah's; and one is just as great a bounty out of the full hand of Providence as ever the other could be.

Mr. Bruird, of Windlestrae, is our third cousin. He comes in to see us sometimes, and sends us a fowl or two, and some apples in the season. It is very kind, and I am always glad to see him; for I will not say that I think little of good connections any more than my neighbors. But Lexie, she's very proud, and likes to hold her head higher than common folk, and she is certainly too much taken up with being a friend of the family at Windlestrae.

We have been so long in business now, that we are thought by far the highest mantua-makers in Lasswade, or near hand; and many a one comes to us that would go to Edinburgh, if we were not here. Annie Orme—for we have brought her up to the business, whatever she may need, poor thing—is as neat-handed as can be, and Lexie is so thrifty in the cutting, that we get as grand silks sometimes as the queen's mantua-maker could have; so that we have laid by something in the bank, and got some new furnishings, and are in a prosperous way.

My niece, Annie Orme, is one-and-twenty past. I will not say that she just looks like her mother. Annie Sinclair had a look that minded me always of one of the sorrowful songs; she had a sigh in her heart, even in her first youth, like a bode of what was to come. Now, I am glad to say there is nothing like that about Annie Orme. She has a fine, bright, wholesome color—not too much of it—and as white and soft a skin as could be desired. Then her hair has a kind of a natural twist, not like positive curls, but just a wave over her brow; and though she is as neat and handsome as could be, she's not to call slender. But to do her justice, Annie has so sensible and blithe and cheery a face, that everybody is pleased with it; and, though it may be true in a measure what Lexie says, that she is more given to fun and visible light-heartedness than staid folk like us may think desirable, I always mind that I was once young myself, and that the like of that is the most natural thing in the world. For Annie is not very much taken up with company; only, poor thing, having no sisters nor brothers, and nobody indeed but us, that have been spending all our thoughts on her all her life, she scarcely knew what trouble or vexation was, till a year past, and even that was but for a time.

It may be now eighteen months bygone since Lexie and me were sitting by the fire, in an autumn night, just before the candle was lighted. There was a silk gown—a very grand flowered one, white and blue—that we were making for Mrs. Colonel Cranstoun, at Maviswood, spread out upon the black sofa, opposite the fire, and clippings of it were upon the table. It was just as near dark as it could be, not to be positive black night, and

I mind the glimmering of the light silk in the darkness, and me looking at it, till I could almost fancy there was a lady lying there, and that the folds sometimes moved and altered. The fire was not very bright, but just burning quietly; and Lexie was sitting with her back to the window, and her feet on a little stool, having her hands clasped in her lap, as is her most common attitude when she is not working, looking just before her, and not thinking of anything, as I supposed. I was thinking myself about the things that were in the house, and how I would just slip away down to Mr. Mouter's for some tea, seeing Annie Orme would doubtless forget to bring it in with her, when suddenly my heart leaped to my mouth, and I nearly fell off my chair in astonishment, for—“Rechie,” said my sister Lexie to me in a moment, “it's my desire that Annie Orme should be married.”

“Dear me, Lexie,” said I, when I had recovered my breath, “what has the poor thing done?”

It was a minute or two before Lexie spoke, and then she did not just answer me.

“I am fifty year old, Rechie,” said my sister, “and you're seven-and-forty. Both of us have pingled at our seams for forty year good. No doubt it's been our appointed lot, and Providence knew best, and it's not our part to complain; but mantua-making is a wearisome life, Rechie, and undoubtedly it takes away the credit of a family when the women of it have to work for their bread. You need not contradict me; I ken very well—none better. Moreover, though our manner of life, being single gentlewomen, is the most honorable of any, yet the *canaille* jeer at us—aye, Rechie Sinclair, jeer at me—and it's my wish that Annie Orme should have another like lot from ours.”

“Weel, Lexie,” said I, “no doubt you ken best; but I think our lot has just been as guid as other folk's. We've aye had enough ourselves, and we've brought up Annie Orme as well as she could have been in her father's house. I cannot see, Lexie, what we have to complain of.”

Lexie nodded her head, and shut her lips firm.

“We've aye had enough! Rechie, Rechie, will nothing give ye a higher way of thinking? I tell ye it's no creditable to womenfolk to have to work for their bread, and Annie Orme must have a house of her ain—I have made up my mind.”

Now, it certainly did come into my head, that Annie Orme would just be as happy living like us—ay, and may-be happier—as going away into a house of her own, to battle all her days with a strange man, and aye to be in trouble about the spending, though she had no share in making the siller. However, as it is not my habit to cross Lexie, I just let this be, and cast about in my own mind who was the most feasible person to make a good man to Annie Orme.

“There's Mr. Manson, at the distillery,” said I to myself; “he is a big, red Highlander, no more like our Annie than he's like me, but I'll no say that he'll have less than a hundred a-year, and that would surely please Lexie. Then, there's Mr. Smith, the English exciseman; but he's a fat body—I would not have him if he had five hundred, let alone one. Then, there's Dr. Jamieson, the young doctor; but he's in little practice yet, and would be looking higher than our Annie. And, then—ay, there's young Mr. Mouter, at the grocery shop.”

Now, young Mr. Mouter was a very decent young

man, and a brisk, well-looking lad besides, and one that took care of himself. Besides that, his shop was an old-established shop, left to him by his father, and doing a good business, seeing he supplied Mavis-wood and many of the gentlemen's houses round about, besides having the trade of the town.

"Lexie," said I, "it was just last Whitsunday that young Mr. Mouter shifted his seat in the kirk, out of the gallery, to the one he's in now, which is just close by ours, on the other side of the passage; and I have noticed his brother Nicol and him, that they have a great trick of looking to our side—which I am of opinion, Lexie, is neither for you nor me."

"Young Mr. Mouter!" said Lexie, in a sharp tone, "young Tammas Mouter, auld Sandy Mouter's son. Rechie Sinclair, ye vulgar-minded person! do you think I would let our Annie serve behind a counter! No; if I should slave for her all my days."

"Well, I'm sure, Lexie," said I—and I was a little angered, for young Mr. Mouter was a fine lad, and I had a liking for him—"I do not ken what you would be at. He could keep her in a creditable way, and aye have plenty. I would not wonder, with thrift and good management, if they made a fortune."

"I never thought you were mercenary before, Rechie," said my sister, disdainfully. "Do you think I care for the dirty siller? It's a fash, no doubt, when folks have not enough, and often makes sair hearts; but to think I would give away my niece, Annie Orme, brought up under my ain eye, and fit for better things, on such a consideration as siller! No, Rechie, it's nothing but your ignorance; so I may tell you who I have my eye on. Young Peter Braird comes and goes to Edinburgh every Saturday night and Monday morning. He is only Windlestrae's second son, it's true, but then the oldest is married already. Peter Braird, as you ken, is in a writer's office, learning the business, and is a very decent-like lad. He could not do better, as I think, than take up with Annie Orme."

"Preserve me, Lexie," said I; "Peter Braird?"

"What for no?" said my sister.

I was so astonished, that I needed a rest before I could speak.

"Peter Braird! a lang, ill-grown lad, with a head that's so red you might see it on the tap of the Pentlands like a beacon. Peter Braird! that ye should even him to our bonnie Annie! And, Lexie, the lad, as you say, is only in a writer's office; he'll may-be never get to be a writer himself—nothing but a clerk, most likely, all his days—and if Annie would not be better sewing and working for herself than the like of that—"

Just at this moment a rap on the outer-door showed us that Annie was coming in; so I stopped in haste, and Lexie said quick, "Not a word to Annie;" and we were both sitting quiet in the dark when Annie Orme came in at the door.

CHAPTER II.

"ANNIE, my dear," said I, when I had stirred the fire, and got some light, "did you bring the tea?"

But, as I never expected she had brought it, I put over my hand, and lifted the lid of the big box, where we kept millinery; for it happened, that when I came home in the afternoon I had put my bonnet there.

"Yes, aunt," said Annie, "it's here;" and she laughed a low mischievous kind of laugh, as if she had been doing some trick to somebody.

So I put down the lid of the millinery-box, and lighted the candle. Lexie was sitting stiff up in her chair, with her feet on the footstool, and a face of thought;—many a thought has gone through Lexie's head in her day, and it would be ill my part to set up for as good a judgment as hers. But in the matter of Peter Braird, when I looked at Annie, my heart rebelled; I could not but stand up against Lexie here, though I do not mind when I did it all my life before.

Annie was still laughing—not a loud laugh, but one that ran into all the corners of her face, and made dimples wherever it touched.

"You've been playing some trick, you monkey," said I; "but it was a wonder you minded the tea, after all."

"Phemie Mouter is to be a great friend of mine," said Annie; "she was at the door, and that minded me to go in. Phemie says we're to be very chief ever after this."

"And a very right thing, Annie," said I.

Annie laughed again. "Young Mr. Mouter had an errand up the Dalkeith-road; he came with me to the door—and Nicol wanted to come too, to take care of his brother. There, Aunt Rechie, that's the tea."

And Annie threw the parcel on the table, and ran away laughing. It might be she was pleased; but the mischief was so strong in her, and she herself was so innocent, that what might may-be make a quarrel between the two brothers, and give a sore heart to one of them, was nothing but fun to her.

But, to my astonishment, Lexie took a grip of my arm, as I gathered up the clippings on the table, to be ready for the tea.

"Rechie, mind what you're doing," said my sister, with an angered voice; "I'll never give my consent to that lad or the like of him, mind; and if you encourage him, it's on your ain head."

Me! I drew myself away out of Lexie's hand, with a black mark above my elbow from her fingers, and feeling as if I had done some evil; when, the truth is, I had not done one single thing, and had never even thought—to call thinking—about young Mr. Mouter, or anybody like him, till she put it into my head.

We had our tea when Annie Orme came ben again, and there was little more said about it—though Annie herself was very ready to laugh the whole night, and was speaking something about Phemie Mouter and Nicol and Thomas whenever she could get an opportunity; but Lexie put in a sharp word about his father—Lexie has an extraordinary recollection of folks' fathers—which stopped Annie, though it made her laugh again.

Now, young Mr. Mouter had the principal shop in Lasswade—just as we were the principal mantua-makers. He might be about five-and-twenty at that time, and had served his time in Edinburgh, and was a well-educated lad. He was very particular in his dress, when he got off the white apron, and came from behind the counter; and, as he was a well-looking young man, and had, as I say, been brought up in Edinburgh, he was much thought of in our little place;—so that I think it was a very natural thing of me to be pleased when I saw him seeking after Annie Orme.

Nicol, his brother, was at the sea—a fine lad too, though a thought coarse, like most seafaring

folk—but a very cheerful, happy-spirited young man he was, and all the bairns in the town were out of their wits about Nicol Mouter;—but for all that, I felt at once that Nicol was not half so suitable as Thomas for Annie Orme.

Now, there was not much choice in Lasswade, as I think I have before said, even if all the lads in the town had been seeking Annie, which, indeed, they were not, nor anything like it;—so that I was in every way proud in the secret—the like of me to be proud!—at having made up my mind for young Mr. Mouter, and not being content, as Lexie was, with a red-headed lad like Peter Braird.

The next night, which was Saturday, Peter went past in the afternoon, and, after his manner, stopped to say a word at the door. On common days, it was just “Good-day,” and the lad went on; but this time Lexie behaved to have him in, and began a discourse, calling him “Mr. Peter” at every word. Poor lad, he was very bashful, and did not know what to do with his long legs, and the great red hands, which he commonly carries in his pockets. I am sure he was very glad to get away, and so was I when he went.

Just as he left the door, the milk-cart from Butterbraes drove past, going home from Edinburgh. The man that was driving it was a very uncommon looking young man, who had been in service with Mr. Lait all the summer. On the Sabbath days, when he was at the kirk, we were constantly taking him for some strange gentleman, and often have I thought and said that that lad was something above the common; but he just went about his work at the Butterbraes farm, and drove in the cart every Saturday to Edinburgh, like any other man. Well, as I say, Robbie drove past in his cart, just as Peter Braird went away from our door, and I could not help but let my eye fall, first on the one and then on the other. “Well,” said I, and I was not aware I was speaking it out loud, so as Lexie and Annie could hear me; “it’s no doubt a grand thing to be come of a good family—but there’s Robbie at the Butterbraes is a different looking man from Peter Braird.”

“Rechie!” cried my sister; and the start she gave me with that fierce voice made me lose, I am sure, as much as a quarter of a yard of Mrs. Cranstoun’s beautiful rich silk. But that was not the worst; lifting up my eyes—I was shaking a little with the thought of having angered Lexie—what should I see but a blush on the face of Annie Orme, as red as blush could be. I never had a greater start in my life—to think that she, a young creature choosing for herself, should have that thought for Peter Braird!

CHAPTER III.

On the Monday morning, a quiet Sabbath-day having come between, I was a little surprised to see Peter Braird rapping at the door. We were just at our breakfast ourselves; and, seeing I did not know what business he had at our house so soon again, I never moved to open the door.

“Let Mr. Peter in, Annie Orme,” said Lexie. “Poor lad, he never likes to pass the house.”

And Annie started up in a moment, in a way that it made me angry to see; but, however, our little maid, Beenie, was beforehand with her, and in a minute we heard a heavy foot in the passage, and Peter Braird put in his shoulder at the door,

and gave a shy glance over it, like an awkward colt of a lad as he was.

“Come in, Mr. Peter,” said Lexie. “Are they all well at Windlestrae this morning? You should call oftener, for its aye a pleasure to see you. Come in, and take a seat and a rest; it’s a long walk to Edinburgh.”

So he came in, and sat down on the edge of the wooden chair—there is only one wooden chair in the parlor. He had a fine rose in his hand, in a pot—a monthly rose, but a very fine one of its kind.

“Are you going to carry it all the way to Edinburgh? How fresh it is, and bonnie!” said Annie Orme.

“No, it’s for you,” said Peter; and he looked at me—not at Annie Orme.

“You’ve brought it in a present to Annie? Well, now, that is very considerate,” said my sister; “for she has little in her power, Mr. Peter, seeing she *will* work to help us; though I am sure she need not unless she liked.”

Now, this was very true; for my sister Lexie had that great a pride in Annie Orme, that she would rather have worked double herself to keep Annie like a lady.

“I was not meaning Miss Annie,” said Peter, scraping about the floor with his foot, and holding the pot firm in his hand. “Miss Rechie, it’s for you.”

And saying that, he shoved it down upon the table beside me, with a very red face, and made me that I spilled my tea upon the clean table-cloth with the shake he gave my arm.

I thanked him the best way I could, and thought it was very kind; but all the time I was watching Annie Orme, to see if she looked disappointed—which she did not, so far as I could perceive.

And away went Peter with his red head. He was a good-natured callant, and I am sure it was very mindful of him; but, for all that, he need not have left the mark of the pot and his own big thumb on my clean table-cloth.

Next day, Mrs. Cranstoun, of Mavis-wood, called about another gown. When we saw the little carriage she drives stop at the door, my first thought was to make the room right, and get some of the clippings out of the way; but Lexie aye has such a pride.

“Annie Orme,” said my sister, “take your seam up the stair till this lady’s away.”

“I think you should let me stay, aunt,” said Annie; “for, now that I am a woman, I should work for you, and not you for me.”

“Do what I bid you,” said Lexie, in a peremptory manner; “it is not my purpose you should be a mantua-maker all your days, like Rechie and me. Go up the stair—I have other views for you, Annie Orme.”

So, Annie having gone up stairs, Mrs. Cranstoun came in, and we got our business with her done. Afterwards, Lexie went out to Miss Trotter’s, to see if she could get some trimmings; though I always said she would have to go in to Edinburgh for them.

“Aunt, what views has my Aunt Lexie for me?” said Annie Orme, when she came down.

“What am I to be, if I’m no to be a mantua-maker? Surely—surely, she does not want me to be a lady’s maid, Aunt Rechie!”

“Na, Annie Orme, no such thing,” said I. “Lexie would never stoop to that; she says you’re to have a house of your own.”

Annie looked at me for a moment, in an uncertain way, and asked, "What do you say, auntie?" But before I could get time to answer, she put up her hands to her face, and threw down her seam, and burst into a laugh. I cannot just tell how long this laugh lasted; but that whole forenoon, till Lexie came home, it returned about every ten minutes, till she had to wipe her eyes, and laugh at herself again for laughing. But, along with this there was a bit little blush going and coming, as if the same idea might have entered her own head before. No doubt it had; for these young creatures, you see, are so rash, and never consider what they are undertaking with, until the thing is past remedy, and, ill or well, they must go on.

"Your Aunt Lexie says you're to have a house of your own—the which has never happened to either her or me," said I; "and, more than that, Annie, my dear, she has her eye on the lad, too."

When Annie could speak for laughing, which was not for a while, she came and put her arms about my neck, and begged me to tell her who it was. Now, I'll not deny it was a great temptation; but I was honorable to Lexie—I would not tell her—for my heart smote me when I looked at the little rose-tree, and I could not speak an ill word of Peter Braird, though he had a red head.

"But I'll tell you a most sensible young lad, that would make a good man to you, Annie Orme, or else I'm much mistaken," said I. "He's in good business, and has plenty to maintain you in a creditable way; and he's a very wise-like young man. I see you have but to look kindly at him, and he'll do whatever you like."

"Who is that, Aunt Rechie?" said Annie; and what surprised me was, that her lips opened a little, by reason of the breath coming fast and short, and that she looked up for the moment without laughing, as if this was more earnest than joke.

"I've had my eye upon him this while," said I, "and a fine lad he is, I can answer for him, though your Aunt Lexie thinks he's far below your degree, and will not hear of him; but, for all that, he's a likely lad, Annie Orme."

Annie did not look up at me this time; she looked down close at her work, and her needle flew through her fingers like lightning, and her face turned so red, that I saw the cheeks must just be throbbing and beating with heat.

"Hold up your head, Annie, my dear," said I; "you'll get yourself a head-ache, if you stoop down that way; and you need not think any shame, for young Mr. Mouter is a lad anybody might be pleased with; so there's no need for thinking shame."

But, before I had done speaking, Annie was standing on the floor, laughing like to bring down the house. I thought it was maybe only her agitation, poor thing; for I have seen folk cover a thing that moved them by laughing at it. But, however that might be, she laughed even on, I cannot tell how long, so that I could hardly stop her; till, as I was standing at the window, I saw Lexie coming up the road, which had some effect upon the mirthfulness of Annie Orme. Just at that time, too, the milk-cart from Butterbraes drove away up on the road to Edinburgh, and Robbie, whom I have before mentioned, being in it, and seeing me at the window, took off his hat with an air that bewildered me, and gave me a bow. I never saw a man in Lasswade make such a grand bow, except the minister.

"Preserve, me, Annie," said I; "I wonder who that Robbie is—he surely must have come of better folk, and got a better up-bringing than the hinds here away; for, some way, I aye feel myself treating him as if he was a gentleman, and him only a farm servant. It is very strange to me."

To this which I said, Annie answered not a word, but sat down to her seam in a moment, and worked as busy at it as if it was for her life.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT night I went out myself to Robert White, the baker's, and in passing looked in at Mr. Mouter's shop, just to see what he was saying to it. He was in the shop himself, serving, and Phemie—I am sorry to think she is rather glaikit, having no mother over her, poor thing—was standing at the door of the parlor, behind the shop, swinging it back and forward in her hand, and laughing loud at something a young man had said that was standing at the counter. Mr. Mouter himself looked very pleased to see me; and the first thing that Phemie said, when I crossed the door, was, "Eh, Miss Rechie! how's Annie Orme?"

"Step in, Miss Rechie; the night's cold for the season, and there's a fire on in the parlor," said Mr. Mouter. "I think we're to have a hard winter this year. 'Mony haws, mony snaws,' the proverb says; and when I was up the other day at the Hewan, the bushes were just scarlet with them. You'll feel the east wind in your house of yours, Miss Rechie!"

"Yes, Mr. Mouter," said I, "it is exposed, no doubt; but then there's such a pleasant view, that we put up with the wind."

"Then I hope there's no weak chests among you, Miss Rechie; Miss Annie Orme looks delicate a little," said the young man.

"No such thing, Mr. Mouter," said I; "she's just been particular stout and well all her life, and the spirit that's in her keeps away all the little troubles. No, Annie Orme, I'm thankful to say, has uncommon health. She's a good lassie; I'm sure if any mortal ever deserved it, it's my niece Annie."

"Aye, I would think that," said Mr. Mouter. "She's a sensible, well-conducted young woman."

Well-conducted! That anybody should speak so of my niece, Annie Orme! But it was just the young man's manner of speech; and, besides, he was busy putting up some sugar for little Katie Hialop, a very small bairn, who could not get up to the counter.

"If Annie Orme's delicate you should see and take her to a safe house, Tammas," said Phemie; "you that have so much interest in her."

It happened just at that moment that I was lifting up little Katie Hialop to put down her coppers on the counter, and to get the sugar; but whenever I set the bairn down again I said—

"If there was any need of a safer house, my sister Lexie and me would flit in a moment; for, though we've been twenty year and more where we are, I would rather leave the finest house that ever was than risk scathe to Annie Orme."

"Annie Orme's weel off," said Phemie. "The wives say she would make a guid wife, and the lads say she's bonnie, and at hame she's petted like as she was a princess; it's a grand thing to be Annie Orme."

"Hold your peace, Phemie," said Mr. Mouter; "be thankful you have not to work for your bread;

and see to the house, and dinna speak so much. Yes, I've no doubt Miss Annie would make a grand manager in a house, after all your good training, Miss Rechie; but a plentiful house, you see, with men in it, is different from a scrimp, genteel family, that has only women—though, to be sure, a good principle is the thing. And, you see, to be a country place, Lasswade is a very dear place; it's all with the strangers, Miss Rechie."

"But you have a very good shop, Mr. Mouter," said I; "if the like of you complain about things being dear, what should the poor folk do?"

"Well, the business is not to complain of," said the young man; "but, you see, it's not like a secure, settled income, and it takes thrift and management. I'm a careful man myself, Miss Rechie. I aye think the chief quality of a good wife is thrift; but step in bye and take a rest."

So, as Phemie had gone in to the parlor, and was waving on me with her hand, I went in at last, and by-and-by Mr. Mouter came himself, leaving only the little boy in the shop, and we had a crack. Phemie is a fine girl, I believe, but she is ill-mannered; and all the time I was in, she was teasing Thomas about Annie in a way that made me think shame. Besides this, Phemie speaks too much about the lads—far too much.

"If I was the lads," said Phemie, "I'll tell you who I would be jealous of. Oh, I would be jealous of him, Miss Rechie, if I was them! There's no one like him in all Lasswade."

"Phemie, I wish you would learn some sense," said Mr. Mouter.

"And who is this bonnie lad, my dear?" said I.

"It's Robbie, at the Butterbraes. They say the folk remark him in Edinburgh—to see the like of him driving a cart; but it's no that he's bonnie, Miss Rechie—it's—I canna tell what it is—ask Annie Orme."

"Annie Orme!" said I, "what should Annie know about a lad that's only a servant-man to Mr. Lait?"

"Oh, may-be she doesna ken, Miss Rechie; but she looks up when he goes by, as well as other folk," said Phemie Mouter; "and it's no that he's bonnie—I've seen folk bonnier—but he just has a look like no other person. Eh, what would a body think if Robbie turned out a lord, or some grand gentleman in disguise?"

"Dear me," said I, "if there is any chance of that, somebody should speak to Mr. Lait—it should not be allowed."

"Nonsense—nonsense—stuff; would you believe what the like of her takes into her head?" said Mr. Mouter, looking angrier than he had any occasion to be. "For my part—"

But what Mr. Mouter thought, for his part, I never heard, seeing somebody came into the shop, and he had to go away.

So I gave him an invitation to call up and see us, and went upon my way likewise. On the road, I turned it over in my own mind, with much consideration. This lad, Mr. Mouter, was may-be fully as prudent as it was pleasant to see a young man; and was seeking a wife to take care of himself and his goods and his gear, in a most calculating way, which I did not very well like. Then I fell into a thought about Annie Orme, why we should wish to set her away out of our house, and her the desire of our eyes. We would miss her every hour, not to say every day, and Lexie just as much as me; we would miss the very fash and trouble she sometimes gave us, when she would not

be careful about changing her feet on wet days, or consorting with common folk. I am sure the very thought that I would not have her white gown to iron for her in summer, nor her bits of collars and things to keep in order all the year round, was grievous to me. No doubt it was Lexie's doing this present project, and not mine; but still I'll not deny my own weakness. In spite of all the grief we would have missing her, I yet felt that I would like to see her in her own house, and to call her, my niece, Mrs. Mouter. When folk begin to look at their own minds, it is remarkable how they constantly find a contradiction—and so there was with me. My heart sank at the thought of her going, and yet I was both proud and pleased to think that she would go, and be head over a house of her own.

CHAPTER V.

A WEEK or two passed after that, and we went on just in our ordinary way. Young Mr. Mouter sometimes came up, and sat half an hour, at night; but his discourse was mostly to me, for Lexie was always prim and grave when he came in, and he seldom addressed himself to Annie Orme. Neither was Annie, as I could perceive, the least caring about his company, but just treated him as she did old Mr. Wood, the secession elder, who was our landlord, or any other neighbor not being a young man; for, to tell the truth, Thomas Mouter is not like most young men—there is a sedateness and steadiness about the lad, that might have done much good to Annie; but, no doubt, things are best as they are appointed.

Peter Braird, too, called every now and then; but, indeed, I never could see that the lad heeded about Annie at all, but rather, if he had a notion of anybody, it was me, my own self, seeing I had been kind to him, as he thought, in various little ways. He was just about one-and-twenty, and had never once thought of being married, I believe; while all the time Lexie made out that he was just uncommonly taken up about Annie Orme.

So, two or three weeks went past, and it came to the end of October. The weather was rather cold, but as beautiful and clear as it could be; and the harvest was all well in, and the folk busy in the potato-fields. I like myself to see the gathering of potatoes—no to say that they are the staff of life to many a one, and that a good year of them is a good year for the poor—there is something cheery, besides, in seeing the women about the fields, and the gallant horses ploughing them up, and the lads whistling behind. Then, I like the fragrance of the earth itself, and to see the shaw lying half buried in the furrow, with a cluster at the root of it like a cluster of grapes—and much more useful to man and blessed, well I wot. But, not to waste time telling what I like, and what I do not like—it was about this season. The nights were chilling into the winter, and Lexie and me were fain to sit near the fire, being older than we once were.

She was sitting in her own chair, doing white seam—a thing not common with Lexie; for, with so much work as we had, it was little profit to us to labor at the plain things that anybody could do. This, however, was a garment for Annie Orme, which Lexie was making just out of her own head, in a new pattern—and the neatest thing I ever saw. She was sitting, as I say, in her ordinary position, with her back to the window, and her feet on the footstool. My sister Lexie is tall and

thin, and has been hard-favored all her days, like me; but you have just to look at her to see she is not a common person; only she wears high caps, of not a pleasant fashion, and they give a peaked, sharp look to all her face, especially as I saw it in the shadow, now and then giving a bit nod upon the wall.

I was sitting, myself, on the other side of the fire, putting down in my little book some things I had been buying. A low chair suffices me, and I need no footstool; for, as I have before said, I am a little person by nature, and was slender, too, till I began to turn stout, about fifteen years ago—so that I am not to call in ill-condition now. The candle was standing between us two, and there was a good fire in the grate. Lexie's thread and her scissors were on the table, and over the back of the wooden chair was her shawl, and she had put her bonnet in the big millinery-box; for Lexie had been up at Windlestrae, seeing the family that afternoon. It was not quite tea-time, but very near it, and I was wondering to myself what could keep Annie Orme, who had gone out with a message in the gloaming, and how it was that I did not hear Beenie setting the cups in the kitchen, when suddenly the door was thrown back to the very wall, with a *thud* which made Lexie (being nervous) jump, and Beenie came fleeing in, crying out to me, "Miss Rechie! Oh, Miss Rechie! here 's Miss Annie walking down by the water-side with a grand gentleman!"

You may think how my heart started, and began to beat! But when Beenie saw my sister, I thought she would have fainted; for Beenie was rather feared for my sister, and had come in to tell me this, thinking I was sitting my lane.

So Lexie and I looked each other in the face, without saying a word, and Lexie gripped the linen she had in her hand in a fierce manner, as if she thought it was young Mr. Mouter's hair, and was giving him an awful shake. For I had no doubt it was young Mr. Mouter, Annie having no other joes.

"Dear me, Beenie," said I, "where did you get such a like story—I'll go with you and see; but my niece Annie Orme kens better than to wander about at night with a strange man."

"Sit still where you are, Rechie Sinclair," cried Lexie to me, in a great passion; "and you, Beenie, you born haverel, how dare you tell me such a thing! My niece Annie Orme! Do ye think I'm to believe that she's keeping trystes on the water-side, like ony common person's bairn?"

"If ye please, Miss Lexie, it's no my blame; I couldna help seeing them," said Beenie, beginning to cry.

"Annie Orme! Oh, Annie Orme! that I should hear such a story of you!" said my sister; "but Mrs. Braird, at Windlestrae, was not just very stout when I was up this afternoon. It may be was my niece Annie's cousin, Mr. Peter Braird, that was with her, Beenie, and there would be no ill in that."

"Na—they've a' such red heads," said Beenie, quickly; "I could not have missed kenning wha it was, if I had looked through the bushes at Mr. Peter."

Lexie got up the linen in her hand, as if she could have thrown it at Beenie, in her anger; but instead of that, she rose, took her shawl from the wooden chair, and her bonnet out of the mil-

linery-box, and put them on, looking with a fierce eye all the time upon me.

"I'll go myself, and see who is with this unfortunate lassie," said Lexie. "If it's any friend of yours that you've given encouragement to out of my knowledge, Rechie, and sacrificed the poor thing, like her mother!—But I'll no permit it—nothing shall make me permit it. She shall be delivered, whatever I have to do. Beenie, follow me. I must be at the bottom of this before another hour."

Fear'd out of her very senses, Beenie went creeping after my sister, and Lexie turned round as she went out, with a kind of defiance to me, and bade me "keep the house till she came home."

For a while I sat still, and tried to add up my book—but I was all shaking with having angered Lexie, and with thoughts of what she would say to the poor bairn, and to the decent lad also, whom no doubt it was true I had encouraged—in a way. I have no very great skill at any time in adding up figures, but now, even though I took great pains, and counted them on my fingers, I could not get on; so at last I thought it was best to shut the book.

After that I sat for a while just looking into the fire and pondering. There was not a sound in the house—nobody being in—but the clock in the passage ticking steady and slow, like a thing of wood and iron as it was, heeding not a pin that folk were distressed. But by-and-by, as I sat and listened to it in the quiet house, I thought it said "Annie Orme, Annie Orme, Annie Orme," in a voice like a ghost; and in spite of my own sense, and all I could say to myself, I could not help being feared.

Annie Orme—Annie Orme! oh, if the like of me had brought scathe upon the bairn!

So I went away at last, and opened the door very cannily; for though I knew that Lexie was a good distance away, I had still a dread of her hearing me. It was a most beautiful night; just on the other side of the road was a great park, looking dark in the moonlight, and in the hollow below that was the Esk glimmering out in a bend, and all the angles and the corners of the paper-mill rounded with silver. The moon in the skies was like a ship travelling upon the sea. Now and then she sailed away behind a cloud, and you lost wit of her; but then the edging of the cloud would brighten and brighten, and all the mist round it would gleam like fairy lace woven out of silver, and out she came herself, looking you full in the face, as if she had been hiding in play, and was young enough yet to be whiles a bairn, for all her dignity and state. All the time, just before her, as if it were guiding her track, went a little quiet star; it had a solitary, forlorn look about it, as if it knew well that the grand traveller behind would leave no kindly looks for a small light like what it seemed; and so, as I stood out in the night, my heart grew wistful and solitary too, and sighs came out from it, or ever I knew—but it was true I had great cause to be anxious about Annie Orme.

I was looking down the road, expecting to see Lexie, and Annie, and young Mr. Mouter, all coming back together—for I could not think my sister would stand out about any pride of her own, if it was to hinder what Annie had set her heart upon—when I saw a dark figure coming up by the

hedge, and a little one, crying like to break her heart, following after as fast as she could. "Dear me," said I, "here is Lexie and Beenie back again," and I opened the door wide to let them in, and consoled myself with the thought that Beenie had been mistaken after all, and that whoever was walking by the waterside, it was not Annie Orme.

But my heart misgave me when I saw the moon for a moment shine on Lexie's face, and she passed me on the door-step without a word of what had happened. Beenie came into the house just behind my sister, and you could have heard her at the bridge she grates so loud. "Oh, Miss Rechie, it's a' me," said Beenie, and there was a sob at every word—"it's a' my wyte for telling upon Miss Annie."

I hurried into the room after my sister, being now really feared; Lexie was putting her bonnet away into the millinery box, and had off her shawl, but she never spoke a word, though she might easily see me standing shaking there, wondering what was the matter. Lexie's lips were closed firm, and she was holding her head up so stiff, that now and then it gave a little nod—I could not bear this any longer.

"Lexie," said I, "say anything you like to me—miscall me as much as you are disposed—but speak to me, Lexie, and be pitiful to the bairn."

"The bairn! the vulgar-minded, low-spirited, unthankful girl! Oh, Rechie Sinclair, to think we should have wared our best days upon her, and her following in her mother's steps at last!"

"Lexie, woman! the lad is a very decent lad," said I, "he's no very grand, but he'll be always creditable, and he can keep her well. What way should ye make such a work about it?"

"Rechie, you are a deceived woman," said Lexie, turning full round on me, and looking fierce in my face. "I tell ye, Peter Braird is too good for her—far too good for the notions she has—I kent that—and not only so, but even your man Thomas Mouter, who keeps a grocery shop, and is auld Sandy Mouter's son—he's too good for her, Rechie Sinclair. She's chosen for herself—she's made her ain selection, and woe's me that I should see this day."

Saying that, Lexie sat down upon her chair, and turned her face to the wall, and was silent for a time. I saw she was much moved, and that her frame shook, but she would not let wit to me. I laid my hand on her shoulder, and said, "Lexie, woman, dinna vex yourself," but she shook my hand off with wrath, and would not turn round her head—for Lexie is very proud—it is just her one fault.

When she was done, she drew her chair into its usual place, and looked me in the face once more.

"Well, what were you asking me?" said Lexie, sharply.

"I was asking nothing, Lexie; but I would very fain hear indeed," said I, "what it is that has angered ye at Annie—who was with her!—ye might tell me."

"Aye, I may tell you, and I'll tell herself before it be long," said my sister, "who was it! Oh, Rechie Sinclair! I'm one auld fool, and you're another. We were thinking her a truthful bairn and an obedient, that liked us, and had respect to our opinions—while she's been holding trystes all this time with Robbie at the Butterbraes!"

I was struck silent and dismayed—I could not make answer a single word.

CHAPTER VI.

WE sat together in this manner for, I think, about half an hour, waiting till Annie should come in; Lexie with her hands clasped round her knees, gripping them tight, and looking into the fire, without once moving; while I was looking at her, and crying quietly to myself, and eye giving the other look behind me at the door, and listening to every sound without, thinking it might be the footstep of that misguided bairn. I wearied sore for her every minute, and yet when a step passed the door which I had fancied in the distance was hers, I was glad; for even though I could not but condemn her as much as Lexie, I could not bear that she should have the burden of all Lexie's bitter words. Poor thing! poor foolish, misguided thing! to think there could ever be any happiness proceeding out of the like of this—a wooing begun hidelins, with, may-be, deceit, as well as stealth—that I should speak so of Annie Orme! and clean against the known opinions and special wishes of her nearest friends. But I was not angry; I was grieved to my very heart. Neither, I think, was Lexie to call angry; but she could keep up an appearance of it better than me.

At last I did hear her; I could not be mistaken—there was not another foot in Lasswade had music in it like Annie's, and she was singing low, as she came, an old tune. The poor thing! it was "Kind Robin lo'es me," as I discerned when she passed the window; and thankful was I to think that Lexie, having no taste for music, would not notice what it was; but, for myself, I know all the tunes in the country, I think, good or bad.

Beenie, I suppose, had been watching at the door, for Annie came in in a moment, and I never heard her rap. She had taken off her bonnet in the passage, and came in with it swinging in her hand, and her face had a thought more color than usual, and her eyes were shining as I never saw them shine before. Indeed, she was just looking happy and bright, as it might be supposed she should look, coming in from the clear fresh air of such a night, and did not seem to have a shadow of fear about her.

The first thing that seemed to strike her when she came into the room was the way we were sitting, and the trouble upon our faces. She paused in her singing, and stood still a moment at the door. "Auntie Rechie, is there anything wrong?" said Annie Orme.

"Oh! Annie Orme, my bonnie bairn!" said I, but I could not say another word.

"Put your question to me, Annie Orme—I'll answer you," said Lexie; "and come here before me, and lay away your bonnet; you need not spoil the good ribbons, though ye've spoilt a better thing—for I have something to ask of you."

Annie came forward in a surprised way, and laid down her bonnet on the top of the millinery-box. I was wringing my hands, and pleading with my sister; but Annie came quietly, and stood before her, crossing her hands like a bairn waiting for its questions, and looking as innocent and peaceable as if she were only going to say *Effectual Calling*; though I did observe—but it might be only the surprise, and Lexie's look at her—a blush spreading over all her face.

"Annie Orme," said my sister, rising high in her seat, and looking so like a judge that my heart trembled for Annie; "you've heard us speak of your mother, and how she threw herself away, and how she died. Since your mother died, Annie Orme, have you ever felt the want of her? Has anybody grudged you a single thing, if it were even play or pleasure, or the vanities of youth? Has any mortal ever bidden you work except when you liked, or trusted you with any hardship? You've had as good schooling as Lasswade could give you; you're as much thought of as any lady in the place; and I'm sure there's no lady in the place whose garments have gotten so much pains bestowed on them as yours; besides that, your Aunt Rechie there, like a foolish person as she has been all her life, has made herself nothing better than a lady's maid to pleasure you. I ask you, Annie Orme, what you ever wanted that you did not get, or what thing ever was put upon you that you were not pleased with? Do you hear me, Annie Orme?"

"Yes, aunt," said Annie; and now she put her hands behind her, and drooped down her head, but she said not a word more.

"Oh, Lexie!" said I, "have compassion on her; she's little Annie's bairn."

My sister turned her head round to me with a start, and gave me a glance which made me hide my face. "She's little Annie's bairn," said Lexie; "do you mind what Annie Sinclair was, that ye dare to put me in mind of her now? The brightest spirit and the bonniest face in sight of the Pentlands. But what did she do? She went away, and married a man—a man no more to be compared to herself than the Esk water is to the Firth; and his evil ways and his mean manners broke her heart, and she died. We were but girls ourselves, Rechie Sinclair, and Annie was younger than us. But you put me in mind of her when I am here admonishing her daughter. You will make me daft between you. Annie Sinclair lost, and Annie Orme lost—and what's to become of you and me?"

I did not answer; I was crying to myself sore; and Lexie's voice was very shrill and high, as if but for pride she would fain have cried too. But, for all that, I glanced up at Annie Orme; a single tear was stealing down her cheek, and her eyes were full; but she was looking at Lexie steadfastly, and my heart was comforted by her face.

"Aunt Lexie—" said Annie Orme.

"Whisht!" said my sister, "dinna let one evil bring another;—do not say to me, Annie, a word that is not true. It's no story I've heard—I saw it with my own een; and you have been keeping trystes with this man the whole summer through, in spite of his place and yours—in spite of kenning that this was what I could not bear—in spite of our trust in you. It was time, I say, Annie Orme, high time, we had found out what kind of walks you took on the water-side."

Annie put up her hand to her flushed face, and the tears came down one after another, till it was all I could do to keep my arms from her. "Aunt Lexie, dinna be angry," said poor Annie, and there always came the other sob between; "I did not deceive you in my own mind, auntie; and some day you'll no think so ill either of me—or him."

"Of him! Preserve me in patience! She dares to name the Butterbraes' hind in such a way to me!" cried Lexie. "Let me ever hear his

name again, or that you've said a single word to such a person, and I'll leave this place. Yes, Annie Orme, I vow to you I'll travel away; I'll give up the business, and flit the house, and take ye away to the West Highlands, or into England, over the Lammermuirs, or some other savage place. Ye shall never marry the like of him—ye shall never more speak to the like of him—ye shall never be a hind's wife—or ye'll kill me, Annie Orme."

"No, auntie," said Annie; but I thought her mind was away, and she did not know what she answered.

"Lexie," said I, "dinna be angry; you have let Annie ken what your pleasure is, and she does not rebel. Lexie, let us be good friends now. Annie, my dear, you need not greet. Oh, lassie! ye dinna ken how precious you are to us both!"

"Dinna speak that way, Auntie Rechie—dinna," said Annie Orme, sobbing; "I cannot bear that."

Lexie was sitting still, with her eyes fixed, looking into the fire. "This lad spoke about a license," she said, in a low voice, as if it were only to herself; "of getting a license some time in the summer. This is what our niece meditated, Rechie Sinclair; this is what she would leave our honorable house to do. You spoke about Thomas Mouter, Rechie, and I scorned it; but still you encouraged him. Now you'll get your will, mair than you wanted;—and when ye see Annie Orme mistress of a public, selling drams to every vagabond that passes by, you'll repent opposing me."

I heard at this moment a strange sound from Annie Orme, which did not seem like a sob, and immediately she hurried away.

"No that I'll ever permit the like of that," said my sister, raising her voice; "not that it ever shall be; but he dared to propose this, Rechie Sinclair, and she made no objection. If I had listened longer, I might have heard more; but that was what I could not do. Is she away to her own room, Rechie? She deserves solitude and darkness as well as ever one did; but she's no so strong as some. Take in a light, Rechie, and admonish the reprobate; I'll say no more myself this night."

I saw Lexie's heart was moved. After all, though she looks stern sometimes, Lexie is not hard-hearted, nor ever was. So I went quietly ben to my own room, where Annie had gone, for Annie sleeps with me. As I went in at the door, I heard again the strange sound which was not like a sob; and, hurrying to see its cause, what did I find but Annie Orme lying back in the big, old easy-chair, with her hands covering her face, and her cheeks all wet with tears, laughing as I never saw her laugh before. To do her justice, I believe there might, may-be, be something of the affection called hysterical (a thing I do not much understand myself) in this of Annie; but it was a real laugh, and real mischief and fun (at such a time!) were in the eye that glimmered out wet to me, from under the shelter of her hand.

"Annie Orme!" said I; "I could not have believed this of you."

"Oh! I think shame of myself for laughing," said Annie; "but I cannot help it—indeed, I cannot help it; you would laugh yourself, if you kent. It was that last thing my Aunt Lexie said."

"Was that about the license?" said I. "Indeed, Annie, it vexes me that you can laugh at that; for a public-house would be a strange place for you. Is it not for a public-house? What is it

for! Aye, Annie, now I mind, young Mr. Mouter has a license for simple tea and sugar. If it was that, it would not be so bad; but what tempted ye, woman, when there are plenty lads round about, in your ain degree, to take up with Robbie at the Butterbraes? The like of him!"

"Aunt!" said Annie Orme; "but *you* must not be angry, Aunt Rechie; no, indeed, I cannot bear that; and I meant to tell you, by-and-by—or he meant himself—"

"Dear me, Annie," said I; "you must give him up—you must not speak to him more—or it will kill Lexie."

"Must I, aunt?" said Annie; "may-be—but I am not sure about that."

"Annie Orme! you'll have to promise. Woman, think of young Mr. Mouter and his fine business," said I. "Mind, I am as much in earnest as Lexie; will you promise me, Annie, never to see him more?"

"He's to go away to-morrow, aunt," said Annie; "but I'll no promise—whisht, Auntie Rechie—you wouldna have me break his heart."

"Men's hearts are no so easy broken, Annie," said I, "never you be feared; and, besides, he's only a servant man. Annie, Annie, think what you're doing."

Instead of answering me by reasonable arguments, she came away close to me, and put her arms around my neck; so that, before I was aware, I found myself speaking as if I was quite pleased with Robbie, and ready to take him into the family in a minute. I am far too easy in my disposition—for too yielding—as Lexie has told me many a time; but I am too old to mend now.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a very quiet night that, with us. Annie sat silent at her seam, and never lifted her eyes; and except that Lexie now and then gave a groan, and me sometimes a sigh, I think there was scarcely a sound in the room. My sister was much softened to see Annie so quiet; but Annie, as I think, was occupied with other cogitations besides grief for our displeasure;—it was natural, poor thing—and it was not to be denied that this Robbie was a wise-like lad.

When I went into my own room, after having had a conversation with Lexie, I found Annie Orme not in her bed, though she had left the parlor about an hour before. When I came in, she had a little book in her hand, which she put away in a great hurry—no doubt it was some keepsake—so I asked no questions about it.

"Now, Annie," said I, having just been speaking to Lexie about the whole matter, "you must have a stout heart for this, my dear. You've done a very wrong thing in taking up with this young man, and you must be done with him, Annie Orme. Mind, I've seen your mother break her heart, because she did not take good advice, and break off in time. It's an awful undertaking, Annie, the like of this. Many a thing else you may make a mistake in, but everything else can be mended; and, Annie, Annie, my dear, just you think what a desolate thing it must be to repent after it's done, when nothing in this world can deliver you except death, which it is a sin to seek for yourself, let alone another."

"But, auntie, there is no need forever repenting, either before or after," said Annie, looking a little angry.

"Annie," said I, "when folk are not equal,

they're never happy. A poor serving lad, with no culture or breeding, and the like of you, Annie Orme—I cannot think of it."

"But Robbie is not a common serving lad; Robbie is—" When Annie had said this, she stopped, and laughed out; so that I was feared Lexie would hear her.

"Robbie is better than his neighbors—no doubt you think so, Annie," said I; "but wait a little till he grows a coarse man, and you're married upon him. Mind, I'm only supposing a thing that's never to happen; for neither Lexie nor me would ever consent to it."

Annie put her arms round my neck again, and leaned her head upon my shoulder. She did not speak a word except "Bonnie auntie!" but what could I say to her after that? She used to call me "bonnie auntie," when she was a little bairn, and wanted something; I aye yielded then, and I am feared I never will learn to refuse anything to Annie Orme.

Just as we were standing in this way, speaking about him, and me myself (being a fool, and nothing else) praising Robbie, and saying what a wise-like lad he was, we heard Lexie's foot in the passage. Both of us started and ran—me to begin to take of my net-cap, and Annie to hide herself behind the curtains, for fear her aunt should see that she was not sleeping.

"Rechie," said my sister, very low, just looking in at the door—and, seeing she waved upon me with her hand, I went out to her; and what do you think Lexie had brought?—I said she was not hard-hearted—that I, knowing her so well, should say the like of that!—I ought to have told the real truth, that there scarcely ever was as kind a heart and as good a head as Lexie's put together, in spite of all she has had to vex her, poor woman, one time and another, all her life through.

She was carrying in her hand the little pink china jug full of negus, which she had been making with her own hands in the kitchen.

"Is Annie sleeping?" said my sister.

"How do you think she could sleep, Lexie," said I, "after what has happened this night?"

"Poor thing!" said Lexie, "though she's done anything but her duty to us, we must not fail, Rechie, of our duty to her. Make her take this—it'll do her good; and if you think she's feverish, give her some out of this bottle. She can expect nothing else, after her behavior; but I would not have her ill either, if I could help it. Try and get her to sleep, Rechie; I must speak to her the morn."

And with a sigh Lexie went away.

When I went to Annie Orme, she had hidden her face in the pillow, and was crying bitterly; I had near cried myself; for though Lexie looked hard sometimes, it was strange to see the tenderness and mindfulness of her, even when she had been greatly angered.

The next morning, I went out early to do some errands, and left my sister and Annie alone. I had a fear about it; but still, after all, I thought it best.

Just on the bridge, I met Robbie; I scarcely knew him, for he had on his Sabbath dress, and looked in every way liker a laird than a hind. He was carrying a box with his things—honest man, it was not a very heavy one—and when he saw me, he stopped to speak to me, though he had never done it before.

"I am going away, Miss Rechie," said Robbie;

"and though I am not going far, and it's better for me, I am sorry to leave Lasswade."

"How far are you going?" said I—but I could not call him Robbie, and I did not know his last name.

"Only to Edinburgh," he said; "I am waiting to put my box on the coach, but I'll walk myself. Good-bye, Miss Rechie; you'll may-be hear of me again."

He held out his hand, and I gave him mine—him a common serving lad! He lifted his hat to me when he went away—neither Thomas Mouter nor Peter Braird would have done more than nodded—and I stood still and looked after him. It did not look like his Sabbath dress; he was as easy in it as I am in my old green merino gown; and, indeed, I did not wonder at Annie, for he was just as little like a farm servant as Thomas Strang, the smith (I could see the red glow of the smiddy, and half a dozen boys round it, at the corner of the street—that is what put him into my mind), was like a minister.

I went up all the way home, thinking of what Phemie Mouter said. He might be a great gentleman, or even a lord in disguise; but I soon saw that was not likely, for he had no motive; and though a great lord might pretend to be a landscape painter, as Annie was reading to me in a ballad the other day, I have great doubts whether it would be as good diversion to pretend to be a farmer's man.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MISS RECHIE," said young Mr. Mouter, "will you come in to your tea to-morrow night—you and Miss Annie Orme? It's the last night of the year, you know—Hogmenay, as the bairns call it—and there will be just one or two more—all neighbors, Miss Rechie."

"Well, Mr. Mouter," said I, "I am sure I have no objection; we'll see what Annie says."

I have passed over all the time between October and the end of the year, because there was nothing in it of moment to anybody. We were all going about in our ordinary way, and nothing had happened in the town but what happens every day—a bairn coming home here and there, and an old person dropping off like the last leaves. And touching Robbie nothing was now said, he having clean departed, and nobody in Lasswade, as it seemed, minding about him at all; so that Lexie was again keen about Peter Braird, and I, I confess, began to think that young Mr. Mouter had a chance after all. So I ironed Annie's best collar and her fine sewed cuffs, that she got in a present, and made her put on her new blue merino, with a ribbon round the waist; and, having made up my own good cap, we dressed ourselves, and went down to Mr. Mouter's to our tea. It was not very cold for the season, so that it was pleasant going down the road, seeing the lights shining through the windows, and hearing the bairns singing at the doors. Little Katie Hislop has a miracle of a voice for singing, and she is so very wee a thing, that you cannot believe, when you hear it, that such a wonderful sound is coming from a creature that you could almost hold in your hand. There she was, poor little thing, with an old table-cloth tied round about her waist, half full of oat-cakes, and slices of bread, and bits of short-bread, standing at Mrs. Thomson's window, singing one of the longest Hogmenay rhymes—or, rather, it was two or three of them joined together, and sung at the very

height of her voice. There were two or three more with her, and just as they ended—

But we are bairns come out to play,
Get up and gie's our Hogmenay,"

Mrs. Thomson opened the window, and gave them I cannot tell how many cakes and scones, and a great lump of fine, rich short-bread to Katie herself.

"Now, we'll go to Mr. Mouter's, and then we'll gang hame," said Tomima Hislop, Katie's big sister; "we needna bide lang there—he'll no gie us ony short-bread. Katie, sing."

But they scarcely waited to sing—they just gathered about the door in a cluster, and cried,

"My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin,
Give me a piece, and let me rin,"

when they all ran away; but whether it was that Mr. Mouter had the cakes ready for them, or whether they were feared to face him (being so sedate a young man), I cannot tell.

"You see, auntie, the bairns ken," said Annie Orme to me; "they would not have run that way from our door."

"Nor from your own door either, my dear," said I, "when you have a house of your own; but how is a man to ken?"

The table in Mr. Mouter's parlor was set out very fine, with beautiful china, and silver teaspoons, marked T. M., his own initials—I thought to myself, if he got Annie, they would have plenty of silver things to begin with; for I knew my sister would not let her go to her own house without a good dozen of spoons—and there was short-bread and a great rich bun, and biscuits and bread of every kind. For company, there was Annie and me, and the two Miss Thomsons, and young William Wood and his wife, besides Phemie and Nicol, and Mr. Mouter himself.

"When are we to hear of a mistress to this fine house of yours, Mr. Mouter?" said young Mrs. Wood. "It's a pity to see such a bonnie little room, and no a wife to put into it; we have been looking for it these three months and more."

"It's a serious business; I am not a man that undertakes anything rashly; but there's no saying, ladies—there's no saying," said Mr. Mouter, briskly; and he looked straight round at Annie.

What did Annie do, think you? I was feared she would have laughed; instead of that, she held up her head, and asked Mr. Wood as grave as if she had been Lexie, when he was last in Edinburgh.

"When I was last in Edinburgh," said Mr. Wood, "you'll no guess, Miss Annie, who I saw. Do you mind the young man that used to drive the Butterbraes' cart? Robbie something—but I never heard his last name. Well, I met him in a little street near the college, dressed in black, as well as anybody need be, and walking with a gentleman. I never was more astonished; but I did not speak to him, for I thought, if he had got any rise in the world, he would not like to be minded that he was once only a servant-man."

"It was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Wood," said I.

"Eh, and was't Robbie?" said Phemie Mouter, "what way did you no follow him, Mr. Wood? I would have gaen step for step, if it had been five miles—and there's nae saying what grand house he might have led you to in the end."

"Dear me, will somebody have left him siller?" said Miss Christina Thomson.

But Annie Orme never spoke a word, though, when I looked at her, I saw her eyes dancing, and such a crowd of smiles into every line of her face, that my heart was moved to see her pleasure. The two Miss Thomsons were come of very comfortable folk, and would both have portions—so would Phemie Mouter; but when I looked at Annie Orme, I could not help seeing the difference, though Annie would have no portion, and was an orphan, poor thing, with only two single women, Lexie and me, all the friends she had in the world.

And as I thought upon my sister, the water came into my eyes. When did Lexie seek a pleasure to herself, or when did she spare herself an hour's work that was to better one of us? I have worked with her all my days—it may be thought I am taking a share of the honor, but anybody that knows me may know it is not so. Many a one has thought Lexie hard, even when she was toiling for them, and I question if any mortal but me, so much as guesses what kind of heart she has, or, indeed, if she knows herself.

And there was Annie Orme—little wonder that we were both proud of her—little wonder that we both would have had her well wedded, if we could; but the lad she liked best herself—what if he did turn out some great man after all!

"Annie," said I, when we were on our road home, "is this lad, Robbie, a greater person than he looks? tell me, is he some rich gentleman guising in this fashion? for, if he is, I'll tell Lexie, and we must instantly leave this place, and never be within knowledge of him more."

"No, auntie, he is not a great gentleman," said Annie Orme, "no, he's may-be no quite what he looked like, but he's a true man; and by-and-by he'll tell you everything himself—but you're no to ask me."

I was confused and bewildered; I could not tell what to think.

When we got home we heard a sound of voices in the parlor, and there was Peter Braird sitting with my sister. He had been getting a glass of wine—Lexie never offers folks drinks—and there was a plate of our new-year's short-bread on the table.

"Dear me, Mr. Peter," said I, "are you going up to Windlestrae at this time of night?"

Peter gave a great laugh, and turned red in the face. "I want to be somebody's first-foot in Lasswade here; I came out on purpose; but I'm not going home to-night, Miss Rechie."

"Well," said I, "you are paying somebody a great compliment, coming out all the way on a cold night. Who is it, Mr. Peter?"

"Everything in its right time, Rechie," said my sister, who was looking uncommonly pleased. It was clear that Lexie expected that he had come to be first-foot to Annie Orme.

"I met a gentleman on the South-bridge the other day, Miss Rechie," said Peter, "and he asked kindly for you. He used to give me a lift in his cart sometimes, on the Saturday nights, when I was coming home wearied, and a fine lad he is—Robert Scott—you mind him?—he was at the Butterbraes."

"And, Mr. Peter, do you keep company with the like of him?" said my sister, with a kind of horror.

"When I met him he was better dressed than

me," said Peter, looking down upon his own coat, which was not quite so well brushed as it might have been, "and I am sure he speaks as good English; but I don't just to call keep company with him, Miss Lexie, for I never saw him but this once."

"Let not the name of any such person be mentioned to me again," said Lexie; "what do I care about his good dress—if somebody had even left him a fortune, what would he be for all that, but an uncultivated hind? No, Mr. Peter, as a man's breeding is, so is he—you may take my word for that."

"But it's past eleven, and I'll have to be on the watch, or I'll be cheated after all," said the young man, "and I said I would let nobody be before me. Good-night to ye all, and a happy new-year when it comes; don't say I was here, Miss Lexie, if my mother come down the morn."

Saying which, Peter went away, to the great astonishment of my sister, who tried to persuade herself he was coming back again after all. But I knew very well that Peter Braird cared nothing about Annie Orme—the great red-headed lout—as if he had discrimination for that.

When Annie went ben the house, to tell Beenie that she was to come to the parlor just before the clock struck twelve, and get a spoonful of toddy, and a bit short-bread, and wish us a good new-year, as was our custom, Lexie looked up to me with a concerned face.

"Rechie," said my sister, "do you believe that Annie is still thinking about that lad?"

"I do not ken, Lexie," said I—for I durst not say an untruth either one way or the other.

"They tell me he is to be seen in Edinburgh, well put on, and like a gentleman—a gentleman!—as if dress was all that was needed for that. He'll be taking his new trade by the hand, Rechie—just you see if I am not a sooth prophet—he'll have got somebody to lend him siller, and before we ken where we are, he'll be setting up an inn or public-house at our very doors, and asking us for Annie. I'll never consent—no, if it killed me to refuse, Rechie Sinclair, I'll never consent to the like of that!"

"There's worse things than keeping an inn, if he had got that length," said I, "and besides, Lexie, folk need licenses for many an innocent trade; it might be only a grocery shop—it might be—"

"Never let me hear his name again," cried out my sister, and at that moment the clock warned twelve, and Annie and Beenie came into the parlor, and there was not a word more spoken till after the twelve strokes of the clock, when every one of us wished the other a happy new-year.

But no first-foot crossed our door-stone that night.

CHAPTER IX.

ABOUT three or four months after that—it was in April, and pleasant weather—there came a letter to us one day, inquiring if the two of us—being addressed just as "Misses Sinclair, Lasswade"—were called by the Christian names of Alexina and Rachel, and were of kin to one Ninian Sinclair, dead in London, who had willed—being a poor old solitary man, though he left a great sum behind him—a legacy of a hundred and fifty pounds to the two daughters of his cousin, Johnstone Sinclair, of Lasswade. Now this being our father, and these being our names, besides that we knew

of a cousin Ninian he had in London, Lexie immediately wrote to the law gentleman, in Edinburgh, who asked the question, saying it was us; and there came back an answer from him, telling some ceremonies he would have to go through, and appointing a day for us to come to his office to receive the legacy.

It is not to be supposed we could hear of a great sum like this without some elevation of spirit, and Lexie said immediately to me, "this will furnish a house for Annie Orme," and we were as glad about it as we could be about money. We put on black, of course, for the poor old man—I call him poor, not because he was dead, but because he had departed without one to grieve for him—and I thought it in a measure right to mention to folk who we were in mourning for, and what he was, just that he might not be defrauded altogether of some natural notice by the living, of the great end he had undergone.

Just a day or two after this, Annie came in one day, in a great haste, and ran into the parlor breathless. And what was this but to tell us that Peter Braird and Phemie Mouter had run away together, and had come back married folk, and were even now coming up the town with white gloves and white ribbons, on their road to Windlestrae—though what kind of reception they would get there I cannot tell.

I ran to the door in a minute, to wish them joy; but Lexie sat still in her chair, and would not move, and I saw she was just shaking. I was sorry for Lexie, for she had aye thought so much of this lad, though I did wonder how she could ever even like the like of him to Annie Orme.

When the two young fools and their train had passed—for they were behaving just like foolish persons, Peter, especially, looking half out of his senses, though Phemie behaved a little better—and we were back again into the parlor, and at our work, Lexie sat silent for a long time, after which she began to speak to Annie Orme, and to call her "my dear"—a thing most uncommon for Lexie—as if she thought the news about Peter Braird would be a disappointment to Annie.

"I have been thinking, Rechie," said my sister, "that this poor bairn, Annie Orme, is held far too close to one place, and that a change would do her good. So it struck me, that when we went into Edinburgh for this siller, we might take a room for a day or two at Miss Cleghane's, and take Annie with us, and just go about and see what was to be seen. May-be, if there was a very beautiful, quiet day, we might go across to Fife, and back again, for a sail, and just let Annie have a little pleasure like others of her age, poor thing."

"Thank you, Aunt Lexie," said Annie, "I should be very glad."

"Would you be very glad, my dear! then we'll go, Annie, and you may think that settled, for ill would I like this day to refuse you anything that would make you glad, my poor bairn."

Oh, Annie Orme! the tear was in your eye for my sister's kindness, but the laugh was on your lip for her deceiving herself. Do you think I did not see the half-dimple on your cheek, or do you think I did not know that you were no more disappointed about Peter Braird than I was!—you need not deny it, Annie Orme.

So it was settled, that on the Friday next—that was a week from the time we were speaking—we should all go in to Edinburgh, and that we should stay, perhaps, a week away from home.

That same night, Annie went out to get a walk by herself, for I was busy; and not long after she went away, I heard a rap at the door; and immediately Beenie showed in Mr. Mouter into the parlor. He was dressed more carefully than usual, and had a white lily of the valley in his button hole, and white gloves in his hand—but being a careful lad he had not put them on.

He got a very cold reception from Lexie; so, thinking myself bound to pay more attention to him on that account, and having, besides, aye an idea that he might turn out Annie's Goodman after all, I was very kind to him, and he began to speak about what had happened in the morning.

"It could not be a greater surprise to you, than it was to me, Miss Rechie," said Mr. Mouter. "I have observed some stir going on for a day or two—bits of white ribbon lying about, and frills and collars, and things of that kind, which I suppose Phemie had gotten from Nicol, who is very careless of his money, like most seafaring men; but when there was no appearance of her at breakfast-time this morning, I thought she had gone in to Mrs. Thomson's, or was standing hawking with some of the women about, and never troubled myself on the subject. As the day went past, I got more anxious, but still I thought it was only Phemie's nonsense; so you may judge how I was struck when I saw a post-chaise stop at Mr. Trotter's door, and out of it came a couple in white gloves. My first thought was, that they were strangers, and I went to the door to see—when, behold! who was it but Phemie Mouter and young Windlestrae!"

"Not young Windlestrae; Sinclair Braird is married upon a gentlewoman like himself," said Lexie, sharply; "you mean Windlestrae's young son, that silly callant, Peter, Mr. Mouter."

"Silly, or no silly, he's my brother-in-law, Miss Lexie," said Mr. Mouter, a little ill-pleased, "and I would not like to hear him spoken of otherwise than civilly."

"He was my second cousin's son twenty years before he was your brother-in-law, Mr. Mouter," returned my sister, "and one of the family may speak, as I believe, from her ain knowledge, without asking any permission from a fremd person. Windlestrae, poor man, will be tried this day—I must go up to-morrow and ask for the family."

"For you see, Mr. Mouter," said I, being feared for Lexie hurting his feelings, "a marriage like this is a trial to both the families, both his and hers. If they had only been prudent, the rash young things, and let their friends ken, and have a right wedding for them—but no doubt it will save much trouble if it does nothing else."

"It brings things to a point with me, Miss Rechie," said the young man; "I cannot do without some woman person in my house; for you see I am a man by nature who cannot endure waste, and the shop takes me up often, and prevents me looking after things. It is true, Phemie was no great help, but still she was aye there. Now, to tell the truth, I want a wife, and I want a thrifty, quiet one, that will not be extravagant, but take care of the siller after it is made, and spend it with discretion. There's your own niece, Annie Orme, Miss Lexie and Miss Rechie—if you'll assure me of your consent, I'll speak to her. My business is a good business, and a steady man can make it better; but if there's any chance of your making objections, I'll no speak to the young lady, for I never like to raise hopes that are not to

be fulfilled; for this reason I thought it best to speak to you first."

For a moment there was perfect silence in the room—you might have heard a feather fall, for I durst not speak, though he was waiting for an answer.

"Does my niece, Miss Annie Orme, ken how much you think of her, Mr. Mouter?" said Lexie, in a voice of suppressed anger, which, I suppose, sounded quite quiet to the stranger.

"Well, Miss Lexie, I cannot say," said Mr. Mouter; "I am a prudent man by nature; I never put out my hand further than I can draw it back, and not being quite sure about myself, not to speak of you, I never said anything to Miss Annie—but she may have guessed."

"Here she is herself, we'll ask her," said Lexie, very quietly.

The poor young man rose up; "No, no," said he, "if she's to be asked, I'll ask her myself;" but before he could say another word Annie was in the room.

"Mr. Mouter's sister has married Peter Baird, of Windlestrae, Annie, my dear," said Lexie, and Mr. Mouter, there, thinks you would make a good wife to him. Now, Annie, I'll let you give the answer for your own hand; would you like to marry this young man, my dear?"

Poor Annie's cheeks grew like crimson; I never saw such a face, and I thought she would have fallen down; but glancing at Mr. Mouter, and seeing him pull his white gloves through his hand, dirtying them far more than if he had put them on, the dimple formed in her cheek again, and she just said, "No, auntie, I would not," and ran from the room.

"Miss Lexie, you've used me very ill," said Mr. Mouter. "I can never look over the like of this. You think I'm not good enough for Annie Orme! Very well, we'll see; I would have made her Mrs. Mouter if you had given me civil treatment. Now, though I know very well she does not mean to be ruled by what she said just now, yet I'll be held by it, Miss Lexie Sinclair; and I can tell you I think myself as good as your niece any day, or better, if the truth were told. I wish you good evening, Miss Rechie; you need never hope to see me in this house again, grand as you think it; for I can do better than a poor mantua maker, before I go a dozen steps, and when that girl, Annie, is an old maid like yourselves, you'll repent the way you've used me."

Saying that, he flung open the parlor door and went away. "I am very sorry, Mr. Mouter," said I; "you see Lexie's that proud—to be sure she has a good reason—but if you like to speak to Annie herself!"

"That's past, that's past, Miss Rechie," said Mr. Mouter, waving his hand; "if she went down on her knees to me, I could not look over this."

"Which she never will do, be you sure of that," said I, in haste, "not if you were a king, instead of having a grocery shop; and it's a comfort to think she would not have taken you after all."

I said this last low, and he did not hear me; but, indeed, I came in in a fever at him and Lexie, not knowing which had made me most angry; but then I minded that nobody had so good a right as Lexie to dispose of Annie Orme, and that the young man was not seeking her because he liked her, but because she would make a thrifty wife. Now I had no doubt Annie would make a good wife, if she had a little time to get douse and settled—but a thrifty one—alack a day!

CHAPTER X.

For the whole next day, Lexie was much cogitating in her own mind, and scarcely spoke a word to anybody; but in the evening, as she was standing at the door for a mouthful of air, Annie having again gone out (Annie had really turned very fond of being out at nights), young Dr. Jamieson stopped his horse at the door to speak to us, and, after asking very kindly for her and me, how we were, made particular inquiry for Annie Orme. When he rode away, I saw the face of Lexie was full of meaning, and so waited till she should speak.

"Rechie," said my sister, at last, "Annie Orme now will have a tocher."

"And not a bad one, Lexie," said I, "for the like of us."

It was just dusk, and there was a kind of gray, quiet light coming down out of the sky, where the clouds lay motionless, like far-off lands sleeping by the sea. Some of them had just touches upon them of the sun here and there, and some of them were dark and round, as if they projected out of the blue, and some of them were white and soft like masses of down; in among them was a star or two. It looked to myself, being pondering, as if it was the golden streets of Jerusalem, with the evening lamps lighted here and there, and that we in this world could only get this one glance at them before the deep night came over us, and gave us our lawful sleep. And then my thought went away from me, up to what *they* were doing, who went about the streets of Jerusalem where the lights were lighted yonder; and I thought of what the prophet says of gray-headed men leaning upon their staffs, and bairns playing in that city, and the voice of the bridegroom, and the voice of the bride; and then I marvelled if the folk yonder might ever win to the walls or to the gates, to look down on the old country far below, and what they thought of it now. And from that my mind wandered to little Annie, and the way she used to cry our names from our old threshold stone; and I looked away over the water, to the side of the brae that glimmered up among the clouds, and I almost thought that if I had been on the road, I could have seen Annie at the door, with her arm round the neck of our dog, Warlock, and him giving aye his little bark when she cried, "Lexie, Rechie," and my mother busy in the room, and now and then passing by the door. I gave a long sigh as my heart returned to me, and my sister must have been thinking the same, for she sighed too. "It's like one of the old nights langsyne, Rechie," said my sister to me.

And then we both gave another sigh; and then, for my part, the tears came to my eyes, and I bade Lexie come in, and we would get a light and take our seams again.

Being returned, Lexie began to speak again about what she was saying before.

"Rechie," she said, "my mind is not changed, though neither you nor me judged discreetly about the proper person—but we'll no controvert that any more. There's that young man that was speaking to us this moment, Rechie—that's a fine lad, and a good son, and a person that nobody could make any objections to—I would be content with him for Annie."

"Dr. Jamieson! but he'll be looking for higher than our Annie, Lexie," said I.

"I would like to ken how he could look higher,

or in what respect?" said my sister. "If it were for good looks, Annie Orme is what I call bonnie; and she'll have as much as furnish a good house, and she's come of most creditable people. So, I say, Rechie, we must be civil to the doctor, and ask him to call and see us, for I see nobody in Lasswade that would be as suitable for Annie Orme."

At this moment, Annie herself came into the room.

"You have been long out, Annie Orme," said I; "where have you been? You should take your walks through the day, and no at night."

"I have been just at the waterside again, aunt Rechie," said Annie Orme.

Something in the tone of her voice made both Lexie and me look up. I never saw so happy a face; one smile was coming close on the step of another, and there was a wavering color upon her cheeks, which rose and fell, and her eyes were giving shy, sudden glances here and there, from under the cast-down eyelids, and her breath came a little fast and short, so that you saw her heart was beating quick.

"Dear me, Annie," said I, "was there anybody with you by the waterside?"

The next moment I repented having said that, for Lexie saw what I meant, and her face grew red, and she stopped her work and looked at Annie with a knitted brow. Annie never noticed this; she gave a low laugh, twisted the strings of her bonnet, and said to me, "I met Helen Lyon, auntie," and then went quick away to her own room.

I dared not look at Lexie; for, to tell the truth, I felt almost sure, within myself, that Annie Orme had been holding a meeting with Robbie, from the Butterbraes.

"Rechie," said my sister, solemnly, "you'll see if I do not speak true. She's dealing unfaithfully with us; see if that hind lad does not come to us, to dishonor our house with his mean proposals. I am as sure as if I had seen them, that Annie met him this night, and the first word of such a thing that's minted to me, I'll take my staff in my hand, and this misguided thing by the arm, and journey away to some strange place—for I'll no bear it. To see Annie Orme serving strangers, and filling measures, and taking pennies and sixpences, from the meanest passer by—it would kill me, Rechie Sinclair!"

Well, if it would have killed Lexie, it may-be was even greater pain to me; for you see, I stood between the two, and had sympathy with both, and sorrowed with both in my own spirit, feeling that I could not bear this any more than Lexie, and yet in my heart yearning with pity over the ill-advised bairn. You may believe, too, what a start I was thrown into, when, the candle being put out, and me laid down, Annie Orme crept into my arms, and whispered to me, "He's got his license, Auntie Rechie."

"Oh, bairn, bairn!" said I, "do you tell me that?" and I thought I would have broken my heart.

CHAPTER XI.

Now whether it was a natural perverseness of circumstances, such as I have sometimes seen, or whether it was really a sudden liking, I cannot tell, but of this I am certain, Dr. Jamieson called upon us within two days of the time I have mentioned, of his own accord, and told us that our

father's cousin, Ninian, was also a far-away cousin of a friend of his, to whom some of the old man's money had likewise come. The doctor was a very pleasant lad, good at conversation, and of a cheerful nature; and I could not help thinking that Lexie would have done better if she had made as discreet a choice the first time, instead of setting her heart upon Peter Braird; but I saw at once, that it would be nonsense ever dreaming about it; for, seeing he was received among some of the gentry and the rich gentlemen farmers, and had money and an inheritance himself, was it ever to be supposed that he would come courting to Annie Orme?

However, I had to keep my thoughts to myself, for Lexie was greatly exalted about Dr. Jamieson, and pressed him to come back again, which he said he would do. And ever after that, Lexie was both anxious and angry if she saw so much as a smile on the face of Annie Orme, and would have done some ill to Robbie, I believe, if he had been so rash as to come to our door.

But the week passed, and we heard no word of him. And who do you think was cried in Lasswade kirk upon the Sabbath-day? who but young Mr. Mouter and Miss Christina Thomson! I could not believe but the precentor was out of his senses when he said the names.

Upon the next Friday, according to our arrangement, having put up a supply of things in the little black trunk, and all our best bonnets in a big box, and tea and sugar for a week in a little basket, we took the coach, and went into Edinburgh. The place we were to lodge at was Miss Clephane's, where Lexie had learned the millinery. It was up a long stair, near the end of the Cannongate, and close to the palace, and we could see the sentries at the gate from our windows, and Arthur's Seat beyond. Miss Clephane was then an old woman, and had given up the business, and lived on her money, just letting a room now and then, and like us she had a niece living with her; but Miss Rosie Clephane was nearly as old as me, and very tall, and as thin as Lexie, so there could not possibly be any comparison made between her and Annie Orme.

They were speaking much at this time about some students who had lodged with them who were done with their time at college, and now were preachers, ready for kirks, and waiting on them. One of the first things Annie said, when we got to Edinburgh, was, that she wanted to go to one particular church, and no other; a thing which surprised me, seeing that Annie did not commonly express so very clear a will of her own; but as the minister there was a great man, and well worth hearing, neither Lexie nor me made any objection. On speaking about it to Miss Rosie, we discovered that she went there too, so we made up our minds to go all together, to Annie's great good pleasure; though what special interest she had in it, I could not, with all my skill, make out or perceive.

On the Saturday, we took Annie to see the palace and the castle, and let her out by herself at night—on her promising not to stay long—to go up as far as St. Anthony's chapel. She came in as blooming and happy-like as could be, and I never was prouder of her—though it did not become me on a Sabbath!—than when I fastened her white gown the next morning, and watched her put on her new bonnet with the white and lilac ribbon that I chose for her myself. You never saw a fresher, bonnier face in Edinburgh or

out of it; and she looked as like a lady, I am bound to say, as any one we met, though we passed through some of the grandest streets in the town, on our way to the kirk that day.

CHAPTER XII.

I LIKE to see folk coming into a church. If we are there a quarter of an hour too soon, Lexie always reads her Bible without ever lifting her head, and makes Annie Orme do the same; but, for my part, I like to notice everybody that comes in, and to see who of a family is at the kirk and who is not, and just to take a kindly look of them all. So it happened, being busy looking at all the strange folk, I never glanced up at the pulpit at all, till the psalm was given out, and then I had to hurry to find the place in a very small-printed Psalm-book; besides, I was particularly taken up with Annie Orme, who let fall her Bible a dozen times, I am sure, if she did it once, and grew red and white, and put up her handkerchief to her face, till I grew very anxious, and thought she was ill; I asked her, and said, I would go home with her, if she liked; but Annie answered, "No, no," and let fall her book again. So immediately it came into my head, that may-be she had seen Robbie in church, and I looked round and round, and lost my own place, and missed the psalm-singing, hunting through the kirk for him; but I could see him nowhere.

What blind, inconsiderate mortals we are after all! I was within half-an-hour of what made my heart stir with thanksgiving, and I knew it not.

All through the prayer I was concerned about Annie; I scarcely could attend to it for my trouble about her, which was a great sin in me. So we sat down again, and I was looking into Annie's face once more, and asking if she were unwell, when I heard the click of Lexie's glasses—Lexie is very short-sighted—as she put them on to look up at the minister, and wait for the text. But before there was a word of the text—you may think how I started, both my heart and me, when Lexie suddenly threw up her arms, and gave a cry, which made me think she had fainted. I started from Annie, and turned to my sister, who was on my other side. "Are you ill, Lexie?" whispered I, and there were great drops hanging on my brow with fear.

"Rechie Sinclair, I'm a fuil," said my sister, and she panted for her breath. "Look up yonder—up yonder, ye foolish person, I till ye—it's Robbie, from the Butterbraes!"

I looked up; what did I see! past the long pulpit stairs, past the precentor's desk—there, with his minister's gown upon him, and his fine blacks and white neckcloth, bending his head over the big Bible, in the very pulpit itself, was the same Robbie that took off his hat to me on Lasswade-bridge, and that we did not think good enough for Annie Orme!

I sat there with my mouth open and my eyes—I could not believe my very sight—and at the same time I was half-distracted with the constant click of Lexie's glasses, as she put them on and took them off, and did not rest still for a single moment. Also, Annie Orme had hidden her face low down in her hands, and I could feel by the motion of her, being close to my side, that she was crying with all her might. But I could not say a word—I could not do a single thing, but sit with my eyes staring wide open upon Robbie Scott.

Bless me, to think of that—to think of that!

But by-and-by I noticed that his voice was shaking, and I steadied myself as well as I could, that the poor lad might not lose his fortitude by looking upon us; I have no doubt it was a grand sermon—not the least doubt—but what it was about at this moment I am not prepared to say.

"Do you ken the minister, Miss Sinclair?" said Miss Rosie Clephane, bending over to my sister, when the blessing was said; "did he no do grand? That's our student lad I was telling you about—for the Presbytery only licensed him last week."

I looked at Lexie, and Lexie looked at me—never one of us said a word; but at last Lexie gave a bit short laugh, and rose up and went right away; I saw she thought shame.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE minister came after us immediately from the church, Sabbath-day as it was.

"Annie Orme," said my sister, "your aunt Rechie and me are two old fools. I make no hesitation in saying that—but I am not a dour person—nobody can blame me with such a spirit; so if your aunt Rechie does not object, Annie, we'll ask this young man to stay to his dinner."

"Me, Lexie!" said I.

As if they did not both know that I would never oppose! So we put the minister opposite Annie at the table, and I took the head, and Lexie took the foot, and thus we had our Sabbath-day's dinner in Edinburgh. If anybody had told me three hours before, that Robbie would dine with us that day, I should have laughed it to scorn; yet, here he was, and no one in the room more taken with him than Lexie Sinclair, her very self.

So he told us all his story. It was true his father was a very poor man, with a poor small moorland-farm in the south country, no better than an East Lothian hind; but Lexie never seemed to heed that, though Mr. Robert told us plain. The poor lad said, too, that he lived for his first session on little more than five pounds; that his second he got some teaching; and that ever since he had been keeping himself in the hardest way, though principally by teaching, till the last summer, when his father was in want himself, owing to an ailment among his cattle, and he was driven to great straits, and had to hire with Mr. Lait, of Butterbraes.

"A little vulgar pride stood in my way, no doubt," said Mr. Robert, with a smile, "but it was necessity, and I did it. There is no time of my life I shall regret less, Miss Lexie; for when I drove the Butterbraes cart, I had liberty sometimes to walk by the Esk water—and you will let me carry, not the remembrance only, but the companion of these walks with me all my life—will you, Miss Lexie?"

And Lexie said afterwards to me, "How could I, if I had been ever so inclined, have said 'No,' to a minister?"

So he is to get our Annie; and I am sure I am very glad and very well pleased, and proud of him, for a fine-looking young man, not to say a minister. There is already some chance of him getting a kirk very soon, and whenever he is placed they are to be married; but though I am very glad of so suitable a man for Annie, and that she will not need to sew all her life, like us, but will be well taken care of and provided for, and have a higher place in this world than the like of us—

Still—but I would have been disappointed if she had not been married—still I am very loth to let her

go away ; and I think, may-be, the best plan of all would have been to let well alone, and keep her beside us, and have her eye Annie Orme.

It is too late for that now, for she is sitting at the window with Lexie making her wedding gown, which my sister and me bought out of Annie's knowledge, in Edinburgh, last Monday. And Lexie herself can almost come the length of laughing now about the license, and is as proud of the young man as can be. And only yesterday, when we went up to Windlestrae to see Mrs. Braird, who,

poor woman, is anything but pleased with Phemie Mouter for a daughter-in-law, I smiled within myself at the change in Lexie—for whereas, a short time ago, she would have been overcome with shame at the very mention of Robert Scott as a match for Annie Orme ; now she began of her own accord to tell Windlestrae and his wife the whole story, and all about “ the grand sermon (I am sure she never heard a word of it any more than myself) which Mr. Robert preached in Edinburgh to Rechie, and Annie Orme, and me ! ”

LIFE.

Life is onward—use it
With a forward aim ;
Toil is heavenly—choose it,
And its warfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will ;
Let not your own brother
Keep your strong hand still.

Life is onward—never
Look upon the past ;
It would hold you ever
In its clutches fast.
Now is your dominion—
Use it as you please ;
Bind not the soul's pinion
To a bed of ease.

Life is onward—try it
Ere the day be lost ;
It hath virtue—buy it
At whatever cost :
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

Life is onward—heed it
In each varied dress ;
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness ;
His bright pinion o'er you
Time waves not in vain,
If Hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

Life is onward—prize it
In sunshine and in storm ;
Oh ! do not despise it,
In its humblest form.
Hope and Joy together,
Standing at the goal,
Through Life's darkest weather,
Beckon on the soul.

HAGAR AND ISHMAEL.

THEY sank amid the wilderness,
The weary and forsaken ;
She gave the boy one faint caress,
And prayed he might not waken.

Far, far away the desert spread ;
Ah ! Love is fain to cherish
The vainest hopes ; but now she said,
Let me not see him perish.

Then spoke the Lord, and at his word
Sprang forth a little fountain,

Pure, cold as those whose crystal hoard
Is in some pine-clad mountain.

Oh, blessed God ! thus does thy power,
When, worn and broken-hearted,
We sink beneath some evil hour
And deem all hope departed,

Then doth the fountain of thy grace
Rise up within the spirit,
And we are strengthened for that race
Whose prize we shall inherit.

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS BOOKS.—The incidents and thoughts which have induced various authors to commence their works are, in many cases, somewhat interesting, and I think a Note on this subject may be well adapted for “ N. & Q.” And if I may be allowed to throw out a suggestion, I would say that it would be far from useless if correspondents were to embody in a note what they might know of the immediate motives and circumstances which may have induced various authors to write certain works.

Thus, Milton's *Comus* was suggested by the circumstance of Lady Egerton losing herself in a wood. The origin of *Paradise Lost* has been ascribed by one to the poet having read Andreini's drama of *L'Adamo Sacra Representatione*, Milan, 1633 ; by another, to his perusal of Theramo's *Das Buch Belial*, &c., 1472. Dunster says that the *prima stammina* of *Paradise Lost* is to be found in Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas' *Divine Weekes and Workes*. It is said that Milton himself owned that he owed much of his work to Phineas Fletcher's *Locusts or Appolynists*. *Paradise Regained* is attributable to the poet having been asked by Elwood the Quaker, what he could say on the subject. Gower's *Confessio Amantis* was written at the command of Richard II., who, meeting Gower rowing on the Thames, invited him into the royal barge, and, after much conversation, requested him to “ book some new thing.” Chaucer, it is generally agreed, intended, in his *Canterbury Tales*, to imitate the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. When Cowper was forty-five he was induced by Mrs. Unwin to write a poem, that lady giving him for a subject *The Progress of Error*. The author of *The Castle of Otranto* says in a letter, now in the British Museum, that it was suggested to him by a dream, in which he thought himself in an ancient castle, and that he saw a gigantic hand in armor on the uppermost banister of the great staircase. Defoe is supposed to have obtained his idea of *Robinson Crusoe* by reading Captain Rogers' *Account of Alexander Selkirk in Juan Fernandez*. Dr. Beddoes' *Alexander's Expedition down the Hydaspes and the Indus to the Ocean* originated in a conversation in which it was contended that Darwin could not be imitated. Dr. Beddoes, some time afterwards, produced the MS. of the above poem as Darwin's and completely succeeded in the deception.—*Notes and Queries*.

From Chambers' Journal.

BARTHOLD GEORGE NIEBUHR.

WE have been reading with profound interest the life and letters of one of the great men of Germany, Barthold Niebuhr, published very recently in an English garb.* The original work we have not seen, but we understand it is about one-third larger than the present selection, made in a great measure under the auspices of the Chevalier Bunsen, the friend of Niebuhr, and his immediate successor in the Prussian embassy to Rome. The interest of the book is, indeed, principally derived from the private letters of Niebuhr, the greater part of which were addressed to his early friend, Mme. Hensler, whose younger sister was his first wife, and her niece his second. Most unfortunately, the valuable series of his letters to his father was destroyed by fire a short time before his own death; but the account given of him by Mme. Hensler is quite sufficient to connect all that remains; and from this, and one or two other sources open to us, we shall try to fill up our present narrative.

Niebuhr is one of those men whose advent forms an era in the history of human knowledge. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he was the first to infuse even into Roman story that element of doubt which has changed the whole fabric of historical science. If Niebuhr was a mere sceptic, he would be only the humble follower of Bayle, Lesurignes de Pouilly, and other writers of the last century; but his merit lies in reconstruction—in the jealous care with which he distinguishes between the true monuments of history and the mass of traditional rubbish in which they lay entombed. In his Roman history, however, although by that alone he is known in England, we find only a portion of the intellectual man: he was learned in the learning of all times, modern as well as ancient; and yet he was so completely immersed, not merely as an observer, but as a participator, in the business of the world and the great events of his own time, that even literature seems to have been little more than a study indulged in during the pauses of active life. The history of a mind so vast is by no means, we are aware, adapted for pages like ours; and yet it seems important—indeed indispensable—that in a popular journal, flowing on with the spirit of the age, we should trace some authentic records of the character and career of the man.

Carsten Niebuhr, the father of the historian, had not the advantages of early education. He was no more than a free peasant, living on the marsh-farm in Friesland, which had been possessed by several generations of his ancestors; but at the age of two-and-twenty he put himself under mathematical tutorship at Hamburg, and then studied at Gottingen. He was invited to join a mission which the Danish government determined to send into Arabia; and the proposal, at first scarcely made in earnest to the half-educated young farmer, was accepted by him with eagerness. By a singular fatality, he was the only one of the travellers sent out on this expedition who returned; he was absent more than six years, during four of which he was alone, all his companions being dead. He had added largely to what was previously known of Egypt; had made scientific observations of great

value in the deserts of Arabia, and undergone prodigious hardships; but the most remarkable thing was, that his eagerness to fulfil in some measure the purposes of the expedition, made the whole journey a work of preparation and study, as well as of actual exploration. In 1773, being then just forty years of age, he married the orphan daughter of Dr. Blumenberg, a Thuringian physician, and lived at Copenhagen, with the rank of captain of engineers, till the year 1778. He then removed to Meldorf, a town in the province of Ditmarsch, Holstein, where he settled for life as collector of the revenues of the district.

Barthold George Niebuhr was born in Copenhagen on the 27th of August, 1776; but with the little old town of Meldorf—once the capital of an ancient commonwealth—his earliest associations were connected. A kind of rude equality still reigned in the manners of the rustic population, which was not likely to be disturbed by the influx of the world into a bleak and gloomy district remote from the great roads. Here young Niebuhr grew up a studious and solitary boy; instructed by his father in French, the rudiments of Latin, and, above all, in geography and history, which the old traveller taught him to illustrate by maps and plans, and by digging regular fortifications in the garden. The sheriff of Meldorf, and editor of the *Deutsches Museum*, a man of both fancy and learning, assisted in his early education; and the boy—who had never been a child—employed himself, even at seven years of age, in writing down the instructions he received. In future years, he regretted his having thus “lost the life of a child.” “I found matter for my childish fancy only in books, engravings, or conversation. I drew into its sphere all I read, and I read without reason and without aim; but the real world was closed to me, and I could not conceive or imagine anything which had not been first conceived or imagined by another.”

From this *second-hand world* he removed at the age of thirteen, when he was sent to the school at Meldorf, where the principal, Dr. Jäger, gave him as much attention as he could spare for a pupil, who, though much the youngest, was the most advanced in the class. Afterwards, finding it was impossible to do for him what this strange child required, Dr. Jäger advised his removal, and gave him a private lesson of an hour every day instead. This was continued with only a few months' interruption and unsuccessful trial of a school at Hamburg, till Barthold was eighteen, when he was sent to the university of Kiel.

His interest in politics dated from a very early period. At the age of eleven, he studied the newspapers, English ones especially, which he read with ease; and his knowledge of geography enabled him to follow all the details of a campaign with vivid interest.

His going to the university was an important incident in his life. His particular vocation, indeed, seems to have been clear enough from even an earlier period; for though he was a learned linguist, history especially, and philology, were the pursuits to which his heart was given. The letters he wrote from Kiel to his parents are amiable, full of affectionate outpourings about the new men and women to whom he was introduced, about his studies, and about his theories. He profits by the kindness of the physician, Dr. Hensler, whose house and friendly advice were always accessible; but he declines evening-parties; and

* By the Chevalier Bunsen and Professors Brandis and Loebell. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Chapman & Hall. 1852.

contemplates the mountain of knowledge, up whose steep sides he has yet to climb, with profound awe and some anxiety. "My head swims when I survey what I have yet to learn—philosophy, mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history. Then, too, I must perfect myself in history, German and French; study Roman law, and the political constitutions of Europe, as far as I can, &c.; and all this must be done within five years at most. . . . I must know all these things; but how I shall learn them, Heaven knows! That I shall require them as a learned man, or in any position I may occupy, I am fully convinced."

In Dr. Hensler's house he saw frequently Mme. Hensler, the widow of the doctor's son. She was six years older than Niebuhr; but to him, unused to female society, and admitted at once into domestic familiarity with a sensible and engaging woman, this disparity was nothing—perhaps, indeed, it added to the charm. From other sources, we learn that he at first became attached to Mme. Hensler herself; but being discouraged as a lover, allowed her to introduce him to her younger sister, Amelia Behrens, a beautiful and intellectual woman; and although the attachment he then formed was not sudden or violent, it became very profound. After his engagement with this lady, in 1797, and before his marriage, he visited England; and in Scotland—chiefly in Edinburgh—he spent nearly a year. The account given in his letters of his sojourn in our capital, would interest and amuse many of its present inhabitants. The Edinburgh of 1797 was more different perhaps from its present self in outward things, than in mental characteristics. His remarks on the want of a more open manifestation of feeling and affection among his friends there are striking. "It is quite a national trait," he says, "not to dwell on what concerns us personally, upon what fills our heart; and it is as unnatural to them to hear me speak of the topics upon which I am feeling strongly, as it would be to do the same themselves. . . . I am far from attributing it to coldness in these good people. It is altogether national, and it is the same with every one I have known here, whatever their rank, calling, learning, or sex. It has quite surprised me, for example, that if you meet a person in whose family some one has been ill, he will hardly allude to it, beyond a short answer to your inquiries, or speak of it with any feeling. In this way, it must be allowed, people may easily be independent of each other. I believe firmly that the Scots love their children—that Playfair is a good father; and yet the former only speak of them because they have them with them in the evenings, and the boys make their presence known; the latter behaves exactly as if his boy were not in the room. So far from inviting me to speak of my relations, so far from Mr. Scott making any inquiries as to my father's position—though he is, nevertheless, as much attached to him as possible—they have met every attempt on my part to talk to them on these subjects with a silence which admits of no other explanation, than that it is not in good taste to say much about these things. They have never once asked after my mother and sister." We have copied the above, because there is no trace in any part of Niebuhr's writings, former or latter, of narrow national judgments; and he repeatedly bears testimony to the fatherly kindness with which he was welcomed, especially in the two houses mentioned in the above extract. It is simply the sense of a difference, and a differ-

ence we should be inclined to regret as well as he, between the German and the English or Scotch habit. We shall never forget the earnest, pained manner in which a young German in England once said, when adverting to the case of some very irreproachable English youths, who yet were never heard to express a feeling, scarcely to utter a kind thing: "Your young countrymen seem to me positively ashamed of being good."

The diligence of Niebuhr, though often impeded by illness, was immense. Languages, philosophy, history, natural science, all took their turn. His number of languages was not short of twenty at this time, and in some he was profoundly versed—in most, very respectably. But the most remarkable thing through life was his memory, and its wonderful combination of retentiveness and readiness. This, rather than the imaginative power, it was that made his descriptions so graphic. Seeing and retaining everything, he painted as if all history was before him. When he spoke of a striking event, the coast, the mountain-line, or the plain, all the accompaniments rose up and were grouped before him. You felt carried away with him, as if he had lived there, and was taking you up by the way.

His return to Denmark took place late in 1799. A double appointment awaited him at Copenhagen—two government offices, neither bringing in a large salary, but sufficient to allow of his marrying; and accordingly Amelia Behrens became his wife in May, 1800. The five following years found him engaged in the civil service at Copenhagen—sometimes in very onerous and uncongenial duties, sometimes in a position of peril, for the bombardment of the city under Nelson took place in 1801, and he keenly entered into every political incident. During this period of five years, his official service was more than once changed, but it seems always to have been connected with finance. He still found time for study, straining every power of his mind, he says, at one time, in investigating Roman history, sure "that the representations of all the moderns, without exception, are but mistaken, imperfect glimpses of the truth." This Copenhagen life allowed him time but for one visit to his parents; and a disappointment which annoyed him considerably, in what, he thought, a just expectation of preferment, disposed him, in 1806, to accept an offer from the Prussian government of a post at Berlin not unlike that he had occupied in Copenhagen, but promising many advantages in society and literary opportunities.

Never was there a more disastrous commencement of a new career. The Niebuhrs reached Berlin in October 5, 1806, and on the 14th came the dreadful battles of Jena and Auerstadt, while Napoleon, with his conquering army, marched rapidly upon the city, and seven of the Prussian ministers gave in their allegiance to the French, without even the ceremony of communicating with their king. The new bank-director shared in the general misfortune, and was forced to fly, with the court and ministry, first to Dantzig, then to Königsberg, afterwards to Memel and Riga. A fearful time it was; yet still Niebuhr could write soothingly to his parents: "You must not be uneasy; I can earn a living either as a scholar or a merchant; and if I do not succeed in one country, I shall in another." To Mme. Hensler also he wrote cheerily, but under caution, for all letters were unsafe. In the mean time, the indefatigable student took the opportunity of learning Russian and Slavonic.

It is difficult to follow out his course distinctly during the next three and a half trying years. He was always employed in the finance department, and for some little time was a privy-counsellor; but he differed widely in his views from some of those with whom he worked. His letters show the most conscientious desire to put aside every thought of personal ease, and to avert from the poor people around, if possible, some part of the calamity which hostile armies and bad government entailed on them; and it is delightful to observe his perfect honesty and plainness of speech as a statesman—his high ideas of truthfulness in all things. Yet they were mournful years; and, his health at last thoroughly failing, he sent in his resignation to the King of Prussia, and solicited the office of historiographer, vacant by the death of Müller. This was granted; and, in 1810, he and his wife once more found a settled home at Berlin.

And now came the happiest time of his life; though the great delicacy of his wife's health was an obstacle to the feeling of security, and though still the menaces of Napoleon sounded fearfully loud, if not close at hand. The breathing-time, however, was delightful. The university of Berlin was now just opened, and thither came intelligent professors, men of renown in art and science, in knowledge and wisdom. As historiographer to the king, Niebuhr's part was to lecture on history; and now, for the first time, the treasures he had long been amassing came into direct use as the means, through his management, of instructing other minds. He had never before delivered public lectures, and his advantages in manner were not great; but the success of his first essays on the history of Rome, proves how solid and real must have been the information he had to bestow. He was attended not merely by the young men, but by members of the Academy, by professors, by military and public men of all grades. It is no wonder that he succeeded thus; he was half a Roman by nature and feeling.

So passed the happy years of his professorship. But again the noise of war was heard, and he and all his coadjutors had to take up arms, and fight the battle of Prussia against the great tyrant of Europe. Most touching anecdotes are told of the bravery and fine behavior of the native troops. Perhaps no war was ever more nobly sustained, and with such anxious avoidance of cruelty. What a moment it was to Prussia when the news of Bonaparte's abdication reached the country! when there might be some hope of reaping the harvests they had sown, and rebuilding their ruined villages! But the Niebuhrs were never again to know the calm and happy days they had enjoyed. Mme. Niebuhr, who had long been declining, was grievously changed for the worse by the anxieties of the war. On the 2d of May, 1815, her husband received at Berlin news of his father's death; and on the 21st of June, his beloved Amelia followed. The good Mme. Hensel, who had taken alarm, was near to soothe her last hours, and to comfort the husband. Niebuhr had never spoken to his wife of her approaching end; though longing to know her parting wishes, he dared not break the physician's orders against excitement. Once only, a few days before her death, as he was holding her in his arms, he asked her if there was nothing he could do for her sake—no pleasure he could give her. She replied, with a look of unutterable love: "You shall finish your history whether I live or die!"

They had no family—he was therefore left alone. At first, nature gave way, and it seemed as if he had imbibed his wife's disease—pulmonary consumption—and that he regarded the legacy as a blessing; but his higher nature triumphed. He promised Mme. Hensler to live, and try to accomplish his Amelia's wishes, and she, by her kindly influence, won him to something more. She saw that to him a lonely life was nearly impossible, and she had another partner in store for him—Gretchen Hensler, a niece of her late husband. Again he took her counsel; and again, which is perhaps the most extraordinary part of the affair, it proved that she had judged as well for both parties as possible. There was no concealment in the matter; the new Mme. Niebuhr perfectly understood his character and his sorrow—understood that she could not be to him what Amelia had been; but she married him in faith and hope, and the life she brought him was peaceful and ultimately happy.

Then another change had to be made. He could no longer bear Berlin. Every one saw that a different position was desirable, and what better than a residence in that country which his literary labors had seemed to mark out as his own? The King of Prussia wanted an ambassador at Rome, to negotiate with the Pope certain matters touching the interests of his Catholic subjects, and Niebuhr's appointment was the most natural one possible.

His first impressions of Rome were not favorable, and his first letter was even querulous; but soon his clear single mind grew strong again; and the spirit of his correspondence during the whole seven years of his Roman residence is delightful. Children brought out the fatherly part of his character; his wife was ever his loving and devoted companion; some powerful and interesting minds sought his companionship; and a taste for art was improved by intercourse with the rising young artists who were then at Rome—Cornelius, Overbeck, Schadow; but, above all, the education of Marcus, his eldest child and only boy; who can wonder if he became more and more of a Roman, and if he closed the seventh year of his residence mournfully when preparing for his return to Germany?

His mission had been a difficult one—not that the papal court was unfriendly, but the home instructions were not always clear and consistent. An earnest Protestant himself, he was yet profoundly alive to the duties of rulers towards all their subjects, of all religious beliefs, and wished in every negotiation to make sure of a large measure of real freedom.

When at length the concordates were agreed to, he was anxious for a recall, on account, chiefly, of the delicate state of Mme. Niebuhr's health; but for this he had some little time to wait. It is interesting to see the manner in which he was affected by the passing events of this time.

"Idle talk," says M. Bunsen, "on matters of lofty import, and a dwelling with pleasure upon trifling topics, were equally abhorrent to him. I shall never forget how Niebuhr spoke at a princely table at Rome, during the bloody scenes in Greece, of Suli and the Suliots, and the future of the Christian Hellenes, in much the same terms as he has spoken to posterity in a passage of his Roman history, which breathes a noble indignation, and a sense that the brand of infamy still cleaves to us. The prince, a high-minded, amiable, and intelligent man, listened, as did his guests, with attention and sympathy; a serious mood seemed to

come over the whole party; a pause occurred. One of the guests, a diplomatist, of Mephistophelean aspect and species, took advantage of it to turn the conversation. One of the eternally repeated trifles of the day—a so-called piece of news that must be repeated to the prince—was skilfully used as a stepping-stone; and, in ten minutes, the whole table was alive with a dispute between the spokesman and another person who had contradicted him on a most important point—what 'aurore' signified in the slang of the Roman coffee-houses, whether a mixture of chocolate with coffee or not. Niebuhr was silent. At last, with quiet earnestness and dignified mien, he spoke these words: 'What heavy chastisements must be still in store for us, when, in such times, and with such events still occurring around us, we can be entertained with such miserable trifles!' All were mute, and Niebuhr also. A long pause ensued; and the mysteries of the Caffè Nuovo were not mentioned again that day."

The life which Niebuhr led, after returning to Germany, was not remarkable as to incident, but it abounded in useful and noble pursuit. He still shunned Berlin; and, on the whole, the university of Bonn appeared to him as the best and most suitable residence for the family, now consisting of five children. He did not take any actual professorship, but he lectured and he wrote. Here he became the centre of a circle of the highest minds of Germany. All prized him; all, young and old, felt the benefit of his presence, his labors, and example. He regularly worked at the history of Rome; but he cultivated his garden, taught and played with his children, and built himself a house. The time was not all passed at Bonn; in 1829, the family visited Holstein and Mme. Hensler. A twelve years' absence had produced many alterations, but the love of country and early home was wrought into Niebuhr's heart, and he enjoyed this renewal of youth. A sad calamity, however, awaited him at Bonn. On the night of February the 6th, 1830, the new house he had built with such pleasure and care, was burnt completely down. Very little could be saved—excepting, indeed, that the books, being the first object to which his neighbors were attracted when the family were rescued, were for the most part preserved, and also the manuscript of the second volume of his Roman history. The whole correspondence with his father, and many other letters and papers were destroyed.

This event, though a great shock, he bore with much calmness, and set himself to restore what was lost. Foreign politics did not lose their interest; on the contrary, the French Revolution of 1830 excited all his ardor. At first, he was alarmed, anticipating fresh horrors; but the welcome he gave to Louis Philippe was most enthusiastic. Dr. Arnold describes him as being made quite happy by this turn of the page of present life, and deeply indignant with the Bourbon ministers. His ardor in this cause was indeed the immediate occasion of his fatal illness; for, while the French trials were pending, he would go every evening, through severe cold, in the depth of winter, to the news-rooms, and by this exposure caught the inflammatory cold of which he died. On the evening of Christmas-day, 1830, this formidable attack began; and, on the first of January, 1831, the excellent man breathed his last, fully conscious of his impending fate, and not less so of that of his beloved partner, who had nursed him during the

first two days, but was afterwards too ill to leave her bed. When her husband was informed of this, he turned his face to the wall, and was heard to murmur: "Hapless house! to lose father and mother at once!" Then, "Pray to God, children; He alone can help us"—and his attendants saw that he himself was seeking comfort in prayer. Poor Mme. Niebuhr survived him but nine days. She had her children with her, and tried to give them counsel; but the shock had been too great for her broken health; she rests in the same grave with him, not far from the glorious river. The King of Prussia erected a monument to his honor.

Niebuhr was only a few months more than fifty-four. Mrs. Austin, who saw him in 1828, says: "His person was diminutive, almost to meanness, but his presence very imposing. His head and eye were grand, austere, and commanding. He had all the authority of intelligence, and looked and spoke like one not used to contradiction. He lived a life of study and domestic seclusion, but he conversed freely and unreservedly." His habits, we are told by another writer, were temperate and regular. "He entered with earnest sympathy into all the little interests and conventional jokes of his family and friends; and he writes with quite as much eagerness about Marcus' learning great E, or Cornelia's flowered frock for her birthday, as about consuls or cabinets." Niebuhr himself says: "I shall teach little Amelia to write myself, for her mother has no time for it; and the poor little thing might be jealous of Marcus, if one of us did not teach her." His consideration for his dependents may be illustrated by this remark: "I wish I had taken the governess' room when we got into the house first; but, anti-revolutionist as I am, I am too much of a democrat to turn her out now in right of superior rank."

Of his character some faint idea may be formed from our sketch and extracts; but of the beauty of his thoughts, his soundness, sagacity, the perfect simplicity of his whole style of character, a large acquaintance with his free outpourings to his friends can alone give an adequate notion. We regard them as among the very best private letters we know—of their kind, we mean—for they are not witty, not playful. The reader will not find lightness and grace, but strength and manliness, and, in a remarkable degree, affectionateness. They are the charming utterances of a clear and honest mind, and have made us thankful for the privilege of knowing the inner life of one whose outward works have long had our admiration.

LLOYD'S LIST.—A correspondent informs us that the statement in the article on Underwriting, that the oldest published Lloyd's List in existence bears date 1745, and is in possession of the Committee of Lloyd's, is incorrect;—that gentleman possessing, he writes, a volume for the year 1740, commencing with No. 560, dated Friday, January 2, 1740, and concluding with No. 658, Friday, December 25, 1741, wanting one number to complete the year. These all bear the following heading: "This list, which was formerly published once a week, will now continue to be published every Tuesday and Friday, with the addition of the Stocks, Course of Exchange, &c. Subscriptions are taken in at three shillings per quarter at the Bar of Lloyd's Coffee-House in Lombard Street. Such Gentlemen as are willing to encourage this Undertaking, shall have them carefully deliver'd according to their directions."—*Household Words*.

From the Spectator.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE Duke is dead! London's Duke, England's Duke, is dead; and each of us, from the queen in her palace to the man that sweeps the crossing, will henceforth miss the chief among the old, familiar faces. No interval of sickness and retirement from public life had prepared the blow; and the sudden, unexpected shock was felt the more that it came when political turmoil was for a season quiet, when the strife of voices was suspended, when all were complaining of stagnation and the utterly uninteresting character of domestic news. The old proverb that "no news is good news" has seldom been verified more impressively than now by its reverse; and few among us will have caught the tones of the passing bell that tolls slowly for a hero gone to his rest, but will have felt a consciousness of a personal loss, and have sighed to think that a life that was really life is quenched, and that England is poorer by one great man the less.

Yes! these are the thoughts that half-unconsciously color the cheek, and fill the eye, and make the voice tremulous, as the news is passed from mouth to mouth. The nation is startled into a mood of instinctive hero-worship, and, forgetting for an hour its pleasures and its gains, and the movement of its busy and absorbed existence, is penetrated through all its classes with an emotion wholly unselfish, wholly unconnected with anything that is base or petty or even material. When a mere duke dies, the man farthest removed from flunkeyism, who has not thought and talked all the instinctive humanity out of him, must be impressed and saddened at the contrast between the outward magnificence and glitter of the life that has closed and the gloomy squalor of the charnel-house that is opened to receive what remains of it—between the obsequious homage of the world and the stern equality of Death—between the smiling flatteries of society and the dread presence of him with whom is no respect of persons. This feeling has its play even in the case of the illustrious victim just departed; but here it is overpowered by other and higher sources of emotion. It is not only a duke that is dead—not only a coroneted brow that is laid low in the common dust—not only an inhabitant of palaces that has gone into the narrow house appointed for all living—not only one who was borne up above his class by the respect and homage of the noble and illustrious, by the acclamations of a people—that is now far beyond the echoes of these grateful sounds; but that head is ice-locked and that hand is moveless which shaped European history in one of its most critical and important periods. Upon the tissues of that brain hung suspended the destinies of the civilized world; and since Cromwell exchanged an earthly for an immortal crown, it may well be doubted whether such a brain ever got their full work out of the hearts and limbs of English soldiers. And this it is which thrills through the nation's heart—the feeling that a man of unequalled power and capacity, a man of wondrous fitness for the task he had to execute, of wondrous adaptation to the one great want of his country and his age—a true English hero of the silent sort, who spoke mostly by his actions, and whose action-speech was altogether of the highest kind and the best of its kind—has now ceased to act among us, to move

visibly among us, so as to recall his earlier practical heroisms, and remind us that our age in its manifold activities is not an age merely of calico and cant, but that the old *virtus* of the Roman and the Teuton is alive among us; and but for its manifestation not many years back calico and cant would be now having a poor time of it.

And with this feeling that so much power of thought and action, so much life that was really alive, has passed from among us, is coupled that other that it is England which has lost it—England, which has, as we so often hear, no great men nor even shadows of great men to spare. However that be, one is gone, one upon whom, in spite of age and growing infirmities, the nation did rely, in case of not altogether unexpected emergency and danger. This practical homage to the Duke of Wellington was valuable as keeping alive among us a sense of the distinction between men of words and men of action. He was the last man left us who had rendered great national services, and had become famous and historical, otherwise than in the parliamentary-debating line. So long as he lived, men could not forget that it was his acting and not Castlereagh's talking that saved Europe; and he remained there in his old age a warning and an example of those qualities and exercises by which nations are saved. Now that he is gone—now that his voice is no longer heard among us, conjuring us not to be wilfully blind to the signs of the times, nor wilfully to expose ourselves to the greatest of earthly ills—let us not forget that almost his latest utterance in public was an expression of extreme joy and thankfulness that the country for which he had so labored and so triumphed, the country which had so honored him, was beginning to arouse herself and was laying the foundation of her national defences. Let that speech of Wellington be a legacy to our statesmen of whatever party; a legacy of common sense, high spirit, and pacific wishes, which, if acted on, will do more to prevent actual war, than a thousand years' preaching of peace when the condition of things is such as naturally to tempt the assault and guarantee the success of our enemies.

Peace to his ashes and honor to his memory! It will be long before the place that knew him will grow accustomed to his loss. Not one place alone will feel a sense of something gone that ought to be there; but in the main haunts where all that is illustrious in our land assemble for business and for pleasure, there will the well-known face be missed as something that gave historic grandeur and serious interest to the scene and the occasion. Business will miss him, pleasure will miss him, solemn festivity will miss him; above all, the public presence will miss him. Long may his image dwell in the minds and hearts of the people, side by side with that of the illustrious statesman, his friend and colleague, in whose councils he shared, in whose plans he sympathized, in whose wisdom he trusted, and whose ever-growing sense of popular interests and growing regard for the people's welfare the great soldier aided to develop into legislative action, with his authority, his name, and his straightforward good sense. Thus embalmed together in a nation's grateful recollection, may they symbolize the great truth that a worthy and a fruitful peace rests often on a successful war, and that a successful war is only then completely successful when followed by such a fruitful and peaceful era as intervened between

the battle of Waterloo and the repeal of the Corn-laws.

The death of the Duke of Wellington is one of those events which have been looked for as familiarly as the approach of a particular day in the calendar, with this difference only that it was not fixed; and yet, on the other hand, the great prolongation of his public life had induced a habit of deferring the expectation, so strong that the arrival impresses the mind with a feeling like astonishment, almost as great as if all our colonies had separated from the empire, or the national debt had been paid off. There is scarcely a politician living who has not grown accustomed to consider "The Duke" as one of the established institutions of the country—a man whose public existence and activity, irrespective of party election, were as little to be questioned as the existence of St. James' Palace or the action of Parliament. He is one of the few great men, who, like one or two long-lived artists, have grown to be classics in their own lifetime. He has survived the historical controversy upon his character, and was as well appreciated by his contemporaries as he can be by posterity. The day when opposition whigs hampered his professional action by decrying his capacity—the day when the public mistook the conscientious however prejudiced resistance to reform for a factious and tyrannical dictation—have equally passed away. Time has done its work in correcting hasty judgments; and since those days, the publication of his Despatches—the monumental record which poor Gurwood was the instrument of constructing—has not only informed the nation on his masterly ability, but has brought forth many estimable qualities in his character as a public servant. At the present day, the nation understands him, with his strength, his uprightness, and his limitations of character, as well as any historical man has been interpreted.

The unanimity of the press in the estimate of his character—a certain unanimity even in the slight and respectful glances at his defects—testifies to this general appreciation. He was not a man of sentiment—that is admitted; and the defect of sentiment debarred him from sympathizing with large classes of his fellow-countrymen, and in so far abated the influence which his high character could otherwise have commanded. He was not a man of imagination—he saw nothing that was not tangibly submitted to his eyes; and hence the scope of his judgment and insight both upon the present and upon the immediate future was more limited than that of most statesmen. Few men of such power within their range, of such distinct vision, have been, so to speak, more abruptly walled in by the sudden limitation of powers, than the great duke. His mind was like a garden, full and complete up to its wall, with no world beyond. Keen in observation, tenacious in memory, ready in application, decisive in action, he did and thought nothing to waste. His metal was true in every grain, and on every field; but his great characteristic was that imperative sense of duty which especially distinguishes the physically strong type of manhood. If there was a duty to be performed which he could understand, and if by Providence, or by "his Majesty," or by the will of Parliament, he was the man authentically allotted to that distinctly perceived duty, nothing on earth in the shape of danger—as many a campaign proved, nor of embarrassment—as his plu-

rality of offices testified, nor personal vexation—as his acceptance of command under inferior generals, deterred him from the immediate acceptance of his lot. To carry on the king's or the queen's government—to be punctual at every appointment, from taking the field at Waterloo to taking his post at a christening—to fulfil his duty—constituted the inflexible habit of his mind. The clearness of his insight within its range gave him extraordinary powers of observing political not less than in framing military combinations; and hence, probably, the explicit acquiescence which he gave, on more than one critical occasion, to momentous political changes. The duty of every great leader is to accept necessity without cavil; and Wellington accepted more than one great necessity. In doing so, he saved more than an army—he saved the tranquillity of his country.

It is remarked that the biographical sketches of the great duke are meagre in personal traits. Not, indeed, that anecdotes could not be raked up by the score or the hundred, but that for broad painting, his personal traits, if he had them, do not come out strongly. This is little more than stating the converse of what has already been said, that he was not a man of sentiment or of imagination. He left transactions in the business of the sentiments or operations in imaginative affairs to the proper departments, and did not himself undertake duties to which he was not trained. One great biographical record, a sort of Boswellian memoir, is understood to have been destroyed, in consequence of his own displeasure at its existence. Personal traits of him therefore, at present, are left to the memoirs of other men moving in that society which he frequented so assiduously; or to a still lighter kind of literature, where anecdotes of his relaxations may be discovered. Many anecdotes might be collected, even from passing conversation, showing his honorable strictness of purpose, his sternness to some, his good-nature; but personally, his biography has been understood to be marked neither by great vicissitudes nor great passions. The personal traits which are most emphatically brought out in that kind of half-private half-public biography belonging to political society, were those which contributed to his power and influence—his clearness of view, his uprightness, his downright language, and downright thought. He was not an adventurer aiming at great ends for himself, and facing the chances of fortune; nor was he a great artist in any sense, undergoing passions and reflecting them; but he was a great power carrying on his career independently of art and passion; antagonizing, like an impersonated institution, the great adventurer of his age; and it was against the front of that English rock that the great adventurer was dashed to pieces in mid career.

As a power, Wellington was always the same; he was ready when wanted, his properties were known, and when he was used the effect could be forecalculated. You might as well (to use the phrase in no irreverent sense) seek a biography of gunpowder or of steam, as of that strong-willed English sense of duty which the duke impersonated amongst public men.

Although, speaking technically and literally, Wellington had been for some few years little more than noneffective either in politics or in departmental service, his removal is likely to cause many changes not easily to be estimated. The great respect for his character—all the greater

because it was tardily rendered, and all the more enduring because of that tardy recognition—enabled him to retain a practical power of veto after his active influence had expired. While he lived, Wellington constituted a prohibition upon some acts and changes. He was an institution, and so long as he remained in force certain hazardous combinations were impracticable. Extremes of faction, either way, found it difficult to wage their war across the wall interposed by his steadfast position. On the other hand, it is well understood that some reforms, military as well as political, were denied development by his presence. Wellington continued in the public affairs of England much of the powers, the views, and the usages of 1815. Other public men have retained their affection for that time and its characteristics; but “The Duke” was the only one of them who was absolutely changeless in himself; the stuff of his nature, the carriage of his military bearing, never altered from first to last; and although he might revise the regulations of the service from time to time, the fundamental Articles of War were to him as unchangeable as the constitution. If we look merely within the limits of the House of Lords, we see how his presence and his influence tended to moderate and even negative the action of minor influences. That check has now gone; the great captain of 1815 has retired; the sword which dictated the treaty of Paris is laid by his side; and an influence which prolonged far on into this century the power of the past has ceased. The mere absence of Wellington is an immense political fact, not only for England, but for Europe, for the world.

From an article in the *Athenæum*.

PROCURING WIVES IN AUSTRALIA.

Mrs. CHISHOLM presently became known in the New World as a person having influence and discretion; and in that capacity she was besieged with applications and solicitations, a collection of which would form a thoroughly original and characteristic chapter in the literature of colonization. What “Complete Letter-Writer,” for instance, has ever contained a document more genuine than the epistle which commences our extract:—

On one occasion (says Mrs. Chisholm), I received a letter from a man who wanted a wife. I found he was well known to several persons as a man of integrity. He stated it would be a serious thing to visit Sydney for a wife; first, a loss of time; second, money; and, after all, perhaps not to be suited. His letter interested me, and I determined on trying to serve him; I give his epistle *verbatim et literatim*, that the reader may judge for himself:—“Reverend madam, I heard you are the best to send to for a servant, and I heard our police magistrate say, it was best to leave all to you; and so I’ll just do the same, as his honor says it’s the best. I had a wife once, and so she was too good for me by the far, and it was God’s will, ma’am; but I has a child, ma’am, that I would n’t see a straw touch for the world; the boy’s only four years old; and I has a snug fifty acre farm and a town ’lotment, and I has no debts in the world, and one team and four bullocks; and I’ve ten head oh cattle, and a share on eight hundred sheep, so I as a rite to a desent servant, that can wash and cook and make the place decant; and I don’t mind what religion she bey, if she is sober and good, only I’ve a Protestant myself; and the boy I have, I promised the mother on her death bed should be a Catholic, and I won’t anyhow,

have any interference in this here matter. That I do like in writing nothing else, I would n’t mam, on any account in the world, be bound to marry; but I don’t wish it altogether to be left out. I’ll ge her fourteen wages, and if she don’t like me, and I don’t like her, I’ll pay her back to Sydney. I want nothing in the world but what is honest, so make the agreement as you like and I’ll bide by it. I sends you all the papers and you ’l now I’m a man wot’s to be trusted. I sends you five pounds; she may get wages first, for I know some of the gals, and the best on um, to, are not heavy we boxes; and supposing anything should happen, I would not like it to be said she come here in rags. I wants, also, a man and his wife; he must be willing to learn to plough, if he don’t now how, and do a good fair day’s work at anything; his wife must be a milker, and ha dustrious woman; I’ll give them as much as they can eat and drink of tea and milk, and, whatever wages you set my name down for, I’ll be bound to pay it. With all the honer in the world I’s bound to remain your servant till death.”—There was something, remarks Mrs. Chisholm, in the character of this honest bushman, during his colonial residence, to admire; he had gained his freedom, sent home money to his parents, and, during a long and tedious illness of twenty months, had attended his sick wife with patient care. Who would not get up an hour earlier to serve such a man?—I did, for I knew that early in the morning is the best time to choose a wife. I went first into the governess-room—all asleep; I unlocked the Home-door—some dressed, others half-dressed; some, too, very cross. I have often remarked, that early in the day is the best time to judge of a woman’s temper; but I wish this to be kept a secret. I remained half an hour in the Home; I then went through the tents, could not suit myself, and returned. At the Home-door, I found a girl at the wash-tub; she was at work with spirit; she was rather good-looking, very neat and tidy. I went into my office, and ascertained that on board ship her character was good. I desired the matron never to lose sight of her conduct, and report the same to me. Day after day passed, and I was at last fully determined to place her within reach of my applicant in the bush, that is, in a respectable family, in his near neighborhood; but I was able to arrange better, for I found that, amongst the families wanting situations, there was one related to her. I immediately engaged them as the bushman’s servants; they were a respectable couple; the man a very prudent person. I told them to take the girl with them, and get her service near them, and on no account to allow her to live with a bachelor. I gave the girl three letters to respectable ladies, and she was engaged by one the fourth day after her arrival at—. About a fortnight after, the bushman wrote to thank me for sending him the married couple; and concluded by saying, “With regard to that other matter, upon my word, you have suited me exactly; and, as soon as our month is up, we is to be married.”—I received, says Mrs. Chisholm, forty-one applications of this kind; but the above is the only girl I ever sent into the country with a *direct* matrimonial intention.—The following is another specimen of an earnest appeal for a better half:—

“13th December, 1844.

“Dear Madam,—Matrimonial engagements, at all times, require and demand mature deliberation, and should not needlessly and thoughtlessly be entered upon, even with a prior knowledge of the party—how much more then does it call for when coupled with a perfect ignorance of the person and qualifications of your future companion through life! Such then is the present case, and I hesitate not, with the most perfect confidence, and a firm reliance on your experience and discriminating judgment, to throw my fate in your hands, and entreat your kind offices in the obtaining for me a suitable companion for life, in other

and plainer words—'a wife.' With reference to my character, position, and prospects, I respectfully beg leave to refer you to Mrs. —, to whom I have the honor of being known, and I trust they will prove satisfactory. If, dear madam, you will be pleased so far to oblige me, I doubt not my happiness will be accomplished, as there must be many worthy young women in Sydney, in every way qualified to render connubial ties what it is intended to be—a perfect blessing. The kind of person I would most desire would be a young woman, between the years of 25 and 35, English, clean in person, neat in habit, mild in manners, and an accomplished needle-woman, my late wife being a most excellent sempstress. With renewed apologies, and a request that you will favor me with an answer, I am, dear madam, your most obedient servant, —." * * *

When travelling with a large party of emigrants—while they were sleeping in camp—as Mrs. Chisholm entirely depended upon the settlers for food for her party, she was to be seen at the dim break of day in her gig, driven by a prisoner from Hyde Park Barracks, going about to collect from the settlers food for the breakfasting of her party. On one occasion, just as she came to a solitary part of the road, near a valley, she heard a man shouting to her, "Stop, stop!" A stout, rough bushman, clearing a few bushes at a leap, placed his hand on the horse's head, and said, "Are you Mrs. Chisholm?"—"Yes; what do you want?"—"Want—want—why, what every man like me wants when he sees Mrs. Chisholm. Come now, do look up that hill, and see that nice cottage and 40 acres under crop; and I have in it 20 hams and fitches of bacon, and a chest of tea, and a bag of sugar; the land is paid for, and the three cows: Oh, it would do you good to see the cows!" and then pulling out a roll of papers, continued, "See, what a character I have got from the magistrates in charge of the district; and look here, ma'am, at this roll of notes—these are the things to hasten the matter, and get over difficulties with the clergyman—come now, Mrs. Chisholm, do be a mother to me, and give me a wife: smile of a woman has never welcomed me home after a hard day's work—you'll have pity on me—you don't mean to say no; you'll never be so cruel as to say no? It makes a man's heart light to look at your camp. Now, you don't mean to say you have not got a nice girl from Tipperary. Never mind the breakfast; I could keep the whole party for a week; and what peace of mind it would be to you to know what a kind husband I shall make one of your girls!"—"It was upon the principle of family colonization," says Mrs. Chisholm, "and actuated by such feelings, that I carried out my matrimonial excursions in the Australian bush. I, at times, took a number of single young females with me, in company with emigrant families, but then I allowed no matrimonial engagement to be made on the way; at the same time I took care to place the young women in situations from which they might, with that consideration due to the feelings of a woman, enter with propriety and respectability into the matrimonial state."

Since Mrs. Chisholm's return to England in 1846, she has been ceaselessly occupied in assisting the emigrant; and by making his movements dependent on foresight and economy, and efficient through the agency of mutual assistance, she has done her part in divesting the enterprise of that recklessness which has so often reduced it to nothing more hopeful than the gambler's last cast of the dice, or loaded it with difficulties and perils alike needless, accidental, and overcoming. Her plans are now largely taken up and wrought out.

LITERATI.—The word, which now confers honor, had at one time a very different signification. Among the

Romans it was usual to affix some branding or ignominious letter on the criminal, when the crime was infamous in its nature; and persons so branded were called *inscripti*, or *stigmati*, or by a more equivocal term, *literati*. The same expression is likewise adopted in stat. 4 Henry VIII., which recites "that diverse persons *lettered* had been more bold to commit mischievous deeds," &c.

From Notes and Queries.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

I.

"And many an ante-natal tomb
Where butterflies dream of the life to come."
Shelley's *Sensitive Plant*.

"The sense of flying in our sleep might, he thought, probably be the anticipation or forefeeling of an unevolved power, like an Aurelia's dream of butterfly motion."—Southey, *The Doctor*, vi. 158.

II.

"E'en from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are form'd."
Byron (to the Ocean), *Child Harold*.

"Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
Engendered in the slime thou leavest behind."
Dryden, *The Medal*.

III.

"Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same,
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream."
"The Boys of Kilkenny," *Songs of Ireland*
Duffy, 1846.

"Sylla's a mulberry covered with meal."
Quoted (as far as the quoter could recollect)
from Mrs. H. Gray's *Etruria*.

IV.

Things not to be trusted:

"A bright sky,
A smiling master,
The cry of a dog,
A harlot's sorrow."

Howitt's *Literature and Romance of Northern Europe*.

"Grant I may never be so fond
To trust man in his oath or bond,
Or a harlot for her weeping,
Or a dog that seems a-sleeping."
Appemantus' *Grace*.—*Timon of Athens*.

The collocation of dogs and harlots in both passages is remarkable.

V.

"Thou must either soar or stoop,
Fall or triumph, stand or droop;
Thou must either serve or govern,
Must be slave or must be sovereign;
Must, in fine, be block or wedge,
Must be anvil or be sledge."

Extracted from a Magazine (Fraser's?) before 1838.

"In this world a man must be either anvil or hammer."

Longfellow's *Hyperion*, b. iv., c. vi.
HARRY LEROY TEMPLE.

SILENCE does not expose and commit us as speech does, but it is seldom that it does not betray its own hidden meaning and import.

From Notes and Queries.

ROBERT.

THE sight of "Rubertus," in the passage of Ulicus Molitor, reminded me of some old Notes which have lain by for many years, of use to nobody, not even the owner. Perhaps the list which I inclose, and which I had made from them, may not be capable of being turned to any use, as, indeed, it was not made with a view to any specific purpose, but grew up casually and incidentally; nevertheless, as it does exist, and is from mere accumulation rather curious in its way, some readers may be amused by looking over it. The history of it is simply, that some years ago I was a good deal engaged with documents belonging to the ninth and three following centuries, and could not help remarking that the name "Robert" every now and then presented itself in new forms of spelling so different from that which we (only from its being the survivor, I suppose) consider the real and proper one, that, until I had become familiar with a good many varieties, I sometimes met with specimens which I did not at first recognize. Probably (if the places still exist) the reader might be taken to *Hruorpreheteshusen*, in the diocese of Salzburg, or *Heribrahteshusun*, in that of Fulda, without being even aware of the intention with which those pleasing names were originally given. He might come away not merely knowing nothing about any individual "Robert," commemorated by the "housen," but without even thinking of the name. We must remember (as the schoolboy did when told to heat his master's chocolate) that "H" is no letter, but a mere aspirate.* At the same time it is so important a feature in this case that it must not be omitted, especially as it not only presents its own essential variety, but furnishes several modes of spelling, of which no other examples happen to have occurred to me, though there is little doubt they and many beside might be found, if they were worth looking for. I believe I could give an authority for every word in the list; but the matter is unimportant, and you would grudge the space. Those readers who would take any interest in such references will know where to look for sufficient specimens in the works of Schannat, and the collections of Pez, D'Achery, Martene, &c.

As to the arrangement under which the names appear in this list, it is perfectly arbitrary, except

* I feel that no apology is necessary for supposing that this hint may be necessary for some of the readers of your popular and widely-circulated work, when I find so learned a man as the Jesuit Gretser puzzled by the prefixed H, and suggesting that perhaps it was put to signify the Latin *Herus*, or the German *Herr*, put as we moderns put D. for doctor. He edited a work of Rabanus Maurus, who, by the way, was abbot of Fulda, and a party to some of the deeds from which the above specimens are taken. Finding his author called Hrabanus in some ancient copies, he kept the name and put this marginal note: "Quoniam H littera hoc loco ociosa videtur, tamen exemplaria vetera eam sic habent, et apparet usum ejus apud veteres eum fuisse ut aut *herum* Latine, aut *herra* Teutonice signaret quemadmodum apud nos hodie D."—*Auct. Bib. Pat.*, p. 559, ed. Par. 1624. He might easily have met with *Hruodovic*, &c., *Hruodric*, &c., *Hrodger*, &c., *Hroadger*, &c.,

that I have endeavored (not very laboriously) to group them into families. To do that exactly would probably be impossible, and to attempt anything like it would ensure one more trouble than profit; but I hope that enough is done to exhibit in some degree the gradual process of change, and the links by which varieties so different are united to each other, and to the common origin, whatever that may have been. I have put *Robert* first, because, as I have said, he has survived all the others (except perhaps *Rupert*, who is, however, seldom to be met with); but that he has no right to play the *Præpositus* in this genealogy of names seems very clear.

ROBERT, Hrobert, Robertes, Rhoert, Rhrobert, Rohbert, Ropert, Raubert, Raubett.

RUOBERT, Ruobbert, Ruobbraht, Rubbraht, Ruohbert, Ruohptert, Ruopreht, Ruopreth, Ruoprech.

RUODBERT, Hruodbert, Rhuodbert, Hruoadbert, Ruadbert. Ruodpert, Ruodepert, Ruodpret, Ruodbraht, Hruodbraht, Ruodpraht, Hruodpraht, Ruodpreht, Ruodperaht, Hruodperaht, Hruodperath.

RUOTBERT, Hruotbert, Ruotpert, Ruotperd, Routpert, Ruotpreht, Routpret, Ruotprat, Ruotperaht, Ruotbraht, Ruotbrahte, Hruotbrahte.

RODBERT, Hrodbert, Hrodberet, Roadbert, Chrodebereth, Rodobert, Chrodobert, Chrodobard, Roderbert, Rodelbert, Hrodpert, Rodperht, Hrodperht, Rodperth, Rhodprecht, Hruodprath, Hruotpraht, Rodpot.

ROTHERT, Rotpert, Rotpreth, Crotperth, Crotpereth, Heraotpreht, Rothbert, Rothpert.

RUBERT, Rubret, Rupert, Rupept, Rudepert, Rudobert, Ruopert, Ruacpert, Rupreth, Rupreht, Rupraht, Rupracht, Ruprecht, Rueprecht, Rupprecht, Roupert.

RUDBERT, Rhubert, Rudpert, Rudpreht, Rudpreth, Ruedprecht, Rutbert, Rutpreht, Rutbrecht, Ruptert, Rutpreht, Rutpreth, Routprecht, Ruadbert, Ruadpert, Ruadppert, Hruadbert, Ruadpret, Ruadpraht, Ruadperaht.

RABBERT, Ratbert, Hratbert, Radbert, Ratbercht, Ratpert, Ratpreht, Ratpraht, Ratberat, Ratperaht, Ratperath.

RAPRAHT, Rahpraht, Rahtpraht, Rabraht, Ratbraht, Ratprath, Radpreht, Hradupraht, Rantbraht, Rantpraht, Ruadbrant.

RAMBERT, Rambret, Rampert, Rampret, Reimprecht, Reimpot, Romprecht, Reumbert, Ruumbert, Roghembert.

RAPER, Radopert, Chradopert, Radept, Rapot, Rapato, Rapoto, Rapodo, Rapotho, Rapotto, Ratpo, Ratpod, Rathpod, Hrappod, Ratbod, Ratbot, Ratboto, Ratboten, Ratpoto, Ruotboto, Ruadpoto, Hruadpoten, Radbod, Ratbold, Ratpott, Raboto, Rabodo, Hradboten, Hruadboten.

RIBBERT, Ribbodo, Ribprecht, Rihbert, Rihbert, Rihpert, Rihbraht, Rihbrath, Rihhbraht, Rihpraht, Rihperat, Rihperaht, Rihperat, Rihpreht, Rihberat, Rihpert, Riepreht, Riepreth, Heriperht, Heripreht, Heriperaht, Heripato.

After an introduction to all these persons, the reader would feel more at home at the places which I have mentioned, and the almost namesake localities of Raprehteshusun, Rappertesdorf, Rappotertorf, Raprehtisdorf, Raperzhouen, Ruprechtsbouen, Rapotenraut, Rappertsvviler, &c.

S. R. MAITLAND.

Gloucester.

From the Westminster Review.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1. *Wellington's (The Duke of) Despatches during his various Campaigns in India, Denmark, Portugal, Spain, the Low Countries, and France.* Compiled from Official and other Authentic Documents. By Colonel GURWOOD, C. B. A new and enlarged edition, 8 vols. 8vo. John Murray.
2. *History of the War in the Peninsula and the South of France.* By Major-General Sir W. F. P. NAPIER. 6 vols. 8vo. T. and W. Boone.
3. *History of the British Empire during the First Half of the Nineteenth Century; being an Introductory Narrative of Events from 1800 to 1815, and the History of the Peace from 1815, to the present Time.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU. Embellished with Portraits. 2 vols. Charles Knight.

THE world, like the individuals which compose it, would seem to have alternations of sleeping and waking, of activity and repose. Sometimes long years glide over it in dull and languid monotony; at other times it arouses, like a strong man after sleep, shakes off its lethargy, and condenses a century into a lustrum. Occasionally, for whole generations, History has nothing to record; then suddenly events and vicissitudes of such startling magnitude crowd upon her in such quick succession, that she can hardly keep pace with them. It sometimes happens that one member of the great commonwealth of nations awakes into vivid life, while all around her slumber in a deathlike stillness; and it would seem as if the aggregate energies of humanity were concentrated within her narrow boundaries. Sometimes, on the contrary, an electric shock appears to run through the world, and startle every country into simultaneous activity. In casting our eye back over the pages of the past, we find their interest comprised in the small territory of Greece, and almost in that of Attica, and in the single century which began with the battle of Marathon and ended with the death of Socrates. Then Rome "takes up the wondrous tale," and attracts all attention to herself in the crowded period between the appearance of Hannibal and the disappearance of Augustus. After the commencement of Roman decline, a long interval of monotony succeeds, during which history records little to compel our interest, except the progress and gradual establishment of a mutilated Christianity. For a short time, the Italian Republics of the middle ages throw a strange and lurid lustre over the page. But the first great awakening of Europe took place between the end of the fifteenth and the middle of the sixteenth century, when sciences, religious fervor, literary genius, and sometimes discovery, with all its unforeseen results, combined to irradiate the western world. Since then, the old torpor has never quite crept over us; but in the last quarter of the eighteenth century, an upheaving both of the political and the intellectual world began, greater even than that inaugu-

rated by the Reformation, and is still convulsing society and thought to their inmost depths.

All these epochs have been as prolific in great men as in great events; and none have been more prolific than the last. The peculiar character of the greatness developed has varied with the nature and the requirements of the time. Some periods have been more rich in warriors, some in statesmen, some in artists, in poets, or in thinkers; and the warriors, statesmen, and writers of one epoch have been markedly distinct from those of another. But each greatness has many phases, and rarely, if ever, reproduces itself. We can scarcely compare Pericles with Richelieu, with Burleigh, or with Oxenstiern; yet we do not know that he had essentially a higher order of intellect. It would be idle to draw a parallel between Sophocles and Shakspeare; yet assuredly we cannot concede the palm of genius to the ancient dramatist. We cannot compare Thucydides and Tacitus with Grote, Gibbon, or Macaulay; yet we would not willingly place the latter on a lower level than their great prototypes. Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar, were in the old world what Gustavus Adolphus, Marlborough, Napoleon, and Wellington have been in our modern days; but were probably gifted with no grander genius. And though many of us know more of Aristides and Phocion than of Hampden and of Washington, yet the former characters were assuredly no purer or loftier than the latter.

The three-quarters of a century which has elapsed from 1775 to 1850, has been one of almost ceaseless excitement over the whole civilized world. It has seen, at least, seven revolutions—three in France, one in Belgium, one in Greece, and two in America. It has witnessed the sweeping away, and the replacing, of the landmarks of nearly all the European states. Spain, Holland, England, and France, have lost many of their colonies. Russia and America have made vast strides both in civilization and in strength. But the excitement and activity have not been confined to the region of politics alone; Religion, Literature, Art, and Science, have all participated; and every department of intellect and effort has sent forth its conquerors and its grandees. Religion has awakened greater earnestness, and created deeper interest, than at any period since the Reformation. Literature has been preternaturally active, and its productions, as a whole, may bear comparison with those of any preceding period; while Science has made vaster progress, and Art has accomplished grander achievements than in all previous centuries combined.

It is not easy to award the crown of preëminence among men of genius, who have followed different walks of intellect; nor is it always possible for contemporaries to estimate correctly the relative greatness of those who have lived and acted among them. The more hidden idiosyncrasies of their nature, the deeper secrets of their character, are often disclosed only after they themselves have long passed off the stage; and the remote and more signal consequences of their actions, the compre-

hensiveness and accuracy of their foresight and their insight, and the degree in which they have impressed their stamp upon the age, and influenced its features and its destiny, it sometimes requires generations fully to develop and explain. Often, too, though we may know accurately what a statesman or a warrior has done, we are only imperfectly acquainted with the obstacles which had to be overcome, the exertions which had to be made, or the sacrifices which had to be encountered, in doing it; and it is from a comparison of the deed with its difficulties that we can only judge truly of the greatness of the actor. Sometimes, too, for long years, brilliancy and good fortune, when combined, will usurp the admiration which belongs to solidity and worth, even when less strikingly successful; and a nation is commonly more ready to worship the qualities which dazzle than the qualities which save.

There are cases, however, in which, from a variety of concurring circumstances, these difficulties in pronouncing a sound judgment on the merit of contemporary celebrities do not apply;—in which all the facts and documents needed for forming an opinion are as fully known to us as they can be to our successors; and in which the actions were too remarkable, and their consequences too immediate and vast, to leave us much to learn on this head from the future. Such is the case with regard to the events and actors in the great struggle which immortalized the first quarter of the present century. Such is peculiarly the case with regard to the Duke of Wellington. Every action of his life has been vehemently canvassed both by friends and foes; every part of his career has been described by the ablest historians from the most authentic documents; his own despatches are on record to portray him; he bore the principal share in those transactions which led to the great settlement of Europe; and, lastly, he survived his own great achievements by nearly half a century.

The two men whose names will in after ages stand out in bold relief from the history of the first half of the nineteenth century, are Napoleon and Wellington. Both were eminently great; but in our judgment the Englishman was the greater of the two. Nor do we judge thus from any narrow national partiality, or from any grounds which men of all countries would not equally admit to be valid. It has, we know, been the fashion of late to depreciate Napoleon—to speak lightly of his genius—to speak harshly of his fame. We do not sympathize with those who write in this tone. Those who grudge the title of “great” to that wonderful man must be either strongly blinded by their animosities, or culpably ill-read in his history, or they must measure him by some fanciful and peculiar standard of their own. If Alexander, if Cæsar, if Hannibal, were great men, Napoleon was a great man too. If the most consummate military genius, if the most profound knowledge of strategic art, if the most comprehensive and far-seeing power of combination, if the most masterly grasp of every subject which he handled, if a faculty of civil organization which has never been surpassed, and a capacity of exciting the enthusiasm and devotion of his followers which has never been equalled, if, in a word, the most magnificent and dazzling success—owed not to fortune, but won by genius, extorted by energy—and a rise from obscure poverty to wider empire than any modern autocrat has wielded—if the union of all these do not make a man great, of

whom can greatness be predicated? It is true he had no conscience; it is true he had no unselfish virtue, and little disinterested affection; it is true that his ambition had no limits, and his moral nature neither loftiness nor purity; but to deny to a man so gloriously endowed and so marvellously sceptred, the epithet of *great*, because he was not also *good*, is a foolish and pedantic misuse of words.

Yet gifted as Napoleon was, and passing wonderful as were the deeds he wrought, we still think that, in the elements of the highest order of greatness, he was inferior to his rival and conqueror. If Wellington had had Napoleon's position, he would neither have committed his blunders nor have been tempted to his crimes. If Napoleon had been compelled to work against the obstacles, to endure the vexations, to encounter the embarrassments, to fight in the fetters, which were the lot of the Duke of Wellington from first to last, his mental defects and his moral weaknesses would have been insuperable barriers to his success. On two grounds, therefore, we assign the supremacy to the English hero. The first is that, while Napoleon was always selfish, Wellington was always conscientious; the duke was invariably the master of his passions—the emperor was frequently the slave of his. The second ground is, that whereas Napoleon, as soon as his reputation was established, namely, from 1800 onward, was omnipotent and uncontrolled, and wielded, by his single will, the whole civil and military power of France—the duke was always thwarted and crippled both by allies and countrymen, and was throughout in a position of mortifying, irritating, and incapacitating thralldom to men at home, who had neither ability to comprehend the grandeur of his plans, nor magnanimity to imitate his steady and unselfish patriotism. These points will come out in painful clearness as we proceed in our sketch of the great man whom we have lost.

Both these great men were born in the same year, 1769. The active professional careers of both of them were short. They began and ended in the same year. Their first real services were in 1795, their last in 1815. Both fought their last battle when they were forty-six years of age. Napoleon had gained his reputation when he was twenty-six, Wellington when he was thirty-four. Between the duke's first great battle as an independent commander and his last—between Assaye and Waterloo—only twelve years elapsed. Both were fought against tremendous odds, and both displayed precisely the same qualities of character. Indeed, from first to last, the most marked peculiarity of the duke was his consistent *individuality*; he was always himself; he never belied his antecedents, or disappointed those who knew him; he never acted otherwise than as you might have predicted that, under the circumstances, he would act. He displayed the same unshaken coolness and strategic skill in India and at Copenhagen as in Portugal and Belgium; and the same administrative genius and inflexible justice when Governor of Seringapatam, as afterwards when commanding the army of occupation in France. To the last his rigid and inexorable severity was the dread, but proved the salvation, of his troops. His first demand, when appointed to rule in the conquered city of Tippoo Sultaun, and to restrain a triumphant and disorderly army, was, “Send me the provost marshal, and put him under my

orders; till some of the marauders are hung, it is impossible to expect order or safety."

The battle of Assaye first made him celebrated. It is by the battle of Waterloo that his name is most widely known. But it is on his Peninsular Campaigns, from 1809 to 1814, that his fame with professional men, and his chief glory with posterity, must rest. It was in that immortal struggle—of which we are happy in possessing a record, as immortal as itself—that he displayed that wonderful combination of the loftiest and rarest qualities, both of intellect and character, which entitle him to a place in the very first rank of those few luminaries of history, who have united the special genius of the warrior with the more comprehensive grandeur of the statesman. The full merit and magnificence of that superb but painful conflict, can be appreciated only by those who read Colonel Napier's history of it in detail, and study there all the maddening vexations, all the countless privations, all the gigantic difficulties, which beset the English general, and the sublime patience, the indomitable firmness, the dauntless resolution, with which he encountered and overcame them all. The French army was the feeblest of his enemies; his conquest of the French marshals the least and the easiest of his victories. He had to uphold, to encourage, to advise, and to control three cabinets: to contend at once, not only against the foe in arms, but against the selfishness, the cowardice, the vanity, the incapacity, the opposition, of the people whom he came to save; to struggle with the timidity and imbecility of one government, the weakness and falsehoods of another, the intrigues and ingratitude of a third. He had at one and the same moment—and this, not once or twice only, but habitually and for years—to fight and hold in check Napoleon's veterans, the Portuguese Regency, the Spanish Juntas, and, last and worst, the concealed, insincere, incapable government at home.

Throughout the contest, he was fearfully over-matched. The French had, during most of the war, nearly 400,000 men in the Peninsula, mostly veterans, and commanded by Napoleon's ablest generals. Wellington scarcely ever had more than 50,000, and not often above half this number, if we except the Portuguese regiments under Marshal Beresford, which, though often efficient, well trained, and courageous, were not to be relied upon like English troops. While the French army was amply supplied with all the munitions and *matériel* of war, and while hundreds of thousands of muskets, swords, bayonets, and cartridge boxes, were sent to the Spaniards, who never used them, but stored them idly in their arsenals, to be taken by the French on the first opportunity; the English army, in spite of the strongest reiterated remonstrances of its commander, was left wretchedly supplied with artillery, and destitute even of a battering-train.* While enormous subsidies were lavishly wasted by Mr. Canning, through numberless incapable agents, on the Spanish irregular troops, none of which was efficiently expended, and most of which merely fed the corruption of the Junta and their subordinates, our own soldiers were left many months in arrear of pay, and frequently their wants were so neglected by the ministry at home, that the duke had not even the

means of purchasing provisions. While the Spanish and Portuguese armies were not only supported, but actually fed by English money, no entreaties could prevail on the English ministers to supply the wants of their own brave troops, who were sometimes furnished with food so bad, that the duke thought it but just to return the soldiers half their ration-money; and the splendid victory at Talavera was won by men who for twenty-four hours had tasted nothing save a few grains of corn in the ear. Horses died, and men went into the hospital by thousands, from no cause but insufficient or unwholesome nutriment. While the Spanish and Portuguese troops were clothed and shod at our expense, while our grasping and selfish allies were forwarding fresh applications to the British government, through British agents, for "500,000 yards of broad-cloth 4,000-000 yards of linen, and 300,000 shoes," our own Peninsular troops, though in a state of splendid discipline and warlike efficiency, were so scandalously neglected by those rulers who should have fostered them as the apple of their eye, that their marches were postponed "for want of shoes," and their "clothes so patched that not a single regiment could be known by its uniform." The English commander represented, complained, and remonstrated in vain; intrigue, vanity and incapacity caused the government to turn a deaf ear to his expostulations; and over and over again the duke was on the point of giving up the contest in despair and disgust at conduct which, even at this distance of time, makes our blood boil with indignation as we read the narrative.

Speaking of the first siege of Badajoz, Colonel Napier writes:—"Thus, the first serious siege undertaken by the British army in the Peninsula was commenced; and, to the discredit of the English government, no army was ever so ill provided with the means of prosecuting such an enterprise. The engineer officers were exceedingly zealous, and notwithstanding some defects in the constitution and customs of their corps, tending rather to make regimental than practical scientific officers, many of them were very well versed in the theory of their business. But the ablest trembled when reflecting on their utter destitution of all that belonged to real service. Without a corps of sappers and miners, without a single private who knew how to carry on an approach under fire, they were compelled to attack fortresses defended by the most warlike, practised, and scientific troops of the age; the best officers and the finest soldiers were obliged to sacrifice themselves in a lamentable manner, to compensate for the negligence and incapacity of a government always ready to plunge the nation into war, without the slightest care of what was necessary to obtain success. The sieges carried on by the British in Spain were a succession of butcheries, because the commonest materials and means necessary to their art were denied to the engineers." At the time when the ill-fated and ignominious Walcheren expedition was planned, "Sir Arthur Wellesley might have had eighty thousand British troops on the frontiers of Portugal, and he was a general capable of wielding them. He was forced to commence a campaign, upon the fate of which the Peninsula—a quick triumph or a long-protracted agony of twelve millions of people—depended, with only 22,000, while 60,000 fighting men and ships, numerous enough to darken all the coasts of Spain, were waiting, in Sicily and England, for orders.

* The engineering tools sent out were so bad, that our men could do nothing with them, but were dependent on the French instruments which they chanced to capture.—Napier, vol. iv., p. 471.

which were to doom them, the one part to scorn, and the other to an inglorious and miserable fate. Shall the deliverance of the Peninsula, then, be attributed to the firmness and long-sighted policy of ministers who gave these glaring proofs of improvidence? or shall the glory of that great exploit lighten round the head of him who so manfully maintained the fierce struggle under all the burden of their folly?"

If such were the difficulties heaped upon his path by the ministers who sent him, the obstacles the English general had to encounter at the hands of the people whom he came to defend, were greater still. When he commenced the war in the Peninsula, Spain might be said to be without a government. King Ferdinand was a prisoner in Bayonne; and the management of the usurped country was undertaken by a number of local Juntas, each acting independently, and obedient to no central power; and each making the most inordinate demands on their English allies for immediate and almost exclusive assistance. When a supreme Junta was at last established, in consequence of the remonstrances of the British government and general, the case was little mended. The Junta was almost without authority; was bursting with corruption and distracted by intrigues. The authorities would organize no plan of defence in concert with the English commander, or, if they agreed upon a plan, they never adhered to it; they never performed their portion of any contract; they utterly disregarded truth alike in their promises and their statements; they engaged to supply the British troops with rations and means of transport, yet habitually left them destitute of both. They monopolized the contributions of the people, and expended them in rewarding their own creatures. They seized the horses of the peasantry under pretence of supplying the troops, and then left them to die in the sea marshes. They raised large armies, but left them unprovided either with clothes, arms, or ammunition. "At the period when the Marquis of Romana and the insurgents in Galicia were praying for a few stand of arms and five thousand pounds from Sir John Cradock, the Junta possessed many millions of money (mainly furnished to them by England), and their magazines in Cadiz were bursting with the continually increasing quantity of stores and arms arriving from England, *but which were left to rot as they arrived*; while from every quarter of the country not yet subdued, the demand for these things was incessant." Altogether, such a deplorable example of vanity, wickedness, and imbecility was probably never before presented to the world.

Then the army was as bad as the government. The generals would not coöperate, and the soldiers would not fight. By no persuasion or menaces could the duke ever induce the Spanish commanders heartily and honorably to stand by him. The best and richest opportunities were constantly lost by their tardiness, insincerity, and falsehood. Time after time they placed the British troops in situations of the utmost peril, by breaking their promises and deserting their post. Time after time they were well fed while their English allies were left starving; yet they would not share with them. Time after time large Spanish armies stood by inactive, insubordinate, or panic-stricken, while a few English regiments fought their battle against overwhelming numbers. It was so at Talavera. It was so at Albuera. They abandoned the hospitals

they had sworn to protect. They neglected the fortresses they had engaged to repair and provision. They refused even to assist the wounded after a battle, but were always ready to plunder the dying and the dead. Destitute of truth, courage, or generosity, they were almost more dangerous to us than the open enemy. Lord Wellington at last entirely refused to act with them, or trust to them any longer. "There was," said he in one of his despatches, "a more serious consideration, viz., the constant and shameful misbehavior of the Spanish troops before the enemy. We in England never hear of their defeats and flights, but I have heard Spanish officers tell of nineteen or twenty actions of the description of that at the bridge of Arzobispo, the accounts of which have never been published. In the battle of Talavera, in which the Spanish army, with very trifling exceptions, was not engaged—whole corps threw away their arms and ran out when they were neither attacked, nor threatened with an attack. When these dastardly soldiers run away, they plunder everything they meet. *In their flight from Talavera they plundered the baggage of the British army, which was at that moment bravely engaged in their cause.*" After the awful carnage of Albuera, when of 6000 British only 1500 remained standing when the French were beaten off, Marshal Beresford, when his pickets were set, had scarcely any soldiers left to assist the wounded. In this cruel situation he sent Col. Harding to demand assistance from Blake, the Spanish general, who had taken little part in the battle, and to whose indolence and incapacity the frightful loss of the British was mainly attributable. The proud and selfish old ruffian *refused*, saying that it was customary with allied armies for each to take care of its own men! Such were the allies whom Wellington had both to fight for and to contend with.

The Portuguese were nearly as intolerable. It is true that their peasantry were far more generous and friendly; their soldiers, being led by English officers, behaved far better under fire; and their Regency, though to the full as dishonest and intriguing as the Spanish Junta, was not quite so incapable. But the authorities were utterly impracticable: they would neither furnish transports for the commissariat, nor keep the promises they had made, nor supply faithfully the provisions for which they had contracted, and for which they had been paid. The English general was at one time obliged to feed, from the rations collected for his own troops, the Portuguese militia, whose sustenance had been utterly neglected by their own authorities; and this, too, at a time when England was not only fighting the battle of Portugal, and had just freed her from a wasting enemy, but was supporting her government by enormous subsidies. The plans of the English commander were perpetually thwarted by the opposition, and his best-laid enterprises rendered abortive, by the incurable delays and inveterate faithlessness of the Regency; his remonstrances were unheeded; his orders disobeyed, and on more than one occasion vast stores of provisions and munitions of war, which he had repeatedly ordered the authorities to destroy or remove to Lisbon, were left for the French, who were thus enabled to maintain their position in the country, and defeat Wellington's most sagacious and laborious combinations. In 1810, when he retired to his lines, having arranged everything for compelling the French to evacuate Portugal, he

writes thus : " The French are stopped effectually : in front all the roads are occupied, and they can get nothing from their rear ; but all the military arrangements which have been made are useless if they can find subsistence on the ground which they occupy. Now the inhabitants, in flying, *have left behind*, in spite of repeated orders and ample notice, *everything that could be useful to the enemy and could subsist their army* ; accordingly they still remain in our front, notwithstanding that their communication with Spain, and with every other military body, is cut off ; and if the provisions which they have found will last, they may remain till they are joined by the whole French army in Spain. *It is heart-breaking to contemplate the chance of failure from such obstinacy and folly.*" In addition to all this, the Regency threw upon him the odium of every harsh order which military necessity required to be issued, and even desired, by way of increasing his unpopularity, to compel him to take into his own hands the punishment of offenders against their own decrees. Then the jealousy and hatred between the Spanish and Portuguese peasantry—which their respective governments took every means to foster—involved him in ceaseless annoyances : the Portuguese muleteers deserted if he passed the frontier ; and the Spanish ones refused to carry stores or provisions for the assistance of the Portuguese troops.

Thus harassed on all hands, thwarted by three cabinets, and compelled to endure the follies and remedy the blunders of them all ; reduced to attempt vast enterprises with insufficient means, and to make the blood of his soldiers atone for the incapacity of his superiors and the imbecility of his allies ; sometimes obliged to act as a merchant, and often as a banker and financier, in order to supplement the neglect or inefficiency of those who should have served him ; it would not have been surprising if he had sunk under the pressure and resigned the unequal contest. That he did not do so, is perhaps the greatest proof of courage, constancy, and patriotism that could have been given. " Lord Liverpool's intimation (writes Col. Napier) that neither corn nor specie could be had from England, threw Lord Wellington on his own resources for feeding his troops. He had before created a paper-money by means of commissariat bills, which, being paid regularly at certain periods, passed current with the people when the national bonds were at an enormous discount. He now, in concert with Mr. Stuart (our minister at Lisbon), entered into commerce to supply his necessities. For, having ascertained that grain in different parts of the world, especially in South America, could be bought for bills cheaper than it sold for hard cash in Lisbon, and that in Egypt, though only to be bought with specie, it was at a reduced price ; they employed mercantile agents to purchase it for the army account, and, after filling the magazines, sold the overplus to the inhabitants. As Mr. Stuart could obtain no assistance from the English merchants of Lisbon, in a traffic which interfered with their profits, he wrote circular letters to the consuls in the Mediterranean, and in the Portuguese islands, and to the English minister at Washington, desiring them to negotiate Treasury bills ; to increase the shipments of corn to Lisbon, and to pay with new bills, to be invested in such articles of British manufacture as the non-importation law still permitted to go to America. By this complicated process he contrived to keep something in the military chest ; and this commerce (which,

Lord Wellington truly observed, was not what ought to have engaged his time and attention) saved the army and the people, when the proceedings of Mr. Percival would have destroyed both. Yet it was afterwards cavilled at and censured by ministers, on the representations of the merchants who found their exorbitant gains interrupted by it.

" Pressed by such accumulated difficulties, and not supported in England as he deserved, the general, who had more than once intimated his resolution to withdraw from the Peninsula, now seriously thought of executing it. Yet when he considered that the cause was one even of more interest to England than to the Peninsula ; that the embarrassments of the French might be even greater than his own ; and that Napoleon himself, gigantic as his exertions had been and were likely to be, was scarcely aware of the difficulty of conquering the Peninsula while an English army held Portugal ; when he considered also that light was breaking in the north of Europe ; that the chances of war are many, even in the worst of times ; and, above all, when his mental eye caught the beams of his own coming glory—he quelled his rising indignation, and retempered his mighty energies to bear the buffet of the tempest."

During the whole of this period, when his patience, which seemed absolutely inexhaustible, was so severely tried, not only by the faults of his own government and the incapacity of his allies, but by the carelessness and disobedience of too many of his own officers—and while a temper, naturally stern and peremptory, was severely tried by every imaginable vexation, yet never disturbed or irritated for more than a few moments, or disproportionably to the exciting cause—the duke found time to look after and give his mind to the minutest details of the service. Nothing which could in any way contribute to the efficiency of his army or the welfare of his troops, was deemed too unimportant to engage his attention. Indeed, few things are more remarkable in the character of this remarkable man than the power with which he could concentrate his whole thoughts upon the immediate matter before him, however critical or distracting were the circumstances around him. His despatches relating to the shoes of the infantry, the use of hair gloves or the curry-comb by the cavalry, the mode of packing camp-kettles, and the most desirable size of kettle to employ, and many other matters, written during the pressure, hurry, and anxiety of actual warfare, are singular proofs of his indefatigable activity and watchfulness. He had, too, the most marvellous faculty of abstracting his mind from the difficulties and embarrassments of the moment, and bringing it to bear on distant subjects, the treatment of which would seem to require an undivided intellect and a heart at ease. Like those of Marlborough and Warren Hastings, some of his most remarkable despatches on points of general policy, and some of his ablest discussions with ministers at home on their various absurd schemes and proceedings, were penned amid his greatest dangers, and almost in the critical moments of actual conflict. " All these schemes," says Col. Napier, after enumerating some of the most foolish, " were duly transmitted to Lord Wellington and Mr. Stuart ; and the former had, while in the field, to unravel the intricacies, to detect the fallacies, and to combat

the wild speculations of men, who, in profound ignorance of facts, were giving a loose to their imaginations on such complicated questions of state. It was while preparing to fight Marmont (at Salamanca) that he had to expose the futility of relying on a loan; it was on the heights of San Christoval, on the field of battle itself, that he demonstrated the absurdity of attempting to establish a Portuguese bank; it was in the trenches of Burgos that he dissected and exposed Funchal's schemes of finance, and exposed the folly of attempting the sale of church property; it was at the termination of the retreat that, with a mixture of rebuke and reasoning, he quelled the proposal to live by forced requisitions; and, on each occasion, he showed himself as well acquainted with these subjects as he was with the mechanism of armies."

It is curious to compare this passage with the account given by Macaulay of the coolness of Warren Hastings after the deadly struggle with Nuncomar, the great Indian civil authority, which terminated in the defeat and execution of the latter. "The head of the combination against Hastings, the richest, the most powerful, the most artful of the Hindoos, distinguished by the favor of those who then held the government, fenced around by the superstitious reverence of millions, was hanged in broad day before many thousands of people. It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the letters of Hastings to Dr. Johnson bears date a very few hours after the death of Nuncomar. While the whole settlement was in commotion, while a mighty and ancient priesthood were weeping over the remains of their chief, the conqueror in that deadly grapple sat down, with characteristic self-possession, to write about the 'Tour to the Hebrides,' Jones' 'Persian Grammar,' and the history, traditions, arts, and natural productions of India."

Notwithstanding his splendid qualities as a commander, and his sedulous attention to the wants and necessities of those he led, the Duke of Wellington never gained the affections of his troops. Their confidence in his genius was unbounded, but they had no enthusiasm for his person. Though inflexibly just, yet to them he was unbending, ungenial and severe. He had nothing of the histrionic art of Napoleon, none of the universal courtesy and gentleness of Marlborough. "It seems (says Napier) to be a drawback to the greatness of Lord Wellington's character, that while capable of repressing insubordination, either by firmness or dexterity, as the case may require—capable, also, of magnanimously disregarding, or dangerously resenting injuries, his praises and his censures are bestowed indiscriminately, or so directed as to acquire partisans and personal friends rather than the attachment of the multitude. He did not make the hardworking military crowd feel that their honest unobtrusive exertions were appreciated. In this he differs not from many other great generals and statesmen, but he thereby fails to influence masses, and his genius falls short of that sublime flight by which Hannibal in ancient, and Napoleon in modern times, commanded the admiration of the world."

His coolness in danger, his indifference to obloquy, his hardihood and firmness in adhering to his plans in spite of blame, opposition, and entreaty, and in suffering no transient schemes to divert his attention from his grand ultimate designs, were displayed in every incident of the Peninsular war.

On the evening before the battle of Talavera, with an overwhelming enemy before him, worthless and half hostile allies on his flank, and little apparent prospect of extricating himself from a position in which defeat would have been ruin to his army and his cause, and would have damaged his reputation irretrievably at home, he was as placid and careless as if he had a clear path and a certain victory before him. He had done everything, he said, that had to be done, or could be done, and he was indifferent to the rest. Notwithstanding the vehement entreaties both of Spanish and Portuguese authorities—notwithstanding the strong pleadings of his own feelings, he resolutely refused to succor Ciudad Rodrigo, because he could only do so at the price of risking the whole object and success of the campaign. Indeed, on most occasions of peril and of bloodshed—

in him there was an air
As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;—
A something of indifference, more than then
Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.

On two occasions, however, his natural sympathies overpowered his acquired insensibility; and the iron warrior was shaken by a passionate burst of grief—once was when he beheld the frightful butchery at Badajos; the second time, when his aide-de-camp reported the irreparable losses at Waterloo. In both cases the carnage had been foreseen; but the object was deemed worth the price.

The duke's noblest quality was his unswerving CONSCIENTIOUSNESS. In this he stands out in splendid contrast to nearly all the great captains in history. The motive spring of Cæsar, Napoleon, and Wallenstein, was personal ambition; that of Charles XII. of Sweden, was a boyish passion for glory; the nobility of Hannibal was dashed by the vindictive hatred in which his enterprise originated; the fame of Marlborough was tarnished by the low cravings of a mean and grasping avarice; but the Duke of Wellington, though far from insensible to glory or reckless of character, seems throughout his consistent career to have listened solely to the voice of patriotism, and the sentiment of duty. He kept one object steadily in view: amid all the difficulties and vexations of his Peninsular campaigns, he felt that he was there to do his duty, to defeat the enemy, to save his country. No thought of self—no paramount preference for his own fame—none of that prudish sensitiveness to the purity of his own reputation, which is the form selfishness often assumes in able and honorable men, ever seemed to cross his mind. He never feared to encounter obloquy, if it lay in his way; he never shrank from putting to hazard his own professional reputation, if the welfare of "the cause" seemed to require it. Over and over again he undertook enterprises where failure was probable, and when failure would have been fatal to his fame; but where great political purposes rendered it desirable that the effort should be made. No general, tender of his character, would have ventured on the assaults of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo. The physical courage which he displayed in chasing the French from Portugal and Spain, was as nothing compared with the moral courage which he manifested in facing the ignorant and disgraceful clamors of the English opposition, and the weak, timid, and sometimes criminal suggestions of the English ministers—in fighting against desperate odds—in retreating in the face

of still more formidable and malignant clamor. We question whether in the whole of his public career he ever once acted from any considerations except those of public duty. In this he was a marvellous contrast to the politicians whom he served. "There was a ministerial person in 1810, who, in his dread of the parliamentary opposition, wrote to Lord Wellington, complaining of his inaction, and calling upon him to do something that would excite a public sensation; *anything provided blood was spilt*. A calm, but severe rebuke, and the cessation of all friendly intercourse with the writer, discovered the general's abhorrence of this detestable policy."*

This single-minded conscientiousness is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the duke was never addicted to the profession of any high-flown sentiments of morality. He did his duty without much protestation of his determination to do nothing else. But for simple, straightforward, disinterested devotion to principle, among leading statesmen, we can find his parallel in Washington alone.

The political qualifications of the Duke of Wellington were scarcely, if at all, second to his military ones. Indeed, he was often compelled to be more of a great politician than of a great general. His campaigning movements had frequently to be guided rather with reference to their political than to their military effects. He had to encounter risks, and undertake enterprises, which the common rules of generalship would have forbidden, out of considerations in which generalship had no share. He had to adventure bold strokes, which prudence would have condemned, in order to keep up the spirits of both the English and Portuguese people. He had to resign splendid chances, to endure vexatious delays, to submit to deplorable inaction, because such was the timidity and downheartedness of the English ministry, that he dared not risk the loss of a single brigade. Repeatedly he felt called upon to put to hazard his military reputation, lest the great political objects of the war should have been endangered. He had always to bear in mind the ultimate purpose of the great struggle, and to look beyond the actual battle, or the immediate campaign. Those who regard him only as a great captain will both judge him unjustly and appreciate him ill.† He was, in fact, preëminently a statesman; and notwithstanding the imperfect success, short duration, and speedy overthrow of his two administrations in England, we consider that he was a truly great statesman. But his statesmanship was of the Administrative, not of the Parliamentary or Legislative order. He was one whose genius lay in action, not in words; and in a system in which dialectics and rhetoric bear sway, in which oratory opens the path to greatness, and covers every species of incapacity, he was overmatched, and out of place.

Therefore, though a statesman of a first-rate order, he was not a statesman of the modern British order. "From the time of Charles II. to our own days, a peculiar species of talent, parliamentary talent, has been the most valuable of all the qualifications of an English statesman. It has stood in the place of all other acquirements. It has covered ignorance, rashness, and the most fatal maladministration. A great negotiator is nothing

compared with a great debater; and a minister who can make a successful speech need trouble himself little about an unsuccessful expedition. This is the talent which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French; which has sent to the Admiralty men who did not know the stern of a ship from her bowsprit, and to the India Board men who did not know the difference between a rupee and a pagoda; which made a foreign secretary of Mr. Pitt, who, as George II. said, had never opened Vattel, and which was very near making a chancellor of the exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division."*

In such a system the Duke of Wellington, who knew how to govern, but not how to argue and harangue, had no fair field, and could scarcely meet with due appreciation. He was a statesman not of the class to which Bolingbroke, Pitt, Canning, Peel, and Thiers belonged; but of the order of Richelieu, Alberoni, Oxenstiern, Hardenberg, abroad, and of Walsingham, Cromwell, Clive, and Hastings, at home. He was a statesman rather for Spain, Austria, or France, than for England; and in England would have been better placed under the House of Tudor than under the House of Hanover. He had a profound contempt for the popular capacity:‡ what he had seen of the abortive attempt of self-government, and of the miserable intrigues and imbecility of popular assemblies in Portugal and Spain, had fortified this contempt; and the proceedings of the English Parliament, the language of the public press, the conduct of popular orators, and of the liberal opposition, during his Peninsular campaigns, were assuredly not calculated to weaken it. Hence his opposition to parliamentary reform. Hence his sagacious estimate—exaggerated perhaps, but certainly not far astray—of the added difficulties which that measure would throw in the way of the king's government. He saw that such an organic change would render the government of the country a new act—and an act of no ordinary perplexity and labor. He did not know the extent to which the country could govern itself, and supplement the deficiencies of its rulers. But whenever the duke was called upon to act as a statesman, all his native superiority stood forth. Whatever he did, he did well. His management of the army of occupation in France showed what he was as a negotiator. His speeches and conduct at the period of Catholic emancipation showed his conception of the duty of an English minister. He was no party man. He considered solely what was best to be done under the circumstances—what course was most desirable for the country—what course would be most likely to insure its welfare, and avert the evils which menaced it;—and this course he recommended simply and pursued steadily, without reference to its inconsistency with his previous opinions, or its obnoxiousness to the party whose leader he was commonly considered. He regarded himself always as holding office merely to save his king and country. He looked at and treated each subject and each emergency as it came before him, not as a party chief, but as a British administrative statesman.

There are several remarkable points of similarity between Wellington's career and character, and

* Macaulay, "Sir W. Temple."

† The duke was essentially aristocratic in his notions of government. See Napier, vi. 444, (and in many other places.)

* Napier, iii. 218.

† Napier, vi. 683; vi. 405—407.

those of three of the ablest English commanders of modern times. Like Clive, he was distinguished for the marvellous vigor, promptitude, and daring of his operations—for the steady and unswerving gaze which he fixed upon the special object he had in view—for his courage in encountering any odds and any obloquy. He showed a capacity for government and politics in no way inferior to that of Warren Hastings, with the same indomitable and indefatigable patience, the same impassive temper, the same sublime imperturbability. But he never stooped to the unscrupulous violence of Clive, or the enormous injustices of Hastings. It is between Wellington and Marlborough, however, that the parallel runs closest. Both had to struggle against incapable ministers and factious enemies at home. Both were constantly hampered, and often nearly ruined, by the results of parliamentary intrigues, and the inherent stinginess of a democratic government. Both were driven nearly distracted by jealous, faithless, and incompetent allies. Both found it a harder task to fight their friends than their enemies. Wellington had to contend with the "cat and dog" hatred of Spaniards and Portuguese, and the incapacity of both governments. Marlborough had perpetually to mediate between the Austrians and Dutch, to soothe their jealousies, pacify their pride, appease their unceasingly recurring quarrels, and endure their scandalous misbehavior. Both were repeatedly obliged to forego their own wishes, and suppress their own feelings, for fear of endangering an insecure but indispensable alliance. Marlborough was offered the viceroyalty of the Netherlands, which would have given him the power and independence necessary to the carrying out of his plans; but he magnanimously declined it, to allay the exasperation of the Dutch. Wellington was offered the government of Portugal, which would have been invaluable to him as a general; but he feared the political mischief of such an arrangement, and he refused it. Both generals were repeatedly prevented from following up their victories by the most vexatious interferences at home, and the impracticable behavior of the allied troops. Both were often compelled to merge the daring general in the prudent and far-seeing statesman.* In management of men, Marlborough was the superior. Everybody loved him, and nobody could resist him. His powers of fascination were unrivalled. He could persuade any one to anything. On the other hand, the fame of Marlborough is sadly chequered and tarnished by early vices and mean desires. That of Wellington has no drawback. And if true greatness consists in overcoming obstacles—and must, therefore, be measured by the amount of the obstacles overcome, in proportion to the means of surmounting them—the greatness of Wellington must be estimated far beyond that of Marlborough; for there was no comparison in the relative magnitude of the difficulties which they had to encounter. He has left behind him an enduring reputation, founded not on splendid days, but on painful years—not on the success of hazardous achievements, which might have been owing but to the inspiration of a happy moment, but on toilsome campaigns, won against heavy odds by skillful combination, by deliberate science, by fortitude which nothing could exhaust, by sublime daring, and still sublimer patience.

* For particulars, see Alison's "Life of Marlborough."

From the Spectator

SONNETS

ON THE DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

I.

WE have not lost thee in thy glorious prime,
Strong-hearted hero of true English mould!
Nor with vexed nations' rights to win or hold
In some convulsed and peril-clouded time;
Nor 'mid the querulous yells of half-fledged crime,
By folly led, fantastically bold.
'Mid peaceful days we watched thee growing old,
Veteran of Duty, simple yet sublime!
And thou hast lived, yet not outlived, thy day;
And that no charm thy destiny could renew—
That thou wast mortal like the rest, we knew.
And yet 't is strange to deem thee passed away—
Oh brave in fight, in council wise and true,
A king of men through life, though crowned at Waterloo!

II.

With thee an age embodied slipped away,
A living image of the eventful past.
What wonder that with full eyes backward cast,
Once more we trace thy ever-brightening way,
And dwell on all 't was thine to do or say?
O chief! in blameless glory unsurpassed,
A sun to cheer, no lightning-flash to blast—
The tyrant's scourge, but Law and Order's stay,
And thy free country's wonder to the last—
Farewell! Be ours to mourn thee as we may;
And, while his grateful tears are falling fast,
Where thou shalt sleep, thy place right nobly won,
In yonder dome, an Englishman may pray,
"God grant our land once more as great a son!"

III.

"God grant our land once more as great a son—
As self-forgetful in his country's cause,
True to her throne, her temples, and her laws—
As he who rests, his race of glory run,
'Mid the one voice of our prolonged applause!
Oh may we learn to do as he has done,
Self-bound like him wherever Duty draws!"
Such afterthought thy tomb may teach each one.
"England expects this day that every man
Will do his duty!" thus the enthusiast said,
And through each heart the shock electric ran:
Near his we lay thy grave, time-honored head—
Oh! spare of speech, twin glory of our land,
Thy seal is set on that august demand!

From the Daily Advertiser.

LINES

WRITTEN AT SUNSET OCT. 22d, 1862.

SINK thou Autumnal Sun!
The trees will miss the radiance of thine eye,
Clad in their Joseph-coat of many a dye;
The clouds will miss thee in thy fading sky,
But now o'er other scenes thy race must run,
This day of glory done.

Sink, thou of nobler light!
The land will mourn thee in its darkening hour:
Its heavens grow gray at thy retiring power,
Thou shining orb of mind, thou beacon-tower!
Be thy great memory still a guardian might,
When thou art gone from sight.

From the Examiner.

Memoirs of the Baroness d'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison. Written by herself, and edited by her grandson, the Count de Montbrison. Three volumes. Colburn and Co.

THOROUGHLY genuine and unaffected, these *Memoirs* display the whole mind of a woman who was well worth knowing, and relate a large part of her experience among people with whose names and characters the world will be at all times busy. A true woman and a keen observer, indoctrinated in all the prepossessions of the old nobility, yet superior to most of its prejudices in the secret corners of her heart, a little superstitious, not at all exempt from little vanities and weaknesses that rather grace her sex, firmly affectionate in nature, and by position thrown in the high places of the world, the Countess d'Oberkirch—Lanele, as her bosom friends tenderly called her—was the very woman to write memoirs that would interest future generations.

We commend the volumes before us most heartily to every reader. They were written by the baroness in the bloom of her own life and health, and though they narrate many experiences of life in a corrupt court, everything comes to us on her pages through a mind so pure and true, that we are never shocked; while at the same time the whole narration is so fresh a transcript of what seemed most interesting in the writer's own experience, that we are never wearied. That is to say, of course, if we skip all the pedigrees. The baroness esteems birth very highly; and when she speaks of any one for the first time, if he should happen to have a father and a grandfather, she thinks it due to state the fact, and mention who they are. All this, however, adds to the character and charm of the whole book. The baroness does not mystify herself; her weak sides are patent enough, but they are pleasant little weaknesses belonging to her period and to the station that she held.

In her first chapter she frankly says—

I may perhaps have lingered a little too long over these accounts of my family, but I do not regret it. In the first place, I wished it to be distinctly known from what race I have sprung; I feel it to be a conscientious obligation, and, besides, I find a pleasure in relating these particulars. I have the weakness, if it be one, to esteem what the heroes of the present day call trifles, and I ask, in my future son-in-law, if Providence should send me one in the midst of the chaos which surrounds us, and which seems about to swallow up all social order; I ask, I say, in my son-in-law, only high birth; there is a remedy for every defect but the want of that.

At the same time there are scattered through her book little expressions of fatigue over the ceremonials of courts, of intense enjoyment of the ease of nature, of a love of flowers and of other things, which show how faithfully the woman's heart was beating under the constraints of an absurd etiquette. Nevertheless she can stand upon her dignities right royally. Witness a scene like the following, in which she meets for the first time, at the house of the Cardinal de Rohan, an adventurer who made some noise in the world.

A very interesting conversation then commenced, in which I took a real pleasure, the cardinal being both well-informed and well-bred, when we were suddenly

interrupted by a gentleman usher, who, opening the folding doors, announced, "His eminence the Count de Cagliostro."

I turned my head quickly; I had heard this adventurer spoken of since my arrival in Strasburg, but I had not yet met him. I was stunned at seeing him enter in this manner into the mansion of the bishop, to hear him announced with this pomp; and still more was I astonished at the manner in which he was received. He had been in Alsace since the month of September, and had caused great commotion, pretending to cure all sorts of maladies. As he not only refused to take money, but even bestowed a great deal on the poor, large crowds followed him, notwithstanding the failure of his so-called universal panacea. He only cured hypochondriacs, or those whose imagination was sufficiently strong to aid the remedy. The police kept a strict eye over him; they watched him, but he affected to defy them. Some said that he was an Arab; however, his accent was more that of an Italian or Piedmontese, and I have since learned that he was in reality from Naples. At the period of which I speak, in order to dazzle the vulgar mind, he slept in a fauteuil and ate nothing but cheese.

He was not, strictly speaking, handsome, but never have I seen a more remarkable countenance. His glance was so penetrating that one would be almost tempted to call it supernatural. I could not describe the expression of his eyes; it was, so to say, a mixture of flame and ice. He attracted and repulsed, and, whilst he terrified, inspired an insurmountable curiosity. Two portraits have been painted of him, both very good likenesses, and yet each widely different from the other. He wore, attached to his watch-chain and upon his fingers, diamonds which, if they were what they appeared, would be worth a king's ransom. He pretended that they were his own manufacture. All this frippery revealed unmistakably the charlatan.

Scarcely had the cardinal perceived, than he ran to meet him; and, whilst he saluted him at the door, said something which I did not try to overhear. Both approached us. I had risen at the same time as the bishop, but immediately resumed my place; not wishing to allow this adventurer to believe that I would accord him any attention. I was, however, soon forced to think of him, and I acknowledge now, in all humility, that I had no cause to repent, having always had a passion for the marvellous.

His eminence contrived at the end of about five minutes, not without some opposition on my part, as well as on that of M. d'Oberkirch, to make the conversation general. He had the tact not to name me; had he done so I should have instantly risen; but he contrived to manage the conversation so that his *protégé* sometimes addressed us, and politeness obliged us to reply. Cagliostro all this time continued to stare at me; my husband made me a sign to come away, but I felt the glance of those deep mysterious eyes enter my bosom like a gimblet. I can find no better comparison to express the effect they produced upon me. He suddenly interrupted M. de Rohan, who, *par parenthèse*, was overwhelmed with joy, and said to me abruptly—

"Madam, your mother no longer lives; you have scarcely known her, and you have one daughter. You are the only daughter of your family, and you will have no more children."

I was so surprised that I looked round me, not supposing it possible that he could have the audacity to address a lady of my rank in such a place and such a presence. I thought he was speaking to somebody else, and did not answer.

"Reply, madam," said the cardinal, with a supplicating air.

"My lord, Madame d'Oberkirch speaks upon such subjects only with those with whom she has the honor of being acquainted," replied my husband, in a tone

that was almost impertinent. I feared that he might forget the respect due to the bishop.

He rose and made a haughty salute. I did the same. The cardinal, accustomed to find flatterers in all who approached him, was embarrassed; he did not know what to do; however, he drew near to M. d'Oberkirch, Cagliostro still staring at me, and addressed him in words so soothing that it was impossible to resist their influence.

"M. de Cagliostro is a learned man; we must not treat him as an ordinary person," added he. "Remain a few moments, my dear baron; allow Madame d'Oberkirch to reply; there is neither sin nor impropriety, I assure you; and even if there were, have I not the power of absolving in reserved cases?"

"I have not the honor of being of your flock, my lord," interrupted M. d'Oberkirch, with some slight remains of ill-humor.

"I know that but too well, sir, and am sorry for it. You would do honor to our church. Baroness, tell us whether M. de Cagliostro has been mistaken—tell us, I pray you."

"He has not been mistaken as to what concerns the past," I replied; not being able to refuse to bear testimony to the truth.

"And I am as little mistaken in what concerns the future," said Cagliostro, in a tone so *metallic* that it echoed like the sound produced by a trumpet veiled with crape.

I will candidly confess that I felt at that moment an intense desire to consult that man, and that nothing but the fear of annoying M. d'Oberkirch, whose aversion for all these mummeries I knew well, could prevent me. The cardinal stared open-mouthed; he was evidently under the control of this skilful juggler, as he has since too well proved. That day will remain forever engraven on my memory. It was with difficulty that I tore myself from a fascination which I cannot yet comprehend, but whose influence I could not deny. I have not yet finished with Cagliostro; and what I am about to relate is at least as extraordinary, and more generally known, than what I have narrated. He predicted the death of the Empress Maria Theresa, and even foretold the hour at which she should expire. M. de Rohan told it to me in the evening, and it was five days after that the news arrived.

In looking over these pages for a few selections that will illustrate our good opinion, we are bewildered among riches. They are a perfect magazine of pleasant anecdotes and interesting characteristic things. The baroness in her youth became a house friend in the little court of Montbéliard, from which proceeded the wife of the unfortunate Grand Duke Paul, the heir-apparent to the throne of Russia. The future grand duchess was the bosom friend of the baroness, and the more than sisterly affection was retained by them both until the last. Paul, and his warm-hearted beautiful wife, travelled from Russia under the names of Count and Countess du Nord, and remained some time in Paris, whither the Baroness d'Oberkirch was taken by her husband that she might rejoin her friend. Life in Alsatia, at Strasburg, and Montbéliard, is therefore succeeded by a chronicle of life among the court circles, the poets and philosophers, the balls and theatres, of Paris in 1782. Afterwards there is a further account of residence in Paris during the years '84 and '86, when the authoress was taken thither by the Duchess de Bourbon.

The amiable Grand Duke Paul, and his wife, are in these memoirs depicted with a completeness that imparts extreme value to the book. The relations that existed between the baroness and this young couple were most intimate and confidential, and

she writes down her experience without reserve. In her pleasant little introduction to her labor, she alludes to this freedom of speech. We will quote from the beginning of the chapter.

The pages which I present to my reader are not memoirs, they are rather recollections. I have never had the slightest pretension to be a *bel esprit*, or to occupy a niche in the temple of Fame. I write that I may pass over in my mind the principal events of my life; they are deeply interesting to me, nor will they be less so to my daughter. I know not in what light they may appear to others. I speak little of what concerns myself personally; just as much as is necessary to make me known, and to prove that I have seen what I relate. My thoughts and my reflections are exclusively my own; I am not accountable to any person for them. My recollections are dear to me because I alone have a right to them. To divulge them would be to diminish the happiness they afford me. These pages, then, are but as a casket in which I place them, whence I may draw them forth in my old age.

I write these pages in 1789, in my thirty-fifth year. I kept, in '82, a journal in which I minutely detailed my travels, with Madame la comtesse du Nord, to Paris and from thence, through Brittany, Normandy, Picardy, Holland, and the Electoral States.

I observed the same practice in '84 and '86, during two visits I made to Paris, whither I was drawn by the kindness with which H. S. H. Madame la duchesse de Bourbon deigned to honor me. I combine these journals and these notes to form a history of the first thirty-five years of my life. I speak in it of those that I have known; of facts of which I have been the witness; of the remarkable personages of this century with whom I have been intimately or distantly acquainted, or with whom I have had either personal or family connections. I add some of the letters which have been written to me by H. I. H. Madame la grande-duchesse Maria Föderowna. This august princess, spite of her abode in a foreign land, still entertains for me the deep and tender affection which sprung up in our infancy, and is good enough to write to me sometimes. My respectful devotedness to this amiable princess is one of the most profound sentiments of my heart. As these memoirs may one day meet the eye of the careless or the cold, I would scruple to interweave in them that part of our correspondence which is solely confidential; I cannot, however, resist the desire of making my daughter and her children, if she ever have any, acquainted with this noble mind, this tender heart, and this pure and lofty imagination, which the highest degree of worldly honors has never for a moment been able to corrupt, and which unconsciously reveal themselves in this correspondence.

In connexion with the ill-fated Paul, there is a story told in the memoirs which will take its place at once among the stories to be told by firesides, as authentic beyond question, and by no means to be explained. We subjoin this story, to be believed or not in proportion to the faith of the reader. Luckily for themselves, sceptics may fall back upon the subsequent record by the baroness of the grand duke's embarrassment at having told her such a tale, and his assurance after some days that it was a mere bagatelle of his own, a folly, a fiction. The baroness declares, however, that his manner at the time was earnest, and that his subsequent protestations sprang only out of a desire to unsay what he had said, because he was ashamed of what he yet believed. We leave the reader to judge for himself. It is quite certain that whether Paul relates an actual hallucination in the streets of St. Petersburg, or lets his mind play sadly over the Ostend oysters, there is the

shadow of the future hanging dark over his tale. In either case it is a presentiment, only in one case it would have been more vivid than in the other. We have only to premise that Kourakim was the grand duke's *fidus achates*. "I love him," he used sometimes to say to the grand duchess, "as much as you love Madame d'Oberkirch."

We got some very delicious small oysters, fat and tempting, which we were told could only be got in the neighborhood of Ostend. The grand-duke was very agreeable during supper. I do not remember how it happened that we began to speak of presentiments, dreams, &c., and everybody told some mysterious tale, except the grand-duke, who did not say a word.

"And you, monseigneur," said the Prince de Ligne (whom we found before us at Brussels), "have you nothing to tell? Is Russia without the marvellous; have devils and sorcerers failed to cast their spells around you?"

The grand-duke raised his head and said—

"Kourakim knows that I could tell my tale as well as another; but I wish to dispel such recollections; they have annoyed me sufficiently already."

No person spoke, and the prince, looking at his friend with a look of real sadness, said—

"Is it not true, Kourakim, that something very strange has happened to me?"

"So strange, monseigneur, that, notwithstanding the confidence I feel in whatever you say, I can only look on it as a trick of your imagination."

"It is true, very true, and if Madame d'Oberkirch will promise not to tell it to my wife, I will relate it to you. But I must ask the same secrecy from you, gentlemen," said he, smiling, "for it would be very disagreeable to have a ghost story, in which I played a part, told through all Europe."

We all promised, and I, at least, have faithfully kept my word. If these memoirs ever see light, it will be when the present generation will have passed away, and none will live who could feel interest in the tale. Here it is in the prince's own words:—

"I was one evening, or rather one night, in the streets of St. Petersburg with Kourakim and two servants. We had been together all the evening in my palace, talking and smoking, and we thought to refresh ourselves by an incognito moonlight walk. The weather was not cold, for it was the finest part of our spring; very different, however, from the vernal beauty of more southern countries. Our conversation was neither religious nor serious, but, on the contrary, very gay, and Kourakim was uttering jest after jest on the people that we occasionally met. I was preceded by one of the servants, and the other was behind Kourakim, who walked a few steps behind me. The moonlight was so strong that one could read a letter, and consequently the shadows were very dark. As I turned a street, I saw in a doorway a tall, slight man, wrapped up in a cloak like a Spaniard, and with a military hat drawn over his eyes. He appeared to be waiting for some person; and, just as I passed, he stepped out and walked on my left side, but without uttering a word. I could not distinguish a single feature of his face, and it appeared to me that his feet in touching the flags made a very strange sound, as of stone falling upon stone. I was very much surprised at this; but still more when, after a little time, I felt my left side, to which he kept quite close, become icy cold. I shivered, and turning to Kourakim said—

"This is a strange companion that we have got."

"What companion?" said he.

"This man that is walking at my left hand, and who makes noise enough, I think, to make him remarked."

"Kourakim opened his eyes with amazement, and declared that there was no person at my left hand."

"What! do you not see there a man between me and the wall?"

"Your highness touches the wall itself, and there is not room for any person between you and it."

"I put out my hand, and did, in fact, feel the stone; but still the man was there, walking in the same step as I, and his foot making a noise like a hammer. I looked at him more attentively than before, and beheld shining from under his hat the most brilliant eyes that I ever saw, before or since; they looked fixedly at me, and almost fascinated me."

"Ah," said I to Kourakim, "I cannot tell you what I feel; but it is something very strange."

"I trembled, not with fear, but cold; some sensation I cannot describe was penetrating through all my limbs, and it appeared to me that the blood was congealing in my veins. Suddenly, a deep and melancholy voice came from under the cloak that covered his mouth, and said—

"Paul!"

"Impelled by some unknown power, I mechanically said—

"What do you want?"

"Paul!" said he again; but affectionately, and even more sadly than before. I could not speak. Again he called me by name, and then he stood still: I felt obliged to do the same.

"Paul! poor Paul! poor prince!"

"I turned to Kourakim, who had also stopped, and said—

"Do you hear?"

"Nothing," said he; "absolutely nothing."

"As for me, that voice is still sounding in my ear. I made a desperate effort, and asked this mysterious man who he was, and what he wanted."

"Who am I? poor Paul! I am one who feels an interest in you, and who wishes that you would not attach yourself too much to this world, for you will not remain long in it. Live justly, and you will die in peace. Dread remorse—it is the most bitter punishment of a noble mind."

"He then resumed his walk, still looking at me with that penetrating eye, and as I had stopped when he stopped, so I felt obliged to go on when he went on. He did not speak, and I did not feel inclined to address him. I followed, for he was now the leader. This continued for more than an hour. I did not know through what places I passed; Kourakim cannot believe it at all. See how he smiles; he thinks still that this is all a dream."

"At last we drew near the 'Grand Place,' which is between the bridge of the Neva and the palace of the senators. He went straight towards a particular part of the 'Place,' I following of course, and then he stopped."

"Adieu, Paul," said he, "you will see me here again, and in another place beside."

"Then his hat rose as of its own accord, and revealed to my astonished gaze the eagle eye, the embrowned forehead, and severe smile of my grandfather, 'Peter the Great.' When I recovered from my fear and surprise, he had disappeared."

"It is on this very spot that the empress is erecting the monument which will soon be the admiration of all Europe. It is an equestrian figure in granite, representing the Czar Peter, and is placed upon a rock. I did not recommend to my mother this place chosen or rather divined by the phantom; and I do not know how to describe the feeling I experienced when first I saw this statue. *I am afraid of being afraid*, in spite of Prince Kourakim, who wants to persuade me that I dreamed this as I walked along the streets. I remember the least occurrence of this vision; for I still assert that it was one, and can recall every part of it as distinctly as if it only occurred yesterday. When I returned home, my left side was absolutely frozen, and it was several hours before I could feel any heat, although I went into a warm bed, and had a great quantity of bedclothes over me."

"I hope that you think my story a good one, and

that you will admit that I did not keep you waiting for it without reason."

"Do you know what that proves, monseigneur?" said the Prince de Lign.

"It proves that I will die young."

"Pardon me if I do not agree with you. I consider that it proves two things incontestably; the first is, that one should not go out at night when one is inclined to sleep; and the second, that one should not go too close to half-frozen walls in a climate like yours. I can draw no other moral from it. The phantom of your illustrious grandfather existed only in your imagination, and I am certain that your coat was covered on the left side with the dust of the walls."

This story, you may be sure, made a deep impression on us all. Very few persons know it, as the grand-duke would not wish to have it made public. The grand-duchess has not heard it to this day; it would terrify her. When I retired to my room I wrote down this tale at length, as I always did whenever I had anything interesting to inscribe, but for things of lesser moment I only took notes to help my memory.

Lavater, who had never seen the baroness, wrote to her before her marriage a letter, simple enough, and followed it up in such a way that the lady was considerably startled. We will begin with letter the first:

On arriving at Strasburg, after bidding a tender farewell to my new friends, I found a letter which interested me very much, and of which I was quite proud. It was from M. Lavater, a Protestant minister at Zurich, who had devoted much time to tracing the relation which exists between the temper, the sentiments of the soul, and the features of the human countenance. He had been at Etupes the previous autumn, and my friends had spoken to him of me in a most flattering manner. Here is the letter:—

"Dare I (am I to speak as an acquaintance or as a stranger?) ask you a favor and a benefit, excellent countess? All good people are connected by invisible and indissoluble bonds. They feel an inclination to love and to become acquainted with one another; and when they cannot meet personally they at least give each other a description of their respective features. You assuredly know what worship I have vowed to the physiognomy of wise and virtuous persons. Thus, without further preamble, will I pray your noble and good heart to send me your *silhouette*, correctly and faithfully drawn, persuaded already that you will find a pleasure in doing that which will cause me so great a happiness. Let me only see a means of doing you, in my turn, the slightest service.

"J. G. LAVATER.

"Zurich, 11th February, 1776."

It is scarcely necessary to say that this letter was written in German, and that this is a literal translation. I did not think that I ought to refuse my *silhouette*, and my father permitted me to send it. M. Lavater was seldom mistaken. I have known instances where his opinion was wonderfully correct. It was very interesting to hear him explain his doctrine, which was perfectly clear and easily understood. He pointed out at Etupes the evil disposition of a confidential servant, and the event justified the truth of his doctrine. The Prince de Montbéliard frequently cited this example, and believed in M. Lavater as firmly as in God.

A few pages further on we meet with the physiognomist again:

M. Lavater replied to me by a letter so strange that I did not know, and do not yet know, what to think of it. I had sent him a sketch of myself; many others had done the like, and I attached no impor-

tance to this present, if it were one. I wrote him a polite letter. I am not capable of granting a favor ungraciously. M. Lavater has the reputation of being a pious and estimable minister; the word *pastor* is underlined after his signature. I think then that his letter proves a want of good taste, or it is more probably the result of his mystic imagination. However that may be, here is the letter. Let every one judge for himself:—

"The most delicious, dare I say mother, sister, friend? how shall I thank you for your double gift, for your dear likeness? Still, what is it? Pardon me a bold request, but we give again to those to whom we have once given. I am not yet satisfied. I have your *silhouette*; it is only a shadow! which contains more or less truth than your miniature (for what would not this latter express?) which I also wish to have, but it must be as close in the resemblance and as finely executed as the gift which I received enclosed. I am frank, because I believe. I love, I hope—ever more and more. I say little, my sentiments are profound. Oh! that I cannot perfectly express all my thoughts, and say all that I feel.

"I kiss your beneficent hand,

"JOHN GASPARD LAVATER,

"Pastor.

"Zurich, 22d March, 1776."

A lady of Versailles would certainly have amused herself with this "*all that I feel*." I contented myself with not replying, and keeping to myself a circumstance that may throw ridicule upon a minister of our religion.

Let us add, before closing the volumes (which we do most reluctantly), that there is a letter from Goethe to madame in them; and that there are accounts of intercourse with most men who were eminent by rank and intellect in Paris before the revolution. Emperor Joseph II. makes characteristic appearances upon the scene, and the little Court of Montbéliard makes a charming picture. And while we talk of little courts, here is a narrative of a court marriage for which we must make room, interspersed with pedigrees that will be found extremely edifying. We will omit, however, as we have not space for them, the verses of the poet in honor of the occasion:

A marriage took place in the October of this year, which was considered a legitimate subject of conversation for everybody. The Prince of Nassau-Saarbrück married his son, who was only twelve, to Mademoiselle de Montbarrey, who was eighteen years of age. Everybody was astonished at this alliance; not because he was Protestant and she Catholic, for mixed marriages were very common in that country, but because of the age of the prince. The young princess was to return to her parents immediately after the ceremony, and to remain with them until her husband should be of age. Mademoiselle de Montbarrey is daughter to the ancient war-minister. The Count de St. Germain had appointed him his assistant in this office, in which he succeeded him. As he was very clever, he profited largely by his position. He was created Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, grandee of Spain, knight of the order, and grand baillie of Haguenau. His wife had been a great beauty. She had a most exquisite complexion, pearly teeth, a captivating smile, soft, dovelike eyes, and caressing manners—all of which made her one of the most charming persons in the world. She has been accused of having had a too tender heart; but she was beloved, and has enjoyed with taste and grace the position of her husband.

This marriage of the Prince de Nassau-Saarbrück with Mademoiselle de Montbarrey was a very grand affair. The comte de Saarbrück, as well as that of Saarwerden, was ceded to France with a number of dependent lands and lordships in 1681, by an article

of the Treaty of Westphalia. To indemnify the count de Nassau-Saabruck, the emperor, by letters patent, raised him, 4th of August, 1688, to the rank of Prince of the Holy Roman Empire.

The bridal pair received congratulations and compliments in every possible form. I have preserved a copy of some verses, addressed to the princess by a drawing-room poet, and which were read with great avidity during the bridal festivities.

These verses are very stupid; but I quote them because they amused us exceedingly, when we considered that this husband, "possessor of your charms," and who "to love's enchanting bliss shall wake," was a child of twelve years of age, who wept from morning to night, frantic at being made an object of universal curiosity, flying from his wife, and even repulsing her with the rudeness of an ill-bred child, and having no desire to claim a title whose significance he did not understand.

Mademoiselle de Montbarrey belied her ordinary good taste in making a display of these verses. It would have been better to conceal them.

M. de Dietrich, who had purchased, in 1761, the seignior of Reishoffen, near Haynenau, had the castle rebuilt in '63. This was confiscated property of the Prince de Vaudemont and bore the name of an ancient family of Alsace now extinct. The reigning prince of Nassau-Saabruck gave brilliant fetes in this castle upon the event of the marriage of his son with the Princess Maximiliana de Montbarrey. All the province was invited there—all the neighboring courts. Everything was on a scale of the greatest magnificence. The hunts, feasts, and promenades lasted three days. M. d'Oberkirch and I were present. I met several persons of my acquaintance, both French and German. During the ball, the bridegroom would, on no account, consent to dance with the bride; he was at length threatened with a whipping in case of further refusal, and promised a deluge of sugar-plums and all sorts of sweetmeats if he complied; whereupon he consented to lead her through a minuet. Though he showed so great an aversion to her who had a legal claim upon his attentions, he manifested a great sympathy for little Louisa de Dietrich, a child of his own age, and returned to sit beside her as soon as he could free himself from the *ennuyeuse* ceremony of attending on his bride. This was the husband whose "rapt embrace" awaited the young princess; I could not describe how much we laughed at these exaggerations, and at the demeanor of the little bridegroom.

My brother undertook to console him, and was showing him some prints in a large book; amongst these there happened to be one which represented a wedding procession, which, as soon as the child saw, he shut the book, quickly exclaiming—

"Take it away, sir, take it away; it is too horrible. The wedding! what have I to do with that? it is shocking; and hold," continued he, pointing out a tall figure in the group, "there is one that is like Mademoiselle de Montbarrey."

We lay down these charming volumes with regret. They are pattern Memoirs. They will entertain the most fastidious reader, and instruct the most informed.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

EUTHANASIA.

This poem consists of a short series of detached pieces, with no other direct link of connexion than that which their name implies, as referring to the happy death of a young and gifted lady. They were entrusted to the judgment of a friend, who found in them (unless he were over partial) so much of truth as well as poetry, that he was reluctant to leave them to the enjoyment of a narrow

circle. The poetical introduction is addressed to their author, by the writer of these prefatory lines. M.

PRELUDE.

The massive hills around my home
Were purpled dark this Autumn eve,
The sullen streams were bossed with foam;
I heard their waters go, and grieve.
I saw the shadows raining thick
Down on the islet fields of light
That shot across the gloom, then quick
Were tramped out by the tread of night.
Grieve on, ye waves: with deeper moan
Sing songs of sorrow evermore;
A thousand hearts shall find a tone
Responsive to your grief-ful lore.
Come on, thou night, with heavier tread,
Rain down, ye shadows, quicker yet;
I hold communion with the dead,
I think upon a light that's set.
A time to think how glittering far,
In tintured scarf with flowing plume,
Each with his bright eye like a star,
We send our hopes across the gloom.
We send them forth like gallant men
For high emprise whose spirits burn,
But to our grasp comes back again,
Not life, but ashes, and the urn.
Nay—shame to him who will not drink
Some healthful drops from cups of sorrow:
O blind, who sees not on the brink,
'Twixt dark to-day and bright to-morrow,
The burning bars, with radiant stripes,
That gleam and deepen down the sky,
And are august and blessed types
To musing's melancholy eye.
Nay—time to think, the dead how blest,
Who are not in a changeful place,
Who know no more the heart's unrest,
The flushing of the sin-shamed face;
But while our cities fade and fall,
And while our oceans roll and roar,
They dwell beside the crystal wall,
And walk along the sealess shore.
And while our brightest lights burn faint,
And while our mountain-tops look dim,
Aye gazes each encrowned saint
On hills that are a home to him:
On purple calms of light, that far
Slumber upon the eternal river,
While all the time the morning star
Shines into his deep heart forever.
Strange! how these thoughts, half dark, half
clear,
Sorrow with bright hopes interlaced,
Blend with the lay thou gav'st me, dear,
In thine own gentle writing traced.
A lay that tells the looks, the sighs,
The thoughts around a dying bed,
But tells the undying sanctities,
Enhaloing the sainted dead.
There are who blame the poet's harp,
When sorrow gushes from its strings,
But poets own, though critics carp,
The upper and the nether springs.
And Milton's song, with sorrow laden,
Sweeps down the temple aisles of fame,
And one sings to a weeping maiden,
E'en now his "In Memoriam."
That classic harp to sorrow strung,
Too exquisite a charm it has,
Yet, but as heathens sing, he sung
That elegy of Lycidas.
And if the other's song be sweet,
I miss a something even there,
I long the simple cross to meet,
In all that mausoleum rare.

And so I love these artless strains,
Because a purer tide of truth
Runs full and free through all their veins,
And gives them innocent looks of youth.
And I am sure the shadowy cross
Mingles with all the shadows here,
And thus I see a gain in loss,
The dawning of a golden year.

And so I prelude thus to thee,
Sweet singer of the saddest strain,
Sweet chronicler of agony,
Sweet watcher by a couch of pain.
O, often looked she thro' the dark
With something of an angel look,
And thou hast caught the angel mark,
And stamped it on thy little book.

Well hast thou done—for others thus
May learn how faith's unquenched lamp
Burns on, burns on, all luminous,
Thin gauze between it and the damp;
May learn how pilgrim, frail as we,
Fared on beneath the storm and sun,
Until a crown eternally
By that brief march of life was won.

Well hast thou done—there are who plant
Their fancy bowers with rich ripe rose,
And bid each sterner shape avault,
That vexes their serene repose.
Come, let them see this sweet, pale face,
On which 't were sin to picture laughter,
So may they learn perchance to trace
The mystic omens of hereafter.

Well hast thou done—there are who gaze
Upon the outward horn of death,
Until the inward verging rays
Go out beneath their heavy breath.
But dark corruption thou hast filled
With streams of resurrection light,
And from a bruised flower distilled
Immortal odors exquisite.

Then is there one who faints and fears,
Or one whose treasure is below,
Or one whose eyes are dimmed with tears—
These churchyard things him sadden so?
Or one who seeks by teaching high,
To make wild beating pulses pure,
And wake himself to sympathy,
With sorrow's simple portraiture?

Or is there one, by dying bed,
Who once has heard the minutes go,
Dropping above the sick man's head,
Like dropping stones where waters flow
Yet who finds something sadly sweet—
A bright edge to the cloud he entered?
Come, one and all, with noiseless feet,
With hearts upon the poet's centred.

Come one, come all, but not in haste,
And not in self wrapped round and round,
But musing on a solemn past,
But treading as on holy ground.
There must be shells of thought within,
To answer to the tide of song,
Or no responses shalt thou win,
Sweet singer, from the listening throng.

M.

THE PARTING.

I go—the night lamp flickers
In crystal socket deep,
As throbbing to the murmurs
Of thy short restless sleep.

On thy pale brow the shadows
Of the closed curtains fall;
I watch the long dark figures
They cast on the cold wall.

And I can see thee heaving
The long white counterpane—
When shall I keep the night watch
By thy sick couch again?

I go—the cold bright morning
Breaks up in the gray sky,
On wood, and stream, and valley,
And those green hills that lie

All to the blue sea looking;
And thro' the breaking dark,
I hear the pigeon cooing,
The first song of the lark.

O time, O youth, O gladness,
How swiftly have ye sped
Since we have watched the sunsets
From yon green mountain head!

Where is the step that bounded
So lightly from the ground,
The ring of that sweet laughter
That hath no fellow sound?

The large dark eye, all radiant
With glad and glorious thought—
O suffering, O sorrow,
How surely have ye wrought!

Now wasted form, and languor,
And lowly breathed word;
And pain, and unrest weary,
And pale lips roughly stirred.

Hush false and vain repining,
Nor drop hot tears of mine;
Doth man not cut the diamond
That it may brighter shine?

Do we not cast the fine gold
Into the cleansing fire?
Is not the child most cherished
Still chastened of its sire?

And saints wear crowns of glory
Thro' heaven's eternal years,
With brightest rays around them,
All framed from earthly tears.

Hush, there are unseen watchers
Round the blest sufferer now,
And angel-hands all gently
Smooth down her pale high brow.

Hush, He is here in presence
Who knew all pain and care,
Nor ever layeth on His own
A cross they cannot bear.

Hush, for a dear hand beckons
Her soul to the bright shore,
Like summer hasting after
The young spring gone before.

I go—O, parting sorrow,
O, anguish of vain tears,
Why will ye mock me—bringing
The shades of our past years?

Twin spirit to my spirit,
When thou hast left my side,
What other love shall comfort—
What other voice shall guide?

Hush, in our high communion,
There is no broken link,
And lights gleam through the shadows,
On the dark river's brink.

One hope, one faith, one heaven,
These years, how fast they speed!
There is no endless parting—
No, never in our Creed.

THE LAST COMMUNION.

I may not chafe thy weary temple,
I may not kiss thy dear pale face;
But spirit answereth to spirit,
And loving thought o'erleapeth space.

And thus, within thy far sick chamber,
 Mine heart communion holds with thine ;
 I see the kneeling kindred gather
 The broken bread, the hallowed wine.
 Hush, heaving sigh—hush, murmured whisper ;
 Swell forth, ye words of love and dread—
 "Take, eat, His life for you was given ;
 Drink ye, His blood for you was shed."
 Dim grows thy dark eye, kneeling mother,
 There's anguish on thy bended brow,
 Ay, weep, there come no second flowers
 When autumn strips the laden bough.
 O, broken spirit, meek-eyed creature,
 Well may thy brimming eyes run o'er,
 Since yet a darker drop may mingle
 Within the cup so full before.
 And thou, too, honored one, and cherished—
 Most happy wife, and mother blest,
 There comes a cloud o'er thy pure heaven,
 Which not the brightness of the rest,
 Which not even his dear love who kneeleth
 Close at thy side can banish quite,
 For stars that have an equal lustre
 Yet shine not with each other's light.
 Come, gentle nurse—come, fair young sisters,
 Draw closer still the narrowing chain,
 Another golden link must sever ;
 Ye cannot commune thus again.
 Once more, once more—death's deep'ning shadow
 Broods o'er our little field of light,
 Ere yet the heavy cloud is scattered
 That wrapped our fairest from our sight,
 Whom, as we linger by thy pillow,
 Dear saint, in look, in smile, in tone,
 We trace again, like skies reflecting
 The sunlight, when the sun is gone.
 Still swells the eucharistic measure ;
 The feast of love and life is o'er,
 The angels joining, and archangels,
 And saints who rest, and sin no more.
 Ah, not at Christ's own altar kneeling,
 Our hearts should thrill, our eyes grow dim,
 As though we had not known His presence,
 And were not ever one in Him.
 The dead—they are the truly living,
 They live to God, to love, to us.
 Why should the prescience of brief parting
 Sadden the Christian spirit thus ?
 Nay, gently lay her on His bosom—
 Nay, gladly give her to His care,
 Lest we forget, in our own sorrow,
 How bright the crown His ransomed wear.

THE CHILD IN THE SICK ROOM.

The glorious sun sinks slowly o'er
 The purple ocean, broad and even,
 While, pale and pure, one little star
 Rides up the eastern heaven.
 The sunset hues of coming death
 Have touched her cheek and lit her eye ;
 The mother hath borne in her babe,
 To greet her, ere she die.
 With solemn look, and passive arms,
 That stretch not now for love's embrace,
 He looketh long and earnestly
 On that sweet holy face.
 As if the soul, untainted yet,
 And fresh from the Redeemer's touch,
 New washed in His own blood, who loves
 His little ones so much,
 With that bright spirit purified,
 In suffering faithful to the end,
 Were holding secret communing,
 We could not comprehend.

As if to him unveiled had been
 Angelic forms and mysteries,
 And awfully the parting soul
 Looked through her bright dark eyes.
 Gaze on, the sunlight lingers yet—
 The brow is there with genius fraught,
 The parted lips, that poured so well
 The music of her thought.
 The brow all calm, the face all fair,
 The eye all brilliant, as of yore,
 Each line of beauty so refined
 It could refine no more.
 Gaze on—and, O, as eastern skies
 Glow when the western heaven is bright,
 Perchance thy soul may catch a gleam
 From yonder fading light.
 Because her lips for thee have vowed,
 Have prayed for thee in hours of pain,
 It cannot be, thou precious child,
 Those prayers shall prove in vain.
 But they will bring a blessing back,
 As oft-times 'neath the summer moon,
 The dewy mists that heav'nward rise,
 Fall down in showers at noon.
 And thou wilt be a holy saint,
 Christ's soldier true in fights to come—
 Wilt bear His cross as patiently,
 And go as gladly home.
 Gaze on, gaze on—some scenes there are
 Too fair to ruffle with a sigh,
 So let us learn of childish awe,
 And wait in silence by.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

I know thou art awake to-night ;
 Thy tears are flowing fast,
 Keeping our saint's nativity,
 And dreaming of the past.
 Thou weepest for the calm sweet smile
 That ne'er again can charm—
 For the dear head that hour by hour
 Drooped meekly on thy arm—
 For the young lip where wisdom hung
 The honey on the rose—
 For the high spirit calmed and bowed,
 Faith's beautiful repose.
 Ah, which of us that watched that tide
 Of ebbing life depart,
 Can hear its echoing surge to-night,
 Nor tears unbidden start ?
 But tears so blended as they rise
 Of mingled joy and woe,
 Like sourceless streams, we cannot tell
 What fountain bids them flow.
 That gush of sorrow, could she rest
 Again upon thy side,
 Uplooking with those patient eyes,
 Perchance she would not chide.
 But couldst thou see *her* whom thy care
 So tended, worn and faint,
 Clothed with the beauty of the bless'd,
 The glory of the saint—
 That beauty of the spirit land,
 Beyond our brightest dream—
 Sure in thy soul the tide of joy
 Would drown that darker stream.
 And varying thoughts in gentle strife
 Would all thy soul employ,
 Of holy human tenderness,
 With earnest Christian joy.
 So keep we watch to-night, my love,
 And ever at His feet,
 Who bade His angel at this hour
 Steal on her slumber sweet.

And suffered not his ruffling wing
To break upon her ear,
But willed that she should never know
Death's agony and fear.
O Christ, our stay, our strength as her's,
Make, too, our dying bed ;
'Tis but in presence of Thy love
We dare recall the dead.

THE PLACE OF REMEMBRANCE.

Where wouldst thou think of her—where the young
flowers
Spring through the turf where so often she lay,
Wearily watching the long summer hours,
Last of her lifetime, fleet slowly away ?
There, by the garden wall covered with roses,
Where in the shelter she lingered so late ;
Under the tree where the shadow reposes,
Over the spot where at noon-time she sat ?
Down the green walk where ye drew her so slowly,
Patient and sweet in her helpless decay ;
In her own chamber, the haunted and holy,
There wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day ?
Where wouldst thou think of her, darkling and weary,
In the lone room where her spirit took flight ;
Passing away, as a child, that is weary,
Turns to its cradle, nor wishes good night ?
Where, like a wild dream, thy heart still remembers
The lingering smile on the motionless clay,
A flame that lives on in the light of its embers—
There, wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day ?
Not in the greenwood glade—hearts need not borrow
Help from dead nature to teach them to weep ;
Not in that lonely room—why should thy sorrow
Brood o'er her silent and shrouded in sleep ?
Go to the altar, where morning and even
The low voice has mingled, the bright head bowed
down,
Pouring her heart out in commune with Heaven,
Taking His cross up, who gave her the crown.
Everywhere, everywhere holdeth communion,
Loving and cheering, her spirit with thine ;
But in a holier, happier union
Meet ye, with praises, to-night at the shrine.
Then in the vale, when the waters are swelling,
Go where the desolate bird finds a nest ;
Go to His holy and beautiful dwelling,
The courts of the Lord, where she dwelt and was
blest—
Where the Church mingles her happy departed,
Victors gone home with the strugglers who stay,
Bringing forth balm for the desolate-hearted—
There wouldst thou dream of thy darling to-day ?

RECOLLECTIONS.—TO F. L.

I have been dwelling on enchanted ground,
Looking on thee, and dreaming of the past ;
A spell of shrouded faces and lost sound
Thou hast around me cast.
Sorrow and joy, thought within thought enshrined,
Childhood and youth I have lived o'er again,
As one chance note unlinketh to the mind
The whole of a sweet strain.
Thus, with the truest love my heart has known,
Thy kindred form so dearly blended seems ;
Thine accents have an echo of the tone
That haunts me in my dreams.
A thousand thrilling thoughts thou bringest me
Of our old days of happiness on earth ;
I tremble at thy smile, thy laughter free,
Thy little words of mirth.
And I have mused, until I seemed to stray
With thee and others down a twilight glade,
Where sweet, pale faces gleamed upon our way,
And silver voices prayed.

Shadows, and smiles, and gifted words were there,
It was the dreamland of our by-gone hours ;
Just on the verge, methought, grew fresh and fair
Two rathe and sunny flowers.
Pure balmy germs they grew within their shells,
Two cherished things, love-tended night and day,
With blue eyes peeping from their silver bells,
And breath as sweet as May.
There was a spirit with us in the grove—
I saw her linger where the first flower grew,
Breathe o'er it gently words of hope and love,
And leave it bathed in dew.
Now from thy presence and its soothing power,
From voice, and look, and day-dream of the
heart,
From balmy breath of childhood's opening flower,
Dear one, I must depart.
Go thou unto thy gleeful nursery,
Where voices mingle soft, and bright eyes gleam,
And when thy fair-haired children climb thy knee,
Read thou my parting dream.

ADDED FOR C. L.

He said he was forgotten in the strain,
When we roamed through that love-enchanted-
spot,
As if there could be, of thy joy or pain,
A dream where he was not.
As if her sainted lips had ever prayed,
Or her eyes filled for thee in thankfulness,
Nor blessed his love true-hearted, who had made
Her darling's happiness.
In every swelling chord are many notes,
So closely blended they seem all the same,
As high and far the glorious measure floats—
We do not ask their name.

LINES.

The stars sink one by one from sight,
No trace of them we find ;
They vanish from the brow of night,
And none is left behind
Alone,
And none is left behind.
The sun goes to his ocean bed,
In all his rays enshrined ;
He wraps them round his crimson head,
And leaveth none behind
To mourn,
And leaveth none behind.
The beautiful and gifted dead,
The noblest of our kind,
Have cast their work aside and fled,
And we are left behind
Alone,
And we are left behind.
The dear old friends of early time,
Hearts round our hearts entwined,
Have faded from us in their prime,
And we are left behind
To mourn,
And we are left behind.
Pale stars, red sun, ye come again,
For whom no hearts have pined ;
We call our darlings back in vain,
Still we are left behind
Alone,
Still we are left behind.
O ! dear ones, teach us so to run
Our race, in sun and wind,
That we may win where ye have won,
Though we be left behind
Awhile,
Though we be left behind.

C. F. A.

From the Westminster Review.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF STYLE.

1. *Elements of Rhetoric*. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. John W. Parker.
2. *Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres*. By HUGH BLAIR, D.D.
3. *The Philosophy of Rhetoric*. By GEORGE CAMPBELL, D.D.
4. *Elements of Rhetoric*. By LORD KAIMES.

COMMENTING on the seeming incongruity between his father's argumentative powers and his ignorance of formal logic, Tristram Shandy says:—"It was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society, that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them." Sterne's intended implication that a knowledge of the principles of reasoning neither makes, nor is essential to, a good reasoner, is doubtless true. Thus, too, is it with grammar. As Dr. Latham, condemning the usual school-drill in Lindley Murray, rightly remarks:—"Gross vulgarity is a fault to be prevented; but the proper prevention is to be got from habit—not rules." Similarly there can be little question that good composition is far less dependent upon acquaintance with its laws, than upon practice and natural aptitude. A clear head, a quick imagination, and a sensitive ear will go far towards making all rhetorical precepts needless. He who daily hears and reads well-framed sentences, will naturally more or less tend to use similar ones. And where there exists any mental idiosyncrasy—where there is a deficient verbal memory, or but little perception of order, or a lack of constructive ingenuity—no amount of instruction will remedy the defect. Nevertheless, *some* practical result may be expected from a familiarity with the principles of style. The endeavor to conform to rules will tell, though slowly. And if in no other way, yet, as facilitating revision, a knowledge of the thing to be achieved—a clear idea of what constitutes a beauty, and what a blemish—cannot fail to be of service.

No general theory of expression seems yet to have been enunciated. The maxims contained in works on composition and rhetoric are presented in an unorganized form. Standing as isolated dogmas—as empirical generalizations, they are neither so clearly apprehended, nor so much respected as they would be were they deduced from some simple first principle. We are told that "brevity is the soul of wit." We hear styles condemned as verbose or involved. Blair says that every needless part of a sentence "interrupts the description and clogs the image;" and again, that "long sentences fatigue the reader's attention." It is remarked by Lord Kaimes, that "to give the utmost force to a period, it ought, if possible, to be closed with the word that makes the greatest figure." That parentheses should be avoided, and that Saxon words should be used in preference to those of Latin origin, are established precepts. But, however influential the truths thus dogmatically embodied, they would be much more influential if reduced to something like scientific ordination. In this, as in other cases, conviction will be greatly strengthened when we understand the *why*. And we may be sure that a perception of the general principle of which the rules of composition are partial expressions will not only bring them

home to us with greater force, but will discover to us other rules of like origin.

On seeking for some clue to the law underlying these current maxims, we may see shadowed forth in many of them, the importance of economizing the reader's or hearer's attention. To so present ideas that they may be apprehended with the least possible mental effort, is the desideratum towards which most of the rules above quoted point. When we condemn writing that is wordy, or confused, or intricate—when we praise this style as easy, and blame that as fatiguing, we consciously or unconsciously assume this desideratum as our standard of judgment. Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. A reader or listener has at each moment but a limited amount of mental power available. To recognize and interpret the symbols presented to him requires part of this power; to arrange and combine the images suggested requires a further part; and only that part which remains can be used for the realization of the thought conveyed. Hence the more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea; and the less vividly will that idea be conceived. How truly language must be regarded as a hindrance to thought, though the necessary instrument of it, we shall clearly perceive on remembering the comparative force with which simple ideas are communicated by mimetic signs. To say, "Leave the room," is less expressive than to point to the door. Placing a finger on the lips is more forcible than whispering, "Do not speak." A beck of the hand is better than "Come here." No phrase can convey the idea of surprise so vividly as opening the eyes and raising the eyebrows. A shrug of the shoulders would lose much by translation into words. Again, it may be remarked that when oral language is employed, the strongest effects are produced by interjections, which condense entire sentences into syllables. And in other cases, where custom allows us to express thoughts by single words, as in *Beware, Heigho, Fudge*, much force would be lost by expanding them into specific verbal propositions. Hence, carrying out the metaphor that language is the vehicle of thought, there seems reason to think that in all cases the friction and inertia of the vehicle deduct from its efficiency; and that in composition the chief if not the sole thing to be done, is to reduce this friction and inertia to the smallest possible amount. Let us then inquire whether economy of the recipient's attention is not the secret of effect, alike in the right choice and collocation of words, in the best arrangement of clauses in a sentence, in the proper order of its principal and subordinate propositions, in the judicious use of simile, metaphor, and other figures of speech, and even in the rhythmical sequence of syllables.

The superior forcibleness of Saxon English, or rather non-Latin English, first claims our attention. The several special reasons assignable for this may all be reduced to the general reason—economy. The most important of them is early association. A child's vocabulary is almost wholly Saxon. He says, *I have*, not *I possess*—*I wish*, not *I desire*; he does not *reflect*, he *thinks*; he does not

beg for amusement, but for play; he calls things nice or nasty, not pleasant or disagreeable. The synonyms which he learns in after years never become so closely, so organically connected with the ideas signified, as do these original words used in childhood; and hence the association remains less powerful. But in what does a powerful association between a word and an idea differ from a weak one? Simply in the greater ease and rapidity of the suggestive action. It can be in nothing else. Both of two words, if they be strictly synonymous, eventually call up the same image. The expression—it is *acid*, must in the end give rise to the same thought as—it is *sour*; but because the term *acid* was learnt later in life, and has not been so often followed by the thought symbolized, it does not so readily arouse that thought as the term *sour*. If we remember how slowly and with what labor the appropriate ideas follow unfamiliar words in another language, and how increasing familiarity with such words brings greater rapidity and ease of comprehension, until, from its having been a conscious effort to realize their meanings, their meanings ultimately come without any effort at all; and if we consider that the same process must have gone on with the words of our mother tongue from childhood upwards, we shall clearly see that the earliest learnt and oftenest used words will, other things equal, call up images with less loss of time and energy than their later learnt synonyms.

The further superiority possessed by Saxon English in its comparative brevity obviously comes under the same generalization. If it be an advantage to express an idea in the smallest number of words, then will it be an advantage to express it in the smallest number of syllables. If circuitous phrases and needless expletives distract the attention and diminish the strength of the impression produced, then do surplus articulations do so. A certain effort, though commonly an inappreciable one, must be required to recognize every vowel and consonant. If, as we so commonly find, the mind soon becomes fatigued when we listen to an indistinct or far-removed speaker, or when we read a badly written manuscript; and if, as we cannot doubt, the fatigue is a cumulative result of the attention required to catch successive syllables, it obviously follows that attention is in such cases absorbed by each syllable. And if this be true when the syllables are difficult of recognition, it will also be true, though in a less degree, when the recognition of them is easy. Hence, the shortness of Saxon words becomes a reason for their greater force, as involving a saving of the articulations to be received.

Again, that frequent cause of strength in Saxon and other primitive words—their imitative character, may be similarly resolved into the more general cause. Both those directly imitative, as *splash, bang, whiz, roar, &c.*, and those analogically imitative, as *rough, smooth, keen, blunt, thin, hard, crag, &c.*, by presenting to the perceptions symbols having direct resemblance to the things to be imagined, or some kinship to them, save part of the effort needed to call up the intended ideas, and leave more attention for the ideas themselves.

The economy of the recipient's mental energy into which we thus find the several causes of the strength of Saxon English resolvable, may equally be traced in the superiority of specific over generic words. That concrete terms produce more vivid impressions than abstract ones, and should, when possible, be used instead, is a current max-

im of composition. As Dr. Campbell says, "The more general the terms are, the picture is the fainter; the more special they are, the brighter."

We should avoid such a sentence as:

— In proportion as the manners, customs, and amusements of a nation are cruel and barbarous, the regulations of their penal code will be severe.

And in place of it we should write:

— In proportion as men delight in battles, tournaments, bull-fights, and combats of gladiators, will they punish by hanging, beheading, burning and the rack.

This superiority of specific expressions is clearly due to a saving of the effort required to translate words into thoughts. As we do not think in generals but in particulars—as whenever any class of things is referred to, we represent it to ourselves by calling to mind individual members of it—it follows that when an abstract word is used, the hearer or reader has to choose from among his stock of images, one or more, by which he may figure to himself the genus mentioned. In doing this, some delay must arise—some force be expended; and if, by employing a specific term, an appropriate image can be at once suggested, an economy is achieved, and a more vivid impression produced.

Turning now from the choice of words to their sequence, we shall find the same general principle hold good. We have, *a priori*, reason for believing that there is usually some one order of words in a sentence more effective than every other, and that this order is the one which presents the elements of the proposition in the succession in which they may be most readily put together. As in a narrative, the events should be stated in such sequence that the mind may not have to go backwards and forwards in order to rightly connect them; as in a group of sentences, the arrangement adopted should be such, that each of them may be understood as it comes, without waiting for subsequent ones; so in every sentence the sequence of words should be that which suggests the component parts of the thought conveyed, in the order most convenient for the building up that thought. To duly enforce this truth, and to prepare the way for applications of it, we must briefly inquire into the mental process by which the meaning of a series of words is apprehended.

We cannot more simply do this than by considering the proper collocation of the substantive and adjective. Is it better to place the adjective before the substantive, or the substantive before the adjective? Ought we to say with the French—*un cheval noir*, or to say as we do—a black horse? Probably most persons of culture would decide that one order is as good as the other. Alive to the bias produced by habit, they would ascribe to that the preference they feel for our own form of expression. They would suspect those educated in the use of the opposite form of having an equal preference for that. And thus they would conclude that neither of these instinctive judgments is of any worth. There is, however, a philosophical ground for deciding in favor of the English custom. If "a horse black" be the arrangement used, immediately on the utterance of the word "horse," there arises or tends to arise, in the mind a picture answering to that word; and as there has been nothing to indicate what *kind* of horse, any image of a horse suggests itself. Very likely, however, the image will be that of a brown

horse; brown horses being equally or more familiar. The result is that when the word "black" is added, a check is given to the process of thought. Either the picture of a brown horse already present in the imagination has to be suppressed, and the picture of a black one summoned in its place; or else, if the picture of a brown horse be yet unformed, the tendency to form it has to be stopped. Whichever be the case, a certain amount of hinderance results. But if, on the other hand, "a black horse" be the expression used, no such mistake can be made. The word "black" indicating an abstract quality arouses no definite idea. It simply prepares the mind for conceiving some object of that color; and the attention is kept suspended until that object is known. If, then, by the precedence of the adjective, the idea is conveyed without the possibility of error, whereas the precedence of the substantive is liable to produce a misconception, it follows that the one gives the mind less trouble than the other, and is, therefore, more forcible.

Possibly it will be objected that the adjective and substantive come so close together, that, practically, they may be considered as uttered at the same moment; and that on hearing the phrase, "a horse black," there is not time to imagine a wrongly colored horse before the word "black" follows to prevent it. It must be owned that it is not easy to decide by introspection whether this be so or not. But there are facts collaterally implying that it is not. Our ability to anticipate the words yet unspoken is one of them. If the ideas of the hearer kept considerably behind the expressions of the speaker as the objection assumes, he could hardly foresee the end of a sentence by the time it was half delivered; yet this constantly happens. Were the supposition true, the mind, instead of anticipating, would be continually falling more and more in arrear. If the meanings of words are not realized as fast as the words are uttered, then the loss of time over each word must entail such an accumulation of delays as to leave a hearer entirely behind. But whether the force of these replies be, or be not admitted, it will scarcely be denied that the right formation of a picture will be facilitated by presenting its elements in the order in which they are wanted; and that, as in forming the image answering to a red flower, the notion of redness is one of the components that must be used in the construction of the image, the mind, if put in possession of this notion before the specific image to be formed out of it is suggested, will more easily form it than if the order be reversed, even though it should do nothing until it has received both symbols.

What is here said respecting the succession of the adjective and substantive is obviously applicable, by change of terms, to the adverb and verb. And without further explanation, it will be at once perceived, that in the use of prepositions and other particles most languages spontaneously conform with more or less completeness to this law.

On applying a like analysis to the larger divisions of a sentence, we find not only that the same principle holds good, but that the advantage respecting it becomes marked. In the arrangement of predicate and subject, for example, we are at once shown that as the predicate determines the aspect under which the subject is to be conceived, it should be placed first; and the striking effect produced by so placing it becomes comprehensible. Take the often quoted contrast between—"Great

is Diana of the Ephesians," and—Diana of the Ephesians is great. When the first arrangement is used the utterance of the word "great" arouses those vague associations of an impressive nature with which it has been habitually connected; the imagination is prepared to clothe with high attributes whatever follows; and when the words, "Diana of the Ephesians," are heard, all the appropriate imagery which can, on the instant, be summoned, is used in the formation of the picture; the mind being thus led directly, and without error, to the intended impression. When, on the contrary, the reverse order is followed, the idea, "Diana of the Ephesians," is conceived in any ordinary way, with no special reference to greatness; and when the words, "is great," are added, the conception has to be entirely remodelled—whence arises a manifest loss of mental energy, and a corresponding diminution of effect. The following verse from Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," though somewhat irregular in structure, well illustrates the same truth.

*Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.*

Of course the principle equally applies when the predicate is a verb or a participle. And as effect is gained by placing first all words indicating the quality, conduct, or condition of the subject, it follows that the copula also should have precedence. It is true, that the general habit of our language resists this arrangement of predicate, copula, and subject; but we may readily find instances of the additional force gained by conforming to it. Thus in the line from "Julius Cæsar"—

Then burst this mighty heart;

priority is given to a word embodying both predicate and copula. In a passage contained in "The Battle of Flodden Field," the like order is systematically employed with great effect.

*The Border sloop ran the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,
The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale
When rent are rigging, shrouds and sail,
It wavered 'mid the foes.*

Pursuing the principle yet further, it is obvious that for producing the greatest effect, not only should the main divisions of a sentence observe this sequence, but the subdivisions of these should be similarly arranged. In nearly all cases, the predicate is accompanied by some limit or qualification, called its complement; commonly, also, the circumstances of the subject, which form its complement, have to be specified; and as these qualifications and circumstances must determine the mode in which the ideas they belong to shall be conceived, precedence should be given to them. Lord Kaimes notices the fact, that this order is preferable; though without giving the reason. He says,—"When a circumstance is placed at the beginning of the period, or near the beginning, the transition from it to the principal subject is agreeable; is like ascending or going upwards." A sentence arranged in illustration of this may be desirable. Perhaps the following will serve.

—Whatever it may be in theory, it is clear that in practice the French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest.

In this case were the first two clauses up to the word "practice" inclusive, which qualify the subject, to be placed at the end instead of the beginning, much of the force would be lost; as thus:

— The French idea of liberty is—the right of every man to be master of the rest; in practice at least, if not in theory.

The effect of giving priority to the complement of the predicate, as well as the predicate itself, is finely displayed in the opening of "Hyperion."

*Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone*

Here it will be observed, not only that the predicate "sat" precedes the subject "Saturn," and that the three lines in italics constituting the complement of the predicate, come before it, but that in the structure of that complement also, the same order is followed; each line being so arranged that the qualifying words are placed before the words suggesting concrete images.

The right succession of the principal and subordinate propositions in a sentence will manifestly be regulated by the same law. Regard for economy of the recipient's attention, which, as we find, determines the best order for the subject, copula, predicate and their complements, dictates that the subordinate proposition shall precede the principal one when the sentence includes two. Containing, as the subordinate proposition does, some qualifying or explanatory idea, its priority must clearly prevent misconception of the principal one; and must therefore save the mental effort needed to correct such misconception. This will be clearly seen in the annexed example:

— Those who weekly go to church, and there have doled out to them a quantum of belief which they have not energy to work out for themselves, are simply spiritual paupers.

The subordinate proposition, or rather the two subordinate propositions, contained between the first and second commas in this sentence, almost wholly determine the meaning of the principal proposition with which it ends; and the effect would be destroyed were they placed last instead of first.

The general principle of right arrangement in sentences, which we have traced in its application to the leading divisions of them, equally determines the normal order of their minor divisions. The several clauses of which the complements to the subject and predicate generally consist, may conform more or less completely to the law of easy apprehension. Of course, with these as with the larger members, the succession should be from the abstract to the concrete.

Now, however, we must notice a further condition to be fulfilled in the proper combination of the elements of a sentence; but still a condition dictated by the same general principle with the other; the condition, namely, that the words and expressions most nearly related in thought shall be brought the closest together. Evidently the single words, the minor clauses, and the leading divisions of every proposition, severally qualify each other. The longer the time that elapses between the mention of any qualifying member and the member qualified, the longer must the mind be exerted in carrying forward the qualifying member ready for use. And the more numerous the qualifica-

tions to be simultaneously remembered and rightly applied, the greater will be the mental power expended and the smaller the effect produced. Hence, other things equal, force will be gained by so arranging the members of a sentence that these suspensions shall at any moment be the fewest in number, and shall also be of the shortest duration. The following is an instance of defective combination:

— A modern newspaper-statement, though probably true, would be laughed at, if quoted in a book as testimony; but the letter of a court-gossip is thought good historical evidence, if written some centuries ago.

A rearrangement of this, in accordance with the principle indicated above, will be found to increase the effect. Thus:

— Though probably true, a modern newspaper-statement quoted in a book as testimony, would be laughed at; but the letter of a court-gossip, if written some centuries ago, is thought good historical evidence.

By making this change some of the suspensions are avoided and others shortened; whilst there is less liability to produce premature conceptions. The passage quoted below from "Paradise Lost" affords a fine instance of sentences well arranged, alike in the priority of the subordinate members, in the avoidance of long and numerous suspensions, and in the correspondence between the order of the clauses and the sequence of the phenomena described, which by the way is a further prerequisite to easy comprehension, and therefore to effect.

As when a prowling wolf,
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In hurdled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold;
Or as a thief bent to unhoard the cash
Of some rich burgher, whose substantial doors,
Cross-barred and bolted fast, fear no assault,
In at the window climbs, or o'er the tiles;
So elomb the first grand thief into God's fold;
So since into his church lewd hirelings climb.

The habitual use of sentences in which all or most of the descriptive and limiting elements precede those described and limited, gives rise to what is called the inverted style; a title which is, however, by no means confined to this structure, but is often used where the order of the words is simply unusual. A more appropriate title would be the *direct style*, as contrasted with the other, or *indirect style*—the peculiarity of the one being that it conveys each thought into the mind step by step with little liability to error, and of the other that it gets the right thought conceived by a series of approximations.

The superiority of the direct over the indirect form of sentence, implied by the several conclusions that have been drawn, must not, however, be affirmed without limitation. Though up to a certain point it is well for all the qualifying clauses of a period to precede those qualified, yet, as carrying forward each qualifying clause costs some mental effort, it follows that when the number of them and the time they are carried become great, we reach a limit beyond which more is lost than is gained. Other things equal, the arrangement should be such that no concrete image shall be suggested until the materials out of which it is to be made have been presented. And yet, as lately pointed out, other things equal, the fewer the materials to be held at once, and the shorter the

distance they have to be borne, the better. Hence in some cases it becomes a question whether most mental effort will be entailed by the many and long suspensions, or by the correction of successive misconceptions.

This question may sometimes be decided by considering the capacity of the persons addressed. A greater grasp of mind is required for the ready comprehension of thoughts expressed in the direct manner, where the sentences are anywise intricate. To recollect a number of preliminaries stated in elucidation of a coming image, and to apply them all to the formation of it when suggested, demands a considerable power of concentration and a tolerably vigorous imagination. To one possessing these, the direct method will mostly seem the best; whilst to one deficient in them it will seem the worst. Just as it may cost a strong man less effort to carry a hundred-weight from place to place at once, than by a stone at a time, so to an active mind it may be easier to bear along all the qualifications of an idea, and at once rightly form it when named, than to first imperfectly conceive such idea, and then carry back to it, one by one, the details and limitations afterwards mentioned. Whilst, conversely, as for a boy the only possible mode of transferring a hundred-weight, is that of taking it in portions; so for a weak mind the only possible mode of forming a compound conception may be that of building it up by carrying separately its several parts.

That the indirect method—the method of conveying the meaning by a series of approximations—is best fitted for the uncultivated, may indeed be inferred from their habitual use of it. The form of expression adopted by the savage, as in “Water—give me,” is the simplest type of the approximative arrangement. In pleonasm, which are comparatively prevalent among the uneducated, the same essential structure is seen; as, for instance, in—“The men, they were there.” Again, the old possessive case—“The king, his crown,” conforms to the like order of thought. Moreover, the fact that the indirect mode is called the natural one, implies that it is the one spontaneously employed by the common people—that is, the one easiest for undisciplined minds.

Before dismissing this branch of our subject, it should be remarked that even when addressing the most vigorous intellects, the direct style is unfit for communicating thoughts of a complex or abstract character. So long as the mind has not much to do, it may be well able to grasp all the preparatory clauses of a sentence, and to use them effectively; but if some subtlety in the argument absorb the attention—if every faculty be strained in endeavoring to catch the speaker's or writer's drift, it may happen that the mind, unable to carry on both processes at once, will break down, and allow all its ideas to lapse into confusion.

Turning now to consider figures of speech, we may equally discern the same general law of effect. Underlying all the rules that may be given for the choice and right use of them, we shall find the same fundamental requirement—economy of attention. It is indeed chiefly because of their great ability to subserve this requirement, that figures of speech are employed. To bring the mind more easily to the desired conception, is in many cases solely, and in all cases mainly, their object.

Let us begin with the figure called Synecdoche. The advantage sometimes gained by putting a part for the whole is due to the more convenient, or

more accurate, presentation of the idea thus secured. If, instead of saying “a fleet of ten ships,” we say “a fleet of ten sail,” the picture of a group of vessels at sea is more readily suggested; and is so because the sails constitute the most conspicuous part of vessels so circumstanced; whereas, the word *ships* would very likely remind us of vessels in dock. Again, to say, “All hands to the pumps” is better than to say, “All men to the pumps;” as it suggests the men in the special attitude intended, and so saves effort. Bringing “gray hairs with sorrow to the grave,” is another expression, the effect of which has the same cause.

The occasional increase of force produced by Metonymy may be similarly accounted for. “The low morality of the bar” is a phrase both briefer and more significant than the literal one it stands for. A belief in the ultimate supremacy of intelligence over brute force, is conveyed in a more concrete, and therefore more realizable form, if we substitute *the pen* and *the sword* for the two abstract terms. To say, “Beware of drinking!” is less effective than to say, “Beware the bottle!” and is so, clearly because it calls up a less specific image.

The Simile, though in many cases employed chiefly with a view to ornament, yet whenever it increases the force of a passage, does so by being an economy. Here is an instance.

—The illusion that great men and great events came oftener in early times than now, is partly due to historical perspective. As in a range of equidistant columns, the furthest off look the closest, so the conspicuous objects of the past seem more thickly clustered the more remote they are.

To construct, by a process of literal explanation, the thought thus conveyed, would take many sentences; and the first elements of the picture would become faint whilst the imagination was busy in adding the others. But by the help of a comparison all effort is saved; the picture is instantly realized, and its full effect produced.

Of the position of the Simile,* it needs only to remark, that what has been said respecting the order of the adjective and substantive, predicate and subject, principal and subordinate propositions, &c., is applicable here. As whatever qualifies should precede whatever is qualified, force will generally be gained by placing the simile before the object to which it is applied. That this arrangement is the best, may be seen in the following passage from the “Lady of the Lake:”—

As wreath of snow, on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the monarch's feet she lay.

Inverting these couplets will be found to diminish the effect considerably. There are cases, however, even where the simile is a simple one, in which it may with advantage be placed last; as in these lines from Alexander Smith's “Life Drama:”—

I see the future stretch
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.

The reason for this seems to be, that so abstract

* Properly the term “simile” is applicable only to the entire figure, inclusive of the two things compared and the comparison drawn between them. But as there exists no name for the illustrative member of the figure, there seems no alternative but to employ “simile” to express this also. The context will in each case show in which sense the word is used.

an idea as that attaching to the "future," does not present itself to the mind in any definite form, and hence the subsequent arrival at the simile entails no reconstruction of the thought.

Nor are such the only cases in which this order is the most forcible. As the advantage of putting the simile before the object depends on its being carried forward in the mind to assist in forming an image of the object, it must happen that if, from length or complexity, it cannot be so carried forward, the advantage is not gained. The annexed sonnet, by Coleridge, is defective from this cause.

As when a child, on some long winter's night,
Affrighted, clinging to its grandam's knees,
With eager wondering and perturbed delight
Listens strange tales of fearful, dark decrees,
Muttered to wretch by necromantic spell ;
Or of those hags who at the witching time
Of murky midnight, ride the air sublime,
And mingle foul embraces with fiends of hell ;
Cold horror drinks its blood ! Anon the tear
More gentle starts, to hear the beladme tell
Of pretty babes, that loved each other dear,
Murdered by cruel uncle's mandate fell ;
Even such the shivering joys thy tones impart,
Even so, thou, Siddons, meltest my sad heart.

Here, from the lapse of time and accumulation of circumstances, the first part of the comparison becomes more or less dim before its application is reached, and requires rereading. Had the main idea been first mentioned, less effort would have been required to retain it, and to modify the conception of it in conformity with the comparison, than to retain the comparison, and refer back to the recollection of its successive features for help in forming the final image.

The superiority of the Metaphor to the Simile is ascribed by Dr. Whately to the fact that "all men are more gratified at catching the resemblance for themselves, than in having it pointed out to them." But after what has been said, the great economy it achieves will seem the more probable cause. If, drawing an analogy between mental and physical phenomena, we say,

— As, in passing through the crystal, beams of white light are decomposed into the colors of the rainbow ; so, in traversing the soul of the poet, the colorless rays of truth are transformed into brightly-tinted poetry :—

it is clear that in receiving the double set of words expressing the two portions of the comparison, and in carrying the one portion to the other, a considerable amount of attention is absorbed. Most of this is saved, however, by putting the comparison in a metaphorical form, thus :

— The white light of truth, in traversing the many-sided, transparent soul of the poet, is refracted into iris-hued poetry.

How much is conveyed in a few words by the help of the metaphor, and how vivid the effect consequently produced, may be abundantly exemplified. From "A Life Drama" may be quoted the phrase,

I speared him with a jest,

as a fine instance among the many which that poem contains. A passage in the "Prometheus Unbound," of Shelley, displays the power of the Metaphor to great advantage :—

Methought among the lawns together
We wandered, underneath the young gray dawn,
And multitudes of dense white fleecy clouds
Were wandering in thick flocks along the mountains,
Shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind.

This last expression is remarkable for the distinctness with which it realizes the features of the scene ; bringing the mind, as it were, by a bound to the desired conception.

But a limit is put to the advantageous use of the Metaphor, by the condition that it must be sufficiently simple to be understood from a hint. Evidently, if there be any obscurity in the meaning or application of it, no economy of attention will be gained ; but rather the reverse. Hence, when the comparison is complex, it is usual to have recourse to the Simile. There is, however, a species of figure, sometimes classed under Allegory, but which, perhaps, might be better called Compound Metaphor, that enables us to retain the brevity of the metaphorical form even where the analogy is intricate. This is done by indicating the application of the figure at the outset, and then leaving the mind to continue the parallel itself. Emerson has employed it with great effect in the first of his "Lectures on the Times :"—

The main interest which any aspects of the Times can have for us, is the great spirit which gazes through them, the light which they can shed on the wonderful questions, What we are ? and Whither do we tend ? We do not wish to be deceived. Here we drift, like white sail across the wild ocean, now bright on the wave, now darkling in the trough of the sea ; but from what port did we sail ? Who knows ? Or to what port are we bound ? Who knows ? There is no one to tell us but such poor weather-tossed mariners as ourselves, whom we speak as we pass, or who have hoisted some signal, or floated to us some letter in a bottle from afar. But what know they more than we ? They also found themselves on this wondrous sea. No ; from the older sailors nothing. Over all their speaking trumpets the gray sea and the loud winds answer—Not in us : not in Time.

The division of the Simile from the Metaphor is by no means a definite one. Between the one extreme in which the two elements of the comparison are detailed at full length and the analogy pointed out, and the other extreme in which the comparison is implied instead of stated, come intermediate forms, in which the comparison is partly stated and partly implied. For instance :

— Astonished at the performance of the English plough, the Hindoos paint it, set it up, and worship it ; thus turning a tool into an idol ; linguists do the same with language.

There is an evident advantage in leaving the reader or hearer to complete the figure. And generally these intermediate forms are good in proportion as they do this ; provided the mode of completing it be obvious.

Passing over much that may be said of like purport upon Hyperbole, Personification, Apostrophe, &c., let us close our remarks upon construction by a typical example. The general principle that has been enunciated is, that the force of all verbal forms and arrangements is great in proportion as the time and mental effort they demand from the recipient is small. The special applications of this general principle have been severally illustrated ; and it has been shown that the relative goodness of any two modes of expressing an idea may be determined by observing which requires the shortest process of thought for its comprehension. But though conformity in particular points has been exemplified, no cases of complete conformity have yet been quoted. It is indeed difficult to find them ; for the English idiom

scarcely permits the order which theory dictates. A few, however, occur in Ossian. Here is one : est quantity of thoughts with the smallest quantity of words.

As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain ; loud, rough, and dark in battle meet Lochlin and Inisfail. * * * As the troubled noise of the ocean when roll the waves on high ; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven ; such is the noise of the battle.

Except in the position of the verb in the first two similes, the theoretically best arrangement is fully carried out in each of these sentences. The simile comes before the qualified image, the adjectives before the substantives, the predicate and copula before the subject, and their respective complements before them. That the passage is more or less open to the charge of being bombastic proves nothing ; or rather proves our case. For what is bombast but a force of expression too great for the magnitude of the ideas embodied ! All that may rightly be inferred is, that only in very rare cases, and then only to produce a climax, should all the conditions of effective expression be fulfilled.

Passing on to a more complex application of the doctrine with which we set out, it must now be remarked, that not only in the structure of sentences, and the use of figures of speech, may economy of the recipient's mental energy be assigned as the cause of force, but that in the choice and arrangement of the minor images, out of which some large thought is to be built, we may trace the same condition of effect. To select from the sentiment, scene, or event described, those typical elements which carry many others along with them, and so, by saying a few things but suggesting many, to abridge the description, is the secret of producing a vivid impression. Thus if we say :—Real nobility is "not transferable ;" besides the one idea expressed several are implied ; and as these can be thought much sooner than they can be put in words, there is gain in omitting them. How the mind may be led to construct a complete picture by the presentation of a few parts, an extract from Tennyson's "Mariana" will well show.

All day within the dreamy house,
The door upon the hinges creaked,
The blue fly sung i' the pane ; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,
Or from the crevice peered about.

The several circumstances here specified bring with them hosts of appropriate associations. Our attention is rarely drawn by the buzzing of a fly in the window, save when everything is still. Whilst the inmates are moving about the house, mice usually keep silence ; and it is only when extreme quietness reigns that they peep from their retreats. Hence, each of the facts mentioned presupposing numerous others, calls up these with more or less distinctness, and revives the feeling of dull solitude with which they are connected in our experience. Were all these facts detailed instead of suggested, the attention would be so frittered away, that little impression of dreariness would be produced. And here, without further explanation, it will be seen that, be the nature of the sentiment conveyed what it may, this skilful selection of a few particulars which imply the rest, is the key to success. In the choice of component ideas, as in the choice of expressions, the aim must be to convey the great-

Before inquiring whether the law of effect, thus far traced, will account for the superiority of poetry to prose, it will be needful to notice some supplementary causes of force in expression that have not yet been mentioned. These are not, properly speaking, additional causes, but rather secondary ones, originating from those already specified—reflex manifestations of them. In the first place, then, we may remark that mental excitement spontaneously prompts the use of those forms of speech which have been pointed out as the most effective. "Out with him !" "Away with him !" are the natural utterances of angry citizens at a disturbed meeting. A voyager, describing a terrible storm he had witnessed, would rise to some such climax as, "Crack went the ropes, and down came the mast." Astonishment may be heard expressed in the phrase, "Never was there such a sight !" All of which sentences are, it will be observed, constructed after the direct type. Again, every one will recognize the fact that excited persons are given to figures of speech. The vituperation of the vulgar abounds with them ; often, indeed, consists of little else. "Beast," "brute," "gallows-rogue," "cut-throat villain"—these, and other like metaphors and metaphorical epithets, at once call to mind a street quarrel. Further, it may be remarked that extreme brevity is one of the characteristics of passionate language. The sentences are generally incomplete ; the particles are omitted, and frequently important words are left to be gathered from the context. Great admiration does not vent itself in a precise proposition, as "It is beautiful," but in a simple exclamation, "Beautiful !" He who, when reading a lawyer's letter, should say, "Vile rascal !" would be thought angry, whilst "He is a vile rascal," would imply comparative coolness. Thus we see that alike in the order of the words, in the frequent use of figures, and in extreme conciseness, the natural utterances of excitement conform to the theoretical conditions of forcible expression.

Hence, then, the higher forms of speech acquire a secondary strength from association. Having, in actual life, habitually found them in connexion with vivid mental impressions ; and having been accustomed to meet with them in the most powerful writing ; they come to have in themselves a species of force. The emotions that have from time to time been produced by the strong thoughts wrapped up in these forms, are partially aroused by the forms themselves. They create a certain degree of animation ; they induce a preparatory sympathy ; and when the striking ideas looked for are reached, they are the more vividly realized.

The continuous use of these modes of expression that are alike forcible in themselves and forcible from their associations, produces the peculiarly impressive species of composition which we call poetry. Poetry, we shall find, habitually adopts those symbols of thought, and those methods of using them, which instinct and analysis agree in choosing as most effective, and becomes poetry by virtue of doing this. On turning back to the various specimens that have been quoted, it will be seen that the direct or inverted form of sentence predominates in them, and that to a degree quite inadmissible in prose. And not only in the frequency, but in what is termed the violence, of the inversions will this distinction be remarked. In the

abundant use of figures, again, we may recognize the same truth. Metaphors, similes, hyperboles, and personifications, are the poet's colors, which he has liberty to employ almost without limit. We characterize as "poetical" the prose which repeats these appliances of language with any frequency; and condemn it as "over florid" or "affected" long before they occur with the profusion allowed in verse. Further, let it be remarked that in brevity—the other requisite of forcible expression which theory points out, and emotion spontaneously fulfils—poetical phraseology similarly differs from ordinary phraseology. Imperfect periods are frequent, elisions are perpetual, and many of the minor words which would be deemed essential in prose are dispensed with.

Thus poetry, regarded as a vehicle of thought, is especially impressive partly because it obeys all the laws of effective speech, and partly because in so doing it imitates the natural utterances of excitement. Whilst the matter embodied is idealized emotion, the vehicle is the idealized language of emotion. As the musical composer catches the cadences in which our feelings of joy and sympathy, grief and despair, vent themselves, and out of these germs evolves melodies suggesting higher phases of these feelings; so the poet develops from the typical expressions in which men utter passion and sentiment, those choice forms of verbal combination in which concentrated passion and sentiment may be fitly presented.

There is one peculiarity of poetry conducing much to its effect—the peculiarity which is indeed usually thought its characteristic one—still remaining to be considered; we mean its rhythmical structure. This, unexpected as it may be, will be found to come under the same generalization with the others. Like each of them, it is an idealization of the natural language of emotion, which is known to be more or less metrical if the emotion be not violent; and like each of them it is an economy of the reader's or hearer's attention. In the peculiar tone and manner we adopt in uttering versified language may be discerned its relationship to the feelings; and the pleasure which its measured movement gives us is ascribable to the comparative ease with which words metrically arranged can be recognized. This last position will scarcely be at once admitted; but a little explanation will show its reasonableness. For if, as we have seen, there is an expenditure of mental energy in the mere act of listening to verbal articulations, or in that silent repetition of them which goes on in reading—if the perceptive faculties must be in active exercise to identify every syllable—then any mode of combining words so as to present a regular recurrence of certain traits which the mind can anticipate, will diminish that strain upon the attention required by the total irregularity of prose. In the same manner that the body, in receiving a series of varying concussions, must keep the muscles ready to meet the most violent of them, as not knowing when such may come; so the mind in receiving unarranged articulations must keep its perceptive active enough to recognize the least easily caught sounds. And as, if the concussions recur in a definite order, the body may husband its forces by adjusting the resistance needful for each concussion; so, if the syllables be rhythmically arranged, the mind may economize its energies by anticipating the attention required for each syllable. Far-fetched as this idea will perhaps be thought, a little introspection will

countenance it. That we *do* take advantage of metrical language to adjust our perceptive faculties to the force of the expected articulations, is clear from the fact that we are balked by halting versification. Much as at the bottom of a flight of stairs, a step more or less than we counted upon gives us a shock, so, too, does a misplaced accent or a supernumerary syllable. In the one case, we know that there is an erroneous preadjustment; and we can scarcely doubt that there is one in the other. But if we habitually preadjust our perceptions to the measured movement of verse, the physical analogy lately given renders it probable that by so doing we economize attention; and hence that metrical language is more effective than prose, simply because it enables us to do this.

Were there space, it might be worth while to inquire whether the pleasure we take in rhyme, and also that which we take in euphony, are not partly ascribable to the same general cause.

A few paragraphs only can be devoted to a second division of our subject that here presents itself. To pursue in detail the laws of effect, as seen in the larger features of composition, would exceed both our limits and our purpose. But we may fitly indicate some further aspect of the general principle hitherto traced out and hint a few of its wider applications.

Thus far, then, we have considered only those causes of force in language which depend upon economy of the mental *energies*; we have now briefly glanced at those which depend upon economy of the mental *sensibilities*. Indefensible though this division may be as a psychological one, it will yet serve roughly to indicate the remaining field of investigation. It will suggest that besides considering the extent to which any faculty or group of faculties is taken in receiving a form of words and realizing its contained idea, we have to consider the state in which this faculty or group of faculties is left; and how the reception of subsequent sentences and images will be influenced by that state. Without going at length into so wide a topic as the exercise of faculties and its reactive effects, it will be sufficient here to call to mind that every faculty (when in a state of normal activity) is most capable at the outset; and that the change in its condition, which ends in what we term exhaustion, begins simultaneously with its exercise. This generalization, with which we are all familiar in our bodily experiences, and which our daily language recognizes as true of the mind as a whole, is equally true of each mental power, from the simplest of the senses to the most complex of the sentiments. If we hold a flower to the nose for long, we become insensible to its scent. We say of a very brilliant flash of lightning that it blinds us; which means that our eyes have for a time lost their ability to appreciate light. After eating a quantity of honey, we are apt to think our tea is without sugar. The phrase, "a deafening roar," implies that men find a very loud sound temporarily incapacitates them for hearing faint ones. Now, the truth which we at once recognize in these, its extreme manifestations, may be traced throughout; and it may be shown that alike in the reflective faculties, in the imagination, in the perceptions of the beautiful, the ludicrous, the sublime, in the sentiments, the instincts, in all the mental powers, however we may classify them—action exhausts; and that in proportion as the action is violent, the subsequent prostration is great.

Equally, throughout the whole nature, may be traced the law that exercised faculties are ever tending to resume their original state. Not only, after continued rest, do they regain their full power—not only do brief cessations partially reinvigorate them—but even whilst they are in action, the resulting exhaustion is ever being neutralized. The two processes of waste and repair go on together. Hence, with faculties habitually exercised as the senses in all, or the muscles in a laborer, it happens that, during modern activity, the repair is so nearly equal to the waste, that the diminution of power is scarcely appreciable; and it is only when the activity has been long continued, or has been very violent, that the repair becomes so far in arrear of the waste as to produce a perceptible prostration. In all cases, however, when, by the action of a faculty, waste has been incurred, some lapse of time must take place before full efficiency can be reëquired; and this time must be long in proportion as the waste has been great.

Keeping in mind these general truths, we shall be in a condition to understand certain causes of effect in composition now to be considered. Every perception received, and every conception realized, entailing some amount of waste—or, as Liebig would say, some change of matter in the brain—and the efficiency of the faculties subject to this waste being thereby temporarily, though often but momentarily, diminished—the resulting partial inability must affect the acts of perception and conception that immediately succeed. And hence we may expect that the vividness with which images are realized will, in many cases, depend on the order of their presentation; even when one order is as convenient to the understanding as the other. We shall find sundry facts which alike illustrate this, and are explained by it. Climax is one of them. The marked effect obtained by placing last the most striking of any series of images, and the weakness—often ludicrous weakness—produced by reversing this arrangement, depends on the general law indicated. As immediately after looking at the sun we cannot perceive the light of a fire, whilst by looking at the fire first and the sun afterwards we can perceive both; so, after receiving a brilliant, or weighty, or terrible thought, we cannot appreciate a less brilliant, less weighty, or less terrible one, whilst, by reversing the order, we can appreciate each. In Antithesis, again, we may recognize the same general truth. The opposition of two thoughts that are the reverse of each other in some prominent trait insures an impressive effect; and does this by giving a momentary relaxation of the faculties addressed. If, after a series of images of an ordinary character, appealing in a moderate degree to the sentiment of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, the mind has presented to it a very insignificant, a very unworthy, or a very ugly image—the faculty of reverence, or approbation, or beauty, as the case may be, having for the time nothing to do, tends to resume its full power; and will immediately afterwards appreciate a vast, admirable, or beautiful image better than it would otherwise do. Improbable as these momentary variations in susceptibility will seem to many, we cannot doubt their occurrence when we contemplate the analogous variations in the susceptibility of the senses. Referring once more to phenomena of vision, every one knows that a patch of black on a white ground looks blacker, and a patch of white on a black

ground looks whiter, than elsewhere. As the blackness and the whiteness must really be the same, the only assignable cause for this is a difference in their action upon us, dependent upon the different states of our faculties. It is simply a visual antithesis.

But this extension of the general principle of economy—this further condition of effect in composition, that the power of the faculties must be continuously husbanded—includes much more than has been yet hinted. It implies not only that certain arrangements and certain juxtapositions of connected ideas are best; but that some modes of dividing and presenting the subject will be more effective than others; and that, too, irrespective of its logical cohesion. It shows why we must progress from the less interesting to the more interesting; and why not only the composition as a whole, but each of its successive portions, should tend towards a climax. At the same time, it forbids long continuity of the same species of thought, or repeated production of the same effects. It warns us against the error committed both by Pope in his poems and by Bacon in his essays—the error, namely, of constantly employing the most effective forms of expression; and it points out that as the easiest posture by-and-by becomes fatiguing, and is with pleasure exchanged for one less easy; so the most perfectly constructed sentences will soon weary, and relief will be given by using those of an inferior kind. Further, it involves that not only should we avoid generally combining our words in one manner, however good, or working out our figures and illustrations in one way, however telling, but we should avoid anything like uniform adherence, even to the wider conditions of effect. We should not make every section of our subject progress in interest; we should not always rise to a climax. As we saw that, in single sentences, it is but rarely allowable to fulfil all the conditions of strength; so in the larger portions of a composition we must not often conform entirely to the law indicated. We must subordinate the component effects to the total effect.

In deciding how practically to carry out the principles of artistic composition, we may derive help by bearing in mind a fact already pointed out—the fitness of certain verbal arrangements for certain kinds of thought. That constant variety in the mode of presenting ideas which the theory demands will in a great degree result from a skilful adaptation of the form to the matter. We saw how the direct or inverted sentence is spontaneously used by excited people; and how their language is also characterized by figures of speech and by extreme brevity. Hence these may with advantage predominate in emotional passages, and may increase as the emotion rises. On the other hand, for complex ideas, the indirect sentence seems the best vehicle. In conversation, the excitement produced by the near approach to a desired conclusion will often show itself in a series of short, sharp sentences; whilst, in impressing a view already enunciated, we generally make our periods voluminous by piling thought upon thought. These natural modes of procedure may serve as guides in writing. Keen observation and skilful analysis would, in like manner, detect many other peculiarities of expression produced by other attitudes of mind; and by paying due attention to all such traits, a writer possessed of sufficient versatility might make some approach to a completely organized work.

This species of composition which the law of effect points out as the perfect one, is the one which high genius tends naturally to produce. As we found that the kinds of sentence which are theoretically best are those generally employed by superior minds, and by inferior minds when excitement has raised them; so we shall find that the ideal form for a poem, essay, or fiction, is that which the ideal writer would evolve spontaneously. One in whom the powers of expression fully responded to the state of mind would unconsciously use that variety in the mode of presenting his thoughts which Art demands. This constant employment of one species of phraseology, which all have now to strive against, implies an undeveloped faculty of language. To have a specific style is to be poor in speech. If we glance back at the past and remember that men had once only nouns and verbs to convey their ideas with, and that from then to now the growth has been towards a greater number of implements of thought, and consequently towards a greater complexity and variety in their combinations, we may infer that we are now, in our use of sentences, much what the primitive man was in his use of words, and that a continuance of the process that has hitherto gone on must produce increasing heterogeneity in our modes of expression. As now in a fine nature the play of the features, the tones of the voice and its cadences, vary in harmony with every thought uttered; so in one possessed of a fully developed power of speech, the mould in which combination of words is cast will similarly vary with, and be appropriate to, the sentiment. That a perfectly endowed man must unconsciously write in all styles, we may infer from considering how styles originate. Why is Addison diffuse, Johnson pompous, Goldsmith simple? Why is one author abrupt, another rhythmical, another concise? Evidently in each case the habitual mode of utterance must depend upon the habitual balance of the nature. The predominant feelings have by use trained the intellect to represent them. But whilst long though unconscious discipline has made it do this efficiently, it remains, from lack of practice, incapable of doing the same for the less powerful feelings; and when these are excited, the usual modes of expression undergo but a slight modification. Let the powers of speech be fully developed, however—let the ability of the intellect to convey the emotions be complete—and this fixity of style will disappear. The perfect writer will express himself as Junius, when in the Junius frame of mind; when he feels as Lamb felt, will use a like familiar speech; and will fall into the ruggedness of Carlyle when in a Carlylean mood. Now he will be rhythmical and now irregular; here his language will be plain and there ornate; sometimes his sentences will be balanced, and at other times unsymmetrical; for a while there will be considerable sameness, and then again great variety. From his mode of expression naturally responding to his state of feeling, there will flow from his pen a composition changing to the same degree that the aspects of his subject change. He will thus without effort conform to what we have seen to be the laws of effect. And whilst his work presents to the reader that variety needful to prevent continuous exertion of the same faculties, it will also answer to the description of all highly organized products both of man and of nature; it will be, not a series of like parts simply placed in juxtaposition, but one whole made up of unlike parts that are mutually dependent.

From the *Athenæum*.

The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes.
First English Edition. Routledge & Co.

It is to the credit of the Americans that they seem anxious to possess a choir of poets; and many indications have lately apprized us that Dr. Holmes is valued and put forward as one of their favorite writers of verse on pleas different from those that have won popularity for Longfellow, and Bryant, and Whittier—for the Anacreontic or Biblical sketches by Mr. N. P. Willis—and for the distorted yet powerful ballads of Edgar Poe. There are strains of didactic thought, humorous fancy, pathetic feeling—there is an Augustan sonority and neatness of versification—in the poems of Dr. Holmes, which by turns remind us of the Prize Poets of our Colleges—of Crabbe, who minutely wrought out the homeliest themes in heroic metre—of William Spencer's drawing-room lyrics, light as gossamer and sentimental as music on a lake—and of "Whistlecraft." Yet, there is nothing like gross or direct imitation in this worthy little volume. It must be described as containing the poetry of a University man—a man of the world, too, loving social pleasures, skirmishes of wit, and exercises of intellect—anything but a hermit, or dreamer, or martyr-student, or other such visionary passionately sick of society, and no less passionately in love with waterfalls, mountains, the moon, the sea, and some one nameless lady.

The principal poems in this collection are, "Poetry; a Metrical Essay," in which some pleasing and tuneful fugitive lyrics are set—"Terpsichore," read at the annual dinner of the *Phi Beta Kappa* Society of Cambridge—"Urania; a Rhymed Lesson," delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association—and "Astræa." All the above are in the heroic measure; yet while, as their titles may have apprized the reader, they are not clear of a certain classical pomp and pretension, the reminiscences and speculations *de omnibus rebus* to which they are principally devoted contain not a few touches of sly humor such as we find in Cowper's didactic poems, and nice description such as gives their Flemish fulness and finish to the pictures of Crabbe. On the whole, however, even with such an enthusiastic torch-bearer as Dr. Holmes has found in Miss Mitford—whose recent "Recollections" first made his name known in England—we cannot but feel that the mixture of manners and the want of some prominent subject and definite argument militate against the entire success of any one of these exercises. The impression produced by particular passages, by the general use of language and handling of rhyme, is more than ordinarily pleasing, but it is not distinct;—and on closing the book, we find that our main pleasure in it has been derived from the shorter lyrics which it contains. The following, for instance, has a quaint sound, which leaves its trace in the memory:—

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say, that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time

Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And looks at all he meets,
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here ;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The next is also a curious specimen of the
writer's manner :—

DAILY TRIALS.
BY A SENSITIVE MAN.

O there are times
When all this fret and tumult that we hear
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's ear
His own dull chimes.

Ding dong ! ding dong !
The world is in a simmer like a sea
Over a pent volcano—woe is me
All the day long !

From crib to shroud !
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,
And friends in boots tramp round us as we die,
Snuffing aloud.

At morning's call
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the sun,
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by one,
Give answer all.

When evening dim
Draws round us, then the lonely caterwaul
Tart solo, sour duet, and general squall—
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues
Like polar needles, ever on the jar—
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep fountains are
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums
Strapped round them by the fond paternal ass,
Peripatetics with a blade of grass
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad machine,
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky groans be-
tween,
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill
Thin horses of a Sunday—men, with clams,
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their dams
From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns
Making nuisance of the blessed air,
Child-crying bellmen, children in despair
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves !
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your fill ;
Ye sometimes rest ; men never can be still
But in their graves.

Last week, we drew from Mr. Sidney Walker's
"Remains" a poem of the affections addressed by
the writer to his sister when about to leave Eng-
land. The following is a treatment about as dif-
ferent as could well be conceived of a similar sub-
ject :—

THE PARTING WORD.

I must leave thee, lady sweet !
Months shall waste before we meet :
Winds are fair, and sails are spread,
Anchors leave their ocean bed ;
Ere this shining day grow dark,
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark ;
Through thy tears, O lady mine,
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet ;
When the morning star shall rise,
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes ;
When the second sun goes down,
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,
Taught too well that wild despair
Dims thine eyes, and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek ;
In the first month's second half
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh :
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,
Slightly puckering round the lip,
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,
Samuel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,
Round thy chamber bolted fast,
Many a youth shall fume and pout,
"Hang the girl, she's always out !"
While the second week goes round,
Vainly shall they ring and pound ;
When the third week shall begin,
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng
Round thee flock with smile and song,
But thy lips, unweaned as yet,
Lisp, "O, how can I forget !"
Men and devils both contrive
Traps for catching girls alive ;
Eve was duped, and Helen kissed—
How, O how can you resist ?

First be careful of your fan,
Trust it not to youth or man ;
Love has filled a pirate's sail
Often with its perfumed gale.
Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall ;
Shorter ell than mercers clip,
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes ;
All the hemp that Russia bears
Scarce would answer lovers' prayers ;
Never thread was spun so fine,
Never spider stretched the line,
Would not hold the lovers true
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,
Beating breasts in black despair ;
Others murmur with a sigh,
You must melt or they will die :
Painted words on empty lies,
Grubs with wings like butterflies ;
Let them die, and welcome too ;
Pray what better could they do ?

Fare thee well, if years efface
From the heart love's burning trace,
Keep, O keep that hallowed seat
From the tread of vulgar feet !
If the blue lips of the sea
Wait with icy kiss for me,
Let not thine forget the vow,
Sealed how often, Love, as now.

The jovial dithyrambic "On Lending a Punch-bowl" might possibly have been added to the above selections, with a view of showing how pleasant the Doctor can be at table without a touch of old-fashioned Bacchanalian coarseness, had it not been so recently cited by Miss Mitford.

From Notes and Queries.

COLERIDGE.

LETTERS TO LAMB, AND NOTES ON SAMUEL DANIEL'S POEMS.

[We are indebted to the kindness of Mr. William Hazlitt for the loan of a copy of *The Poetical Works of Mr. Samuel Daniel, Author of the English History* (2 vols. 12mo. 1718), which had formerly belonged to Charles Lamb ; and from the second volume of which we transcribe the following characteristic Letters from Coleridge to Lamb ; and his admirable and interesting notes upon a poet who is not nearly so well known as he deserves to be.]

The first is written on the first fly-leaf of vol. ii.:

Tuesday, Feb. 10th, 1808 (10th or 9th.)

Dear Charles,

I think more highly, far more, of the "Civil Wars" than you seemed to do Monday night, Feb. 9th, 1808. The verse does not tease me ; and all the while I am reading it, I cannot but fancy a plain England-loving English Country Gentleman, with only some dozen books in his whole library, and at a time when a "Mercury" or "Intelligencer" was seen by him once in a month or two, making this his newspaper and political Bible at the same time, and reading it so often as to store his memory with its aphorisms. Conceive a good man of that kind, diffident and passive, yet *rather* inclined to Jacobinism ; seeing the reasons of the Revolutionary party, yet by disposition and old principles leaning, in quiet nods and sighs, at his own parlor fire, to the hereditary right—(and of these characters there must have been many)—and then read this poem, assuming in your heart his character—conceive how grave he would look, and what pleasure there would be, what unconscious, harmless, humble, self-conceit, self-compliment in his gravity ; how wise he would feel himself, and yet after all how forbearing. How much calmed by that most calming reflection (when it is really the mind's own reflection). Ay, it was just so in Henry VI.'s time, always the same passions at work. &c. Have I improved thy book—or wilt thou like it the better *therefore* ? But I have done as I would gladly be done by—thee at least.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

On second fly-leaf Coleridge has noted, "Vol v., p. 217, a fine stanza."

The following is the stanza referred to :

Whilst Talbot (whose fresh Ardor having got
A marvellous Advantage of his Years),
Carries his unfelt Age as if forgot,
Whirling about where any Need appears.
His Hand, his Eye, his Wits all present, wrought
The Function of the Glorious Part he bears ;
Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies ;
Unlocks the thickest Troops, where most Force lies.

And to it Coleridge has appended the following note :

What is there in description superior even in Shakspeare ? Only that Shakspeare would have given one of his *Glows* to the first line, and flattered the mountain Top with his surer Eye—instead of that poor—

A marvellous advantage of his years.

But this, however, is Daniel—and he must not be read piecemeal. Even by leaving off, and looking at a stanza by itself, I find the loss.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

O Charles ! I am *very*, very ill. Vixi.

Second letter—five hours after the first.

Dear Charles,

You must read over these "Civil Wars" again. We both know what a *mood* is. And the genial mood will, it shall, come for my sober-minded Daniel. He was a Tutor and a sort of Steward in a noble Family in which Form was religiously observed, and Religion formally ; and yet there was such warm blood and mighty muscle of substance within, that the moulding Irons did not dispel, tho' they stiffened the vital man within. Daniel caught and recommunicated the Spirit of the great Countess of Pembroke, the glory of the North ; he formed her mind, and her mind inspirited him. Gravely sober in all ordinary affairs, and not easily excited by any—yet there is one, on which his Blood boils—whenever he speaks of English valor exerted against a foreign Enemy. Do read over—but some evening when we are quite comfortable at your fireside—and oh ! where shall I ever be, if I am not so there—that is the last Altar on the horns of which my old Feelings hang, but alas ! listen and tremble. Nonsense !—well ! I will read it to You and Mary. The 205, 206, 207th page ; and above all, that 98rd stanza ; and in a different style the 98th stanza, p. 208 ; and what an image in 107, p. 211. Thousands even of educated men, would become more sensible, fitter to be members of Parliament or ministers, by reading Daniel—and even those few who, *quoad intellectum*, only gain refreshment of notions already their own, must become better Englishmen. O, if it be not too late, write a kind note about him.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

On the fourth fly-leaf he has written—

Is it from any hobby-horsical love of our old writers (and of such a passion respecting Chaucer, Spenser, and Ben Jonson, I have occasionally seen glaring proofs in one the string of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose), or is it a real Beauty, the interspersions I mean (in stanza poems) of rhymes from polysyllables—such as Eminence, Obedience, Reverence ? To my ear they convey not only a relief from variety, but a sweetness as of repose—and the Understanding they gratify by reconciling Verse with the whole wide extent of good Sense. Without being distinctly conscious of such a notion, having it rather than reflecting it (for one may think in the same way as one may see and hear), I seem to be made to know that I need have no fear ; that there is nothing excellent in itself which the Poet cannot express accurately and naturally, nay, no good word.

From Chambers' Journal.

WHY DOES THE CLOCK KEEP TIME?

A PENDULOUS body vibrates when it is suspended so that the centre of its mass is not placed directly under the point of suspension, because then the alternating influences of weight and velocity are constantly impressing it with motion. Weight carries it down as far as it can go towards the earth's attraction; acquired velocity then carries it onwards; but as the onward movement is constrained to be upward against the direction of the earth's attraction, that force antagonizes, and at last arrests it, for velocity flags when it has to drag its load up-hill, and soon gives over the effort. The body swings down-hill with increasing rapidity because weight and velocity are then both driving it; it swings up-hill with diminishing rapidity, because then weight is pulling it back in opposition to the force of velocity. Weight pulls first this way, then that way; velocity carries first this way, then that way; but the two powers do not act evenly and steadily together; they now combine with, and now oppose each other; now increase their influence together, and now augment and diminish it inversely and alternately; and so the suspended body is tossed backwards and forwards between them, and made to perform its endless dance.

It is related of Galileo, that he once stood watching a swinging lamp, hung from the roof of the cathedral at Pisa, until he convinced himself that it performed its vibratory movement in the same time, whether the vibration was one of wide or of narrow span. This traditional tale is most probably correct in its main features, for the Newtons and Galileos of all ages do perceive great truths in occurrences that are as commonplace as the fall of an apple, or the disturbance of a hanging lamp. Trifles are full of meaning to them, because their minds are already prepared to arrive at certain conclusions by means of antecedent reflections. Simple and familiar incidents, thus accidentally associated with the history of grand discoveries, are the channels through which the accumulating waters at length descend, rather than the rills which feed the swellings of their floods. The orchard at Woolsthorpe, and the cathedral at Pisa, were outlets of this kind, through which the pent-up tide of gathering knowledge burst. If they had never offered themselves, the laws of universal gravitation and isochronous vibration would still have reached the world.

If the reader will hang up two equal weights upon nearly the same point of suspension and by means of two strings of exactly the same length, he will have an apparatus at his command that will enable him to see, under even more favorable conditions, what Galileo saw in the cathedral at Pisa. Upon drawing one of them aside one foot from the position of rest, and the other one yard, and then starting them off both together to vibrate backwards and forwards, he will observe, that although the second has a journey of two yards to accomplish, while the first has but a journey of two feet, the two will, nevertheless, come to the end at precisely the same instant. As the weights swing from side to side in successive oscillations, they will always present themselves together at the point which is the middle of their respective arcs. This is what is called isochronous vibration—the passing through unequal arcs in equal periods of time.

At the first glance, this seems a very singular result. The careless observer naturally expects that a weight hung upon a string ought to take longer to move through a long arc than through a short one, if impelled by the same force; but the subject appears in a different light upon more mature reflection, for it is then seen, that the weight which performs the longer journey starts down the steeper declivity, and therefore acquires a greater velocity. A ball does not run down a steep hill and a more gently inclined one at the same pace; neither, therefore, will the suspended weight move down the steeper curve, and the less raised one, at equal rates. The weight which moves the fastest, of necessity gets through more space in a given period than its more leisurely companion does. The equality of the periods in which two weights vibrate, is perfect so long as both the unequal arcs of motion are short ones, when compared with the length of the suspended strings; but even when one of the arcs is five times longer than the other, ten thousand vibrations will be completed before one weight is an entire stride in advance of the other; and even this small amount of difference is destroyed when the arc in which the weights swing is a little flattened from the circular curve.

But there is yet another surprise to be encountered. Hang a weight of a pound upon one of the strings, and a weight of two pounds upon the other, and set them vibrating in arcs of unequal length as before, and still their motions will be found to be isochronous. Unequal weights, as well as equal ones, when hung on equal strings, will swing through arcs of unequal length in equal periods of time. This seeming inconsistency also admits of a satisfactory explanation. It has been stated, that the motion of swinging bodies is caused by the earth's attraction. But what are the facts that are more particularly implied in this statement? What discoveries does the philosophic inquirer make when he looks more narrowly into it? For the sake of the familiar illustration, let it be imagined that a man stands at the top of the Monument of London, with two leaden bullets in his hand, each weighing an ounce, and that he drops these together. They go to the earth, because the earth's mass draws them thither; and since the two bodies exactly resemble each other, and start at the same instant upon their descent, they must of course both strike the pavement beneath simultaneously. There can be no reason why one should get down before the other, for the same influence causes the fall of each. The entire mass of the huge earth attracts each bullet alike, and the bullets, therefore, yield like obedience to the influence, and fall together to the ground.

But now, suppose that the two bullets were to be all at once fused into one, and that this combined mass were then dropped from the top of the Monument as a single bullet, would there then be any reason why the two ounces of lead should make a more rapid descent than they would have made while in separate halves? Clearly not. There is but the same earth to attract, and the same number of particles to be drawn in each case, and therefore the same result must ensue. Each particle still renders its own individual obedience, and makes its own independent fall, although joined cohesively to its neighbors. It is the mass of the attracting body, and not the mass of the attracted body, that determines the velocity with

which the latter moves. The greater mass of an attracted body expends its superior power, not in increasing its own rate of motion, but in pulling more energetically against the attracting mass. Every particle of matter when at rest resists any attempt to impress it with motion. The amount of this resistance is called its inertia. When many particles are united together into one body, they not only, therefore, take to that body many points upon which the earth's attraction can tell, but they also carry to it a like quantity of resistance or inertia, which must be overcome before any given extent of motion can be produced. If the earth's force be but just able to make particle 1 of any body go through 200 inches in a second, it will also be but just able to make particles 2, 3, and 4 do the same; consequently, whether those particles be separate or combined together, their rate of travelling will be the same. Hence all bodies descend to the earth with exactly the same velocities, however different their natures may be in the matter of weight, always provided there be no retarding influence to act unequally upon their different bulks and surfaces. It is well known that even a guinea and feather will fall together when the atmospheric resistance is removed from their path.

The reader will now, of course, see that what is true of the motion of free bodies, must also be true of the motion of suspended ones, since the same terrestrial attraction causes both. There is no reason why the two-pound weight in the experiment should vibrate quicker than the one-pound weight, just as there is no reason why a two-ounce bullet should fall quicker than a one-ounce bullet. Here, also, there are only the same number of terrestrial particles to act upon each separate particle of the two unequal weights. Hence it is that the vibrations of unequal weights are isochronous when hung on strings of equal lengths.

Thus far our dealings have been with what has seemed to be a very single-purposed and determined agent. We have hung a weight upon a piece of string and set it swinging, and have then seen it persisting in making the same number of beats in the same period of time, whether we have given it a long journey or a short one to perform; and also whether we have added to or taken from its mass. But now we enter upon altogether new relations with our little neophyte, and find that we have reached the limits of its patience.

Take three pieces of string of unequal lengths—one being one foot long; the second, four feet; and the third, nine feet. Hang them up by one extremity, and attach to each of the other ends a weight. Then start the three weights all off together vibrating, and observe what happens. The several bodies do not now all vibrate in the same times, as in the previous experiments. By making the lengths of the strings unequal, we have introduced elements of discord into the company. The weight on the shortest string makes three journeys, and the weight on the next longest string makes two journeys, while the other is loitering through one.

This discrepancy, again, is only what the behavior of the vibrating masses in the previous experiments should have taught the observer to anticipate. Each of the weights in this new arrangement of the strings, has to swing in the portion of a circle, which, if completed, would have a different dimension from the circles in which

the other weights swing. The one on the shortest string swings in the segment of a circle that would be two feet across; the one on the longest string swings in the segment of a circle that would be eighteen feet across. Now, if these two weights be made to vibrate in arcs that shall measure exactly the twelfth part of the entire circumference of their respective circles, then one will go backwards and forwards in a curved line only half a foot long, while the other will move in a line four feet and a half long.

But both these weights, the one going upon the short journey, and the other upon the long, will start down exactly the same inclination or declivity. The reader will see that this must be the case, if he will draw two circles on paper round a common centre, the one at the distance of one inch, and the other at the distance of nine inches. Having done this, let him cut a notch out of the paper, extending through both the circles to the centre, and including a twelfth part, or thirty degrees, of each between its converging sides. He will then observe, that the two arcs cut out by the notch are everywhere concentric with each other; therefore, their beginnings and endings are concentric or inclined in exactly the same degree to a perpendicular crossing their centres. These concentric beginnings and endings represent correctly the concentric directions in which the swinging weights commence their downward movements.

Now, since it has been shown that bodies begin to run down equal descents with equal velocities, it follows that the weight on the short string and that on the long string must commence to move down the concentric curves of their respective arcs at an equal rate. But it has also been shown that the one of these weights has a nine times longer journey to perform than the other; it is clear, therefore, that both cannot accomplish their respective distances in the same time. The weight on the shortest string in reality makes three vibrations, and the weight on the string that is next to this in length makes two vibrations, while the weight on the longest string is occupied about one; and the differences would be as 9, 4, and 1, instead of as 3, 2, 1, but that the weights moving in the longer arcs benefit most from acceleration of velocity. Although all the vibrating bodies begin to move at equal rates, they pass the central positions directly beneath their points of suspension at unequal ones. Those that have been the longest in getting down to these positions, have of necessity increased their paces the most while upon their route.

Suspended weights, then, only vibrate in equal times when hung upon equal strings; but they continue to make vibrations in equal times notwithstanding the diminution of the arcs in which they swing. This was the fact that caught the attention of Galileo; he observed that the vibrations of the lamp slowly died away as the effect of the disturbing force was destroyed bit by bit, but that, nevertheless, the last faint vibration that caught his eye, took the same apparent time for its performance as the fullest and longest one in the series.

The instrument that has been designated by the learned name of pendulum, is simply a weight of this description placed on the end of a metallic or wooden rod, and hung up in such a way that free sideways motion is permitted. This freedom of motion is generally attained by fixing the top of the rod to a piece of thin, highly elastic steel. A

pendulum fitted up after this fashion, will continue in motion, if once started, for many hours. It only stops at last, because the air opposes a slight resistance to its passage, and because the suspending spring is imperfectly elastic. The effects of these two causes combined arrest the vibration at last, but not until they have long accumulated. The weight does not stand still at once, but its arc of vibration grows imperceptibly less and less, until at last there comes a time when the eye cannot tell whether the body is still moving or in absolute repose.

Now, suppose that a careful and patient observer, aware of the exact length of the suspending-rod of a vibrating pendulum, were to set himself down to count how many beats it would make in a given period, he would thenceforward be able to assign a fixed value to each beat, and would consequently have acquired an invariable standard whereby he might estimate short intervals. If he found that his instrument had made exactly 86,400 beats at the end of a mean solar day, and knew that the length of its rod was a trifle more than 39 inches, he would be aware that each beat of such a pendulum might always be taken as the measure of a second. The length of the rod of a pendulum which beats exact seconds in London is 39.13 inches.

But there are few persons who would be willing to go through the tedious operation of counting 86,400 successive vibrations. The invention of a mechanical contrivance that was able to break the monotony of such a task, would be hailed by any one who had to perform it as an invaluable boon. Even a piece of brass with sixty notches upon it, which he might slip through his finger while noting the swinging body, would enable him to keep his reckoning by sixties instead of units, and so far would afford him considerable relief. But if the notched brass could be turned into a ring, and the pendulum be made to count the notches off for itself, round and round again continuously, registering each revolution as it was completed for future reference, the observer would attain the same result without expending any personal trouble about it. It is this magical conversion of brass and iron into almost intelligent counters of the pendulum's vibrations, that the clock-maker effects by his beautiful mechanism.

In the pendulum clock, the top of the swinging-rod is connected with a curved piece of steel, which dips its teeth-like ends on either hand into notches deeply cut in the edges of a brass wheel. The notched wheel is connected with a train of wheel-work kept moving by the descent of a heavy weight; but it can only move onwards in its revolution under the influence of the weight, as the two ends of the piece of steel are alternately lifted out of the notches by the swaying of the pendulum. The other wheels and pinions of the movement are so arranged that they indicate the number of turns the wheel at the top of the pendulum completes, by means of hands traversing round a dial-plate inscribed with figures and dots.

It is found convenient in practice to make the direct descent of a weight the moving power of the wheel-work, instead of the swinging of the pendulum, for the simple reason, that the excess of its power beyond what is required to overcome the friction of the wheel-work, is then employed in giving a slight push to the pendulum; this push just neutralizes the retarding effects before named as inseparable from the presence of air and

imperfect means of suspension. The train of wheel-work in a clock, therefore, serves two purposes—it records the number of beats which the pendulum makes, and it keeps that body moving when once started. As far as the activity of the pendulum is concerned, the wheel-work is a recording power, and a preserving power, but *not* an originating power. If there were no air, and no friction in the apparatus of suspension, the pendulum would continue to go as well without the wheel-work as with it. With the wheel-work it beats as permanently and steadily upon material supports and plunged in a dense atmosphere, as it would if it were hung upon nothing, and were swinging in nothing; and also performs its backward and forward business in solitude and darkness, to the same practical purpose that it would if the eyes of watchful and observant guardians were turned incessantly towards it.

Galileo published his discovery of the isochronous property of the pendulum in 1639. Richard Harris, of London, took the hint, and connected the pendulum with clock-work movement in 1641. Huyghens subsequently improved the connection, and succeeded in constructing very trustworthy time-keepers certainly before 1658.

But notwithstanding all that the knowledge and skill of Huyghens could do, his most perfect instruments were still at the mercy of atmospheric changes. It has been said, that the time of a pendulum's vibration depends upon the length of its suspending-rod. This length is measured, not down to the bottom of the weight, but to the centre of its mass. For the weight itself is necessarily a body of considerable dimensions, and in this body some particles must be nearer to, and others further from the point of suspension. Those which are nearest will, of course, in accordance with the principles already explained, have a tendency to make their vibrations in shorter periods; and those which are furthest, in longer periods. But all these particles are bound together firmly by the power of cohesion, and must move connectedly. They, therefore, come to an agreement to move at a mean rate—that is, between the two extremes. The top particles hurry on the middle ones; the bottom particles retard them in a like degree. Consequently, the whole of the weight moves as if its entire mass were concentrated in the position of those middle particles; and the exact place of this central position in relation to the point of suspension, becomes the important condition which determines the time in which the instrument swings.

In pendulums of ordinary construction this relation is by no means an unvarying one—changes of temperature alter the bulk of all kinds of bodies. A metal rod runs up and down under increase and diminution of heat, as certainly as the thread of mercury in the tube of the thermometer does. A hot day, therefore, lengthens the metallic suspending-rod of a pendulum, and carries the centre of its weight to a greater distance from the point of suspension. By this means, the period of each vibration is of necessity lengthened. An increase of temperature to the extent of ten of Fahrenheit's degrees, will make a second's pendulum with a brass rod lose five vibrations in a day. All substances do not, however, suffer the same amount of expansion under like increments of heat. If the rod of the pendulum be made of varnished or black-leaded wood, an addition of ten degrees of heat will not cause it to lose more than one vibration in

a day. But even this small irregularity is too vast for the purpose of precise science, and accordingly ingenuity has been taxed to the utmost to find some means of removing the source of inaccuracy, to invent some plan whereby the pendulum may be made sensitive enough to discover and correct its own varying dimensions as different temperatures are brought to bear upon its material.

The first successful attempt to accomplish this useful purpose was made by George Graham in 1715. He replaced the solid weight at the bottom of the rod by a glass jar containing mercury. The rod he formed of steel of the usual length; and because mercury expands five times more than steel, he fixed the height of the column of mercury in the jar at only 6½ inches. In this arrangement he found that additional heat carried up the mercury in the jar, as much as it carried down the jar by the elongation of the rod. Consequently, the motion of the one perfectly compensated the motion of the other, and the effective centre of the weight always remained at the same precise distance from the top of the rod. By the application of this compensating pendulum, clocks are now constructed that do not vary to the extent of a tenth of a second in a day.

Soon after the invention of Graham's mercurial pendulum, John Harrison—the same clever mechanic who received 20,000*l.* from government for making a chronometer that went to Jamaica in one year and returned in another with an accumulated error of only 1 minute and 54 seconds—hit upon another means of gaining the same end. He brought a steel rod down from the point of suspension, turned it up into a copper rod of less length; and from the top of this hung the weight. He fixed the lengths of the steel and copper rods, which expand unequally, in such a way that the steel carried the copper down exactly as much as the copper carried the weight up; and thus the centre of the weight was still kept at the same distance from the real point of suspension. Harrison's pendulum is generally seen in somewhat the form of a gridiron, because many parallel bars of copper and steel are used in its construction, for the sake of rendering it firm and unyielding in all its parts.

From Household Words.

AN EQUESTRIAN MIRACLE.

THE following passage is quoted from the account of an unsuccessful search for Choughs in Cornwall, in an article headed "If this should meet his Eye."

A cavalier, after dinner, one day, betted that he would ride to the Land's End next morning. So, he mounted and got thus far. The shuddering horse turned and backed. The rider just saw the horse's hind feet going over the brink, threw himself off in agony, and escaped. The animal perished, and the last print of the clinging hoof is kept fresh by the guides. What an act of horsemanship to witness! This happened not many years ago, though the biped performer is since dead.

We have great pleasure in contradicting, on the unquestionable authority of General Sir Robert Arbuthnot, the courageous equestrian himself, the statement conveyed in the last period of this paragraph. That distinguished gentleman has been good enough to give us his own version of his performance.

"Having read in various publications erroneous statements of my miraculous escape at 'the Land's End,' when the horse I was riding fell over a cliff upwards of four hundred feet high, I have put on paper, at the request of a few friends, a true account of the transaction.

"In June, 1804, when captain in a dragoon regiment and aide-de-camp to General Wilford, who was stationed at Falmouth, I attended him on an inspection of a yeomanry corps at Penzance. The day after the inspection, the general with a party proceeded to the Land's End on an excursion of pleasure; and, after taking refreshment at a house known by the name of 'The First and Last House in England,' three of the party, consisting of myself, Lieutenant Cubit of the Royal Artillery, and a clergyman who resided at Mazarion, preceded the others; and, on arriving at the top of the slope reaching down to the extremity of the Land's End—on each side of which was a steep precipice—I perceived that the grass was short and slippery; and, although a dragoon officer, I did not think it prudent to ride down; but my two companions, being of a different opinion, did so, while I followed them leading my horse. After remaining a short time at the bottom, we mounted to rejoin the general; who had, with his party, reached the spot whence we had started, and were astonished—especially the general—at seeing me at the bottom of the hill and terrified at what afterwards occurred. Although I did not think it prudent to ride down, I fancied there could be no danger in riding up, and accordingly I mounted; but we had not proceeded far when my mare—a very spirited animal—became unruly, in consequence of the girths of the saddle going back, and she began to kick and plunge, inclining to the precipice on the right. Although in imminent danger, I did not happily lose my presence of mind and I threw myself off when not more than four feet from the edge of the cliff. Mine was a hussar saddle, and the bridle having a whip at the end of it, I threw it over the mare's head, and was able to keep hold of it and to check her so as to prevent her kicking me. When she turned with her back to the cliff I let go, and she fell down and was dashed to pieces, leaving me on the ground close to the edge of the cliff. A person went down in a basket and brought up the shattered saddle and bridle, which a saddler at Penzance begged me to give him that he might hang it at the door of his shop.

"Many accounts of the event were circulated, but this is the true one."

A PROPHECY.

THOMAS WADE.

THERE is a mighty dawning on the earth
Of human glory; dreams unknown before
Fill the mind's boundless world, and wondrous birth
Is given to great thought; and the deep-drawn lore,
But late a hidden fount, at which a few
Quaffed and were glad, is now a flowing river,
Which the parched nations may approach and view,
Kneel down and drink, or float in it forever.
The bonds of spirit are asunder broken,
And matter makes a very sport of distance;
On every side appears a silent token
Of what will be hereafter, when existence
Shall even become a pure and equal thing,
And earth sweep high as heaven on solemn wing.

From *Fraser's Magazine*.

EDWARD GIBBON.

A LITTLE figure, with a large head and small bones, dressed with the most scrupulous precision; the buckles shining brightly in the shoes, the wrist-bands carefully turned down, the periwig hanging many inches below the shoulders, the breeches without a crease, the body bending forward, the forefinger stretched out, the others tapping a snuff-box; surely this must be the picture of some meek, smiling old courtier, one who is seen in every drawing-room, at every whist-table, with nothing but the milk of human kindness in his bosom, and nothing but the prescriptions of etiquette in his head. We are for once mistaken. This modest, richly-apparelled little gentleman is one of the most learned, the most sarcastic, the most wary of human beings; this is Gibbon, the historian, the philosopher, the sceptic, whose heart was engrossed with the love of literary fame, who delighted in sneering at what men most reverence, and whose genius shed a light on the darkest parts of mediæval history.

The life and writings of this extraordinary man appear to us one of the most curious and most interesting chapters of literary history, and we shall make no apology for giving, as far as our limited space will permit, our impression of the historian.

Few autobiographies are more pleasing or more valuable than Gibbon's *Memoirs of my Life and Writings*. Enough is said, but no more than enough; and he has left us, by his own hand, as perfect a picture of himself, with all his pride, industry, vanity, and affectation, as he has drawn of any other man in the course of his elaborate history. One who has written about five thousand octavo pages on the lives of others, may be permitted to write a hundred and fifty on his own. As an image of the mind of the author, both the *Memoirs of my Life and Writings* and the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* are exquisitely characteristic. In a letter to his friend, M. Deyverdum, he exclaims, "What a foolish animal is that man, that Englishman, that man Gibbon!" Let us see what "the man Gibbon" was.

The narrative commences in a grave, philosophic tone, which has raised the smile on the face of many readers. He then proceeds, as an English country gentleman ought to do, to give the public a long account of his ancestors. It appears that the Gibbons were landowners in the county of Kent in the fourteenth century, that there was a John Gibbon, who held the distinguished post of marmori-
 us or architect to Edward the Third; that the Gibbons are frequently mentioned in the visitations of the heralds; that they were esquires during the time of Queen Elizabeth, when, as the historian takes care to tell us, that title was far from being so common as it afterwards became. Little more is known of the Gibbons until the seventeenth century, when the younger branch, from which the author himself descended, left the country for the city. But is this a blot on our escutcheon? Is it not as merchants only that young men of spirit can acquire independence? And in England as well as in the republics of Italy, is a gentleman degraded by being connected with trade? Have not the Gibbons of Kent borne their family arms, "a lion rampant, gardant, between three scallop-shells, argent, on a field of azure," in days when family-arms were considered something,

and not as now, when everybody who has money can get a coat-of-arms painted on his coach-doors? Even our alliances by marriage do us some honor; for we are connected with Baron Say, whom Shakspeare has immortalized as the liberal patron of the fine arts and the martyr of learning, in the last part of *Henry the Sixth*. Is not this a glorious alliance for a historian? Surely the Gibbons were very respectable; but there is only one Gibbon whom readers care much about.

Edward Gibbon, the eldest son of his father, and the only child that reached maturity, came weak and almost lifeless into the world. For some time his existence was despaired of, and two brothers who were born after him had each the same Christian name given them, lest no more "Edward Gibbons" should be known among men. His father, notwithstanding all the efforts of filial piety, appears neither more nor less than a plain, honest, country squire, well-meaning, if somewhat weak and strait-faced. The property he inherited was considerable, but at his death much encumbered, though it was still a very handsome income for an author, and indeed much more than the most popular writer of that day could derive from the munificence of the publisher.

In his eleventh year, young Edward lost his mother, whom he did not profess to remember with any extraordinary veneration. We, however, on carefully reviewing his life, with all its good and evil, cannot but think that, had Gibbon's mother been spared, he might have been a somewhat different being. His nature, if not capable of any very intense affection, was far from inhuman; it was even generous and sensitive to a certain depth; it was a nature for which a mother's care might have done much. We have all a devil in us; we need all that this poor world affords of endearing warmth to thaw the ice that will gather round our hearts. A literary man, especially, must have had a mother's love; a mother's tears must have dropped upon his face, a mother's voice must have sung him to rest, a mother's prayers, even amid the pompous systems of philosophy, must sometimes be remembered, a mother's form must now and then appear in his dreams, he must stand at times by his mother's grave, or so much the worse for him, and for the many of whom he is the teacher. Edward Gibbon might hold religious disputes with his aunt; but he could not have disputed with a mother. The authority of an aunt is nothing over a young mind, compared with that of a parent. In this instance, there was an unquiet, curious spirit at work, which would not and could not acquiesce, which had never been taught how to venerate, how to cherish, how to believe. Thus he grew up a kind of literary Ishmael, hoping nothing, fearing nothing, reverencing nothing, believing nothing; and, amid the dreary desert of the barren eighteenth century, went on his way, satisfied that religion was but a many-colored mirage, amusing the eyes of man before the sand-storm rolling over him, and engulfing him forever.

His love of books, even so early as his twelfth year, became his ruling passion, and it continued, and even grew stronger, to his last hour. Whether Gibbon was or was not a thoroughly educated man may be a question; but in all that is called learning, and popularly knowledge, he was certainly never surpassed. In his *Essay on the Study of Literature*, he says that the ancients are now loaded with contempt, and that men of letters are called

erudites. He then takes up the gauntlet in the cause of the scholars of the preceding generation, and proceeds, in a somewhat ostentatious manner, to talk about the gods and the authors of antiquity. It must be confessed that this production, if it be honorable to his industry, shows little appreciation of the highest provinces of criticism. Though he might afterwards glory in the name of an Englishman, it is quite evident that when this work was written, and indeed for long afterwards, he had little sympathy with the English spirit, and little admiration of English literature. As he advanced in years, he began to appreciate more justly the greatness of his native land, but his youth and manhood showed an entire devotion to the French shrine; his first works were written in French, and he affected as much as he could all the airs of the literary men who at that time reigned supreme at Paris. Montesquieu was his model, and this essay, without possessing all the merits, has all the faults of the accomplished president's compositions. Not a sentence is written with simplicity; every thought is stated as an epigram. The artificial liveliness is somewhat clumsy; whatever else he may do, the young author is determined to dazzle, and he succeeds in being tedious in spite of his conciseness, and dull in spite of his wit. The matter is in some respects as exceptionable as the style. What can we say of a man of original genius who scarcely ever mentions, in treating the subject of general literature, an English author? Fénelon, Voltaire, Boileau, Perrault, Le Clerc, Desmaseaux, Saint Marthe, and a multitude of French writers, are brought upon the scene, but, if we are not mistaken, neither Bacon nor Shakspeare is ever noticed. The work is indeed only a series of detached observations connected together by the most general of titles. If Gibbon's treatise be an essay on the study of literature, there is scarcely any literary work that might not with equal propriety bear the same name. The book was little read by Englishmen, but how could the author be surprised at this result? It is not written in the English language, it is altogether destitute of English spirit, it is written in a style which is directly opposite to those of our greatest writers.

There is no denying it; Gibbon was for some time ashamed of his mother tongue. Hume writes to him very sensibly, and tells him to look to America, there see how the English language was striking root, and be assured that in the end it would beat the French out of the field. That this will ultimately be the case there can be now no question; every day is bearing testimony to the wonderful power of the language of Shakspeare and Milton; the Saxon idiom, like the Saxon race, is making head throughout the globe, and all languages, as well as all nations, seem destined to fall before this diffusive energy. Why is this so? Because our great writers, like all our great men, have done their work in the true national, earnest spirit; and for all the triumphs of the present, and all the glorious promises of the future, we owe few thanks either to Hume or Gibbon.

Without going into a metaphysical dissertation on education we may illustrate our idea of Gibbon by a comparison with two or three others. Milton was as learned as Gibbon, but we see well what a different effect learning had on their minds. Had Milton not been a great scholar, he would still have been a great genius. Gibbon, too, had an original mind, but still it was only because he was

a most industrious student that he became one of the greatest of writers. Had Shakspeare possessed all Gibbon's knowledge about ancient Rome, it may still be doubted whether *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Marc Antony* would have been improved; as they are, they remain masterpieces from the hand of a mighty creative artist. But what to Shakspeare would have been nothing, is to Gibbon everything; if he had not read much, he could have written very little. There is at once a great difference and a great likeness between Shakspeare and Pascal; neither of them could be called learned men, but they were both great men. What Shakspeare was in poetry and the drama, Pascal was in philosophy and theology; they were at once what others could never be, even by the most intense study and the most persevering research.

Gibbon's mind was emphatically "slow." All its products were natural, but still the results of labor. Patient meditation, systematic study were necessary, and indeed indispensable. Therefore it was that he understood the past better than the present, was far more sagacious in penetrating into the hidden causes of events which had occurred fifteen hundred years before than in reading the signs of his own troubled times, knew the Roman senate better than the British parliament, could appreciate much more clearly the greatness of Rome than the greatness of England; and that if he was at once the most luminous, the most comprehensive of historians, he was also one of the most irresolute, the least discerning, and the most time-serving of politicians. He could read human nature, but it was that of former generations. He was wise, but it was in the wisdom of the ancients. He was virtuous, but his was rather a negative than a positive virtue, and it kept him rather from doing harm than incited him to do good. His mental eye could discern things in the distance, but not those that were spread out immediately before him; and the most atrocious of the persecutions and tyrannical acts of the Roman emperors, had they occurred during his own age, he would probably have applauded, and certainly would not have resisted. His life was a life on paper; his study was his world; and the real world a theatre on which his fame might be trumpeted. He often spoke of "my fame;" it was the only god that he really worshipped. Some men exist for their time, and are called the creatures of their age; Gibbon did not live for his time, he was not the mere creature of his age; he was Gibbon, and would in all ages and all times have been nearly what he was in the eighteenth century.

All the apology for his faults that the last century affords he is entitled to receive. In the sixteenth century he would have been outwardly a Christian, in the nineteenth century he would have also been a nominal conformist. As it was, he had just enough of honesty to declare his disbelief, and not enough to survey every part of that ghastly temple in which no words of prayer are heard, and on the altar of which no fire is burning.

What, then, was the state of mind in England during this eighteenth century? England was at once great and little, false and true, full of glory and full of shame. No man has yet had the courage to write boldly and truly the history of that time, and perhaps it may be long before it be properly written. Every one must read with pain the pages of Gibbon's autobiography, in which his academical experiences are recorded. Graver

charges never were laid against any corporate body than are here brought against the University of Oxford. It may be that the prejudices of the sceptic can be traced in these paragraphs; it may be that there is a soreness arising from the attacks which had been directed against the historian; but the college reminiscences of many men even now must give unwilling testimony to the truth of some of these accusations. Gibbon was doubly unfortunate; the university caused him to relinquish his studies; the perusal of Middleton's sceptical *Free Enquiry* made him turn Roman Catholic. This apostasy appears less surprising in our day than it did in those of our grandfathers. In his later years, Gibbon comforted himself when he smiled, and sometimes sadly smiled over his changes of opinion, by the examples of Bayle and Chillingworth. But he had little resemblance to either of these intellectual gladiators, who were estimable and even great in all their mental revolutions. In the person of William Chillingworth we see a noble, earnest, believing nature devoted to the search of truth, and through the very intensity of faith, made an unbeliever in his own despite. Bayle had a bold, masculine intellect, a lofty, determined earnestness of purpose, to which we fear Gibbon was a stranger. The English Master of Arts, and the philosopher of Rotterdam, commanded the respect of their most rancorous enemies; some of the greatest admirers of the *Decline and Fall* have condemned the moral character of the author.

But Chillingworth, Bayle, and Gibbon all illustrate one truth. The melancholy experience of the last three centuries shows how difficult it is to establish again the faith that has been once unsettled. We have all heard of a road to belief even through the marshes of infidelity; we can only say that it is a very dangerous road, and for one weary traveller who may emerge again into the clear light of heaven, a thousand will assuredly wander forever in the darkness. A stupid schoolmaster was in the habit of discussing with his pupils the evidences of Christianity, and refuting, greatly to his own satisfaction, the objections of unbelievers. As few of his scholars were above the age of fifteen, nothing could be more pernicious than such controversies. Children ought never to doubt; they never do so until foolish parents and foolish teachers put doubts into their heads by telling them there is no cause for doubt. A strange feeling will come to the young heart when a conceited pedant turns the leaves of the Bible over, and says, "it is true," "it must be true," "it proves itself to be true;" and then astonishes his little charges by saying that men have even denied it to be true; the question, in spite of the pedagogue, will rise to the lips of the child, "Is it possible that man can, without any reason, disbelieve what everybody reverences, the great Book that my mother first taught me to read, that I almost know by heart, that I peruse every evening, that the clergyman preaches from every Sunday, can it be that men disbelieve the book that was written by God?" Happy the child that has never doubted! Happy the child that officious blockheads have not taught to doubt, while piously thinking they were teaching it to believe.

From his earliest years Gibbon was fond of religious disputation. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*. His kind aunt, Catherine Porten (peace to the good creature!) was often pushed hard by the objections

of the acute little sickly sceptic. Both the aunt and the nephew have now gone to their account, and their religious contests can no longer occupy their minds.

The same spirit accompanied young Gibbon to Lausanne. Mr. Pavilliard long afterwards told Lord Sheffield how surprised he was at the first appearance of the diminutive little fellow, with his head so much larger than the other proportions of his body, disputing with all the ardor of a Jesuit doctor, in favor of the Romish church. After all the weapons of controversy had been well handled, after defending every inch of ground, Gibbon was at length induced to recant his errors, and take the sacrament in the Protestant church. He was doubtless at the time sincere in his professions; but his belief, unknown to himself, was shaken forever. The impressibility of his character was still the same; if he became a Protestant, he was no more an Englishman. He became a scholar, indeed, and even a lover, two characters which perhaps are not exclusively English, and the former even less than the other. Young Englishmen, when they go abroad, become lovers more often than scholars.

A philosopher in love is now and then a curious spectacle. In only one instance during his early years did Gibbon show that he had any of this ordinary weakness of humanity; and even then he loved after his own fashion. Although he was at that time not very far distant from places which genius and passion have hallowed, Gibbon was not a man to sigh from the rocks of Meillerie for the absence of any earthly idol. Mademoiselle Curchod appears to have been everything a man of letters could have wished; she surely deserved as much love and devotion as one human being could give. But her lover was, after all, a recreant knight. He took credit to himself for having loved so purely; but he never thought that there was anything mean or false-hearted in offering up the object of his attachment at the altar of filial duty. He, however, felt rather acutely Rousseau's accusation; to the author of the *Nouvelle Héloïse* such conduct might well appear contemptible. "We only love once," says Jean Jaques, "it is the first time;" and whether the young historian's attachment was or was not worthy of being dignified by the name of love, it is certain that forever afterwards his heart was quite comfortable and easy.

It would perhaps be impossible to form any idea of the influence that a marriage with such an amiable and high-souled creature as Mademoiselle Curchod might have had on Gibbon's character. But we think it would have done him much good, and perhaps have prevented some of the blemishes of his heart and intellect. His nature was sluggish; he had no very high opinion of human virtue, no notion of the moral greatness of man.

Mademoiselle Curchod became Madame Necker, and when Gibbon next met her she was a fine lady, who presided, with all the graces of the Parisian, in the drawing-room of the French minister. Their love was not of the kind that makes tragedies. They met each other as friends, and remained so, although there was something rather ludicrous in their future civilities. Necker showed not the least jealousy, and Gibbon's vanity was somewhat hurt to find that the honest financier left him alone with madame for hours together. Necker, perhaps, understood Gibbon better than the historian.

understood himself. Never was there a better wife than Madame Necker; never was there a less gallant man than Edward Gibbon.

As Gibbon returned after his long absence in Switzerland, the white cliffs of Albion awoke no patriotic emotions in his heart. He tells us he would gladly have remained abroad, had his father made proper arrangements. Yet never was the name of England borne across the seas with more honor, never had her flag floated more proudly in the breeze, never was the wisdom and genius of her war-minister, and the spirit and valor of her people, more nobly exerted than in those years during which Gibbon was ashamed of being an Englishman. In every part of the world his countrymen were victorious. France and Spain were suffering a long series of humiliations, while Gibbon was morosely spending his hours at Buriton, or indulging himself in the dissipations of London, and thinking what a hard lot it was for a man to be the son of a country gentleman, with nothing to do but enjoy himself.

His studies, indeed, were not entirely neglected; but his disposition was at all times to let things take their course. He scarcely conceals that he felt deeply the restraint of parental authority, but it never struck him that he was then a man, and not a mere boy; that he might have manfully worked his own way to honor, fame, and independence. His books were still his friends, and this yearning for knowledge was inextinguishable. In his library his good genius ever came to his rescue; then he really felt himself to be something more than the fox-hunters and jolly squires whom he was obliged to visit, and spend many hours with every week, in talking about race-horses and county politics. If his heart was not alive to all the nobler sympathies that beautify humanity, if his bosom never throbbed with any great patriotic emotion, if the noble literature of his native land had for his mind few charms, if the setting sun, the ruined tower, the church bells, the green fields, the azure sky, the sunny face of childhood, the lover's lute, the country churchyard full of humble graves, never spoke to him of a wisdom above the wisdom of the earth, of a learning above the learning of the scholar, of a religion above all proud systems of philosophy, if life and death, time and eternity, all our hopes and fears, miseries and sorrows, degradations and aspirations, were to him nothing but matter for ridicule, or, at most, for pity, yet he was not entirely without ideas of fame, genius, and literature, that kept him from sinking altogether in this moral slough. Cicero, Livy, Quintilian, Tacitus, were his constant companions, and he left them with a sigh, to put on the uniform of a grenadier.

The two years and a half that Gibbon spent in the militia were, for many reasons, not the least important of his existence. The few extracts from the journal he kept at that time, give us an exquisite glimpse at the life of our honest ancestors during the last century. It would appear that the first duty of the militia officer was to drink claret, sing catches, and make after-dinner speeches, until he fell manfully dead drunk underneath the table. As we read the notes we see the brave commander, Sir Thomas Worsley, just returned from the Spa waters, with his good English face beaming joy and good fellowship, while his brother officers, amid uproarious shouting and cheering, congratulate him on his health and good looks. The dinner table is spread out, the knives and plates are

clattering, many good-natured jokes and strong oaths burst from the mouths of the brave grenadiers; and now the glasses and decanters have come, the uproar increases, and bottle after bottle is emptied to the health of King George, the confusion of France, and the damnation of the moneyed interest. One after another of these brave warriors are carried lifeless to bed; but even this is not enough, and Sir Thomas Worsley is awake from his first doze by his gallant companions in arms, who burst into his room, and oblige him to drink another bottle. The hip, hip, hurrahs! again disturb the silence of the night, as the moon is shining above the tents, and as a morose, unsocial young man is putting off his uniform, muttering a sentence from Cicero, and groaning that such a life is not the most fitted for a man of letters. Poor Sir Thomas! He little knew what eyes were observing him, and what a place he would occupy in history. His jolly days are now over; his sleep is not now disturbed by any of his friends breaking his chamber door open, and pouring more claret down his throat. Who would not wish that men who enjoyed life so much should never have died! But, alas! even militia commanders are mortal. The Hampshire Grenadiers have not escaped the influence of this revolutionary century. Amid all our wars and rumors of wars, constitutions and despotisms, barricades and speeches, the old laced hat, the red coat, the bushy wig, the good sword, the bottle of claret, and the honest English prejudices, are seen like a gallant ship now stranded, and left high and dry as the waters have subsided.

It was but a few weeks ago that one of the very few representatives of the "good old times" left the world which had so changed during the ninety-two years of his life. As the old gentleman's property descended to "heirs unknown," all his effects were sold at a public auction. The unceremonious hands of the auctioneer displayed many relics of the past, and shouts of laughter from the spectators greeted every new memorial. At length a large box was placed upon the table, and the bystanders were very curious to know what it contained. It was opened, and the poor gentleman's grenadier cap, which he had worn sixty years before as a captain in the militia, was exposed to the gaze of the profane lookers-on. The late proprietor had been very proud of it; it was carefully brushed once a week, the gold lace was still bright, but it was purchased, amid much merriment, for tenpence. Oh, spirit of Cincinnatus!

On looking back, after many years, at his military experiences, Gibbon says they made him an Englishman. It must be confessed, however, that he had no very elevated ideas of a patriot's duty. Although he might despise the society amongst which he was placed, we do not find that his notions on the public affairs of his time were very much superior to those of his fellow-warriors. With their port the historian imbibed their prejudices. We look in vain through his letters and memoirs for any just and profound thoughts on the events of the eighteenth century.

During his morning drills and evening carousals, Gibbon's mind was still occupied with the design of writing some history. This cherished project had been familiar to him through all the changes of his life. His early readings, from the period when he first began to think at all, were directed with this intention. When he was an idle student at Oxford, when he was considered as an apostate

from the faith of his fathers, when he became a Protestant again, when he became a sceptic, in youth and manhood—as Protestant, Roman Catholic, and unbeliever, as a man of letters, and as a man of fashion, as a soldier and as a politician, the faint voice within still whispered that he was to be a historian. This is directly contrary to the opinion of Mr. Carlyle and Dr. Johnson, that the mind of a man of genius is of a peculiarly plastic nature, and that it is in his power to be either a great orator, statesman, poet, historian, or what he will.

Look at Cromwell and Milton. Here are two men having so striking a family likeness that they may be considered brothers; they were both men of genius; men of stern and earnest temperaments; men whose days were spent in strange and unknown ways, with precipices and deep waters on every side; but who were always upheld by a solemn enthusiasm and calm determination, that made them set at nought all the powers of the world. For them the ordinary attractions of life had no charms. They were sent into the world for other purposes than to eat, drink, and be glad. What to them were seventy years of luxury and pleasure, if they were to be purchased by an eternity of misery? Was the Bible true or false? Were heaven and hell truth or lies? They looked into their hearts, and a fluttering spirit told them that the Bible was true, that heaven and hell were true, that life, death, and eternity were true. Each then labored under his great Taskmaster's eye. But how different were their lives, and yet how much the same! How unlike are their portraits, and yet how like! Yet could Cromwell have been anything more than the statesman and the soldier? Could Milton have been anything but the philosopher and the poet? Was not Cromwell essentially a man of action, and Milton not less essentially a man of speculation? Could Milton have won the battle of Worcester? Could Cromwell have written *Paradise Lost*? It was not assuredly for want of opportunities that Cromwell was not a great poet, for his youth and early manhood were spent in retirement and obscurity, such as were very likely to nurse habits of thought and meditation, and induce the mind to apply itself to the quiet study of literature and philosophy. We know well that Milton devoted his life to study, and how conscious even in his early days he was of his vocation. The design of some great work, which posterity would not let die, was formed in youth, health, and happiness, and carried out in old age, defeat, blindness, poverty, and ruin.

Gibbon was neither a Cromwell nor a Milton. A hero ought to have an iron strength of mind. The historian was made of far different metal: he was not a man to face much danger for any cause; to endure misery and obloquy; to expose himself to the bullets of hostile enemies; to look without blenching on the dungeon and the scaffold. He was not a man to inspire patriotic sentiments, to sympathize with them or to understand them; he could only sneer at the martyr and the patriot. From him the oppressor, the conventualist, had little to fear; his writings are not the winged words that fly to the heart; his life was not the life of a hero. He was the advocate of a great moral revolution, but he was the unconscious advocate; he was not one to make a revolution. His scepticism, which has been considered the chief blemish in his character and writings, is, in our opinion, their principal merit, for this seems to

have been the only thing he was earnest about, the only thing in which he was honest; in this there was no mistake. To talk about him writing with his heart's blood is absurd, but all the earnestness he had in him was exerted when he wrote against priests.

His opinion was—and it is repeated more than once both in the history and the memoirs—that atheism was much less pernicious than superstition. So said Hume, so said Voltaire, so said all the enlightened. In the first chapter of the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, Voltaire selects out of the history of the world four illustrious eras. The first period was that of Philip and Alexander; but this was a mere local glory; literature and science shed their lustre on Greece alone; the rest of the earth was in darkness. The second age was that of Cæsar and Augustus, when Cicero, Livy, Virgil, and Horace flourished. The third epoch was that of the Medici, when Italy awoke from slumber, and literature and the fine arts again revived under the protection of the merchant princes. But the most glorious of all the periods was that of Louis the Fourteenth, for then the human reason attained perfection, and sound philosophy began to be known among men. The glory of this, says Voltaire, belongs exclusively to France; it is to the eternal honor of France that she has taught men how to think, how to reason, how to disbelieve. It would seem that during the four ages the general idea of virtue changed, and virtue was considered to be whatever was peculiarly excellent in those different times. The Greeks thought wisdom virtue; the Romans, valor; the Italians, art. It is not said what the French philosophers considered virtue, but it is quite evident that they thought all virtue consisted in attacking priests, sneering at enthusiasm, and bewailing the evils of superstition. Reason was their divinity, until at length, in the person of a prostitute, it was worshipped in the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

But Gibbon's religious ideas, after all, differed much from those of his brethren in the French Philosophic Church. He was at heart a Tory, and even an Englishman, although he might believe himself to be neither. He hated novelties, and, above all, religious novelties; and it is no exaggeration to say that one reason of his dislike to Christianity was because it was a novelty, and supplanted the old paganism. Of religion in the high sense of the word, he might have no conception, but that only made him love the ancient system of worship more. He loved it for its defects. His imagination, though powerful, was not of the cast to appreciate the elegant mythic poetry, and the beautiful philosophic sentiment, that was sometimes concealed and sometimes typified in the devotion to the gods of the groves, the streams, and the mountains. He was strongly attached to an intellectual aristocracy; the religion of Greece and Rome, therefore, appeared to him more admirable, only because the select youths who went from Rome to study at Athens were taught to smile at the belief of the ignorant millions, and the sacerdotal robe became more venerable merely because the philosopher could conscientiously cover with its folds the heart of the atheist. The great defect in the ancient religion was also the great defect of Gibbon. The ancients never had any religious doctrines that could elevate human nature, and Gibbon's mind was in this respect well adapted to sympathize with a creed destitute of moral elevation. In his elaborate history, the

multitude are always represented as hewers of wood and drawers of water; to him there was nothing solemn, affecting, or holy, in the dumb hearts of the millions; hence, even the great social evils were in his opinion only what were to be expected and what ought to be; the "many" must be beasts of burden; it was ridiculous to think that they could ever be anything better: hence he makes apologies in the second chapter of his history for the system of slavery which was in force during the most glorious days of Rome, and which was the greatest blemish of the Roman institutions.

It is not, then, surprising, however much it may be regretted, that the most profound, the most intelligent of the historians of the past should not have been a very admirable patriot. One morning in the year 1774, as Gibbon was writing about the destruction of an army of barbarians, his friend and relative, Mr. Elliot, called upon him, and offered him a seat in Parliament. Such was the manner in which members were elected in those days. Gibbon then became a senator, and sat in the House of Commons during one of the saddest periods of English history. If it was one of the saddest, it was also one of the most important even in the history of the world. It is not every day that half the globe is thrown away.

Now was the time for a man deeply versed in ancient literature to teach the squires and merchants what they ought to do. It was indeed the time for men to take an enlarged view of things, to reconcile the rights of the subject and the rights of the crown, to point out what really conduces to the prosperity of empires, and what infallibly leads them to the brink of destruction; to show how colonies are founded, how the germs of imperial greatness are sown in the bosom of a land. All that was dear to the philanthropist, the historian, and philosopher, was concentrated in that one word, America; but, alas! the truth must be told, the New World was to Gibbon only a barren wilderness, and the colonists a few daring rebels: his mind was dead to all the greatness of the interests involved in the contest between the colonists and their mother country. Can it be believed? These words may still be seen in a letter from Gibbon to the most intimate of his friends:—"I went into Parliament without patriotism and without ambition, and all my views extended to the convenient and respectable place of a lord of trade." No Englishman surely can read this confession without wishing that England may never again have such members of Parliament. From such men nothing could be expected but the loss of America, and, as far as it was in their power, the ruin of England.

Gibbon considers that the eight sessions he spent in Parliament were far from being disadvantageous to him, for he was there in "a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian." It was so undoubtedly; undoubtedly there is nothing like experience; but to gain experience by losing America is surely paying dear even for this civil prudence. Ought not the learning of the *Decline and Fall* to have preserved its author from the worst prejudices of the country squire and the worst faults of the old official Tory? As he sat silently and moodily as a member of the Board of Trade, could he not feel that it was unworthy of him to be a jobbing place-man? As his voice swelled the loud cheers which arose from the ministerial benches whenever Lord North spoke of subduing the rebels by force of

arms, and of depriving their towns of all law and government, did it never strike him that his own times would one day be historical, and that something more than the mechanical action of a ministerial tool would be expected from the historian of the Roman empire? Were not all his knowledge, wit and eloquence, all his high notions of self-respect, worth more than a courtier's sinecure of seven hundred a year? Is this the dignity of a man of letters, about which he so often talked? Is it not even putting the cart before the horse, to consider the House of Commons merely as a school of civil prudence, in which the historian could judge better of the Roman senate? Ought not the spectacle of the corruption of the Roman senate to have taught him to hate corruption in the English Parliament? Ought not all the disgraceful deeds of the foolish, imbecile, and tyrannical Roman emperors in the last days of Rome to have caused Gibbon to hate folly, imbecility, and tyranny in his own time and in his own country, whose interests he professed to represent? If men are to write like Gibbon of past ages, and to act like Gibbon in his own days, have we not heard somewhat too much of the dignity of history, and the wisdom of the philosophy that teaches by examples?

Burke's memorable bills for Economical Reform, and the immortal speech he delivered on introducing them, interrupted the agreeable slumbers of all the political jobbers, of whom Edward Gibbon must be considered one. Gibbon lost his salary, and soon afterwards became sick of politics.

Between Burke and Gibbon there appears to have been little sympathy. Sir James Mackintosh has said that you could cut all Gibbon's mind out of Burke's, and he would never have missed what was taken away. The fact is you could have done nothing of the kind; for the minds of the two men were essentially different. The earnest of the one was the jest of the other; no two men of that century had less resemblance. They were both, indeed, rhetoricians; but Burke's rhetoric is of a very superior quality to Gibbon's; it is pure gold, while that of the historian is often only tinsel. Burke's style, even when most gorgeous, is still easy, and almost colloquial; Gibbon is ever on his high-stepping steed; he could not lay aside his pompous air even when talking of Mademoiselle Curchod and the Hampshire Grenadiers. Burke's writings breathe the most chivalrous delicacy, and the most fervent love of all that is grand, beautiful and ennobling; an unhealthy sensual tone pervades the whole of Gibbon's history; and when he talks of love he is often, notwithstanding his gravity, almost disgusting. Burke was the most distinguished orator, the most richly imaginative, the most comprehensive, the most philosophical that ever adorned the House of Commons; and the only fault that was found with him during the early part of his career was that he spoke too much. Gibbon sat in Parliament during the greatest political conflicts of his generation, the debates were on the most important subjects that ever could interest a philosophical historian, on subjects relating to the foundation of empires, of colonies, of war, of taxation, of the rights of the people, and the rights of the sovereign; on subjects about which a man deeply read in the history of the past could scarcely have thought for a moment without being able to enlighten the merchants and squires at Westminster; but he never once opened his lips in any debate, and

seemed rather proud of the "humble station of a mute." Burke was a whig by principle and by profession; he had, however, been educated in a Roman Catholic country, and though sincerely a Protestant himself, sympathized deeply with his countrymen, who were almost put out of the pale of freedom; Gibbon was an English country gentleman, proud of his birth, proud of his rank, and in his memoirs exults in the dignity of the gentleman commoner's silk gown over the poor bombasin of the plebeian student; yet this man, the tory, the born gentleman, the admirer of Lord North, to whom he dedicated his history, was also (strange anomaly!) a philosopher after the pattern of Voltaire. When the French revolution broke out, Gibbon had a severe struggle between his toryism and his infidelity. He read Burke's *Reflections* with the greatest interest, and admired the eloquence and chivalry of this great political pamphlet so much, that he said he could almost forgive its author's reverence for church establishments. Burke, also, was true to his character. When the first volume of Gibbon's history was published, the orator spoke of the style with absolute loathing.

The first part of this elaborate work appeared in 1776. Although Burke might dislike the style, and many of the principles, yet the multitude at once received it with enthusiastic approbation. Most assuredly it deserved their admiration. If the *Decline and Fall* has great faults, no greater praise can be given to it than to say, that, in spite of those faults, which would infallibly damn any other work at the outset, it is still unhesitatingly admitted to be one of the most extraordinary and one of the ablest works that the hand of genius ever wrote. Burke was undoubtedly a much greater man than Gibbon; but it by no means follows, that Burke could have written the *Decline and Fall*.

Considering that Gibbon was what he was, it is useless even to dwell upon the objectionable parts of his work. All that the author could do he has done; more than this cannot be expected from any author. Gibbon has imbued his history with his own spirit; its blemishes are the blemishes of his mind and heart; in every lineament of the child we see the features of its parent. What could Gibbon do more? We have dwelt on what appears to us the great defects in his character; these defects can all be traced in the history; and were we to enter into an elaborate criticism of it we should repeat many of these observations. Our space will not allow us to attempt an analysis of the *Decline and Fall*, or dwell upon many of the striking political problems which arise from an attentive consideration of the events related in its brilliant pages.

England is proud of the historical triumvirate, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon; but it is evident that the popularity of Hume and Robertson is waning, and that among men of letters their histories are less admired than among the multitude. It is unjust to blame Gibbon for wanting true humanity and real sympathy, without admitting that this want is also to be regretted in the works of his two contemporaries. Neither of them give us very elevating pictures of human nature. They all bear the stamp of the eighteenth century, of its lukewarmness, its scepticism, and its indolent conventionalism. Robertson was, we believe, a sincere Christian; but he was so much affected by the prevailing epidemic, that he cannot see in what he differed from his rivals. Churchmen get

no better treatment from his hands; and in his private letters to Gibbon he echoes the sentiments of his correspondent. Whether those works will have the immortality that their authors predicted, is becoming every day more questionable. The public mind is advancing beyond them, so that even Hume's "careless, inimitable graces" are less admired than they were by our fathers.

But why should Gibbon be placed in this triumvirate! There is no historical work, either of ancient or modern times that can be classed with the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. It is itself alone, and cannot be paralleled. It is not more unlike the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides, Polybius, Livy, or Tacitus, than it is unlike those of Hume, Robertson, Voltaire, Niebuhr, or Macaulay. It is not a national, but a European and more than European work; it has, perhaps, influenced the students of France and Germany more than those of England.

We cannot conceive how Gibbon's history can ever be superseded. There may be men as learned as Gibbon; but learning and industry are not sufficient to write a great history. There may be men of much greater genius; but we need all the genius, all the industry, and all the devotion that this earth can afford to think and act in the affairs of our own distracted times. The present is too serious, the game of existence is too earnest, to allow us to spend twenty years in writing about the past. Learned professors have had to become practical politicians. The first volley of the revolutionary musketry was the farewell shot over the grave of the intellectual aristocrat. Into the most retired study, and to the ears of the most epicurean man of letters, the shouts of the combatants, and the groans of the dying are borne upon the wind, and all who have ears are obliged to listen. He may close his shutters, fasten his double doors, draw his chair comfortably to the fire, and, with his books around him, smile superciliously at the hopes, the fears, and the aspirations of mankind; but still a fearful cry steals ever, ever onward, not to be deadened even by the walls of a dungeon.

We must accept the *Decline and Fall* with all its defects, and be thankful for what Gibbon has given. He has done his best, and therefore, honor to his memory! He has left us in this elaborate work a history of Rome, a history of his own times, and a history of himself. We may perhaps pardon his want of reverence, his affectation, his indecencies, his little love for the grand and the beautiful, his too great love for brute force and successful iniquity, for the original spirit in which the work is conceived and executed, the spirit-stirring narrative, the luminous disquisitions, the wit, the force, the imagination, the eloquence that carry the reader on through so many centuries, untired and still interested, from the days of Augustus to the fall of Constantinople in the fourteenth century. It is a sublime work, a towering pyramid in an intellectual desert.

Scepticism, as we have before said, is not the worst blemish of this history. No Christian historian has ever given such prominence to Christianity; no Christian historian has ever written of religion with such power. In his pages, sceptical as they are, Christianity is more than a name, a system, or a form; it is a real living spirit; there is an unconscious devotion even in the unbelief. Gibbon's irreligion, lamentable as it may have been, was surely better than the religion of his contemptible assailants, Davis, Chesum, and Travis.

The last three volumes were written at Lausanne, whither he had retired after his parliamentary career had been somewhat ignominiously terminated. It is natural for a man of genius to look with love and gratitude to the spot where his intellectual powers were first awakened, where his ambitious projects were first entertained, where he read, walked, and meditated, when his aspirations were known to himself alone. How cheering every well-known object appears! When Gibbon first visited Lausanne he was a poor youth, trembling under the displeasure of a stern father, full of religious crotchets, desirous to find truth, that like the horizon fled before him; passionately fond of miscellaneous reading, and living in an ideal world. When he next visited Lausanne he was in the bloom of manhood, an accomplished scholar, a spirited gentleman, a man of fashion, happy, gay, good-natured, somewhat ambitious of shining in drawing-rooms, and somewhat vain of his first literary production, a brief French essay, that had been more read at Lausanne than in England. When he again visited Lausanne his fame was fully established, he was one of the first historians, he had been a member of Parliament, the friend and equal of statesmen and philosophers; he had passed the middle age, he was rich in the esteem of one or two attached friends; without a prejudice, without a care, without an encumbrance, he was looking forward to spend many happy years in the beloved residence of his youth. When he returned to Lausanne for the last time his work was accomplished; he had mixed for a short while again with the world, but it had only made him more contented with his retirement; new men, new faces occupied the drawing-rooms of London, and the benches of Parliament, and the world was too busy to pay much attention even to the historian of the *Decline and Fall*. He had left England without a sigh, and again hastened back to his retreat; as his health was good, and his library full of books, not a cloud appeared to darken the serene evening of his day. But what are the hopes of man! Nemesis even pursued the historian. His friend Mr. Deyverdun fell prostrate under an attack of apoplexy, and Gibbon was left to enjoy in solitude the house, with its fine views of the lake and mountains. Then, for the first time perhaps in his life, he felt the wants of domestic society, and learnt that even books were not everything to a human being. His conscience smote him; he was rich, but he was not happy; he was famous, but he was not happy; his griefs may be summed up in his own words, "I am alone." Alone even amid all the beauties of nature, all the trophies of intellect; and age, and perhaps infirmity approaching. And, hark! What noise now breaks upon his ears? Surely it is the crack of doom; it is the outbursting of a terrible subterranean fire; it is the explosion of a world. The thing called the "French Revolution" has commenced. Chaos reigns supreme. Where fair cultivated land but lately was, with its stately palaces and time-honored towers, the stormy ocean is raging, and the waves break even against the Swiss mountains, whither many come for refuge from the storm. Lausanne is filled with French exiles; that peaceful little town is disturbed by a strange spirit; the inhabitants are trembling with fear of bankruptcy and ruin, and Gibbon, expecting to hear the revolutionary drum in the streets, has his books and clothes packed up, that he may fly immediately to England.

No pages are more humiliating than those at the conclusion of the first part of the *Decline and Fall*. Never was philosophy more put to shame; never was the folly of the wise more exemplified. The most difficult part of the historian's labor appeared to be accomplished; a splendid narrative of the events of five hundred years had been magnificently brought to a period with the fall of the Roman empire in the West. The author, on laying down his pen, attempts to cast a philosophic eye on the past, the present, and the future; and while pondering on the causes that produced the downfall of Rome, and the destruction of ancient civilization, considers whether the like causes may not exist in the eighteenth century, and whether, should they be found, they might not produce the like effects. He says a patriot ought to prefer exclusively the interest and glory of his native land; but a philosopher may be permitted to enlarge his views, and consider all the nations of Europe as one great republic. What, then, is the great philosopher to do? The savage nations being the common enemies of the human race, the philosopher must anxiously inquire whether Europe be still threatened with the calamities by which imperial Rome was destroyed.

This is surely a weighty question. The reader, by his comfortable fireside, naturally is very anxious to know whether any barbarous Goths, Huns, and Tartars are still roaming about their forests, and threatening to burst down upon the cities where civilization and art, literature and comfort are found. Nobody likes the idea of having his peaceful home invaded by some huge Goth, his wealth taken from him, and his dear wife and children butchered before his eyes. Now, if ever Gibbon, the greatest of historians, the most illustrious professor of "the philosophy that teaches by examples," ought to prove himself a sage; here is a problem indeed for a philosopher to solve.

The review of Europe during the Roman Empire and Europe in the eighteenth century, shows clearly, according to this great historian, how Rome fell, and how we at the present day are safe from such fearful misfortunes. The Romans knew not the extent of their danger; the countries beyond the Rhine and the Danube were filled by mighty tribes of hunters and shepherds, the sworn enemies of peace, civilization, and industry. The frontiers of Gaul were disturbed by revolutions that occurred in China. The Huns, flying before their enemies, caused other tribes to fly before them; and thus column after column of savages, with ever increasing weight, pressed on the Roman Empire. Such can no longer be the case. The north is in complete repose. Germany, instead of a few rude villages, has two thousand three hundred walled towns; three great Christian kingdoms, Denmark, Sweden, and Poland, have been founded; colonies have been extended even so far as the Gulf of Finland; thence to the ocean there is now the powerful and civilized empire of Russia; the plough, the loom, the forge are seen on the banks of the Volga, the Ob, and the Lena; the forest of the Tartar bands have been taught to tremble and to obey; and all that remains of the empire of barbarism is the miserable remnant of the Calmucks or Usbecks, who may be almost counted, and cannot certainly occasion the least fear to Europe as it now is, divided into twelve powerful kingdoms, three respectable commonwealths, and a variety of smaller states. If a savage conqueror were now to issue from the deserts of Tartary, he would have

to vanquish successively "the robust peasants of Russia, the numerous armies of Germany, the gallant nobles of France, and the intrepid freemen of Britain; and even should all these living bulwarks against barbarism fail us, ten thousand vessels could still convey us all to America, and thus Europe might still flourish in the New World. And then the invention of gunpowder has given the civilized man the command of air and fire, the two most powerful agents of Nature; mathematics, chemistry, mechanics, architecture, have also been applied to the service of war; cannon and fortifications are impregnable defences against the Tartar cavalry; and all these different facts prove that Europe is secure from any further irruption of barbarians, since, before they can conquer, they must cease to be barbarous."

Such was the conclusion to which Gibbon had arrived. Surely it is a very comfortable one; and doubtless was very pleasing to the readers of the first editions of his work.

In the December of the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, two volumes of another great history, by a distinguished scholar, writer, and philosopher, whose intellectual, though not his moral characteristics have perhaps a resemblance to those of Gibbon, were given to the world. The concluding paragraph of these two volumes contains two or three remarkable passages, which may with some profit, if also with some mortification, be compared with the last pages of which we have given a slight abstract. We read in this second volume of Macaulay's history, that "Europe has been threatened with subjugation by barbarians, compared with whom the barbarians who marched under Attila and Alboin were enlightened and humane." What! Then there are still barbarians endangering civilization, notwithstanding that the Goths, and the Huns, and the Tartars are no more; and in less than seventy years after Gibbon's brilliant song of triumph, even the cannons, fortifications, and walled towns have been no protection from the inroads of the savages! Where was the philosophy teaching by examples! Did it teach Gibbon, its great apostle, where to look for the enemies of civilization! Philosophy was engaged in contemplating its own perfections, and exulting in its own wisdom, when the flood of barbarism burst its banks, and threatened to inundate the earth. But whence did these barbarians come! Not from the northern countries of Europe and Asia; the waters of the Bosphorus were not disturbed by the rude fleets of savage tribes; these assailants came not from the North, nor the South, neither from beyond the Volga, nor from the deserts of Arabia; they had no barbarous names, spoke no barbarous dialect, they were neither Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Gepidæ, Sueri, Vandals, nor Heruli. Whence, then, did they come! They could not spring from out the earth, for this theory about the origin of mankind philosophers have now abandoned. They came from the very temple of civilization, from the very cities where all that was polite, learned, luxurious, and refined was assembled; from the very neighborhood in which philosophers were meditating and writing treatises on progress and perfectibility, where great statesmen were piously believing that they governed the world, where great orators were haranguing, divines preaching, and philanthropists thinking that everything was as it should be. These barbarians were at our firesides, in the midst of all that was great and glorious. We neglected them,

as Rome neglected the savage that prowled beyond her frontiers. We are now contending against them with weapons, we trust, more efficacious than the pilum of the Roman soldier. The great question of the nineteenth century seems to be, how are these barbarians to be civilized! May we act earnestly and wisely, and thus escape the fate of Rome!

From the Independent.

OCTOBER LEAVES.

LIKE a calm spirit walking on alone
To fated martyrdom, pale Autumn brings
To me a strange enchantment. In its tone
I hear a deeper melody than springs,
When the gay robin sings,
From every bird and breeze that May can call its own.

Soft quiet reigns—repose is everywhere;
The gold-hued weeping elm droops motionless;
The broad-winged sloop upon the river there
Moves, but the motion which it may possess
Adds to the dreaminess,
While lazily the smoke curls through the misty air.

A glorious garment of a thousand dyes
Mantles in beauty every bush and tree;
The ash in purple with the maple vies;
The tulip flecked with golden spots I see,
And light on all pours free,
The half-unearthly light that falls from Autumn skies.

Yon fire-robed forest sweeping down the height
Which skirts the mighty Hudson towards the main,
Seems, in the magic splendor of this light,
A routed host with banners borne in vain,
And red with battle stain,
Dashed over that wild steep in overwhelming flight.

Thoughts do not always come when I desire;
But when, commissioned, the Frost-angel dips
His pencil, then I feel the kindlings of that fire—
Feed on that beauty nothing can eclipse
And nothing can inspire,
But the impassioned kiss which now is on my lips.

Yet can the vision of this tidal river,
Which mirrors bright the glorious hues of Fall,
Banish her image which forgets me never?
Can the cloud-cleaving Palisades inwall
That love, first born of all,
Which shall throb through this bounding heart forever?

O mother! these are matchless scenes, I know,
Rich in old legends and historic lore;
But round that home where first I felt the glow
Of heaven-lent song, which keeps thy love in store,
There lingers something more—
The joy of other days my heart will not let go.

This strong thirst for the beautiful I drew
From thee; thy songs thy lips won me to learn
In childhood, soon gave birth to thoughts anew,
Which now, to worship at that altar turn,
On which, first taught to burn,
They mounted to the stars, and heavenward, homeward flew.

I think with sorrow on thy sufferings,
But cheering thoughts bring balm-drops to the pain;
Thou hast a hope to which thy spirit clings,
A faith too strong and earnest to be vain;
And angels to sustain
Thy strength, spread o'er thy path their glory-lighted wings.
G. K. C.

Yonkers, Oct. 22, 1852.

From the Spectator, Sept. 18.

THE ANGLO-SAXON CROSS-MIGRATION.

BRITISH statesmanship must not console itself with the idea that it can permanently purchase quiet by staving off great frontier questions. The Order of the Lone Star is not the only movement going on in the colonial world; it is rather a great type of a general movement; and that commotion is visiting British territory in forms too active to be evaded.

The colonists of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are not inclined to be content with that settlement of the Fishery question which has created so much satisfaction in Downing Street. The colonists understand the practical bearing of the settlement, and they see that it is a delusion. The Downing Street triumph lies in having obtained a concession from America, in return for the concession made to America; the English diplomatists have obtained from America the right to fish in American waters, and they have conceded to the Americans the right to fish in English waters. But the right to fish where the fish are not found is an exceedingly small equivalent for the right to fish where the fish are. The owner of the trout stream who permits his neighbor to angle in his waters on condition that he may angle for trout in the neighbor's rookery, has achieved that kind of triumph which the English diplomatist gained; but the fishermen of Nova Scotia know better than to be very much delighted with permission to fish in a rookery. They altogether deprecate that "settlement" of the question, and they stand by the old treaty. To the Lieutenant-Governor of their colony they speak in terms of exhortation; to the queen they use terms very like remonstrance. It is evident that they are angry. The next thing will be, that if they cannot obtain from England protection against American encroachments—if they cannot be guaranteed a substantive existence without being over-ridden by their formidable neighbor—they are not unlikely to supersede that oppression by joining the oppressor—to over-ride American encroachment by annexation with America. It is true, as we have shown when the question was mooted some years back, that the British colonists, on the whole, would not gain by that kind of process; but there is no doubt that now their anger is raised. It is a mistake of diplomacy and statesmanship in the present day to overlook the operation of temper in great political movements. Nations have their spleen and their headstrong impatience as well as individuals; and if a colony finds that the mother country will not make a return for its allegiance, it is very likely to throw off that for which no quit-rent is paid.

With this menacing aspect of a British colony in North America it is impossible to avoid coupling another cloud coming over the destiny of a British colony in the opposite hemisphere. A regular stream of emigration has set in from New York to the Gold Diggings of Victoria in Australia; "another batch," numbering 233, sailed on the 29th of last month; to be followed by five ships of considerable size, already announced. The Americans are attracted by the gold but they carry with them something else than avarice, and they will find something besides the metal. They carry with them a spirit of political propagandism, great ambition, and good rifles. They will find there, the Anti-Convict League, a widespread and continually expanding spirit of democracy,

and the Five-star banner of the Australian colonies.

While hundreds of thousands are leaving our own shores to settle in America, it would be impossible for the government of this country to exclude a few thousands of Yankees from British territory. There is, however, this difference in the moral effect of the migration. The emigrants from England to the United States adopt their country and merge themselves into it; the emigrants from the United States have been in the habit of adopting the country to themselves and merging it in their own great republic. It is true, indeed, that the Yankees are not very likely to cast loose the Australias from their moorings and convey them bodily to the American main; but they are likely enough to raise that great idea of federation which has already been adumbrated in Australia itself.

Nor can we, although this survey has been made before, omit a glance at the actual position of the Cape; where General Cathcart has recently insulted the colonists by threatening to withdraw "my army." Such a measure as that which he has threatened would be equivalent to a severance of the connexion by the act of Great Britain herself. It is not probable that the government will carry out that threat; but how detrimental is it to British influence that the threat should remain on record! Sir Harry Smith, with ten thousand troops, besides volunteers, levies, and other auxiliaries, has carried on the war against the natives for some years. General Cathcart superseded him for the purpose of terminating the war forthwith; it still goes on; and after this protracted struggle the colonists are threatened with being abandoned. An American, it is said, has before offered, for the pay of a very much smaller force, to exterminate all the Blacks within practical range of the British settlements; and there is little doubt that a Yankee contractor, with a band of Yankee condottieri, could accomplish that feat. The people of the Cape may contrast this offer with the threat of her majesty's representative. At the present time the officials of the colony are carrying on their functions under many circumstances of illegality; another method of beating down the influence of the British government. Altogether, the feeling of allegiance at the Cape of Good Hope has become a very abstract virtue indeed, without any very good substantial grounds to justify it in the eyes of political sceptics. Monarchy, which can do no good, is piling its ineffectual fire in various parts of the British dominions before the flaring "go-ahead" "devouring element" of active Yankeeism. It is not only on the shores of Cuba, on the fertile fields of the Lobos Islands, that English statesmanship has to encounter this obtrusive spirit; it will have to be encountered before long upon the outposts of the British empire; and now is the time, before matters have gone past remedy, for English statesmen to repair their past omissions, and make good a real footing amongst the colonies.

From the Spectator, 25th Sept.

MILITARY CHANGES IN EUROPE.

WHILE Louis Napoleon is canvassing the south of France for imperial suffrages, the police have orders to carry out a more searching and strict disarming of the people. Persons, it is remarked in an order to several Mairies, possess arms under an idea that they have a right to do so, because

they have purchased them, or have possessed them for a long time; but the police are to disabuse them of that delusion, by taking away the arms. This is but one stage, and it is a very advanced stage, in that process which is disarming the French people, and at the same time more and more separating from the people a standing army to monopolize the possession of arms. The utility of such a separated, non-national army, we saw on the 2d of December. But the Lion is so much in love with the Virgin Empire, that it consents to have its claws pared *again*, even down to the roots.

There is a peculiar circumstance in this disarming of France, for which we do not remember any exact precedent in the history of the world. In recent years, until the present administration, France was a state in which the bulk of the nation possessed some share of material power; in that respect differing on the one side from England, where a standing army has existed ever since the war, and from the great states of Europe on the other side, where such enormous armies have been constructed for the military occupation of Europe. France joins that system, and thus not only introduces a certain sort of uniformity of plan, common to Austria and to England, and now unbroken by France lying between, but also brings to our very door that system of military government which already extends from the White Sea to Cape Spartivento. It is needless to point out the immense engine which a Continental alliance might bring to bear against England from coasts within sight of her own shores, or the excessive uncertainty introduced into all future calculations by the impossibility of trusting to our immediate neighbor.

It is a fact not less remarkable, nor less consolatory, that although death has deprived us of the chief who vindicated the power of England against the last combination that threatened her, he bequeathed to us the aid of his advice and influence in departing from that system which has been common to England and to Austria, as it is now to the whole of Europe from Connemara to the Carpathians. It is true that the formation of a militia is but in embryo—that we have only made a beginning; still we *have* made that beginning. And if some hesitancy and misgiving beset public men, whose instincts, almost more than their reason, made them fall in with that reform, the unexpected concurrence which the hesitators gave to each other on the main object, with the subsequent march of events, will help to strengthen an opinion which has sprung up without any preliminary theory, in its concrete and practical shape. All parties are united in the reform, save one, or rather a section of one. The late ministers introduced a Militia Bill, and the present ministers have carried one, confessedly as a beginning. Mr. Disraeli has the credit of having explicitly recognized the necessity of restoring to the people a greater familiarity with the disciplined use of arms. Lord Palmerston has proclaimed a national trust in all classes of the people. The last parliamentary speech made by the Duke of Wellington was one, practical and pertinent, in support of the Militia Bill; his last official act at the Horse Guards was in the issue of certain regulations for the militia; and we believe that his last public act was made, as lord-lieutenant of his county, in the enrolment of the militia.

Not too early, therefore, England may be said to be restored to the more wholesome practice of

the Anglo-Saxon family, to which her great colonial offshoot of the United States has adhered throughout. Whatever questions may arise as to the military merits of sections of that force, the militia and volunteer army of the Union, some large facts are indisputable. By its veterans it is endeared to the traditions of that young republic. By its vast numbers, not far short, we believe, of two millions, and by its allocation over the whole territory, it defies the foreign invader, as it forbids surprise by the internal traitor. By the conquests on the southern border of the Union, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, it attests the military capacity of its men and officers. By the excellent discipline and conduct of the principal divisions, when they have been tried, it has shown how, in a cultivated community, a citizen soldiery is a guarantee of order. The institution of a citizen soldiery, in one form or other, is associated with the best periods of the history of the Anglo-Saxon family, in Europe not less than America. It does not, indeed, present to a centralized official government so handy a tool for ruling a country from the closet as a mercenary army; but it presents a less concentrated body to be attacked and conquered—or corrupted. Statesmen may experience a little more trouble in dealing with a nation self-guarded, and therefore possessing a self-guaranteed independence; but that is only another expression for saying that a really independent people demands higher and more active statesmanship for its governance; and England has shown that she is capable of producing such statesmen on occasion. It is satisfactory to notice, therefore, that simultaneously with the rounding off of the Continental system of standing armies, England is breaking away from that system, and beginning her return to the healthy and sound system of her race.

From the Spectator, 25th Sept.

CHINA MOBILIZED.

Among us there are strange events; Continental revolutions, the ups and downs of empire, the flight of vast numbers across the Atlantic and Pacific in search of gold; but an event stranger than these is passing nearly unnoticed in the Eastern hemisphere. We are amazed at the exodus from Ireland—the going out of the Celtic population; but what is that to the going out of the Chinese people? The stationary empire in motion at last; the populace of the Celestials moved by a common impulse swarming into the gold-bearing regions of the *outsider* barbarians? Nearly a hundred years ago, Goldsmith treated the town to the imaginary experiences of a Chinaman in England: had he lived in our day, he might have learned the actual impressions of a son of the Flowery Land; and Montesquieu might have personally tested the truth of his own remark, that the Chinese are “*le peuple le plus fourbe de la terre.*” It is no longer a miracle to see a Chinaman of “breezy breeches” in any latitude. They have broken the bonds of habit and gone forth, and are now in every land. They swarm in the islands of the Pacific; they serve in Australia; they sit down in the cities on the Western coasts of South America; they colonize portions of California; a junk has even anchored in the Thames, and a live Mandarin figured at the great Exhibition.

A few facts will illustrate this notable migration of a people who have been singularly home-keeping.

Hitherto, according to Mr. M'Culloch, Chinese emigration has been mainly from the province of Fo-kien, opposite Formosa; and has consisted more of exploring and trading parties than permanent absentees. Thus the Chinese for several centuries worked the silver and diamond mines of Borneo and visited Celebes. But now the sources of the emigration have extended, and embrace the neighboring province. It was remarked by Mr. Asa Whitney, in explaining his projected railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that the islands in the latter ocean afforded a vast outlet for the surplus population of China; and he expressed his belief that the Chinese would swarm out and occupy these islands. They have outstripped the expectations of Mr. Whitney; they have occupied California with detachments of their myriads. Four years have sufficed to bring nearly thirty thousand Chinamen to San Francisco; to find them writing letters to the newspapers, and raising villages named after the chief towns of their native land. In 1848, there were in San Francisco only two men and one woman from China; by the end of 1849, these had increased to nearly 800 men and two women; in 1850, they numbered upwards of 4000 men and seven women; in 1851, this number had increased to 7500; and by August, 1852, there had arrived altogether in that year 20,000 Chinamen, making a grand total in California of 27,500; but allowances for deaths and further migrations, reduced these to 27,058 men and twenty women. These emigrants come from the Canton river, and the rising port of Shanghai. They live and work together, chiefly in the mines; showing that their old habits of acting as commercial middlemen have been broken through.

This enormous Chinese migration is a portentous sign of the great activity of the world. Here is the reign of Confucius coming to an end; here is a Mongol element to mingle in the composite Yankee character; here is an active, enterprising, astute population for Polynesia, opening up endless vistas for future commerce. The Western Pacific will yet see a great historical people on its shores.

The share of England in this striking change—in this mobilization of China—is obvious. We have not only opened the Canton river for ourselves, but for the Chinese. Macartney, Amherst, Pottinger, have delivered the people from the bondage of the ages; and, like all other nations, the Chinese are consciously mingling in the march of the world towards unknown and unlooked-for destinies. The Americans have continued what we began; they too are visiting China, but as friends, not coercers; and, however any Chinese philosopher might mistrust the race which entered Texas in such friendly guise, he would find some difficulty in persuading his countrymen to give up the golden intercourse, on the ground that at no distant date China *might* prove to be to America what India is to England.

From the Examiner.

CLAIM TO THE LOBOS ISLANDS.

Our powerful contemporary, the *Times*, has replied to our article on the Lobos Islands with its usual ingenuity, but with something less than its usual strength. The *Times* says we were not correct in asserting that the Peruvians made no claim to the islands until it was found that their guano was in demand, for that such claim had been made by the Spaniards, whose title the

Peruvians inherited. The Peruvians may assert that the Spaniards made a claim of sovereignty, but Peruvian assertion is no evidence, nor do we find any better support to the claim in the old anonymous maps and charts. The evidence of names is still more worthless; for by it the Dutch might as well lay claim to New Holland or Van Dieman's Land, as the Peruvians to the Lobos rocks.

It is hoped that the American government may think there is some difference between catching cod and gathering fruit. The illustration is not happy, for it is not appropriate. There are no cod-fish near the shores of the Lobos Islands, or indeed throughout the whole Pacific Ocean, and if there were, codfish are taken in the water, and seals which once abounded on the Lobos Islands, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred are taken not in the water, but on the dry land. The parallel which is attempted to be drawn between the production of guano and fruit is in like manner inappropriate. As far as man is concerned, guano is a spontaneous product, but all fruits worth having are the produce of man's toil. We do not object to the Peruvians reaping where they have sown, but we greatly object to their reaping where they have neither sowed nor tilled.

We made no claim of sovereignty in the Lobos Islands for the Americans, nor do we see that they have made any for themselves. What we did claim was a common right to the spontaneous product of the Lobos Islands for all nations, just as we should claim a common right of navigating the waters of the Pacific. The duty laid on guano by the Peruvian government is rapacious and exorbitant. Had it, instead of this, been moderate, it seems not unlikely that in consideration of proximity, like the Sound dues exacted by Denmark, it would have been submitted to, however hypothetical the right; but while it enhances the cost of a now necessary commodity by 100 per cent., the Peruvian government may rely on it that it will not long be endured.

In what we have said on this subject we have had no intention to advocate either the peculiar "rights," or the peculiar "wrongs" of America. The law of nations is not an affair especially of one side of the Atlantic more than of another. We argued for the common rights of all nations; and all that we saw in the conduct of the American government was a struggle for them through the only channel open to it, its own special interests. Had the Americans made an exclusive claim to the Lobos Islands, we should have been just as ready to oppose so impudent a demand, as we have been to expose the impertinent rapacity of Peru.

POLICY OF PEACE-INSURANCE.

Lo! Masses mumbled to the cannon's roar,
And Eagles by embroidered bishops blest;
Soldiers and priests combined on Gallia's shore;
These hate our faith, and those our name detest.
Is this a time to sit, unarmed, at rest?
When scribes too, free to utter little more,
England with menace unbuked defy;
Pooh, pooh! drab cockneys, give your twaddle o'er,
Inviting war. How soon, should foemen come,
You'd cease that cant, to scream, with mouths awry,
For those defenders whom you now decry!
Ne'er let us beat again Aggression's drum,
And trust there's no attack for us in store;
Meanwhile, my friends, we'll keep our powder dry!
Punch.

From the Economist.

THE COTTON CROP.

THE cotton crop of the United States, for the year ending August 31, 1852, has reached the unprecedented quantity of 3,015,029 bales, being 659,772 bales of increase upon the crop of last year, and 918,323 bales of increase upon that of the year preceding, and 628,051 bales more than the average crop of the last six years. Large, however, as this crop has been, it is one of the most remarkable facts in connection with the present state of trade, that it has not proved more than sufficient to supply the extraordinary demand of the year. Stocks, in place of having increased, as would have been expected, had such a crop been anticipated, are everywhere somewhat less than they were a year ago. At Liverpool on Friday last, the stock was reduced to 560,900 bales, against 576,700 bales on the same day last year, notwithstanding an importation into that port alone of 1,736,431 bales since the 1st of January, against 1,456,964 bales during the same period in 1851; and, what is even more remarkable, considering the unusual supply, the price is now about *one penny* per lb., or 20 per cent. higher than it was a year ago. One of the most striking ways in which the increased trade of the present year can be stated, is by the fact, that whereas the *weekly* consumption of cotton in 1851 reached 31,800 bales, yet up to the present time in this year it has reached no less than 39,500 bales. In round figures, then, we may say that 40,000 bales a week, or 2,000,000 bales at least per annum, are required now for British consumption alone.

This remarkable increase of consumption has been effected, probably, not so much by an actual increase of the number of spindles in existence, as by the increased speed applied generally to all existing mills. But when we reflect upon the fact that the supply of the present year has been so much larger than has ever before been received, or than can be fairly expected from the actual field of production on an average of years, and that in addition to our present power of consumption, there are at this moment extensive mills in the course of erection, we must admit that few questions connected with the trade of this country are calculated to excite more anxious speculation as to the future, than that of an adequate supply of this important raw material of our largest industry.

And while so remarkable an extension has taken place in the consumption of cotton in this country, that of other countries has scarcely been less. In the United States the consumption of the year 1850-51 was 404,000 bales; that of 1851-52 just concluded, has been 603,000 bales. Again, to France the direct shipments from the United States have been more in the present, by 120,017 bales, than last year; and those to the Northern and other parts of Europe have been more by 84,435 bales; and it is now beyond doubt that, both in the United States and in the markets of Europe, the stocks are somewhat less than they were a year ago.

What the crop of the current year may be is, under these circumstances, a question which cannot but excite considerable anxiety. Even with another three millions of bales, it is plain that we should have no more than is required for the present consumption;—with anything less, the industry would be considerably hampered and inconvenienced. No one will now dispute the capability

of the existing amount of labor and cultivation to produce that necessary crop—under a combination of very favorable circumstances. The facts of last year have proved the possibility of what would have been doubted before. Nor will any one dispute the fact that the capabilities of production are annually increasing; and that the crop of each succeeding year will, all other circumstances being the same, be larger than the preceding. At the same time, it is impossible to look at the table of annual production, without being reminded of the numerous causes which influence the extent of the cotton crop and affect the annual production. During the last six years the crop has fluctuated from 1,778,000 bales to 3,015,000 bales, having been in one of the intermediate years 2,728,000 bales, and in the next succeeding only 2,096,000 bales. Now, undoubtedly, one of the most important contingencies which lead either to a large or a small crop, is the state of the weather during the autumn months, and the period when the picking is arrested by the arrival of frost. This contingency has yet to be encountered with regard to the growing crop; and, therefore, while we have no doubt that the cultivation of the present year is sufficient to produce even a larger crop than the last, it is much too early to arrive at any definite opinion as to what the actual crop will be, and it is obvious that this uncertainty must continue at least for some time to come.

We add here the total stocks of cotton in Europe after an increased receipt of 455,000 bales:—

	30th Sept., 1851.	30th Sept., 1852.
	Bales.	Bales.
Great Britain, ...	630,000	590,000
France, ...	39,000	49,000
Remainder of Europe, . .	61,000	78,000
	730,000	717,000

To those who are familiar with cotton statistics, these figures may well occasion grave consideration, for stupendous as is the expansion of manufactures in this country, it will be found that the aggregate per centage increase in the consumption of cotton in foreign Europe surpasses even its rapid extension in Great Britain. When it is found that after the largest crop ever collected in the United States, and with average production in other countries, the stocks of cotton are less than they were twelve months ago, the momentous question arises, how is this demand for cotton to be supplied? Until recently, the advices from the United States have justified the hope that the crop now on the ground would have produced a yield even larger than the last crop; but from circumstances (which it is unnecessary to detail) such expectations can no longer be entertained, and the most recent and trustworthy reports from the cotton-growing districts show, that while in the New Orleans section the general aspect of their crop is not unsatisfactory, yet in the Atlantic States the appearance of the plant has become so unpromising, that already apprehensions exist that the total product of the crop may be materially less than that of last year.

THE FAITH OF THE POETS.

I SLEPT and dreamed that Life was Beauty;
I woke and found that Life was Duty;
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

From Chambers' Journal.

WOOL FROM PINE-TREES.

INTERESTING accounts have recently appeared in foreign journals of a novel branch of industry carried on in Silesia, combining so much of ingenuity and utility, as to render a summary of the information very acceptable to those who are seeking for new sources of employment or of profit. It appears that, in the neighborhood of Breslau, on a domain known as Humboldt Mead, there are two establishments alike remarkable: one is a factory for converting the leaves or spines of the pine-tree into a sort of cotton or wool; in the other, the water which has served in the manufacture of this vegetable wool is made use of as salutary baths for invalids. They were both erected under the direction of Herr von Pannewitz, one of the chief forest-inspectors, and the inventor of a chemical process, by means of which a fine filamentous substance can be obtained from the long and slender leaves of the pine. This substance has been called *Holz wolle*, wood-wool, from a similarity in its quality to that of ordinary wool; it may be curled, felted, or spun in the same way.

The *Pinus sylvestris*, or Scotch fir, from which this new product is derived, has been long esteemed in Germany for its many valuable qualities; and, instead of being left to its natural growth, is cultivated in plantations of forest-like extent. In this way, many parts of a vast, dreary, sandy surface are turned to good account, for the tree grows rapidly on a light soil, imparting to it solidity and consistency, and affords shelter to the oak, which, under such favorable circumstances, acquires such vigor of development as to outgrow its protector. About the fortieth year of its growth, the pine yields considerable quantities of resin; and the value of the wood for building purposes, and for constructions immersed in water, is well known. Mr. Pannewitz has, however, added another to its list of useful applications; and if the leaves can be employed as described, the *Pinus sylvestris* may become an object of culture in countries where it is now neglected.

The acicular leaves of firs, pines, and conifers in general, are composed of a bundle, or fasciculus, as a botanist would say, of extremely fine and tenacious fibres, which are surrounded and held together by thin pellicles of a resinous substance. If this substance be dissolved by a process of coction, and the employment of certain chemical reagents, the fibres can then be easily separated, washed, and cleansed from all foreign matter. According to the mode of treatment, the woolly substance is fine or coarse, and is employed as wadding in the one case, and in the other as stuffing for mattresses. Such, in a few words, is an explanation of Mr. Pannewitz's discovery. He has preferred the *Pinus sylvestris* to other species because of the greater length of its spines; but there is reason to believe that it is not the only kind which may be worked with advantage.

There is said to be no danger in stripping the trees, even while young, as they only need the whorl of spines to be left at the extremity of each branch, in order to continue their growth; all the other leaves may be removed without damage. The gathering should take place while they are in their green state, for at no other time can the woolly substance be extracted. This operation, which takes place but once in two years, affords employment and pretty good wages to a number

of poor people, some of whom will collect two hundred pounds in a day. The yield from a branch of the thickness of the finger is estimated at one pound, and a beginner will strip thirty such branches in a day. In the case of felled trees, the work proceeds with great rapidity.

The first use made of the filamentous matter, was to substitute it for the wadding used in quilted counterpanes. In 1842, five hundred counterpanes so prepared were purchased for the use of the hospital at Vienna; and, after an experience of several years, the purchase has been renewed. It was remarked, among other things, that the influence of the wood-wool prevented parasitic insects from lodging in the beds, and the aromatic odor arising from it had been found as beneficial as it was agreeable. Shortly afterwards, the Penitentiary at Vienna was provided with the same kind of quilts; and they have since been adopted—as well as mattresses filled with the same wool—in the Hospital de la Charité at Berlin, and in the Maternity Hospital and barracks at Breslau. A trial of five years in these different establishments has proved, that the wood-wool can be very suitably employed for counterpanes, and for stuffed or quilted articles of furniture, and that it is very durable.

It was found that, at the end of the five years, a wood-wool mattress had cost less than one made of straw, as the latter requires an addition of two pounds of new straw every year. In comparison with horse-hair, it is three times cheaper; it is safe from the attack of moth, and in a finished sofa no upholsterer would be able to distinguish between wood-wool and hair-stuffing.

It has been further ascertained that this wool can be spun and woven. The finest gives a thread similar to that of hemp, and quite as strong. When spun, woven, and combed, a cloth is produced which has been used for carpets, horse-cloths, &c.; while, mixed with a canvas warp, it will serve for quilts, instead of being employed in the form of wadding.

In the preparation of this wool, an etherized oil is formed, of an agreeable odor, and green in color, but which on exposure to the light changes to a yellowish-orange tint, and which resumes its original color on the light being again excluded. Under the rectifying process, it becomes colorless as water, and is found to differ from the essence of turpentine extracted from the stem of the same tree. Its employment has proved most salutary in gouty and rheumatic affections, and when applied to wounds as a balsam; as also in certain cases of worm disease and cutaneous tumors. In the rectified state, it has been successfully used in the preparation of lacs for the best kinds of varnish; in lamps it burns as well as olive-oil; and it dissolves caoutchouc completely and speedily. Already the perfumers of Paris make large use of this pine-oil.

With respect to the baths; it having been discovered that a beneficial result attended the external application of the liquor left after the coction of the leaves, a bathing establishment was added to the factory. This liquor is of a greenish-brown tint; and, according to the process, is either gelatinous and balsamic, or acid; formic acid having been produced in the latter case. When an increase in the efficacy of the baths is desired, a quantity of extract obtained by the distillation of the etherized oil above mentioned, which also contains formic acid, is poured into the liquor. Besides which, the liquid itself is thickened by concentra-

tion, and sent out in sealed jars to those who wish to have baths at home, thus constituting a profitable article of trade.

We understand that these baths have been in operation for nine years, with a continual increase of reputation and number of visitors. That the facts are not exaggerated, would appear from medals having been awarded to M. Weiss, the proprietor and manager, by societies in Berlin and Altenburg, for the extraordinary results produced. As likely to lead to a new development of industry, the processes are especially worthy of attention.

The catalogue of utilities is, however, not yet exhausted; there is one more with which we bring our notice to a close. After the washing of the fibre, a great quantity of refuse membranous substance is obtained by filtration. This being moulded into the form of bricks, and dried, becomes excellent fuel, and gives off so much gas from the resin which it contains, that it may be used for lighting as well as heating. The making of a thousand hundred weights of the wool leaves a mass of fuel equal in value to sixty cubic yards of pine-wood.

From Punch.

THE WEDDING MORNING.

(ADDRESSED TO THE MARRIAGEABLE.)

ENCOURAGED by the success which has attended the efforts of the original devisers of the system, *Mr. Punch* respectfully announces to the nobility, gentry, and (Protestant) clergy, and all other persons likely or liable to marry, that he is about to open an establishment for the supply of everything requisite and desirable at a Wedding.

He purposes to confide the providing the mere necessities, as wines of the rarest vintages, the breakfast, plate, china, servants, carriages, and bride-cake, to the parties who habitually advertise their readiness to undertake such provision, and who, so far as he knows, acquit themselves with great credit. They will, of course, be enchanted to act as subordinates in carrying out the scheme he is now about to submit.

The first startling novelty of *Mr. Punch's* system is, that he undertakes to provide The Other Party. Any lady or gentleman, therefore, who may have obtained his or her consent to be married, has merely to write to *Mr. Punch*, ordering "the breakfast and the usual accessories."

If wished, one of *Mr. Punch's* young men will attend a party desirous to be married, with daguerreotypes of Other Parties on hand. The selected Party exchanged if not approved of, but, in the case of a lady, not later than twelve o'clock, or if a gentleman, than six o'clock, on the day preceding that of the ceremony. Hair and teeth warranted, but neither age nor temper. Any amount of certificates and testimonials, however, may be had as to any point, *Mr. Punch* having engaged several eminent Begging Letter Writers to manufacture these to order.

Arrangements with the leading Ladies' Establishments in the metropolis and suburbs, enable *Mr. Punch* to offer selections from an assortment of the most charming Bridesmaids who ever cried before an altar. Due regard will, of course, be had in producing, or in avoiding, contrast between a lady and her bridal attendants. A group of old maids, with undeniable wigs, kept for occasions when younger bridesmaids may be deemed undesirable.

Several elegant young gentlemen, with others of more mature years, have been engaged, and will always be ready to enact the Bridegroom's friends, brothers, cousins, school-fellows, or any other rela-

tions that may be desirable. (Parties finding their own plate need be under no apprehension for their spoons, a policeman, disguised as a city uncle, invariably accompanying the party.) Moustaches, or not, as may be ordered.

A heavy Father, either for Bride or Bridegroom, can be provided, and he will be warranted to sob audibly at the ceremony, and, if wished, to embrace the clergyman convulsively, and call for water in the vestry. He will be furnished with a chastely pathetic speech for the breakfast. A comic gentleman will also be sent to return thanks for the bridesmaids, and *Mr. Punch's* connexion with the journal bearing his name is a warranty for this party being supplied with novel and discreet jokes.

Clergy furnished according to the views of the parties. Those of the Clapham School entail a somewhat increased expense on account of their large consumption of the good things of the table, and a Puseyite will also be charged extra, on account of the cost of the dress, which can be used for no other person (except on the fifth of November); but it is suggested that this official be left to *Mr. Punch's* selection, he undertaking on no account to introduce an Irishman.

A member of Parliament (with a speech), a family solicitor (clerk with parchments perpetually in the way, extra), a peer, a baronet, a banker, or any other character which may be thought desirable to enhance the *clat* of the affair, will be supplied at the shortest notice. Any number of foreign noblemen without additional charge, and with orders, ribbons, and broken English complete.

Attached servants, of both sexes, who have known either party, as may be wished, since childhood, will be included, and will cry violently, either in the hall, or when bringing in coffee, or at any cue which may be arranged. A white-headed old butler, with an agonized benediction on his young master or mistress (whose father saved his life), may be had, but as he is on the staff of a suburban theatre, this touching effect must be arranged so as not to interfere with his hour for rehearsal elsewhere.

A fashionable milliner and a first-rate tailor always in waiting.

Love-letters, as also letters of congratulation, with wedding presents from distant friends, in constant readiness. Sentiments of such communications inserted to order, and warranted to read well when handed round.

N. B. Christenings on a similar system, and everything found except the Baby.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE APPLE.

THE apple, with its various hues—ruddy, golden, and russet—forms a handsome group, accompanied by its oblong relatives, the mottled pear and the tawny quince. The apple is unfortunate in having acquired the reputation of a mischief-making fruit ever since the designation of "apple" has been applied to the fruit of ill omen eaten by Eve. The reader will remember the trite examples in the classic mythology of the apple of discord, the golden apples which caused the swift-footed Atalanta to lose her fateful race, and the apple of Acontius which brought so much sickness and suffering to Cydippe, and is immortalized in Ovid's Heroic Epistles. In later times, an apple was, indeed, a fruit of discord to the imperial family of Byzantium. Theodosius the younger, Emperor of the East, in the fifth century, had married the beautiful, accomplished, and celebrated Eudoxia (called Athenias before her conversion to Christianity), and for many years he entertained the strongest affection for her. There came to the Court of Constantinople, Paulinus, a philosopher who was

highly esteemed for his learning by Eudoxia. One day she unguardedly bestowed on him, as a mark of friendship, a remarkably fine apple with which she had been presented by Theodosius. Paulinus, ignorant of these circumstances, carried the apple as a respectful offering to the emperor. The latter, recognizing the fruit, and conceiving a jealous suspicion, went to the empress, and, in a stern tone, demanded what she had done with his gift. Eudoxia, disconcerted by his manner, was unhappily tempted to an untruth, and replied that she had eaten it. The emperor, confirmed in his suspicions, produced the apple, convicted her of falsehood, taxed her with infidelity, and banished her from Constantinople forever. She retired to Palestine, where she died, after enduring eleven years of humiliation and exile. The unfortunate Paulinus was put to death by the orders of Theodosius. Thus was an apple fatal to the peace of the powerful, the beautiful, and the wise. The reader will be interested by comparing this historical anecdote with the strikingly similar story of "The Three Apples" in the Arabian Nights. The Byzantine historians furnish us with a trait resembling the classic judgment of Paris, in which the prize, in a competition for superior beauty, was a golden apple. Theophilus, Emperor of the East, in the ninth century, desirous of choosing the most beautiful woman in his dominions for his wife, published a manifesto requiring all the unmarried females who were remarkable for their charms to repair to Constantinople, and assemble in his presence on an appointed day, when he would distinguish the object of his choice by giving her an apple of gold. Great numbers appeared, and presented such a galaxy of beauties, that Theophilus was perplexed and walked to and fro, undecided, among the anxious competitors for a throne. At length he stopped before Icasia, a young girl of high rank and exceeding loveliness, and his eyes seemed to say they would seek no further. "Truly," said he, as he gazed admiringly, "women are dangerous beings; they often do a great deal of mischief." Icasia thought it incumbent on her to reply: "Yes, sire, but in recompense they sometimes do a great deal of good." The emperor was displeased; he thought a modest silence at such a moment would have been more becoming than an attempt at repartee. He turned from Icasia, and the golden prize he had been on the point of presenting to her he gave to Theodora. Icasia buried her mortification in a cloister, where she amused her leisure by writing several works of merit; and was, in the end, more happy than her successful rival. Theodora and Theophilus differed in religion—the empress was a Roman Catholic, the emperor an Iconoclast, or image-breaker; he was a man of ferocious temper, and there was no union of soul between them. After a troubled reign of twelve years, Theophilus died, leaving the widow to contend with the wickedness of her son, the young Emperor Michael, a monster of depravity, who soon deposed Theodora from her rank, and imprisoned her and her daughters for life in a convent, where, probably, the fallen empress remembered Icasia with envy, and mourned that she herself had ever received the unfortunate prize of the golden apple. *En revanche* for its mischiefs, the apple has sometimes led to good, as in the instance of William Tell, when it was the remote cause of the liberation of Switzerland; and in the instance of Sir Isaac Newton, who was led to discover the laws of gravitation by an apple falling on his head.

In the Scandinavian mythology, the Goddess Iduna kept in a box a kind of apples of which the gods ate when growing old, and renewed their immortality. Lok, the evil genius, carried away Iduna, and kept her prisoner in a thick forest. The gods were in danger of becoming decrepid, till Lok was conquered by Thor the Thunderer, and forced to restore Iduna and her rejuvenating fruit. This fable seems derived

from some obscure tradition of the fruit of the tree of life, and of Eve and the serpent.

In the classic mythology apples are sacred to Venus, from her gaining the prize of the golden apples from Paris in his famous judgment, and they were dedicated to Hercules from his conquest of the golden fruit of the Hesperides. In the Pythian games, apples consecrated to Apollo were the reward of the victor.

In England it was long customary to bless the new apples on St. James' day (July 25), and on twelfth day to sprinkle apple trees with libations of cider, accompanied by the singing of some rude, ancient rhymes, a custom supposed to be a relic of the rites of Pomona.

The apple mentioned by Solomon in Canticles is believed to be the citron (*citrus medica*), for the apple is not grown in Palestine. Solomon describes the fruit as of a golden color, and with a very fragrant and reviving scent—circumstances true of the citron, but not of the apple.

NEW BOOKS.

Village Life in Egypt: with Sketches of the Said. By Boyle St. John. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

We have only space to say of these agreeable volumes that they are devoted to rather a different phase of Egyptian life than has heretofore obtained much of the attention of travellers; and that, therefore, and for their pleasant style of story-telling, they are uncommonly fresh and attractive. Mr. St. John writes of the manners and customs, the virtues and the vices of the laboring class of Egyptians—of those fellâhs, the forced labor of which, under the yoke of their successive masters, has attracted so much attention, for the misery, oppression, and evil political results that it has always produced. Mr. St. John has very little to say of the monuments, but much of the men of Egypt, who have usually been neglected for talk about bricks, mortar, and mummies. He has produced two of the most readable volumes of the season, and volumes, too, not without valuable hints and facts.—*Post.*

Nature in Disease. An Address by B. E. Cotting, M. D.

This discourse, recently delivered before the Norfolk Medical Society, has the dignified but earnest and liberal tone of true science. It contains valuable suggestions respecting the power of nature in certain diseases, now deemed self-limited, and sound advice concerning deeper and more thorough investigation. It is accredited to the medical profession, and, although a less comprehensive production, is to be classed with Dr. John Ware's capital address, on a similar occasion.—*Ibid.*

Poetry for Schools. By Eliza Robbins: D. Appleton & Co.

This selection is much needed, not only in schools, but in families, for it includes numerous favorite poems, once the household words of the best domestic circles, but, of late years, almost forgotten in consequence of being excluded from popular children's books. With a just conservative taste, Miss Robbins has regathered these perennial flowers of the muse, and interwoven them with other and more recent blossoms—thus forming a beautiful and valuable collection, in which Watts, Cowper, and Burns are ranged side by side with Bryant, Coleridge and Mrs. Hemans. The sentiment of each poem, not less than the special interest pertaining to it, is such as to enlist the purest sympathies of childhood. The notes explain all uncommon words, and give some idea of each author's life. Good taste and excellent judgment are manifest in the whole selection, arrangement and comments.—*Home Journal.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

SLAVERY IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

BY A CAROLINIAN.

I cannot imagine a more splendid career, intellectually speaking, than that of a slave-owner in a slave state, who is thoroughly awakened to the difficulty of his position.—*The Author of Friends in Council.*

We have just received from America an able pamphlet bearing the above title, written in a candid and temperate spirit, and is offered as a reply on the behalf of the slaveholders, to the question, "What do you think of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the South?" It certainly presents a view which is little known in England, and expresses opinions which are little understood here.

The subject of slavery is so important, so much exaggeration of feeling and statement has been indulged upon it, and the difficulties in the way of any effectual settlement are so great—the greater the more we look closely into it—that we ought to be thankful to any one well acquainted with and personally interested in the matter, who argues the question so dispassionately as the "Carolinian" has done.

To PREACH distant reform is very cheap philanthropy—the cheaper in proportion to the distance. The feeling of self-satisfaction exists without the necessity of personal sacrifice. Hence the temptation that betrays sometimes good men into ill-considered zeal. The danger is, that recrimination and bitter blood be the only result; for those whose faults are held up for blame are tempted into the easy answer of pointing to faults "at home." And so such attempts at reform generally end in harm. We can call to mind no instance in which such intervention is friendly, or held to be friendly. Certainly not between those claiming to be equals in moral cultivation. England has succeeded in putting an end to Suttee in India; but Sir Henry Bulwer was sacrificed in Spain to intervention, and Lord Palmerston's foreign policy has ended in complaints that Englishmen are not safe anywhere on the Continent. Such must always be the case as long as human nature has its weaknesses, and when these cease the reformer's occupation will be gone. A reformer need scarcely hope to achieve any usefulness unless those to whom he appeals are satisfied of his friendly disposition, for which the best guarantee is his living among them. Another requisite for the reformer is the opportunity for self-sacrifice, which is the only proof of disinterestedness that will avail much. But his greatest power is such a complete acquaintance with the institution he attacks, and the character of those who uphold it, as will enable him judiciously to take advantage of what is good in them both, to aid him in grappling with the evil. For as there is no prevailing error which has not its haven of truth, so there is no institution which has not some natural fitness for the circumstances under which it has been developed; and hence we believe that no attempt at reform is wise which begins with intolerance.

All these requisites to practical usefulness have been wanting in those who have declaimed against slavery and its abuses; and consequently the effect

of their declamations has been to give rise to recrimination, until the north and the south know each other through their vices more familiarly than through their virtues. The consequence, too, has been excitement of feeling at the south, which, it cannot be denied, interferes with her calmness of judgment on many points of slavery. And, moreover, she has been led very naturally to turn to the bright side of the picture by way of relief from the many exaggerated horrors that are held perseveringly up to her, until she is apt to forget that there are in slavery, as in all social systems, many errors which only time, and caution, and serious thought, can correct. But it is time now for the south to have done with the weakness which has betrayed her into intemperate heat or carelessness. She is forgetful of her own dignity if she enters into a war of recrimination, in which the battle is not to the strongest, but to the most vulgar; or if she allows any misrepresentations from abroad to induce a frame of mind that is unfavorable to the discharge of her duties. She is unjust to herself if she is tempted by the bright side of her institutions to deny the darkness of the other. We know that she is schooling herself to indifference to the violent abolition abuse of the north, and that what she has done for the elevation of the negro has not been under a pressure from without, but rather at the suggestions of her own sense of duty. But still there lingers some weakness of temper, some over-sensitiveness, which betrays itself, we think, in public opinion, that is too quick to charge her own men with "unsoundness" on this question. We would have her act up to the dictates of conscience, acknowledge her great responsibilities and all the rights of the slave, set herself earnestly to fulfil the duty that God has thrown upon her, and, as she yields nothing to the prejudices of the north, yield nothing to her anger at their violent expression.

Uncle Tom's Cabin is the latest attack upon slavery. The book contains all the arguments against the institution, vivified in dramatic scenes of great power, and made attractive by highly-wrought sketches, imaginative chiefly, though, we are assured, not extravagant. We may not doubt what we hear of its unprecedented sale, nor that its authoress has refused ten thousand dollars for the copyright. We confess to having read the book with much excitement, under the influence of which we wrote many pages in its refutation. But we soon felt that we had fallen into a too common error, and we tore up our pages at the suggestion of the preceding train of thought. We shall not make any question of love or hate with this book, but shall content ourselves with an effort to derive such profit from it as may be suggested even from the midst of its extravagance and injustice.

The "moral end" of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is to bring out in a strong light the evils of the complete dependence of one man upon the arbitrary will of another. We have a variety of vivid scenes to illustrate the power of the master in separating the families of slaves, in destroying their moral char-

acter, and in scourging them even to death. In these sketches her zeal has got the better of the authoress, and she has drawn a most wild and unreal picture of slavery. The consequence is, that the book, with its vast circulation, will do infinite injury. Its dramatic power will have no other effect upon the country than to excite the fanaticism of one portion and to arouse the indignation of the other. It will carry an erroneous picture of slavery to those who are only too eager to misunderstand, and will serve to confirm that increasing southern opinion which sees only hatred and misconception of us at the north. Its well-seasoned horrors will give a new birth to Abolition apostles in factories and farm-yards, and its descriptions will furnish the materials of many an extravagant discourse, and be the household talk of many a family circle. At the south it will hardly be read with toleration, and there is danger that the bitterness it engenders will make it of no service to the negro.

Mrs. Stowe proceeds, after her manner, to denounce slavery because of this irresponsible power of the master. Her argument is a description of scenes such as we have never seen or heard of, but which, of course, we cannot undertake to deny. It is always easy to attack an institution by dwelling with emphasis upon its abuses. This error of fanatical reformers has been admirably illustrated by the remark, that they hold the abuses of a system so close to their eyes that they can see nothing beyond. Now we can allow Mrs. Stowe no monopoly of feeling, or even of sentiment (though the word is growing disreputable), when we hear of brutal wrongs committed by one man against another; nay, we shall perhaps go beyond her in reprobation of all abuse of that authority which God has given to the white man at the south over the African. But we know more of slavery than she does, though she has undertaken to tell all the world about it, and we refuse to take these things as a picture of the institution. We refuse to judge any system by extravagant pictures of the crimes that disfigure it. We are not ready at the bidding of Mrs. Stowe, in this great question of slavery, to see only its occasional horrors; because we have seen Christianity always revered in the world, though many stains of bigotry, and though the torture and the stake, have more than once obscured it; because children still look up with love and honor to their parents, though crime has come of the parents' power; because the marriage tie has brought untold happiness to men and women in spite of many seasons and places in which it has been mere mockery; because the laws of property are respected still, though the oppression of the rich has wrung from the poor the bitter cry that "property is robbery"; because we believe the mission of woman to be for peace and good-will, though we have read of the siege of Troy, and have known many modern Helens of the agitation-school; because we see nothing without its evils, no Divine institution that man has not defaced, no human institution without its errors. It is in view of all this that we say that Mrs. Stowe has been unjust. In dwelling with great skill and dramatic power upon the abuses of the system, and upon nothing beyond, she has given a most false and wrong impression of what slavery is. She has filled her northern readers with a delusion.

She is concerned if we reject her deformed image of slavery, making answer to it as we have done, that these horrors are abuses, and are only occasional. Her defence, strongly and eagerly urged,

is, that these abuses are "inherent" in the system. She says, "There is actually nothing to protect the slave's life but the *character* of the master. Facts too shocking to be contemplated occasionally force their way to the public ear, and the comment that one often hears made on them is more shocking than the thing itself. It is said, 'Very likely such cases may now and then occur, but they are no sample of general practice.' If the laws of New England were so arranged that a master could *now and then* torture an apprentice to death, without a possibility of being brought to justice, would it be received with equal composure? Would it be said, 'These cases are no sample of general practice'? This injustice is an inherent one in the slave system; it cannot exist without it."—It will be observed that this leads to quite another question than the infrequency of these abuses. We have insisted only upon their rare occurrence, and for that reason have refused to allow her descriptions of them to pass for a picture of slavery. What she says about their being "inherent in the system" does not make her picture the less a misrepresentation. Is it a defence of the book as an argument against the institution? We still insist that her argument might be turned against almost any existing institution, because there are none that provide altogether against those abuses which grow out of the evil passions of men. If we were to draw a picture of the miserable condition to which men and women are reduced in the great cities and manufacturing districts by the fierce competition which enables the man of capital to hold "flesh and blood so cheap," and if, ascribing this to the liberal legislation that allows him to demand so much work for so little pay, we were to cry out against the present laws of property, our argument would not be more faulty than Mrs. Stowe's. How much of bitterest anguish may be traced to the power that coarse men are clothed with by the conjugal relation! If we were to cry out against matrimony on this ground, and bring up for argument a score of pictures drawn from the worst phases of married life, we should outrage society; and it would be a shallow excuse for us to point to the necessity of these things in the system. As there is in these instances, which might be indefinitely multiplied, danger of abuse of the power which society gives to one man over another, so it would be absurd to deny the danger that there is of the white man's occasionally abusing the power over the black that has been placed in his hands.

There is everywhere incompleteness in human legislation. A system of government which would raise a barrier against every evil disposition in man would be a clog about his feet. Such a system, based upon the evil that is in men, would be as Utopian as the system of Fourier, which was based upon the doctrine that every impulse is good and must have full play. Society would be burdened with no criminal code if *systems* could correct all the evil tendency of man's nature. But the necessary insufficiencies of legislation are the most fruitful occasions for the exercise of the virtues, which here play the part of the *vis medicatrix* of nature. And they are taking a false view of any system, who ignore the existence and development of these virtues. If they willfully see nothing but a tendency to abuse, they are turning away from all the good that corrects this tendency. In this matter of slavery, they are turning away from all the best instincts of men, and from all the charities that grow out

of the relation. They are turning away from all the faithfulness and affection that are aroused in dependants by a generous use of power, from all the self-restraint and moral culture that may come from a consciousness of the possession of power, and from all the sympathy that comes from the sense of an obligation to protect.

And here we are reminded of our views in noticing Mrs. Stowe's book, and of the pledges we are under to derive what profit we may from any suggestions that may occur even in the midst of her extravagance and injustice. This point of the vast power of the master is where the whole weight of our duty and responsibility rests. And the answer we make to Mrs. Stowe reminds us of all that lies upon us in the way of duty, and admonishes us of all the opportunities for usefulness that are given to us. While the slaveholder is bringing forward the above suggestions in defence of slavery, he will remember that he is going over the catalogue of his own duties. As we are eagerly urging that the good there is in human nature will supply the deficiencies of human legislation, we are claiming for the slave *moral rights* which arise from the absence of *legal rights*. And the more warmly our defence is urged, the more firmly are we binding ourselves to do our part. And especially we are rejecting that easy Abolition Philanthropy that looks no further than to a relief from all these duties and perplexities. The slaveholder who hopes to cut the Gordian knot by shrinking from the claims of his position is rashly throwing away opportunities for which he may be called to make his account hereafter. Shall we, in supineness or in fear, give up any position where much is required of us, because of the danger that lies in our path? Shall a king lay down his sceptre, when he may be the centre of blessings to all his people? Shall the great ones of the earth voluntarily give up the love that may wait upon the faithful use of their power? Shall any man give up the ties of family, of society, because of the duties they bring, uttering the weak and wicked prayer, "These five talents, O God! that thou hast given me, are too heavy upon me; make me like unto thine other servants to whom thou hast given but one talent, from whom but little shall be required?"

Mrs. Stowe does not note any of this profound sense of responsibility in the slaveholder. Indeed, it is a part of her argument to see nothing but blunted feelings, such as she would deprecate for New Englanders. It is very true that the habitual sight of a class submitting to superior power accustoms us to much that would shock the sensibilities of strangers. But the difference between the two cases is, that we "have our poor always with us," while they who undertake to pity our want of sensibility are spared the sight of the poor that die all unheeded in their great cities. Is it altogether to their advantage that they should have the privilege of cherishing the sharp edge of their sensitiveness, while we are thrown into positions that daily increase our active usefulness, at some sacrifice, it may be, of romantic feeling? The claims of our poor are daily calling for the active benevolence of every slaveholder; while it is only the humane *few* at the north whose feelings are exposed to the risk of being blunted by an acquaintance with the painful scenes of poverty in the next street or the next block. We know of no higher sphere of duty than is presented in the daily routine of our southern women. We are sure that their home usefulness will not suffer by comparison with the philanthropy

that leaves all untouched most abundant harvests at home, for distant fields where there is more to minister to a romantic sentiment. If our humanity were of this stamp, we should be ever preaching crusades against the crime and disease and want that infest the lanes and cellars of New York and Boston. And we might with great propriety get up societies for the recovery of the free blacks of New England, whose situation is such, if we may believe statistics, that their natural increase is only one-twentieth of that of our slaves.

But let us proceed to consider more at length this dependence of one man upon the arbitrary will of another. As this is the essence of slavery, and as the mere enunciation of it carries to most men condemnation of the system, we shall take pains to see whether there is not much exaggeration in the usual estimate of its evils. And if we meet with any success in this, we shall redeem our pledge to profit by the suggestions derived even from extravagance and injustice; because the course of our argument will prove that the position of the slave does not necessarily make him the "chattel" that our northern friends call him. And if we prove this, our argument will at once force upon us the necessity of unremitting efforts on our part for his moral elevation, and will, at the same time, encourage us to persevere, by the proofs that his position is not incompatible with a higher moral culture than now falls to the lot of most of the overtaxed laborers of the earth. It will show us that it is in reality only at the north that this "chattel" is not esteemed a man. And in urging that the south has already raised her "chattels" far above the heirs of labors that freedom claims in the crowded districts of all the great centres of population, we shall be encouraged to hope that, if she be allowed to go on in the path she has already entered upon, she may in the end be able to point to these her "chattels" as her "jewels."

Already has the physical condition of the slave ceased to enter into the slavery argument, the Abolitionists in general having given up that, to take, as they say, higher ground. Already does the teaching of the slave rank with the slaveholder next to his duty to his children; and the prints of a solemn sense of responsibility are conspicuous everywhere. If we may judge by the churches that are rising every day for the simple worship of the negro, by the number of cultivated men and women who are bending to the task of the simplest instruction, or by the number of the slaves who are constant and eager attendants upon their churches and Sunday schools, we may not doubt that the labor of the much-pitied African is relieved by far more of religious culture than can possibly fall to the lot of those who are born to the heritage of toil, that begins with earliest childhood, and endures, not only through the strength of life, but until its latest sands are shaken out. When it is admitted that the physical condition of the slave is so secure that he is not forced to tax his immature strength, or to exhaust his decaying powers, even northern fanatics should recognize that there is room for cultivation beyond the condition of the mere "chattel." We do not say that the south has done all that she might do to fill the vacant hours of the slave, but she is roused to the task that lies upon her, and we trust that she will not be diverted by an intemperate zeal that would persuade her that slavery is incompatible with any elevation of the slave's character; but rather that a calm consideration of the arguments of her oppo-

nents will make her triumph over them by a more faithful discharge of her duties.

In approaching this question of the dependence of one man upon another, we should remember that, in estimating the condition of the slave, we are to compare him with those who are appointed to do the hard labor of life, in regard to whom we are daily uttering the Pharisee's prayer, not as he did, but reverently, "I thank thee that I am not like unto these." And we are to remember, that, though America has not felt the effects of the excess of labor which is at the bottom of the great problem of the day in older countries, she may see in them what she must one day come to. Her thinking men will inevitably be startled by the despairing tones of the simple claim, "I have nothing, you have much," and will have to confess to themselves the power of such a claim in the mouths of the starving. Let us not hope to escape the problem. It must come, for we are told that "the poor shall never cease out of the land." And already in America some of our great cities are beginning to show the effects of over-population, in radicalism and the occasional triumph of mob law. In poverty also and disease the poor are feeling the first approaches of the great struggle for existence, which ever comes as an attendant course to the very centres of civilization. It is said that there is a district in Boston in which life is shortened by density of population to an average of 13½ years, human beings being crowded together at the rate of 441,500 to the square mile.* Such a fearful state of things is surpassed only in one district of Liverpool. The accounts that appeared a few years since of the cellar population in New York are scarcely less appalling. The thought of these things, of what has ever existed in the Old World, and of what will surely come upon America, will prepare us for the use of an argument from analogy, by which to find a counterpart everywhere for the objection which is held so fatal for slavery.

Indeed, when we are once thrown into this chaos of the "false relations" of men to each other, there is no halting-place anywhere. There is food for gravest thought everywhere. "Do not be so vain of your one objection." "Do you think there is only one?" Speculation leads on to speculation, until we are brought up at last by the hard question of the origin of evil. And we are almost tempted to say, that it matters not what we have to do; the only question is with what spirit we do. "Can we not play the game of life with these counters, as well as with those?" But to proceed. This power that slavery gives to one man over another is met with everywhere in society. Caleb Williams! Alton Locke! Mary Barton! Parliamentary Blue Books! Mining Districts! Manufacturing Districts! Combinations of Workmen! Combinations of Masters!—to which shall we point especially? In all is the lesson of one man's power over another. Only yesterday the lesson was taught afresh, in the strike of the engineers' workmen in London. On that occasion labor fairly gave up, and acknowledged that the power was with capital. In general it is only the abuse of power that makes the power apparent. It must always exist by the law that makes one man superior to another. No two men can stand together but that there is this between them—the one to rule the other. You may make your laws to govern this and guard against its abuse. But have your

laws done so yet? Have they been of avail to help labor against capital, to make the hard man lay down the power that he feels over his neighbor? And because of these things would you unbinge all these "false relations" and begin anew? That is what many sects of reformers have striven for. St. Simon, Charles Fourier, Robert Owen, were men of the highest order of talent, but all their theories have been Utopias. Plato's model republic lives only in the brains of dreamers.

Another instance of the power of one man over another is that which society has, at the instinct of nature, given to parents over their children. This has in some countries extended even to life and death. It has always been an incalculable power. For it affects the whole life, and influences the destiny of children, besides that it bends their will in obedience. Its history has had its fatal passages. It has led to vicious education, false opinions, narrow prejudices, and how often to unbridled passions, the fruit of over-indulgence! Seeing this unlimited power, and moved only by its abuses, many extravagant reformers have taken children altogether from their parents, and made them the children of the public. The Spartans pursued this policy, though not to the extreme, and some of the schemes of modern education have approximated to the same idea.

But it will be said, the great objection against slavery is that the power of one man over another is so irresponsible, so little restrained by law or nature. Let us see if there is not often in the lot of the freeman a dependence that is more uncertain, more precarious and fatal, than the dependence of the slave upon his master. To begin with education. How completely is the tone of the mind dependent upon the accidents of birth or position! The poor unheeded boy, brought up in an atmosphere of vice, untouched by any single redeeming influence, literally at war with nature, a stranger to any virtuous precept, ignorant of any distinction between good and evil! The child crushed with too early labor! The orphan thrown upon the careless bounty of the public! The young man whose facile mind is bent by temptations that lead him into fatal opinions, political, social, or religious! If we think of these things which bend the growing nature irredeemably, we may well shudder at the dependence of men on the uncertain, precarious accidents of fortune. Many good men, looking mournfully at the temptations that beset us, and our feeble means of resistance, or at least at the strange disparities of fortune in this respect, have not scrupled to express their doubts of the retribution of an eternal punishment. And the same feelings, weighing upon the mind of Owen, made him boldly deny the responsibility of men. His theory of human irresponsibility leads, it is true, to absurd consequences; but we speak of these views as the result of an experience of how much in man is the creature of his surroundings, how much forms a part of his unconscious growth, and how subject he is to the uncertain influences about him. The plant that sends its root into the earth turns away from poisonous juices; but the child has no such instinctive discrimination, and grows up upon the vice that fills its atmosphere.

As far as the facilities of education go, the slave is secured at least from physical want, the great temptation to crime, from idleness, and from excessive labor. And the growing spirit of religious teaching secures him from that dependence

* Dr. Dickson's Life, Sleep, Pain, &c.

upon immoral influences, which the mind unaided can so rarely resist. This growing spirit of religious teaching is a far safer reliance than the uncertain influences surrounding the poor laborers of other countries. It is fostered by a sense of responsibility in the master, by his Christian feeling, by the dependent condition of the slave, and by all the kindness that grows out of the relation. At the north, it has been thought a fanciful notion that the white man should regard himself as the natural protector of the black. At least it will be granted that such an opinion will have its influence upon the moral education of the slave. An answer to much of this is ready for us in the taunt that we should not boast of the education of the slave as long as the reading of the Bible is shut out from him by our laws. We shall be content to say, on this point, that this furnishes us with another instance of the insufficiencies of legislation being corrected by what we have called the *vis medicatrix* of nature. The slave's inability to read has given rise to a more kindly feeling, and to a closer connection between the races, than if each slave could read his own Bible. It has induced oral teaching; and the effect of this upon both races no man at the north can conceive. As a proof that the slave who cannot read the Bible is not beyond the reach of religious instruction, we may recall the policy of Lycurgus, who refused to write his laws, that they might be the better preserved in memory. We are sure that we need not repeat what has been so often said on this subject—that the laws against reading were the only barrier we could devise against the flood of incendiary publications that threatened our safety; the responsibility must rest upon other shoulders than ours.

Again, the education concluded, men are subject to a thousand influences usually classed under the head of circumstances. And is this subjection so much less dangerous than the subjection of the slave to the unchecked passions of the master? What are these "circumstances" but the pressure of the jarring elements of society? What, indeed, but the bad passions of men? The slave is at the mercy of a master, who must feel more or less the responsibility of his position. The freeman, who is weighed down by the inevitable ill that society is subject to, has no tyrant but the hard laws of demand and supply, stern and unchangeable. The one depends upon a master, whose interest it is to raise him up; the other can look up only to capital, whose interest is antagonistic to labor. The slave-owner has always before him the effects of his acts, and will be moved to pity by the sight of the misery that is caused by his thoughtlessness or violence. The poor man may be starving in his garret, while he whose thoughtless general order to diminish work or hasty dismissal of an inefficient workman, or whose prudent retrenchment of expenses, has been the cause of the misery, has said the word and passed on, in utter ignorance of how fatally his word has fallen, because there is no visible claim upon him, and the evil is far out of his sphere of life. Is the nature of the slave-owner harder than the accidents of good or bad seasons, upon which the lives of so many depend? "Three wet days will bring the greater part of thirty thousand street people in London to the brink of starvation."* How many thousands depend upon the vices, or the follies, or the uncertain habits

of society! A vice corrected may many times afflict the masses with a widening circle of evil, that would make the newly virtuous shudder at the consequences of their reform. The sudden change of a morning or evening beverage, of a lady's bonnet or cap string, would reduce many men and women to helpless poverty. Labor-saving machines have always been greeted with curses by the poor. In a work now in course of publication,* we are told with much humor, but more true feeling, that the great chancery case of Jarndyce and Jarndyce, in the quibbles and subterfuges it gave birth to, was a source of corruption to many natures, while through its tedious length it was the bread that filled many mouths. All the mournful pictures which are charged upon society have this one pervading feature, the weak sinking under the pressure of circumstances that are beyond their control. As long as this force of circumstances has no conscience, is out of view, has no duty or responsibility, it is a more dangerous power than the slave-owner's. In a word, it is mere shortsightedness to talk of the power of the white man over the black in slavery, when the alternative is between that and competition between the races. The one is at least a degree of protection, the other would be extermination, to the weaker.

It is true, as Mrs. Stowe and others object, that the immediate dependence of the slave upon his master impairs the manliness and independence of his character. We are far from making the slave the hero of romance that Mrs. Stowe does, and we grant much weight to the objection. But look into the crowded labor-markets, and see how men cringe and bow down in the midst of the excessive competition that assails them. The slave enjoys a monopoly of labor; but the freeman, who depends upon the occupation of the great and the little, has resort to the greatest flattery, and to arts that destroy his self-respect and must degrade his character. The evils of competition are not confined to the one hackneyed plague of the excessive reduction of prices. This is as nothing to the daily loss of character that we see involved, and in higher places, too, than among the poorest laborers. Surely the subjection to the superior force of a master does not so debase the character as its voluntary sacrifice, its ready barter for office or profit. For there is more manliness in acknowledged obedience to superior power, than in the smiling subserviency of the sycophant, which makes the whole of life a lie. The general elections in England witness much vociferation of a sort which belies manliness of character. For the debates upon the ballot question furnish numberless instances of tenants whose farms depend upon the vigor with which they shout aloud what their hearts reject. And men are everywhere sacrificing what are at heart their true convictions, to the standard of an uncompromising "public opinion."

It has been well said, "Men are not corrupted by the exercise of power which they believe to be illegal, and by obedience to a rule which they consider to be usurped and oppressive."

It is constantly urged, that the slave has no sphere of action, that his faculties are crushed, and his nature deprived of its proper development. We might pursue the argument from analogy, and point to spheres of life more contracted, to natures more debased; but we have sufficiently indicated the course of such an argument, and leaving it

* London Labor and the London Poor.

* Bleak House.

now, we prefer to call attention to the error of those who are constantly pressing this argument. To "do the duty that lies immediately before you" never suggests itself to the far-reaching philanthropy of these people, and thus, though they profess love to the slave, they never think to impress upon him that in every position in life there is a sphere of action wide enough for all men, if they are true to its requirements. In the narrowest circle of being there is enough to do. There is capacity for improvement everywhere, as there is everywhere room for debasement. Every station has its claims, and these we must freely and religiously fulfil, or there is no merit in us. Whether these requirements are noble or ignoble, there is room for nobleness of nature in the spirit with which we meet them. The humblest martyrdoms are oftentimes the noblest. Hear Carlyle's eloquent definition of a freeman :

"The freeman is he who is *loyal* to the laws of this Universe ; who in his heart sees and knows, across all contradictions, that injustice *cannot* befall him here : that except by sloth and cowardly falsity evil is not possible here. The first symptom of such a man is, not that he resists and rebels, but that he obeys. As poor Henry Marten wrote in Chepstow Castle long ago—

Reader, if thou an oft-told tale wilt trust,
Thou 'lt gladly do and suffer what thou must.

Gladly ; he that will go gladly to his labor and his suffering, it is to him alone that the upper powers are favorable and the field of Time will yield fruit. 'An oft-told-tale,' friend Harry ! all the noble of this world have known it, and in various dialects have striven to let us know it ! The essence of all religion that was and that will be is to make men *free*. Who is he that in this life-pilgrimage will consecrate himself at all hazards to obey God and God's servants, and to disobey the Devil and his ? With pious valor this freeman walks through the roaring tumults, invincibly, the way whither he is bound. To him, in the waste Saharas, through the grim solitudes peopled by galvanized corpses and doleful creatures, there is a load-star ; and his path, whatever those of others be, is towards the Eternal."

If the Abolitionists were sometimes to point out to the slave this moral elevation, their title to philanthropists would not be so rudely questioned as it now is. If they would observe without prejudice, they would see that the best and most moral of the slaves are without exception contented and happy, disarming even the malevolence of bad masters ; not conscious of the pressure of arbitrary power, as the greater number of citizens live under the laws without being conscious of their restriction. From such as these we hear no murmurs against fortune. For it is only restless and discontented spirits who charge society with all their ills, who look for a panacea in every reform, and are rabid for innovation, though it be anything but improvement. The most industrious of men are not Communists, nor are the best of women Bloomers.

Mrs. Stowe's favorite illustration of the master's power to the injury of the slave is the separation of families. We are told of infants of ten months old being sold from the arms of their mothers, and of men whose habit it is to raise children to sell away from their mothers as soon as they are old enough to be separated. Were our views of this feature of slavery derived from Mrs. Stowe's book,

we should regard the families of slaves as utterly unsettled and vagrant. If such were the case, we should not be prepared to find in the race that exquisite sensibility which Mrs. Stowe claims for it. For God in his wisdom "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." And if African mothers were permitted such slight indulgence of the maternal affection, the maternal instinct would be mercifully blunted in them. The sensibility of those who live chiefly in the affections is very far more acute than that of case-hardened men of the world, of business, or of pleasure. The family affections yield to purposes of state. The blood that flows through royal veins is proverbially a cold current.

We would not speak lightly of such an evil as the destruction of family ties. We deplore it as one of the hard necessities of the poor man's position upon the earth. In slavery we know that it exists as yet more than is necessary to the system. Every day, however, greater efforts are made among us to lessen the evil. In the mean time we are fain to hope that there is not such misery as would follow a forcible separation in favored families, whose life is altogether in their home feelings. And we know that even a forcible separation of children from their parents is a lesser evil than that children should have to curse their parents for such an education as they are in so many free countries left to pick up in haunts of vice and dissipation, while their parents are engaged in incessant labor ; that it is a far less evil than that children should be taught by their parents to use their earliest lisping for lies of begging and imposture, or be driven out to bend their earliest industry to theft ; that it is a less evil than that premature toil should deform the body and debase the mind. We think it better that the maternal instinct should be blunted, than that it should lead mothers out to a life of vice for bread for their children. Such things too often happen in countries where the family affections have free play. The statistics of poverty and crime have grown to be familiar reading. And every one will recognize in other states of society gloomier pictures growing out of the family associations under the curse of poverty, than any which are caused by the separation of families. And be it remembered, that there is no separation like the gulf that opens between members of the same family when crime comes in between them.

We feel confident that, if statistics could be had to throw light upon this subject, we should find that there is less separation of families among the negroes than occurs with almost any other class of persons. Among the rich, the pursuits of education, the claims of extended business, the facilities and inducements of travel, are all motives which do not enter into the case of the slave. It is true that the separation induced by these causes is involuntary, and not so complete as with the negro ; but such is not the case with the great mass of emigrants, and with the peasants of foreign countries. With these the separation of families is as complete and involuntary as in the case of the slaves, and, we think, more frequent. For these latter are subject to the commands of masters, among whom public opinion is very decided upon this point ; there is in general no inducement to separate families ; in sales, they are as far as possible sold together. On the other hand, in districts where labor is in excess, father and son would starve each other through competition, except for the resource of separation. We should be glad to

test by this favorite illustration of Mrs. Stowe's the truth of what we have said in reference to the dependent condition of the slave as compared with that of the laborers of other countries. We think that, if we could ascertain facts, they would uphold us in the assertion, that the will of a master is not a more precarious dependence than the hard fortune that usually besets the poor man's lot. For authority, we may refer to Sir Charles Lyell's *Travels in the United States*. His observations upon slavery have brought abuse upon him, because they labor under the charge of being too favorable. He says (vol. ii., p. 78), "I was glad to find my experience borne out by that of a Scotch weaver, William Thompson, of Stonehaven, who travelled in the years 1841-42 for his health, in the Southern States. He supported himself as he went along by manual labor, and lived on intimate terms with persons of a different class of society from those with whom I had most intercourse." Thompson, on his return home, published a small book, in which (as quoted by Sir Charles Lyell) he asserts that "the members of the same family of negroes are not so much scattered as are those of working-men in Scotland, whose necessities compel them to separate at an age when the American slave is running about gathering health and strength."

Before concluding, we would speak of the moral tenure by which we hold the slave, and of the future. According to our conception of the question of slavery, we are practically concerned only with the facts of the case. Theories may help us to explain these facts, or they may give us hints as to the solution which the future may bring forth. But our duty is with what is immediately before us.

We trace the African race through every stage of its existence, from its appearance as represented upon the Pyramids of Egypt, to its present relations with the white man, and we find that here, in a state of bondage to a civilized and Christian people, it has approached nearer to civilization and Christianity than ever in isolation within its own tropics, or in any other relation with the whites. In slavery its condition is still improving. And thus it is our duty to keep them until, at least, we see a fairer future before them than any we could now dream of as the result of emancipation. Theories may strive to explain these facts; they cannot explain away our duty as resulting from them.

Human ingenuity has exhausted itself in speculating upon the consequences of the contact of the different races of men. Life, which is defined as "the exchange of mutual relations," is said to be most perfect where the greatest diversity of elements is harmonized into one; and we of the United States are pointed to as a confirmation of the theory. But life, on the other hand, has been said to have no permanence except in the climate and under the circumstances where it first originated; and we of the United States are pointed to as weak and unstable, wanderers from our natural homes, and destined to die out. Some speculators have said, that all enduring civilization has arisen after an impulse from abroad, that has roused the nations to activity of thought, as in England and the countries of the Continent, in Ancient Italy and Greece. And De Tocqueville, with more subtle and striking discrimination, says, "Whenever barbarous nations have derived knowledge from a foreign people, they have stood towards it in the relation of conquerors, and not of con-

querers. When the side on which the physical force lies also possesses an intellectual preponderance, the conquered party seldom becomes civilized; it retreats or is destroyed." But while philosophy is in vain endeavoring to ascertain the relation in which nations stand to each other, and theorists are endeavoring to solve our future and that of our slaves, our duty is before us, and not the less plain that ethnology has not yet thrown any light upon it. What we have to inspire us with confidence is, that, while contact with the white man has been annihilation to the Indian, it has brought elevation and religion to the negro. This is the ethnology that is most in point.

We may be much concerned in the great question that is dividing the scientific world as to the unity of the race. Not that we would found an argument of right on superiority of nature. For whatever conclusion men may come to as to the diversity of origin of the races, none will ever practically doubt the great brotherhood of man. But perhaps the science which teaches us that the negro race has existed, with its present inferior physical organization unchanged, since 3500 years before Christ—which has weighed the brain of the negro, and classed it below that of the white man—may connect with these physical inferiorities such a mental constitution as shall account for the fact, that the one race has never been so highly civilized as when under the guardianship of the other. If, on the one hand, the prospect of such a result shall incline us to kindness and forbearance, the possibility that science will in the end place the two races on a level, can have no practical bearing upon the obligations of our present duty.

Whether the assurance of physical well-being is conducive to such a tranquil nervous condition in the negro as to constitute the most important element in his prosperity, or whether his condition of subjection in the Slave States saves him from fatal vices to which he is prone, the economists may one day settle. We are practically concerned only with the fact, that the natural increase of the slaves in America is far greater than that of the free blacks—greater even than that of the whites. We quote from a pamphlet of Randolph of Roanoke, reviewed in *De Bow's Review*, November, 1850. "That the white population of the United States about doubles itself in every period of twenty-five years (here the immense immigration must be considered). That the slave population of the United States more than doubles itself in thirty years from the natural increase alone. That the free negroes of the Southern States double in about thirty-five years from the natural increase alone. That the free negroes of the Northern and Western States double in about every period of forty years from the natural increase alone. The free negroes of New England have dwindled and dwindled, until they have almost reached a stand-still. Their annual increase amounts to but one-tenth of one per cent. They could not double themselves at that rate short of four hundred years."

We are tempted sometimes to rest upon the necessity of compulsory labor in hot climates as the best explanation of the facts which slavery presents to us. For in the favored (as the phrase goes) climates men are without any stimulant to exertion. Nature yields an easy sustenance without the necessity of sustained labor. Two or three days' work in the week is sufficient to acquire the means of existence, and the capacity for labor is

lost by idleness during the other listless days. There is no hard struggle with difficulties to brace the muscles of the body and to develop the character. There is no barren rock to conquer by hard toil— toil which is to gain for man the mastery over himself, to teach him earnestness and strength of purpose and self-restraint. Hence it is that modern civilization has departed from those soft southern latitudes where its seat was of old, and where the severe and patient toil of agriculture was achieved by compulsory labor. As soon as labor became free, its greatest triumphs were in colder regions and on harder soils. Hence it is that industry has been paralyzed by emancipation in Jamaica; and the French colonies in the West Indies are threatened with the like bitter fruits from the *coup de sentiment* of 1848. Hence it is that Africa, except by the aid of slave labor in Egypt, has done no work upon God's earth. In contrast with the general character of laborers in hot climates are our slaves, inured to continuous toil, increasing more rapidly than their free brothers, and rising every day in civilization and religious culture. It is surely another instance of the value of labor, which, as it is the destiny of man, has ever been his redeemer. In contrast with the scanty results of the race elsewhere is the great staple of our Southern States, a vast product which gives a dignity and a value to negro labor such as it can nowhere else lay claim to.

We would not in these remarks be understood to rank our Southern States with the tropical climates, which paralyze the energies of men. We have had reference only to the African, whose constitution in America has not undergone any material change from its natural adaptation to the tropics. We see that, in unrestrained competition, the white man among us is superior to the negro, slave or free, in all labor in which our malarious fevers do not interfere with him; and this not by reason of the physical debility caused by the climate, for in that respect the negro is less oppressed than the white man. Hence our meaning is, that the sluggish, nervous organization which is unaffected by the heat of our suns and by our miasms, may require the stimulus of stronger motives to exertion than the love of physical well-being would afford in a country where existence itself is comparatively easy and cheap. In the white man, on the contrary, it may be that greater nervous energy and a more sensitive organization make him obedient to impulses that would fail to move the negro. But we repeat, all this is mere speculation, hazarded as an explanation of the facts that slavery presents to us, the facts themselves being our only teachers of duty until a clearer light be thrown upon the subject.

It has been often suggested that a noble mission is designed for the slaveholder, in making him the means of civilizing Africa through the agency of the slaves on this continent. If there be anything in this suggestion, the ill-success of the Liberia scheme, and the recent resolutions of the free negroes at the north, claiming a right to their share of this continent and refusing to be expatriated, show that it is too soon yet for any practical efforts in this direction. But we should not fore-judge the question, and if this idea be borne in mind, it will give additional encouragement to the slaveholder in the performance of his present duties to the slave.

We have written with a hope to prove that the slave is not by his position necessarily below the

reach of moral and religious cultivation. Our object in this has been not so much to answer the objections of the opponents of slavery as to prove for the slaveholder that his dependent laborer is capable of better things than the world would have him believe, and especially to remind him that whatever arguments he urges in favor of the slave's position are all of necessity so many pledges for the faithful discharge of his own duties. For the truth of our views we appeal to the future; not in any vain confidence of the result, but for the present, at least, with hope. As long as we see that, with the great mass of laboring men, labor is in the way of intellectual or religious education, the question is not decided against us; for there is room to hope that the present insufficiency of the slave's education is not the result of his servitude. Should the world leave us behind, and the great majority of laborers be taught to combine all necessary labor with a due degree of elevation of character, we shall then have reason to fear that the slaveholder is standing in the light of the slave. Upon the solution of this question depends the future of slavery. If the relation between master and slave is clearly proved to be incompatible with Christianity, the problem will then be to discover the safest and speediest severance of the tie that now so forcibly binds them together. But even then, it will not be the slaveholder's duty to brush the slave away from his path, as the white man in America has done the Indian. What though Mexico and the Amazon valley shall receive a feeble remnant, the responsibility will be none the less upon those who were impatient of their burden. Whatever is done, then, should be done with caution and forbearance, carefully guarding against two different and equally dangerous impulses; the one, the selfish desire to be rid of an evil; the other, the rash conclusion that any sacrifice that counts in money is worth what it costs. "Something more than liberty is due from the master to the slave;" and a large debt may be owing, though twenty millions sterling be paid in "liberty."

If, on the other hand, as the tendency of things encourages us to hope, that part of the African race which has been transported to America is to become a truly Christian people by means of the missionary efforts of their masters, their fetters will not be suddenly struck off; but they will gradually cease to be felt; for the change will be wrought through the Christian virtues of the slaveholders, and the relation will then be a tie of sympathy between the two, "reasonable service" required by one, and cheerful obedience granted by the other. "Christianity," says a late Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, "knew that where the spirit of Christian love is infused, there the outward form of slavery not only loses its terrors, but becomes capable of generating great virtues."

We are reluctant to seem to admit the possibility that the relation of slavery should necessarily exclude the attainment of Christianity by master or slave. For, on the contrary, we think there is much in slavery, if rightly appreciated, that is eminently calculated to give rise to the Christian virtues. For it is the only system of labor in which a *recognized moral obligation enters into the contract*. In slavery, if its whole scope be properly appreciated, society is held together by the ties of moral duties clearly defined, instead of depending

upon that cold irresponsibility that presides over the traffic for labor in the great labor markets. They taunt us with the traffic in flesh and blood; but how is the reality? The southerner who buys his slaves at the auction-table is buying with the conviction pressing upon him that his property comes to him with weighty claims of humanity and of Christian duty that must not be denied. The capitalist who bids for labor abroad buys the sinews and muscles of the man, and there the contract ends. If the pittance per week be insufficient for wife and children, it is nothing to the capitalist, for there is no obligation on him beyond the payment of the wages. They taunt us with owning the slave body and soul. Yes! We would have the whole south feel that the soul of the slave is in some sense in the master's keeping, to be charged against him hereafter. The great marts of labor abroad are not so encumbered; flesh and blood are bartered away, but no man who buys is oppressed with anything beyond. They taunt us with denying all legal rights to the slave. Theirs is the hard letter of the law—nothing that is not “in the bond!” With us the moral code becomes positive law where legal rights end. Society ceases to be a state of war; because a new element is introduced, an element which secures protection for the poor and demands forbearance from the rich, its principle of authority being an ever-present and well-defined moral obligation, which, as a security for Christian action, is in strong contrast with the stern demand-and-supply principle.

It is impossible, as yet, whatever be our prejudices or prepossessions, to decide this question of how far slavery will prove conducive or antagonistic to the development of Christianity in the slave; for the south has not put forth her strength in her task of regeneration. In the first place, there is an external necessity upon her to deny to the slave the advantage of reading—an advantage which oral teaching may supply the place of for a season, but which will be demanded in the end by the increasing wants of the negro. And, in the second place, the difficulty of this whole subject, added to the bitterness caused by fanatics at the north, has made the south fearful of any rash efforts, and cautious even to neglect, perhaps also over-sensitive. We have seen an analogous state of feeling among the better classes of Englishmen, who, until lately, have feared to tamper with the question of the poor, and their education. They have shrunk from it as a subject beyond their ken. They feared to touch it at all, lest a wrong step might involve inextricable ruin. And they so anxiously discountenanced all discussion of the labor questions, that those subjects, which in France were giving rise to much profound thought and careful study, had no place in England but among Chartist and Socialists.

The south has, however, within a few years, instead of quietly accepting the conclusions of the world without, been earnestly pressing for a solution of the problem required of her. If she can be spared the suggestions of a violent philanthropy that outruns her well-considered plans of reform, she may hope to develop the moral question of slavery *equo pede* with the economical question. It may be that our prejudices and our experience, which has never been fruitful of horrors, influence our judgment; but we think that heretofore the moral and the economical aspects of the question have been quite in accordance with each other.

In morality, it is beyond a doubt that, though slavery be not a necessary condition of labor, it is the only one under which the African can exist in the south. Because, were he exposed to free competition with the white man, the difference of organization is so great that the one race would be crushed by the other. Hence this protection which slavery gives to the negro is the most humane provision that can be made for him, at least for the present. Economically, we arrive at the same result. For, whilst the necessity of protection to the slave's labor contains the inference that such labor is not in all occupations the cheapest, yet experience proves that slavery is the only means of deriving profit from the presence of the African among us, and the only means of producing the great staples that are suited to our soil and climate. For the slave labor that is valued at eighteen cents a day in Jamaica, is the sluggish labor of a few hours only.

There is another view to be taken. The three millions of bales of cotton that are now growing, every pound of which is looked for anxiously by the consumers, is of incalculable influence upon the stability of the system. The thousands in this country whose interest is bound up in the growth of this great staple, the uncertain mass of English operatives whose lives hang upon the supply, and the result to English society in case of any sudden disorganization of labor—all these things demand the attention of thinking men, and will check the extravagance of any but the wildest fanatics. And the field for cotton goods, that is every day enlarging, as the east is answering to the impatient calls of commerce, gives no prospect of a speedy check to this vast power of the produce of the slave. And, again, there is in slavery, economically considered, a great element of permanency in the fact that a due recompense is secured to labor. The philosophy that startles us by the conclusion that “property is robbery” is the offspring of a state of society in which labor is inadequately rewarded; and such a doctrine will continue to disturb society as long as labor can scarcely purchase life. A favorite argument against the organization of labor in slavery is, that all men have a natural right to the fruits of their own labor. But, perhaps, there is equal truth in the Socialist doctrine, that all men have a natural right to life in return for labor. And there is more of permanency in the system which denies the former doctrine than in that which denies the latter.

Amidst all the perplexities and uncertainties which shroud the future, we may hold this for certain, that slavery will serve a great purpose for the negro. Whether he be destined to rise to an equality with the white man, and to break the fetters which bind him, as in that case he will most assuredly do; whether he is to continue for a long time yet as a laboring class bound to the white man in a peculiar relation, “generating great virtues” and becoming a relation of kindness and charity; or whether, as some who rate him lowest suppose, his destiny is to be always driven to unwilling labor, a school of discipline is undoubtedly his greatest present need. Labor, even though it be unwilling labor, is a thousand times better for him than the careless indolence of vice which our latest information from the scenes of British philanthropy details as the effects of premature freedom. The following eloquent sketch of the uses of labor, from the pen of Dr.

Channing, is of such universal application, that we are tempted to quote it in confirmation of our views.

"I have faith in labor, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labor alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations; that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength and skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call effort. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men a consciousness of their powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing. Manual labor is a school in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character, a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters—physical sufferings and want, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate, indulging friend could do for us, and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts, by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome, by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use, by its perils, which demand continual vigilance, and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature."

And the labor to which the slave is subjected in his present discipline is not excessive; for it is proved to be compatible with an almost unprecedented natural increase of the race. The scene of his labor, moreover, is in the midst of those who are far above him in mental cultivation and Christian feeling. And, finally, his state of dependence upon this superior class is such as to arouse in a peculiar degree a disposition to teach and to elevate the laborer whose entire service is due to them. Taking these things into view, it is not extravagant to assert that, if there be any good in human nature, slavery may be made to minister to great ends. And we hope that, as "the thoughts of men are widening," more justice will be done to an institution, which, if it disappears because of an increased energy and higher character in the blacks, will have had its day of usefulness, as the source of that energy and that elevation of character.

From the Examiner.

The Writings of Thomas de Quincey. In seven volumes. Boston, U. S. Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.

THIRTY years have elapsed since the *Confessions of an English Opium-eater* amazed the readers of the *London Magazine* by their extraordinary union of intense reality and the most magnificent dream-

ing. Unveiling, or seeming to unveil, hidden chambers of the brain, where scenery more gorgeous than the waking and healthful mind ever conceived was presented in long array, they supplied also, with a vividness worthy of the phantasms, the actual experiences by which those visions were suggested. The power of the magic-key of opium itself, which unlocked these hidden resources of the fancy and intellect, as the subterranean gardens were revealed to Aladdin, was subsidiary to the revelation of the capacity of the mind, under solemn stimulus, to people its visions with thoughts and to expand its thoughts to dreams. The author seemed, in his own splendid descriptions, "to bear a charmed life." An habitual drinker, at the height of his enchanted being, of eight thousand drops of liquid poison, was a physical wonder whose experiences could not lack interest; but when the mind of this slave of the drug was found to be enriched with the exactest learning and choicest imagery of the antique world, and capable of "large discourse of reason," the secrets which he told of the delights amidst which he had rested and expatiated, assumed an importance and dignity with which the inward story of an individual life is rarely invested. We became familiar with the awful scenery of his dreams, by a vivid perception of the incidents of his truant boyhood;—his wanderings, his hunger, his strange companionship; his most affecting romance of Oxford street; nay, even of the visit of the turbaned Malay to his cottage among the mountains;—as they have their antitypes in his visions. Whether the direct tendency of this exhibition of a noble intellect ruled by the influence of opium was that of invitation or of warning, we need not now inquire; but the effect of the disclosure was great; and although the *London Magazine* was enriched by the successive *Essays of Elia*, and the fresh *Table Talk of Hazlitt*—the finest productions of both those writers—the Opium-eater for the time eclipsed them.

This contribution seems to have been the first appearance of Mr. de Quincey as an author. For although he had attained the age of thirty-six; had lived to read, to think, and to talk; and had been a familiar and welcome associate of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, and Lamb; he had never (unless perhaps in some contributions to the *Friend*) given his meditations to the world. Since then he has, at different times, communicated avowed essays to periodical works; and the result of those labors now lies before us comprised in seven elegantly printed volumes, provided by enterprising Boston publishers for the expanding circles of American readers.

The confessions; with a continuation of them, describing a relapse into the old slavery and its more fearful penalties; comprise the first volume of the series—and, it is almost needless to add, the best. The first work of an accomplished student of thirty-six, embracing the most striking passages of his own intellectual history, unfolded at a sudden impulse, but with elaborate skill and careful expression, could not, in its nature, have equal successors in the same department of literature; and as many of Mr. de Quincey's writings are professedly autobiographical—and all have frequent reference to his own being—we state only an irresistible consequence when we describe them as more or less imbued with the spirit of the first outbursting essay. They appear to us, indeed, to be excellent in proportion as they are akin to it—as they partake of its dreary extravagance and fear-

ful questionings "of sense and outward things;" and to become rapid and verbose when they treat of details set "in the light of common day." For we cannot help thinking that the influences of opium are to be traced in all Mr. de Quincey's writings; blending with the highest operations of his intellect, which they raised and solemnized, and, in their collapse, irritating the emotions of the less noble parts of his nature, and sometimes distorting to itself, and *through* itself to the world, the characters of his associate poets.

Let us add that but for the injustice which may result to them, especially to the chief object of Mr. de Quincey's intellectual idolatry and personal dislike, Wordsworth—from those erroneous impressions—we should be happy to close our notice here, with the expression of our pleasure at the introduction of the works of an author of great ability to the world of American readers. Believing, however, that the pictures reflected from the writer's conceptions are not just, and thinking that the license he has assumed in unveiling them, even if the portraiture were faithful, is beyond the privilege of authorship in relation to private life—we feel bound to accompany our admiration of Mr. de Quincey's merits with an attempt to show that his impressions of character, and his notions of an author's right to make public exposure of private frailties by way of retaliation for private wrongs, are attributable to the false medium through which his strangely-blended powers and weakness have led him to contemplate his own claims and obligations.

A large portion of these volumes consists of recollections of the intercourse of the author with Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb—often interesting from the vividness of detail, but sometimes becoming painfully trivial; and too often indicating an opinion that, to an offended scholar, life has lost all its privacy. Of Mr. de Quincey's notion of the right of an author to avenge a private grievance by public exposure of the personal history of the offender, his treatment of Mrs. Coleridge on her first introduction to the reader is a striking example. Passionately desirous of the acquaintance of her husband, the author had followed him to Bridgewater; had found him the guest of wealthy friends; had been received by him with the greatest kindness; and after being delighted with three hours' eloquent philosophy, had been introduced by him "in a frigid manner" to his wife, whose personal appearance Mr. de Quincey describes. He then alludes to the well-known infelicity of the marriage, which had united the poet to an exemplary lady, whose society in later life he did not cultivate. The author proceeds to do full justice to this lady's character and maternal conduct; and, so far, all is well; but he cannot avoid communicating to the public a very private grief of his own, or intimating how he might have redressed it, as thus:—

Meantime I, for my part, owe Mrs. Coleridge no particular civility; and I see no reason why I should mystify the account of Coleridge's Life or Habits by dissembling what is notorious to so many thousands of people. An insult once offered by Mrs. Coleridge to a female relative of my own, as much superior to Mrs. Coleridge in the spirit of courtesy and kindness which ought to preside in the intercourse between females as she was in the splendor of her beauty, would have given me a dispensation from all terms of consideration beyond the restraints of strict justice. My offence was the having procrastinated in some

trifling affair of returning a volume or a MS.; and, during my absence at a distance of four or five hundred miles, Mrs. Coleridge thought fit to write a letter, filled with the most intemperate expressions of anger, addressed to one, whom she did not know by sight, and who could, in no way, be answerable for my delinquencies.

This antiquated gossip would probably have drawn a smile from the lady to whose unfortunate position it relates, if she had read it in her lonely lifetime; but it supplies a curious instance of the effect of long solitude, excited by opium, on a thoughtful and elegant mind, in investing trifles which touched itself with importance, and in disturbing the medium through which the actors in such trifles are surveyed. To these causes we attribute the disproportion with which matters personally affecting the writer are regarded in his retrospections, and the distortion which has sometimes marred his portraits of others.

The delineation of Wordsworth's personal character, to which the autobiographical portion of these volumes is largely devoted, exhibits, we believe—judging only on the evidence the books themselves supply—the most striking results of those influences; and it is for the purpose of suggesting to the reader, to whom the personal character of that great poet may be interesting, the propriety of considering the various passages in which it is depicted in these volumes in connection with the avowed resentments of the writer, before he adopts it as just, that we now advert to the subject. The caution is the more necessary because the suggestions of unamiable peculiarities which abound are accompanied by uniform homage to the poet's genius, of which Mr. de Quincey was one of the earliest admirers, and has always been one of the most eloquent defenders. In early life, he sought out the poet who was the chief object of his ingenuous admiration; was welcomed by him with cordial respect; and was invited to share such hospitality as the noble poverty of the cottage beside Grasmere could yield. He afterwards resided for many years in Wordsworth's immediate neighborhood, and became acquainted with the most minute details of his history, and the inmost arrangements of his household. Those details and arrangements he develops perhaps with only a free use of the license which modern autobiography assumes; but when he descends to chronicle the accidents of social demeanor; to take the most evanescent traits of wayward humor, and give them a fixity which makes them false; and to interpret the feelings which lie suppressed by the courtesies of social life, according to his impressions of long-past scenes;—we think he unconsciously but greatly exceeds even that license, and sets a dangerous example to coarser minds. Thus, adverting to his first introduction to the companionship of Wordsworth and Southey, he says:—

I could read at once in the manner of the two authors that they were not on particularly friendly, or rather, I should say, confidential terms. It seemed to me as if both had silently said—"We are too much men of sense to quarrel because we do not particularly like each other's writings; we are neighbors, or what passes for such in the country. Let us show each other the courtesies which are becoming to men of letters, and, for any closer connexion, our distance of thirteen miles may always be sufficient to keep us from that." In after life, it is true—fifteen years, perhaps, from this time—many circumstances combined to bring Southey and Wordsworth into more intimate

terms of friendship ; agreement in politics, sorrows that happened to both in their domestic relations, and the sort of tolerance for different opinions in literature or, indeed, in anything else, which advancing years and experience are sure to bring with them. But, at this period, Southey and Wordsworth entertained a mutual esteem, but did not cordially like each other. Indeed, it would have been strange if they had.

And, thereupon, Mr. de Quincey proceeds to give us one reason for this want of cordiality that Southey "had particularly elegant habits in the use of books," while Wordsworth, on the other hand, "was so negligent and self-indulgent in the same use, that as Southey laughingly expressed it to me some years afterwards, when I was staying at Greta Hall on a visit, 'To introduce Wordsworth into one's library is like letting a bear into a tulip garden.'" And then the autobiographer proceeds to illustrate this peculiarity of his friend by a wrong of his own ; and tells us how "on a level with the eye, when sitting at the tea-table in his little cottage at Grasmere, stood the collective works of Edmund Burke,"—how, because lettered "Burke's Works," the collection had been an eyesore for twenty years (with a digression as to cacophonous words)—and how Wordsworth took down the uncut volume, and cut open its leaves with a knife soiled with butter which had been eaten with dry toast. Instead of calling for a clean knife, Wordsworth positively "tore his way into the heart of the volume with this knife, and left its greasy honors upon every page." It is right to add that the injured owner of the fated volume disclaims any concern for the value of his property, as he says, "whatever might be made good by money at that time I did not regard," and explains, "I mention the case at all only to illustrate the excess of Wordsworth's outrages on books ;" and, recurring afterwards to the same subject, admits that "Wordsworth's habits of using books were not vulgar, not the habits of those who turn over the page with a wet finger," an abomination which we are informed was perpetrated at Cambridge "by a tutor and fellow of a College," who it is consoling to know "was bred up a ploughman and the son of a ploughman."

These tales of the library are chiefly notable as instances of the importance which long-past trifles may assume to "the philosophic mind" of an Opium-eater ; but the record, which we have also just quoted, of an impression of the hollowness of the regards of two professed friends, detected amidst courtesies by which they desired it to be hidden, and published in the lifetime of at least one of them, though referable to the same cause, and capable of the same excuse, belongs to a bitter class of social treason. It is enough that, in our day, the sportive conversations of the table should be reported, and the personal habits of the study and the drawing-room "set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote ;" but if those innocent disguises, by which indifference or partial liking are hidden, which kindness itself spreads over the imperfections of temper, and which nurture the cordiality they assume, may be torn away by any guest admitted to such implied confidence as authorship has permitted society to retain, all men whose celebrity may render their intimacies the subject of public criticism must take heed whom they admit to share them.

Mr. de Quincey does not leave us to guess at the causes which induced him to regard Mr. Wordsworth's domestic character with a hostile eye.

Perhaps much is implied in the passage in which he complains—"Professor Wilson and myself were never honored with one line, one allusion from his pen ; but many a person of particular feebleness has received that honor"—a complaint indicative of the morbid sense with which Mr. de Quincey regards his own concerns as necessarily matters of general interest ; for, although his fine scholarship and remarkable powers of conversation had obtained for him the admiration of the small circle in which he lived, they were, during the period to which this complaint refers, unsuspected by the world. But in the illusions which have beset his middle life, even his domestic quarrels are momentous ; and therefore he has devoted some ten pages to expound the various causes of personal estrangement from one who remained an intellectual idol, though an idol of mixed metal.

They consist first of an exposition of the alleged arrogance of Wordsworth, not generally exhibited, but allied to particular themes ; a failing at least that we should scarcely have thought "a fee grief due to a single breast." But afterwards descending to nearer griefs, the autobiographer acquaints us with the fact that he "had for the comptroller of his domestic *menage* a foolish, selfish, and ignorant old maid," one too, who had "once lived with the Wordsworths," and who "for his service had been engaged at *high wages* by Miss Wordsworth herself ;"—that this servant made false statements about her master to the Wordsworths, which he would not descend to contradict ;—and "the result was," says Mr. de Quincey—

That ever after I hated the name of the woman at whose hands I had sustained the wrong, so far as such a woman could be thought worthy of hatred ; and that I began to despise a little some of those who had been silly and undecieving enough to accredit such representations ; and one of them especially, who, though liberally endowed with sunshiny temper and sweetness of disposition, was, perhaps, a person weak intellectually, beyond the ordinary standard of female weakness. Hence began the waning of my friendship with the Wordsworths. But, in reality, never after the first year or so from my first introduction had I felt much possibility of drawing the bonds of friendship tight with a man of Wordsworth's nature. He seemed to me too much like his own Pedler in the "Excursion," a man so diffused amongst innumerable objects of equal attraction, that he had no cells left in his heart for strong individual attachment. I was not singular in this feeling ; Professor Wilson had become estranged from him ; no one could be deemed fervently his friend.

Whether the illustration of Wordsworth's temperament, drawn from Wordsworth's genius, is graciously exhibited by one whose admiration formed his first claim to the poet's acquaintance, we need not determine ; this has at least a semblance of philosophic thought, sufficient to excuse an observer not bound by ties of apparent friendship ;—but what shall be said of the sequel ? Mr. de Quincey proceeds to develop "the strong reason" which he alleges Coleridge had to be estranged, by accusing Wordsworth of having "drawn such a picture of Coleridge and his general efficiency as ought not to have proceeded from the hands of a friend"—and this to a lady and gentleman who purposed to take Coleridge with them on a visit to London, in the hope to wean him from opium. He gives this alleged conduct of Wordsworth as the cause of a rupture "which rather healed itself by lapse of time, and the burning dim

of fierce recollections, than by any formal reconciliation or pardon exchanged between the parties ;" so that, if there was such a rupture, it was healed many years before Coleridge died ;—whatever Wordsworth had said or done, had long been forgiven by the only sufferer. We ask, then, whether an associate of these poets, who, in aid of his own resentments, calls such a scandal from the depth of years and the oblivion of forgiveness, does not regard his relation to the party whom he accuses, through a medium so disturbed by the accidents of his being, as to render him incompetent as a judge, and questionable as a witness ?

We have occupied so large a space in the ungracious duty of urging the readers of these volumes to apply the passages which disclose its author's resentments to the appreciation of those in which he delineates his associates, that we have left ourselves little space to estimate the excellences with which they abound. All the details of the author's early life, studies, and boyish successes, are admirably told in them—overlaid sometimes by illustration, and encrusted with perpetual episodes—but even in their exuberance redeemed by a singularly pure and impressive style. One of his extravagances—"A Vision of Sudden Death," may vie with the Confessions, out of which, indeed, it seems to "arise like an exhalation." It is a fantastic and terrible voluntary played by a magician's hand on the most awful chords of existence. Reminiscences there are of Lamb, of Lloyd, and others, in which (although there are some palpable inaccuracies, as the multiplying the female victim of the literary murderer Wainwright into *two* sisters, and dividing the insurances between them, whereas poor Helen Abercrombie alone bore the insured life and alone paid the forfeit) no personal grievance has affected the truth of pictures, striking in form and color, and set in a frame-work of golden reflection, which may be perused by those who knew the originals with entire sympathy, and by strangers with curiosity well satisfied. Our exceptions have been taken in sorrow, not in anger, for the sake of justice to the dead and example to the living. In spite of the errors we have deplored, we believe the claim which Mr. de Quincey makes to an original dignity of intellect to be just ; we believe implicitly in the claims to early and ripe scholarship which he prefers ; we admire the richness of his fancy, the acuteness of his reasoning, and the occasional elevation of style so becoming to stately thought ;—and when we reflect how nearly akin the weaknesses to which we impute his errors of vision and judgment, are to the solemn strengths exhibited in his inward revelations, we are reminded that others, like him, "are of such stuff as dreams are made of," and may need, in their degree, the allowance they should give to one more gifted, but more visionary than themselves, until "our little life is rounded by a sleep."

From Chambers' Journal.

MRS. CHISHOLM.

THIS lady will be ranked with the memorable persons of the age ; her enthusiastic and ceaseless endeavors to do good, the discretion and intelligence with which she pursues her aims, and her remarkable self-sacrifices in the cause of humanity, placing her in the category of the Mrs. Frys and other heroic Englishwomen. The history of Mrs.

Chisholm's labors up to the present time is worthy of being fully told.

Caroline Jones, as this lady was originally called, is the daughter of William Jones, a respectable yeoman of Northamptonshire ; and when about twenty years of age, she was married to Captain A. Chisholm of the Madras army. Two years after this event, she removed with her husband to India, where she entered upon those movements of a public nature that have so eminently distinguished her. Shocked with the depravities to which the children of soldiers are exposed in the barrack-rooms, she rested not till she had established a School of Industry for girls, which became eminently successful, and, under an extended form, has continued to be of great social importance to Madras. The pupils were taught to sew, cook, and otherwise manage household affairs ; and we are told, that on finishing their education, they were eagerly sought for as servants, or wives, by non-commissioned officers. In this career of usefulness, Mrs. Chisholm employed herself until 1838, when, for the benefit of her husband's health, and that of her infant family, she left India for Australia, the climate of which seemed likely to prove beneficial. At the end of the year, she arrived in Sydney, where, besides attending to family matters, there was plenty of scope for philanthropic exertion. Drawing our information from a small work purporting to present a memoir of Mrs. Chisholm,* it appears that "the first objects that came under her notice, and were benefited by her benevolence, were a party of Highland emigrants, who had been sent to the shores of a country where the language spoken was to them strange and unknown, and without a friend to assist or guide them in that path of honorable labor which they desired. As a temporary means of relief, Mrs. Chisholm lent them money to purchase tools and wheelbarrows, whereby they might cut and sell fire-wood to the inhabitants. The success of this experiment was gratifying both to the bestower and receiver ; in the one it revived drooping hopes, the other it incited to larger enterprises of humanity."

In 1840, Captain Chisholm returned to his duties in India, leaving his wife and family to remain some time longer in Sydney ; and from this period may be dated her extraordinary efforts for meliorating the condition of poor female emigrants. What fell under her notice in connection with these luckless individuals was truly appalling. Huddled into a barrack on arrival ; no trouble taken to put girls in the way of earning an honest livelihood ; moral pollution all around ; the government authorities and everybody else too busy to mind whether emigration was rightly or wrongly conducted—there was evidently much to be done. In January, 1841, Mrs. Chisholm wrote to Lady Gipps, the wife of the governor, on the subject ; tried to interest others ; and, although with some doubts as to the result, all expressed themselves interested. Much jealousy and prejudice, however, required to be overcome. Bigotry was even brought into play. There might be some deep sectarian scheme in the pretended efforts to serve these young and unprotected females. We need hardly speak in the language of detestation of this species of obstructiveness, which prevents hundreds of valuable schemes of social melioration from

* Memoirs of Mrs. Caroline Chisholm. London: Webb, Millington & Co. 1852.

being entered into. Fortunately, Mrs. Chisholm treated with scorn or indifference the various means adopted to retard her benevolent operations. She persevered until she had organized the Female Emigrant's Home. She says: "I appeal to the public for support; after a time, this appeal was liberally met. There were neither sufficient arrangements made for removing emigrants into the interior, nor for protecting females on their arrival. A few only were properly protected, while hundreds were wandering about Sydney without friends or protection—great numbers of these young creatures were thrown out of employment by new arrivals. I received into the Home several, who, I found, had slept out many nights in the government domain, seeking the sheltered recesses of the rocks rather than encounter the dangers of the streets. It was estimated that there were 600 females, at the time I commenced, unprovided for in Sydney. I made an offer to the government of gratuitously devoting my time to the superintendence of a Home of Protection for them in the town, and also to exert myself to procure situations for them in the country."

While making arrangements for conducting the establishment for female emigrants, Mrs. Chisholm acquired the consciousness that male emigrants of a humble class likewise required some degree of attention. Great numbers, for want of proper information, did not know what to do with themselves on arrival. "At the time laborers were required in the interior, there were numbers idle in Sydney, supported at the expense of the government. Things were a serious aspect; mischief-making parties, for some paltry gain, fed the spirit of discontent. The Irish lay in the streets, looking vacantly, and basking in the sun. Apart from them, Englishmen, sullen in features, sat on gates and palings, letting their legs swing in the air. Another group was composed of Scotchmen, their hands thrust into their empty pockets, suspiciously glancing at everything and everybody from beneath their bushy eyebrows. Mrs. Chisholm ventured to produce a change; she provided for the leaders first, showed how she desired to be the friend of the industrious man, and went with numbers in search of employment, far into the country. She undertook journeys of 300 miles into the interior with families; and the further she went, the more satisfactory was the settlement of the parties accompanying this brave lady. 'When the public had an opportunity of judging of the effect of my system,' writes Mrs. Chisholm, 'they came forward, and enabled me to go on. The government contributed, in various ways, to the amount of about 150*l*. I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. The country people always supplied provisions. Mr. William Bradley, a native of the colony, authorized me to draw upon him for money, provisions, horses, or anything I might require; but the people met my efforts so readily, that I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence. At public inns, the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself without charge; my personal expenses, during my seven years' service, amounted to only 1*l*. 18*s*. 6*d*. As numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for the conveyance by the steamers, the parties would never reach the stations, I met the difficulty by advancing the fare, confiding in the good feeling of the man that he would keep to his

agreement, and to the principle of the master that he would repay me. Although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost 16*l*. by casualties. At times, I have paid as much as 40*l*. for steamers, and, from first to last, in following out my system, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls. The largest number that ever left Sydney under my charge, at one time, was 147; but from accessions on the road, they increased considerably. The longest journey of this kind occupied five weeks, three weeks of which were passed on the road."

One cannot but admire the enthusiasm with which all this was gone through. The whole thing was a labor of love, and carried through, as will be observed, not without vast personal toil, and some degree of pecuniary outlay. Mrs. Chisholm says she lost only 16*l*.; but how few people in her rank, and with as comparatively moderate means, would give 16*l*. to promote any benevolent project whatsoever! The bulk of mankind content themselves with contributing criticism. They applaud or censure according as the thing looks in the eye of the world; when money is spoken of, they keep discreetly aloof.

In her enterprise to put female emigrants on the road to fortune, Mrs. Chisholm met with some curious cases of presumption. Many applications were made by young women who professed to be governesses, but were utterly incompetent for the situation. Among others came one who offered herself as nursery governess, who, on inquiry, could neither read nor write nor spell correctly. Another wished for the situation of housekeeper, and with her the following dialogue took place:—"Can you wash your own clothes?" "Never did such a thing in my life." "Can you make a dress?" "No." "Cook?" "No." "What can you do?" "Why, ma'am, I could look after the servants; I could direct them; I should make an excellent housekeeper." "You are certain?" "Yes, or I would not say so." "Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beefsteak-pie of the size of that dish, and a rice-pudding of the same size?" "O no, ma'am—that's not what I meant; I'd see that the servants did it!" "But there might be great waste, and you not know it; besides, all, or nearly all, the servants sent to this colony require teaching."

"Nothing," observes Mrs. Chisholm, "but my faith in Providence, that there must be a place fitting for everybody in society, enabled me to bear such inflictions; this faith made me labor in seeking some suitable employment for each, and had I not possessed it, but turned them out, their fate would have been inevitable and horrible."

That "Providence has a place for everybody" is an axiom that cannot be too strongly insisted on. The difficulty, however, is to know where that place is. It will help considerably to relieve us of trouble on this score, if we bear in mind that we are not limited in our choice of country. If every place is filled in this old and settled territory, by all means go away to new regions which lie invitingly open for trial. In short, go to America, or go to Australia, and in either of these find your proper place. There can be no doubt of your discovering it, provided you but look for it. Great in this faith has Caroline Chisholm labored. First, she helped women into situations in Australia; then she similarly helped men; next, she fell on the expedient of bringing wives and families to join husbands who longed for their society; and

lastly, she organized plans for sending out young women to the colony, with a view to balance the inequality of the sexes. To execute her designs in a proper manner, she required to know the real wants and condition of settlers; and, will it be credited, that she set out on long and painful journeys in a covered spring-van, and did not desist till she had gathered six hundred biographies!

In 1845, Mrs. Chisholm was joined by her husband from India, and she prepared to return to England. Five years of earnest and successful endeavor had wonderfully altered the general opinion respecting her operations. There was no longer any fault-finding. Jealousies had been overcome. It was now the fashion to speak well of plans that were once viewed with apathy or suspicion. "In Feb. 1846, a public meeting was held at Sydney, for the purpose of taking into consideration the presenting to Mrs. Chisholm, then on the eve of her departure for England, a testimonial of the estimation in which her labors on behalf of the emigrant population were viewed by the colonists. Some idea may be formed of the respect felt for the admirable lady, and acknowledgment of her public services, when eight members of the Legislative Council, the mayor of Sydney, the high-sheriff, thirteen magistrates, and many leading merchants, formed themselves into a committee to carry the wishes of the meeting into effect. The amount of each subscription was limited." In a short time 150 guineas were raised, and presented with a laudatory address. "Mrs. Chisholm accepted the testimonial, in order to expend it in further promoting emigration, in restoring wives to husbands, and children to parents. In the course of her answer, she said; 'It is my intention, if supported by your coöperation, to attempt more than I have hitherto performed.' She left Australia in 1846, bearing with her the warm prayers of the working colonists, whose confidence and gratitude, both bond and free, she had thoroughly secured, charged with the self-imposed mission of representing in England the claims of those powerless classes who have neither honor nor pensions to bestow on their advocates."

Since 1846, Mrs. Chisholm has resided near London, and devoted herself to the promotion of her last great scheme. This is to send emigrants to Australia, in what are called Family Groups, under the auspices of the Family Colonization Loan Society. The main features of the plan are these; suitable and well-recommended persons are enrolled as members on paying a small fee; and they are sent out on paying two-thirds of the passage-money—the remaining third being paid as a loan by the society, which loan is to be repaid from wages received in the colony. No security is required for the loan. The society reckon on the integrity and gratitude of the emigrants, and on the principle of associating parties into groups the members of which exercise a mutual supervision. A group consists of twelve adults. Friendless young women are introduced to and grouped with families. These introductions usually take place at Mrs. Chisholm's residence once every week, when the groups are addressed in a friendly manner, and furnished with hints for their government on board ship.

Another important feature in these operations, is to help poor emigrants to remit small sums to friends at home, the difficulty of making such remittances having formerly been very considera-

ble. To organize a proper system of remitting, Captain Chisholm has returned to Australia, and, according to an account given by Mrs. Chisholm, in a letter to the *Times*, it appears that the system is realizing all reasonable expectation.

More need hardly be said. As is generally known, ships are sailing almost weekly with emigrants of the class for whom Mrs. Chisholm has so warily interested herself; and we are glad to know, from good authority, that already large sums of the lent money have been repaid, proving that the trust put in the honesty of the emigrants has not been misplaced. A great scheme, auxiliary to ordinary emigration, is therefore at work, and its usefulness is acknowledged, not only by the press and the public at large, but by parties ordinarily less alive to projects of social melioration—ministers of the crown. Every one may well concur in paying honor to Caroline Chisholm!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

HOLMES' POETICAL WORKS.*

AMERICA can now show a tolerable list of poets. Such names as Longfellow, Whittier, and Bryant, stand nobly out among the stars of her mental galaxy, and redeem a host of puny, twaddling poetasters, that twinkle and flutter like spangles on a Columbine's petticoat. But among her "children of the immortal lyre," we find very few whose writings savor of humor or genuine wit.

The author of the volume of poems now before us is amongst the foremost in this peculiar phase of rhyme, and is held by our transatlantic brothers in the same degree that we hold the great and gifted Thomas Hood; but we are inclined to value Dr. Holmes much more for his truthful satire than for his "racy fun;" we admire his appropriate and teeming fancies rather than his attempts at the "comic." We cannot find a humorous poem in the book that can approach poor Hood's *Lost Child*, or *Ode to my Son*; but we can justly award Dr. Holmes a high place, if he is to be tested by graphic power, clever and finished versification, and artistic merit.

We should say his fame will be built upon such writing as *Astræa*, rather than on *Lines to the Portrait of a Lady*. There is great beauty and graceful pathos in the former poem, with no small philosophical weight. We have long been familiar with it, and it is so good that we hardly know where to choose a few lines as a specimen. We take these at random:—

Nature is liberal to her inmost soul,
She loves alike the tropic and the pole,
The storm's wild anthem, and the sunshine's calm,
The arctic fungus, and the desert palm;
Loves them alike, and wills that each maintain
Its destined share of her divided reign;
No creeping moss refuse her crystal gem,
No soaring pine her cloudy diadem!

Alas! her children, borrowing but in part
The flowing pulses of her generous heart,
Shame their kind mother with eternal strife
At all the crossings of their mingled life;
Each age, each people finds its ready shifts
To quarrel stoutly o'er her choicest gifts.

Here is another morsel of tangible fact from the same work:—

* The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes. First English edition. London: G. Routledge & Co.

No life worth naming ever comes to good
 If always nourished on the self-same food ;
 The creeping mite may live so if he please,
 And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese,
 But cool Magendie proves beyond a doubt,
 If mammals try it, that their eyes drop out.
 No reasoning natures find it safe to feed
 For their sole diet on a single creed.
 When the first larvæ on the elm are seen,
 The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are green ;
 Ere chill October shakes the latest down,
 They, like the foliage, change their tint to brown ;
 On the blue flower a bluer flower you spy,
 You stretch to pluck it—'t is a butterfly ;
 The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,
 They're hard to find as Ethiops in the dark :
 The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,
 Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for his blood.
 So by long living on a single lie,
 Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its dye ;
 Red, yellow, green, they take their subject's hue,
 Except when squabbling turns them black and blue !

These lines may teach, rough-spoken though
 they be,
 Thy gentle creed, divinest Charity !
 Truth is at heart not always as she seems,
 Judged by our sleeping or our waking dreams.

We trust and doubt, we question and believe,
 From life's dark threads a trembling faith to weave,
 Frail as the web that misty night has spun,
 Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the sun.
 Though sovereign Wisdom, at his creatures' call,
 Has taught us much, he has not taught us all.

Eternal truth ! beyond our hopes and fears
 Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad spheres !
 From age to age, while history carves sublime
 On her waste rock the flaming curves of time,
 How the wild swayings of our planet show
 That worlds unseen surround the world we know !

Miss Mitford, in her recently published volumes, *Recollections of a Literary Life*, alludes to Dr. Holmes' *Lines on a Punch Bowl* as doing more good to the cause of sobriety than all the temperance songs in the world ; and we would fully concur if every man had the rational determination to adopt the lesson in the last verse but two for his convivial golden rule. But, alas ! those "punch bowls" often hold a Syren whose charms far supersede those of the patient or impatient wife sitting up at home, and the wearied sigh of the lady over her lonely hearth is utterly drowned by the tones of the fairy deceiver, who flourishes her magical ladle and helps the gentlemen in the grand chorus of "We won't go home till morning." The lines, however, are vigorous and fine.

One of our great favorites in the volume is the poem of *The Ploughman*, and the exquisite bit of painting in the lines we extract from it must strike all who have ever looked in "the team a-field."

Clear the brown path, to meet his coulter's gleam !
 Lo ! on he comes, behind his smoking team,
 With toil's bright dew-drops on his sunburnt brow,
 The lord of earth, the hero of the plough !

First in the field before the reddening sun,
 Last in the shadows when the day is done,
 Line after line, along the bursting sod,
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have trod ;
 Still, where he treads the stubborn clods divide,
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and wide ;
 Matted and dense the tangled turf upheaves,
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield cleaves ;

Up the steep hill-side, where the laboring train
 Slants the long track that scores the level plain ;
 Through the moist valley, clogged with oozing clay,
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,
 The swinging ploughshare circles glistening round,
 Till the wide field one billowy waste appears,
 And wearied hands unbind the panting steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor brings
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of kings :
 This is the page, whose letters shall be seen
 Changed by the sun to words of living green ;
 This is the scholar, whose immortal pen
 Spells the first lesson hunger taught to men ;
 These are the lines, O, Heaven-commanded toil,
 That fill thy deed—the charter of the soil !

A real poet could alone write such as the above ;
 we confess to almost sniffing the fresh turned furrow,
 and hearing the trace-chains chink while reading them ; and the concluding lines are powerful in word and thought. By way of contrast we give a specimen of Dr. Holmes' comic effusions :—

Oh ! I did love her dearly,
 And gave her toys and rings,
 And I thought she meant sincerely,
 When she took my pretty things ;
 But her heart has grown as icy
 As a fountain in the fall,
 And her love, that was so spicy,
 It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,
 It was filled with my own hair,
 And she put it in her pocket
 With very special care.
 But a jeweller has got it—
 He offered it to me,
 And another that is not it
 Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings
 I do not now complain,
 But my dollars and my shillings
 Will never come again ;
 They were earned with toil and sorrow,
 But I never told her that,
 And now I have to borrow,
 And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,
 When thou shalt hear my woe,
 And know my sad dilemma,
 That thou hast made it so.
 See, see my beaver rusty,
 Look, look upon this hole,
 This coat is dim and dusty ;
 O, let it rend thy soul !

Before the gates of fashion
 I daily bent my knee,
 But I sought the shrine of passion,
 And found my idol—thee ;
 Though never love intenser
 Had bowed a soul before it,
 Thine eye was on the censor,
 And not the hand that bore it.

Dr. Holmes is a poet of whom America may be justly proud. His versification is easy, his diction strong and apt, and his power of censure very poignant and elevated. We certainly estimate him most in the higher walks of poetry, and hope to see great things from his pen yet. The volume is elegantly got up, with the merit of slipping into the pocket easily, and all who are collectors of real poetry should place it on their bookshelves.

From Fraser's Magazine.

TEA-TABLE LITERATURE.*

THAT certain men who are engaged upon religious pilgrimages will not drown, is a belief prevalent among the dwellers by the Upper Nile. However thoroughly they may be wrecked, submerged, and suffocated, the bodies of these men, it is said, float obstinately onward until cast ashore at the desired port; there, at the first bump, they get upon their legs and walk on quite uninjured by the accident. Upon the flood of literature pilgrims float, appealing in the same way to religious feelings for a reverence which they do not deserve, and pushing out upon the tide, recklessly as they do, in leaky, rotten barks, they seem to justify the superstition of the Nile by the success with which they make their voyages. Let any man, familiar only with well-written books, submit a miscellaneous trade-catalogue to scrutiny; he will see doubtless not a few works of lofty aim and skilful execution to be in their first edition still, while books with wondrous titles of religious affectation, now for the first time known to him, he will discover to be abundantly rejoicing in the publication of their seventh, tenth, thirteenth, and twentieth thousands. Is he a bold man, let him get some of these books; he may possibly rise up an astonished man when he has read them. No country patient ever suffered physic at the hands of his apothecary with perseverance equal to that of one section of our religious public which swallows with avidity dose after dose of literary trash, out of the belief that it is calculated to do good, to exercise a healing influence.

The section of the public about which we are now speaking is largely composed of individuals who claim respect and good-will from their neighbors and affection from their friends. They are not great patrons of controversial theology—except, indeed, when it proposes to discharge its wrath against the scarlet beast; and they prefer to have this done through the medium of a “religious novel.” It is a quiet, kindly public; it never starts for church or chapel until it has found its penny for the crossing-sweeper; it sends a plate of meat to the poor pensioner out of its Sunday dinner. It is a human public, and requires to be amused. It goes to oratorios, to chapel tea-par-

* *Proverbial Philosophy: A Book of Thoughts and Arguments, Originally Treated.* By Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., D. C. L., F. R. S. of Christ Church, Oxford. Twenty-first Thousand. Hatchard. 1851.

Philosophie Proverbiale (La Philosophie en Proverbes.) Par M. F. Tupper, &c. Traduite en Français par G. Metivier. A Londres: Hatchard. 1851.

A Hymn for all Nations. 1851. By M. F. Tupper, &c. Translated into Thirty Languages, &c. Hatchard. 1851.

Ballads for the Times. Geraldine, Hactenus, A Thousand Lines, and other Poems. By M. F. Tupper. A new and enlarged Edition. Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1851.

The Crock of Gold, and other Tales. By M. F. Tupper, &c. A new Edition, stereotyped. Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1851.

Half a Dozen No Popery Ballads, &c. Guildford and London. 1851.

Probabilities; an Aid to Faith. By M. F. Tupper, &c. Second Edition. Hatchard. 1847.

The Poems of King Alfred; Literally Translated into English Metre. By M. F. Tupper, &c. Printed at a Private Press.

An Author's Mind. The Book of Title Pages. Edited by M. F. Tupper, Esq., M. A., Author of “*Proverbial Philosophy*,” “*A Modern Pyramid*,” &c. Bentley. 1841.

ties; it does not abjure social evenings, and it enjoys whist if the points be threepenny. It includes thousands of the gentlest of our wives and daughters—the meekest, the truest, and the most forbearing. It is, on the whole, a very amiable public, with the one weakness, that it fears to face the world. It does not feel the sacred to be safe unless it is perpetually fingered; it fears lest heaven be forgotten when it is not talked about. It shrinks from men and books affecting freedom in their speech. It wants amusement, tales, and novels, but it fears frivolity, and asks to have them tintured with religion. It creates a monstrous literature of its own, and having been the author of its life, becomes its victim. The literature thus called into being grows. The sacred color being given, any article is salable, and manufacturers spring up who issue the most worthless trash under its sanction. The timid public, for whose use such articles are made, dares not commit the worldly sin of grumbling at the composition which is sanctified by the blue tint of heaven; nor does it venture to examine whether this blue tint be not sometimes given by a dye of earthly manufacture. Where will inquiry stop when it begins? the reader asks; and if I am deceived, he weakly adds, let the deceiver bear the sin. So he accepts the book because it claims to be religious. Year after year this process is continued; the trashy volumes, which at first had grated more or less upon the public taste, cease to disturb the blunted edge of it. At last, the judgment in such matters of that part of the community concerning which we speak becomes a spoilt tool, only fit for hacking among rubbish.

To the judgment of this public are submitted, with happy confidence, the works of a peculiar class of literary men. Men who beyond a certain measure combine upon paper letters into words, and send their compositions to the printer, may be called literary by a stretch of complaisance; just as we call men musical who display more than ordinary industry in admonishing us, at unexpected or expected hours, with their sepulchral warnings out of the French horn or flute. Indeed, we have struck here upon the aptest parallel, for these incompetent musicians certainly do bray or moan forth the most atrocious volumes of unmeaning sound. Nevertheless, such literary men, attempting pious tunes, obtain devoted listeners. They puff, and they obtain the notes which were the object of their puffing. Very soon they know a bank, and have a little balance with the banker.

The man of sense who finds his worth appreciated will receive appreciation in an unaffected manner. He is not surprised at what is natural, but, conscious that he receives full justice from his neighbors, he will feel bound, and well disposed also, to look about him and to display a just appreciation of the worth in others. Knowing his metal to be genuine, he never needs to cover it with the electro-plate of self-assertion. The weaker man, who finds his insignificance exalted by false praise, surprised and pleased; is always grasping at the garment which envelops him, and which he feels uncomfortably to want fastenings and to have been made for larger limbs; he is perpetually hitching up the breeches of his reputation. He twitches like a galvanized man, under the incessant process of electro-plating. His tongue is forever tapping like a tinker's hammer on the empty vessel of his fame. If he turn writer—and it is as writer that we are just now concerned with him—

wondering at his own false position, he will be frequently and publicly applying the word by which he is flattered, "Author," to himself; he will prefix a portrait to his books, and adopt devices similar to these which we shall presently examine.

The unparalleled submissiveness with which the feeble part of the outwardly (whether or not at all times inwardly) religious public bows down before its idols made of flesh, and the intolerable conceit begotten naturally among men of weak parts who find themselves revered, are common facts. They are apparent in too many of our churches and our chapels; in the rows of meekly arrogant countenances—portraits of John Smith, John Jones, John Brown, John Williams, reverend all, and all revered, in the shrine of a pulpit somewhere—whose images are collectively displayed in the shop of some congenial bookseller, or hung up singly over the tea-tables of their respective devotees. The great body of writers who participate in worship of this kind are men unknown, despite their tenth and twentieth editions, out of their own sphere, and altogether beneath literary censure. Nevertheless, it does occasionally happen that the people from the world without find it their duty to peep in upon the gentlemen within the little circle when they grow too noisy, or do something too absurd. The greater public then intrudes upon the lesser, for the sake of common sense, and for the protection of good taste, to overthrow, if possible even before the eyes of its worshippers, at least to placard with a warning to the prudent some image more preposterous than usual. Not very long ago this lesser public had a laureate who fired off epic poems with alarming frequency, until at length it became incumbent on the literary police to take him into custody. He, being now bound over to keep the peace, has not committed himself lately, but fulfils usefully his duties in a private station. A new laureate, however, has been chosen, who delights more than his predecessor in the publication of his portrait, and even presents to the world a picture of the house he lives in. This new laureate, perceiving Milton to have been his predecessor's prototype, and, anxious to show progress and improve upon the epic principle, has chosen Solomon for rival, and publishes a Book of Proverbs, much longer than Solomon's little work, which he no doubt considers to have been a mere *brochure*. Solomon also omitted to publish an engraving of his features "after Pickersgill." Since, however, there may be readers who think Proverbs out of date, this writer does not neglect to establish other claims on patronage; so, looking about to see in what way he could serve us, and what place he had better take at the table of the Muses, he assumes the vacant seat of "Coleridge," and is kind enough to finish Christabel, and knock off a few other little matters. He has heard about the Pyramids, as the great work of the ancient world, immortal affairs, and thinking, that if the wisdom of Solomon be not enough, he has only to add to it the wisdom of Egypt, he constructs off-hand *A Modern Pyramid*. The tremendous grasp of mind possessed by such a writer—we beg pardon, such an author—must, he knows, confound the public; therefore, to reassure us, he presents us with a condescending little volume, called *An Author's Mind*. Then, moreover, he can write tales as well as any novelist, or write philosophy, or make King Alfred sing in the

Old Hundredth measure. Having heard something of "Chevy Chase," he disdains to be thought incapable of ballads, and so favors us with *Ballads for the Times*. The name of this tremendous author is small—Tupper.

We have quite omitted to remark, that upon the opening of the Exhibition of all Nations, Mr. Tupper, ready for any occasion, resolved to be all nations, and published what he called a Hymn, in thirty languages; he having procured so many translators for a composition that was not worth putting together in any one language that is spoken upon earth. At the close of the Exhibition, Mr. Tupper felt called upon to print some further stanzas, of which copies were forwarded to editors and others. The Exhibition evidently could not close without him. It is very difficult to sum up the powers of Mr. Tupper, who, like Kehama, thunders down upon us from all sides at once. Lately he has caused his *Proverbial Philosophy* to be translated in the neighborhood of Leicester-square, printed in the Haymarket, and issued from his publisher's in Piccadilly, to delude unwary critics with "convincing evidence how very highly our neighbors have appreciated its merits," and rejoice himself with the make-believe that his great work has been translated by the French. This last device for the electroplating of his reputation is a circumstance to which Mr. Tupper is somewhat indebted for our present notice. We began to look into the soundness of the fame so manufactured; and we propose now to communicate to the world some part of our opinion about it. We are not familiar with all editions of Mr. Tupper's books, and really do not know whether we have the names of all his works. We have enough, at any rate. One may detect the quality of wine without drinking a barrelful.

Is he a handsome man?—and what sort of a house does he live in? These questions from the ladies Mr. Tupper anticipates by publishing a vignette of his house at Albury—why not, if we have Moore's cottage, and Southey's study!—and by great generosity in the way of portraits. What he has done before this date we cannot undertake to say; but, in the year 1851, there has been prefixed to the English edition of *Proverbial Philosophy*, Martin F. Tupper, from a painting by Rochard, in 1846, a portrait, and, liberal man, an autograph into the bargain. In the London-made French edition, published simultaneously, there is Martin Farquhar Tupper, from a painting by Pickersgill, another portrait and another autograph, with a self-satisfied flourish at the end. The two pictures are very different. That bearing date 1846, represents a thin gentleman, consciously handsome, with a white waistcoat, and a flow of silk over his shirt, who seems to be stepping in an aristocratic way out of his club, simpering along after dinner, totally unconscious that he has come out without his hat. A decided development of adipose tissue seems to have taken place about Mr. Tupper's person before he sat again for his much-wanted portrait. In the other he looks like a gentleman who has found out that he has only the weak part of the religious public to depend upon, and who has got himself up accordingly. The oil of several editions of his books has plumped his cheeks, we fancy, and expanded his whole form. The flowing scarf has shrunk into an unpretending stock, the waistcoat is a single-breasted velvet, and his coat of a heavy father-of-a-family cut. Under-

neath this picture should be written, not the autograph of any one, but some catch title; perhaps "Waiting for Muffins."

Having taken advantage of the opportunity so liberally forced upon us by this author of bestowing a little criticism upon his outward man, we shall proceed now to look within. Our task is greatly simplified by the fact that, in a book called *An Author's Mind*, Mr. Tupper has performed upon himself the work of an anatomist. His motto to this book is very candid—"En un mot, mes amis, je n'ai entrepris de vous contenter tous en general; ainsi, uns et autres en particulier; et par special, moyennême." That is quite true, and never has there been a man in print more thoroughly contented with himself than Mr. Tupper. Happy is the man whom smallest things are large enough to satisfy.

An Author's Mind; the Book of Titlepages, the author informs us that he published, to shoot out of the brain some of the grand ideas with friction against which his soul was being worn away. Comic or serious, complete in every department, his mind was a martyr to magnificent ideas. Being cast, however, in a mortal body, matter reigning mind in with a curb, his intellectual stomach overloaded, caused an aching of his intellectual head. Relief was sought in an emetic, and the clearance of his surfeited mind was offered to the public in the shape of about thirty title-pages and short written plans of books which it had occurred to him that he might write: *Nero*, a tragedy; *Charlotte Clifton*, a novel; *Scriptural Physics*, a treatise; *King's Evidence*, a satire; *Home*, an epic; and so on. The writer tells us in his preface that we must not think him egotistical because he writes in character as an author; but he takes care to let us know that he considers himself a real author; and we feel assured that if egotism be the touchstone of authorship, Mr. Tupper is the author of our day.

Thrice (he says) thrice have I (let me confess it) poured forth the alleviating volume as an author, a real author, real because, for very peace of mind, involuntarily; but still the vessel fills; still the indigent crop springs up, choking a better harvest, seeds of foreign growth; still those Leonæan necks sprout again, claiming with many mouths to explain, amuse, suggest, and controvert, to publish invention and proscribe error. Truly it were enviable to be less apprehensive, less retentive; to be fitted with a colander-mind, like that penal cask which forty-nine Danaides might not keep from leaking; to be, sometimes at least, suffered, for a holiday, to ramble brainless in the paradise of fools. Memory, imagination, zeal, perceptions of men and things, equally with rank and riches, have often cost their full price, as many may have known; they take too much out of a man, fret, wear, worry him; to be irritable is the conditional tax laid of old upon an author's intellect; the crowd of internal imagery makes him hasty, quick, nervous, as a haunted, hunted man; minds of coarser web heed not how small a thorn rends one of so delicate a texture; they cannot estimate the wish that a duller sword were in a tougher scabbard;—

And so on. Just the strain of the muffin-loving pastor, whom young ladies love because his sword is too much for his scabbard, and his brains are on fire through the intense zeal of his preaching. Fifty pages about himself similar to the above form the introduction to *An Author's Mind*. We are rather timid about venturing to annoy our readers with another specimen, only, perhaps, still talking

of his brainfull, it may be curious to see how Mr. Tupper, being critical, pats Shakspeare on the back:—

Glad shall I be to victimize my monsters, eager to dissipate my musquito-like tormentors;—yea, I would "take up arms against a sea." ["Arms against a sea?"] Dearest Shakspeare, would that Theobald, or Johnson's stockbutt, "the Oxford editor," had indeed interpolated that unconscionable image! It has been sapiently remarked by some hornet of criticism, that "Shakspeare was a clever man;" but cleverer far must that champion stand forth who wars with any prospect of success upon seas; perhaps Xerxes might have thought of it, or your Astley's brigand, who rushes sword in hand on an ocean of green baize;—who shall cure me of parentheses?—well—"a sea of troubles, [thoughts trouble us more than things—I sin again; close it;] and by opposing, end them."

That is Mr. Tupper critical, but criticism is only a part of the great Tupperian Cosmos. Let us see *how Mr. Tupper can be logical*:—

Writing is the concreted fruit of thinking, the original expression of new combinations of ideas, the fresh chemical product of educational compounds long simmering in the mind, the possession of a sixth sense distinguishing intelligence, and proclaiming it to the four winds.

or comical:—

Against bears in a stage-coach, pointers in a drawing-room, lap-dogs in a vis-a-vis, and monkeys in a lady's boudoir, my love of comfort and propriety enters strong protest; an emancipated parrot attracts my sympathy far less than bright-eyed children feeding their testy pet, for I dread the cannibal temptation of those soft fair fingers when brought into collision with Polly's hook and eye; gigantic Newfoundlanders dragging their perpetual chains, larks and linnets trilling the faint song of liberty behind their prison bars, cold green snakes stewing in a schoolboy's pocket, and dormice nestling in a lady's glove, summon my antipathies; a cargo of five hundred pigs with whom I had once the honor of sailing from Cork to London, &c., &c.

or poetical:—

RESERVE.

Thou chilling, freezing fiend, Love's mortal bane,
Lethargic poison of the moral sense —

No, there Mr. Tupper must allow himself to be coughed down. We shall test his quality as a poet when we look at his conclusion to *Christabel*. We may note that his idea of a subject for an epic poem, was "Home," to be written in the style of the *Pleasures of Memory*. We should like to hear Mr. Tupper's definition of an epic when his logical humor is on him. It is the next most desirable thing to Mrs. Todgers' opinion of a wooden leg.

For *Mr. Tupper philosophical*, we must turn to his *Proverbial Philosophy*, his great work. We will take that next into consideration. It is called; with the modesty characteristic of its author, *A Book of Thoughts and Arguments Originally Treated*; and its pretentious form, together with the fact that the edition of 1851 writes itself down twenty-first thousand, of a book five hundred pages long, must form our apology for intruding upon these pages any notice of a writer who is in himself so insignificant. His success indicates a defect in the public taste which we have already endeavored to trace to a particular section, and no

small section, of the reading multitude. We can only define *Proverbial Philosophy* as a successful attempt at printing common places in a sing-song manner, of giving to the eye a notion of that nasal monotony which is the vehicle commonly employed for the administration of serious platitudes by word of mouth. Of the *Proverbial Philosophy* there are two series, containing about sixty distinct strings of morality on sixty distinct subjects; the Words of Wisdom, Pride, Prayer, the Trinity, Authorship, Love, and so on. Each string of morality is made up of a great number of beads or lines, constructed with a rise and fall, after the exact pattern of the Proverbs of Solomon. As Solomon writes, "Stolen water is sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant," so Tupper writes, "Great is the dignity of authorship; I magnify mine office." Between the works of King Solomon and Mr. Tupper there is a great similarity in form, with differences in the quality of matter. The two proverbs above quoted indicate pretty well where lies the difference between their authors. The proverbs of Tupper are cut more nearly into even lengths, and, being printed versewise, look and read, so far as sound goes, like portions of a supplemental Scripture; they read well with a twang, and since the commonplace remarks are really for the most part a collection of good, charitable, moral dulnesses, the whole book very fairly gets over the weak side of the religious public. Whether Mr. Tupper would have us to suppose that each line of his volume is a proverb we do not know; nothing can be a greater error than any supposition of that kind; lines like "The savage is that rock; and a million chances from without," are rather the rule than the exceptions. As for the complete lines, few are more original than this: "Truly spake Wisdom, There is nothing new under the sun."

We must take the word of the title-page for the originality of treatment which the subjects undergo in this book. We wonder, indeed, that an author with so little in his head should undertake to be sententious: there is boldness and perhaps originality in that attempt. The best German authors are full of proverbial philosophy, in verse, under the name of *Zahme Xenien*, &c.; and Goethe has a prose-book of proverbs or maxims, classified in seven divisions, which does indeed differ in many respects from Mr. Tupper's volume, but the differences are simply such as in manner and matter must exist between the work of a man with a full brain and the work of an author with an empty skull. Perhaps the point upon which the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* prides himself most is the abundance of his imagery; but the theatrical director who should get up a new play with worn-out properties and scenes, however lavishly he might display his old goods, would be scarcely praised for liberality in decoration. Whether Mr. Tupper has a right to boast of his new scenery, machinery, and dresses, let the reader judge. The importance of trifles is dilated upon thus:—

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things,

And no swerving from a right line that may not lead eternally astray.

A landmark tree was once a weed, and the dust in the balance maketh a difference;

And the cairn is heaped high by each one flinging a pebble:

The dangerous bar in the harbor's mouth is only grains of sand;

And the shoal that hath wrecked a navy is the work of a colony of worms:

Yea, and a despicable gnat may madden the mighty elephant;

And the living rock is worn by the diligent flow of the brook.

Perhaps our readers have had quite enough of the *Proverbial Philosophy*; and if five hundred pages of it seem a little dreary, even when enlivened by the comic touches of self-satisfaction in the writer, it is pleasant to reflect that our good or ill opinion cannot touch the skin of a religiously defended author:

Wot thou well, my brother,
I canvass not the smile of praise, nor dread the frown
of censure.

Through many themes in many thoughts have we held
sweet converse;

But God alone be praised for mind! He only is sufficient.

And every thought in every theme by prayer had been
established:

Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath
answered prayer?

I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of
justice,

I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly, for
gratitude—

God hath blest my mind, and taught it many truths.

Plainly; I do not greatly care for your opinion. I applied to God for the establishment of my words, and He has answered me. How, therefore, can I care for man's opinion! I don't mean to be arrogant, but humbly, since I ought to speak the truth and be grateful for my blessings, I must let you know that I'm a very gifted author.

It would obviously be a work by far too tedious to characterize singly all the rest of Mr. Tupper's publications. How this gifted author finished *Christabel*, we hasten to relate; but stop upon the way to notice one more volume of philosophy—a blaze of Tupperian light thrown upon the mysteries of this our human state. It is a work entitled *Probabilities, an Aid to Faith*; and doubtless was intended by the universal genius to do something in the Paley and Butler line. It undertakes to show that the great mysteries of orthodox belief—"the Trinity," "the Godhead visible," "the Cosmogony," "Adam," "the Fall," "the Incarnation," "Heaven and Hell," and many more might naturally have been expected as what would probably exist or occur in the way that they are said to exist or have occurred by orthodox interpreters of Scripture. Of course the magnitude of any project born of Mr. Tupper's bursting brain ceases to startle us. That, apart from Revelation, the whole train of these tremendous subjects should be abridged and simplified, and so explained as to make them appear ordinary Probabilities—such things as might have been foretold from the beginning by an acute reasoner—is an idea worthy of its author. That he should find it quite easy to do this, by concentrating his thoughts into seeds, so that they will pack into a thin 16mo volume, gives us no surprise. The gifted man takes all his themes in turn, and points out the probabilities corroborating each doctrine—the Trinity, the Cosmogony, the Incarnation, and the rest of them—in the compass of from four to eight pages apiece. In each page there is about the same quantity of print as in a page of a three-volume novel.

But a great genius can put his thoughts into a walnut-shell, and that is true of Mr. Tupper, all

whose thoughts might even be contained within a cherry-stone, like those services of plate and watches which used at one time to find a market in the London streets. How Probabilities are brought in aid of Faith, we must distress our readers by exhibiting. We cannot comment on the wisdom contained in the appended probability anent "the Origin of Evil," but it will be read, no doubt, with elevated eyebrows:—

The probability that good would be warped and grow deteriorate—that wisdom would be dwindled down into less and less wisdom, or foolishness, and power degenerated more and more towards imbecility—must arise, directly a creature should spring out of the Creator; and that, let Astronomy or Geology name any date they will: Adam is a definite date; perhaps, also, the first day's—or period's—work: but the beginning, or Creation, is undated. It would, then, under this impression of the necessary defalcation of the creature from the strict straight line be rational to look for deviations; it would be rational to presuppose that God, just and good, and pure and wise, should righteously be able to "charge his angels with folly," should verily declare that "the heavens are not pure in his sight."

Further, it would be a possible chance (which considerations soon succeeding would render even probable), that for a wise humiliation of the reasoning creature, and a just exaltation of the only source of life and light and all things, one or more of such first created beings, or angels, should be suffered to fall possibly from the vastest height, and, at first, by the slenderest beginnings, lower and lower into folly, impurity, and all other derelictions from the excellence of God, the lines once unparalleled would, without a check, go farther apart for all eternity; albeit, the primal deviation arose in time. The ærolite, dropping slowly at first, increases in swiftness as it multiplies the fathoms of descent: and if the abyss be really bottomless, how impossible a check or a return!

Some such terrible example would amount to a reasonable likelihood, if only for a lesson or a warning.

No doubt Mr. Tupper, with the help of a yard-measure, could let us know the distance from the earth up to the blue ceiling of the sky.

What sort of "No Popery" ballads this gentleman would write, our readers can imagine for themselves; we drop one stanza by the way, and hasten on to *Christabel*.

Don't you feel you've made a fool
Of yourself, unlucky B——t?
Just the Jesuit's broken tool,
Not a martyr yet, poor B——t.
Though both Paul and Barnabas deplored
Your mock-popish nonsense, B——t,
No one cared to throw you overboard
Till you leapt there, foolish B——t.

The First Part of *Geraldine*, being the third of *Christabel*, opens in the forest, with a wolf, an owl, and a raven. It is midnight. There is mention of a witch and a magician. The moon looks

Like an eyeball of sorrow behind a shroud.

What that may be like, we do not know. There is a guilty one, and there is a dull, unearthly light—

Like a dead star, bluely white;

and what that may be like, we do not know either. As for the guilty one—

A seal of sin, I note it now,
Flashes upon thy ghastly brow;

And about the huge old oak
Thickly curls a poisonous smoke,
And terrible shapes with evil names
Are leaping around a circle of flames,
And the tost air whirls, storm-driven,
And the rent earth quakes, charm-riven,
And—art thou not afraid?

A very natural inquiry to put to the lady. She is very beautiful, but then she is a witch, and, in fact—

By the guilt upon thy brow,
Ah! Geraldine, 't is thou.

Demons begin to arise, and Geraldine dresses as befits her company—

Her mouth grows wide, and her face falls in,
And her beautiful brow becomes flat and thin.

Brimstone acts upon her eyes, and scorches them; they then resemble eyes of serpents. Her hair thickens into a mane, and a crust of sea-green scales grows over her body; in short, she becomes a serpent. Geraldine brings her tail to bear upon the oak-tree, splits it, and then sleeps exhausted—but again beautiful—while a Jack-in-a-box pops out of the oak, "in a whirl of thick smoke"—

Half hidden in many a flame-colored rag,
It is Ryxon the hag.

"Ho, ho!" says the hag; and that is usually the first remark occurring to these creatures when they enter into parley with a mortal: "What wouldst thou with me?" From her reply it appears that Geraldine is jealous of Christabel, that it is her desire to have Christabel's sweetheart to be her sweetheart, and to be more beautiful than Christabel; and she would like Christabel to waste away. She is prepared to pay for her whim, by selling herself for another five hundred years. Ryxon shakes hands on the bargain, and says, so it shall be, only there is added to the compact a condition: Geraldine must be mindful to put her fingers in her ears if ever she should see anybody on the point of striking up a hymn; for if ever she should hear a hymn, she will become a serpent for a thousand years. So ends the first part of *Geraldine*, being the third of *Christabel*; and there succeeds (just as Coleridge might have written it) a Conclusion to Part I., being Coleridgean reflections upon jealousy in women. Jealousy does a deal of mischief—it causes this, it causes that—

And the sweet milk of the heart's fountain,
Choked and crushed by a heavy mountain,
All curdled, and hardened, and blackened, doth shrink
Into the fossil sepia's ink.

A beautiful Tupperian image! A fountain playing sweet milk, this fountain being in the heart; a heavy mountain tumbles down upon the milk, and chokes and crushes it; the crushed milk may of course be appropriately said to be curdled—the action of the mountain may, in fact, have crushed it into cheese, for we are told it is hardened—certainly cheese; but blackened—spoiled, then; ah, yes! converted by the action of the mountain into the ink of a fossil sepia. A beautiful Tupperian image!

Part the second of *Geraldine*, being the fourth of *Christabel*, opens with stanzas commencing with the vigorous remark, "How fresh and fair is morn!" and running on in the same way until the arrival of a young knight, with golden spurs—in point of fact, a young crusader, and the sweet-

heart of Christabel. They had been companions as children, the poet tells us—

Thus they grew up in each other,
Till to ripened youth
They had grown up for each other.

So they grew up till they had grown up; and then parents and guardians decided that they must not think of one another any more. Hereupon the poet, with a burst of feeling, cries, after allusion to the difficulty of breaking oaks, and pulling up fir-trees—

O what a wrench to tear in twain
Those that are loved and love again—
To drag the magnet from its pole,
To chain the freedom of the soul,
To freeze in ice desires that boil,
To root the mandrake from the soil,
With groans, and blood, and tears, and toil.

The young knight, Amador, then went away to make his fortune in the holy wars, where, we are told—

Saladin trembled at the name
Of Amador de-Ramothaim.

That causes us no wonder. It is a name that would have made Coleridge himself tremble, a civilized man; and it is enough certainly to scare a Saracen. Christabel at home heard of his doings, although not exactly through the medium of the public prints:—

For her inmost soul knew well
That he hoped, and spake, and thought,
Only of his Christabel,
That he lived, and loved, and fought
Only for his Christabel;
So she felt his honor hers,
His welfare hers, his being hers,
And did reward with rich largesse
The stray astonished messengers
Who brought her so much happiness.

Now, therefore, the knight was coming, after an absence of ten years, to see his mistress. Alas! however, when he comes—

Poor Christabel was lean and white,
But oh, how soft, and fair, and bright,
Was Geraldine!

The lean and white is to Sir Amador cold veal, therefore he turns his back to Christabel, and his attention to her neighbor, Geraldine. Christabel is literally quite knocked down by this behavior, and, in falling, it is not so much the bruise that hurts her—

— she doth fall,
Unheeded in her father's hall,
And oh, the heaviest stroke of all,
By him she loves so well.

The Coleridgean "Conclusion to Part II." dilates upon the pain of treasuring up a lock of hair for ten years, and then receiving no thanks for one's faithfulness.

Part Three, being the Fifth and Last Part of Christabel, begins with the grief of that injured lady, who appears to have forsworn towels—

None can ever see unmoved
Thy poor wet face—

And her moist hair hangs like weeping willows over marble rocks—

as when dank willows cluster,
Weeping over marble rocks.

A troop of men arrives at her father's castle, mounted upon black and grey horses—

A mingled numerous array
On panting palfreys, black and gray,
With foam and mud bespattered o'er.

One of these, on a milk-white mare, with a gilt harp, green chaplet, and white beard (quite the picture for a sign-board), is "Bracy the Bard." We may say generally that this troop attends upon an old gentleman, Roland de Vaux, of Tryermaine, who now comes out of Coleridge into Tupper, taking this opportunity to say that he has lost no daughter, but that he wishes to be reconciled to Leoline. The reconciliation between these old gentlemen is told in fine Tupperics:—

Their knees give way, their faces are pale,
And loudly beneath the corsets of mail
Their aged hearts in generous heat
Almost to bursting boil and beat.

They do not quite burst their above-mentioned boilers; but the description of their feelings goes on in the same strain, until, at last—

With "Oh, my long-lost brother!"
To their hearts they clasp each other.

And the old gentlemen conclude the scene by a quiet kind of bursting—into tears, like cherubs weeping, the poet says—

As children, yea, as cherubs weep.

Geraldine, now entering, excites the admiration of these two old men, who, running out of one cherubic state into another, kneel before her with an amorous senility, and ask her whether she is not "Our Lady of Ferness!" They are about to say to her—

Bless us for thy wondrous son,

When there occurs a hiss and a twist of a serpent on the ground, which checks their piety. Geraldine assures them that she is a simple, innocent maid; and the old gentlemen are about to put the cap upon their folly—

— full of love these ancient men
Full fired with guilty love—

when they perceive how,

within the chamber door,
Softly stole Sir Amador,

and they, accordingly, slink out. Embraces follow. Christabel steps in. She comes to the pair, stands by and wrings her hands, and looks up to the Virgin—

It is done—he is won! stung with remorse,
He hath dropt at her feet as a clay-cold corse.

So now each lover has had a drop. The suddenness of the repentance is extremely startling. Christabel proceeds to kiss her knight, at which proceeding Geraldine is so rude as to glare and gnash her teeth. At this juncture, Bard Bracy outside, who probably has just finished his dinner, strikes up a hymn by way of grace, and Geraldine, who has not put her fingers in her ears, becomes a serpent for a thousand years.

In the conclusion to this part and to the poem a spirit comes—

Not swift but soon, next day at noon,
Just at the wedding hour,

with the opportune news from Heaven to Roland de Vaux, that Amador is his long-lost son—

The spirit said, and all in light,
Melted away that vision bright,
My tale is told.

So ends the poem; and we spare our readers any farther illustration of the empty vanities of Mr. Tupper. A writer so weak and vain might fairly have been overlooked by us, in the belief that his works soon would perish of their own inanity. But if we have specified an individual, it has been to illustrate a class. The author of *Proverbial Philosophy* is a man eminent at tea-tables, who displays in a marked manner those characteristics which go to make up an idol for the weaker section of religious readers. Other such sources of absurdity are pouring every year into one muddy pool, the driblets, or the drainage, or the sluggish rivers of their dulness. As members of a literary Board of Health, our duty is performed when we have issued a report upon the nuisance. We declare the water of the great pool of Muffin-Morality to be a brackish and unwholesome fluid, which ought to produce a sense of sickness in a healthy stomach. We have called attention to the pool, and lifted up our caution by the side of it.

To put the rest of what we have to say in the Tupperian proverbial form that is best suited to its nature:—

The sun sets in the west; darkness envelops the earth.

Light is something, we have said it; when the sun sets something is gone.

Speech is the light of thought; silence is darkness; thought is a sun.

When the sun sets, thought ends; silence should come, but it does not.

Speech which is light goes on, yet how it is light we marvel.

Speech without thought is heavy; heavy and light are dissimilar.

Speech, then, is light and heavy; there is unity in contradiction.

We talk, but we have nothing to say; such talk is proverbial.

Give us a form of speech, give us a manner of speaking.

Sentences please on the lip, if the mouth will utter them roundly.

Matter to say we have none, but we speak in the manner of Tupper.

Manner will make the man, and as for the matter—what matter?

Yet it is good to pause in a thing that might go on forever.

Milk is sweet, nuts are hard, bricks are red, but white occasionally.

Let the voice die on the lip, the words of the wise are ended.

From the Westminster Review.

THE POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin. New and Revised Edition. Willis: Covent-garden.

THE quotation which at once rises to the lips of the educated Englishman who reads the above title, is the well known remark in Selden's delightful "Table Talk," that "libels" are like "straws," which serve to show how "the wind is." But we hope that it is scarcely necessary to

fortify ourselves with this respectable observation. The great literary reputation of the "Anti-Jacobin"—the interest attaching to such well-known names as those of Canning, Frere, Gifford, Wellesley, will induce the reader, we willingly believe, to glance with us at their revived productions. Whatever has been famous in its day has some claims on posterity's curiosity. What were the real merits of those writings which a society calling itself cultivated, and having a wide range for comparison, agreed to consider of unparalleled brilliance, and pronounced to be highly influential on public opinion? This is a kind of question which in an age of republication is constantly urging itself. And ours is an age of republication. We are continually summoned to discharge the duty which devolves, under the Mahometan dispensation, upon the two angels named *Monker* and *Nakir*. "When a corpse is laid in the grave," Sale tells us, "they say he is received by an angel who gives him notice of the coming of the *examiners*; which are two black, livid angels of a terrible appearance. . . . These order the dead person to sit upright, and examine him, &c."

We are called on repeatedly to come in this ferocious capacity, and put dead literary bodies to the question. For there are "clubs" which employ their whole corporate existence in providing us with the opportunity. Authors of every period of history do in these later times come out of their graves, and walk abroad to the astonishment of the literary sentinel. We believe that the British Museum is arranged, and arranging itself, expressly so as to accommodate the labors of "Dryasdust." And nothing can be more certain than that material of all sorts is accumulating—quite in over-proportion to the increase of that faculty which sees into the spirit and meaning of the said material for the benefit of the living, whom that, and that only, can in any way serve. We confess, we rather wonder that the contents of the book before us waited so long for an intelligent and admiring editor. But Mr. "Charles Edmonds" comes forward at last, duly apportioning to each writer his fragment of satire, impartially divides parodies among their proper creators, and is indeed the "Old Mortality" of tory libellers. Mr. Edmonds has done what he undertook—which, as Mr. Jarndyce remarks, is of itself a decided merit. "Coavins" would sit on a post for his twelve hours, if he said he would; and all honor to the literary Coavins whose merit is similar! It is only natural, and surely not to be harshly treated in any case, that Mr. Edmonds should participate in the editorial weakness of a too great admiration for the object of his labors. He is inclined to talk of such productions as the "Knife-grinder" and the "Loves of the Triangles," as one might expect to hear a young gentleman, with a manuscript in his hand on his way to Moxon, talk of Keats' "Hyperion" or of "Christabel." He has apparently no qualms in calling such productions "poetry." But when he makes a special point of asserting on behalf of Canning, as distinguished from other writers of satire, that he "knew how to respect the decencies of life," we are forced to ask him if he never heard of Canning's describing a political opponent as "the revered and ruptured Ogden?" and if he is not aware that Sydney Smith has especially described him as one "who spares nobody?" However, we have no wish to be harsh on the pious credulity of editors; only they would do well to be discreet in their laudations, and not

manage to remind one so often of those Indians who torture their victims by smearing them with honey to bring down the wasps on them?

The "Anti-Jacobin's" reputation is certainly, as we said above, and as Mr. Edmonds is correct in believing, very considerable. And it is a reputation of a peculiar, highly respectable, English, and orthodox character. Very grave and decorous people—people who speak of "Punch" as a "facetious contemporary"—admire the "Anti-Jacobin." Priggish gentlemen, like "Ranville Ranville" of "Mrs. Perkins' Ball," smirk pleasantly at the mention of it. Serious people class it among those instances in which the "faculty of ridicule that has been conceded to us" has been "lawfully" used. Its quotations are bandied about the orthodox press, when a man of dangerous views is to be held up to proper contempt and ridicule. Now all this, and the fact that it was one of the "straws" (to recur to old Selden's saying) which served to show how the stormy winds of the French Revolution time blew, make it well worthy of a notice in these pages. The treatment of it, and of the men and deeds which its name suggests, will naturally bring the period before us, and we shall be able to see, in some measure, how English ways of thinking have altered since the days when Coleridge and Southey were the butts of ridicule, and when Byron submitted his productions to the approval of Gifford.

Naturally enough, satirical literature is always referred to—and in all the stages of its development—when one wants to form a warm and vivid picture of the life of a people. Satire grows out of the natural humor of the popular heart. It makes its appearance in the very earliest ages of history; comes dancing out of the primeval woods with laughter and crowned with wild flowers. You hear its laugh at the earliest festivals of the race, when they met together for religion and revelry; and after Tellus had had his offering, and Silvanus his milk, and the Genius his wine and flowers, why then, the—

Agricolæ prisci, fortes parvoque beati,

pelted each other with jests fresh as the turf below them, with a smack of hard humor rough as their early wine. The first old satirists would be good-natured, and fun would be the main element of their *fescennina licentia*. For hate would express itself in those early times by weapons at once. It requires civilization to produce iambs that slay as surely as steel, or a *Junius* letter, that will reduce its object to living on potatoes for a week! And these early *carmina*—for it was the natural tendency of the large-hearted early man to wing his sarcasm with song—would be the first rude assertions of literature proper against force—of the value of the intellectual element as a redeeming feature in the social conditions produced by political movements—far-off gleams of ideas afterwards to be developed in the world's history. If we turn from early southern to early northern life—we leave the warm regions of taunting *fescennine* song, and we find our Scandinavian ancestors, in their different way, lacerating each other with "*nothing-verses*." Everywhere satire, in one or other of his various garbs, is found doing his duty in his station. With the car of the victor of civilisation, he marches to remind him of his mortality. He follows at the funerals of dead institutions as the mime who burlesques the gestures that characterized them living. He jeers in the wake of *Cæsar's* Gallic triumph, at the baldness

below the laurel—at the vice that disfigures the greatness. He is found pitching "sacred chickens" overboard, to see if they will drink when they decline to eat. He is wise in the fool's garb, and rings a moralizing knell from those bells of his. Many duties devolve on satire in the ever-varying world-history. But when satire is genuine, when it comes from the heart, and is the voice of nature, appealing to man's instincts against the falsities, hypocrisies, corruptions of a time—surely then we may admit it amongst the grander products of the human faculty, and may speak, without impropriety, of the Satiric Muse. It certainly is *not* true that "ridicule is the test of truth," in the sense in which that *dictum* is commonly used; but when men heartily join in the scornful laugh of the satirist, it may be presumed that the reverence which he is laboring to destroy, has already begun to stand on a false foundation. Would Paris have seriously delighted in the "Tartufe," had it not been well known that hypocrites of the same *genus* infested the town? When old Sir David Lindsay, with his deep Scotch humor, made the friars laughable—was he not really appealing to every man's experience of their impudence, falsity, hypocrisy, and godless laziness? Men may laugh loudly, but they will not laugh long, at ridicule of the truly venerable. The godless jester has his hour and his knot of *claqueurs*; but when the real satirist—who is at once humorist and moralist—makes his appearance, he is hailed as a brother by more generations than his own. He plants himself on the common instincts of mankind, and when he exposes the solemn impostures of the world, he is appealing to the genuine, healthy sense of the people, and his laughter wakes them from the enchanted sleep they have been bewitched into. "What think you of Luther?" says the good Elector to Erasmus. "Why—hem!" the careful scholar, who loves his lettered quiet, hesitates; suddenly the eye brightens; "he has attacked the pope's crown and the monks' bellies!" The laugh echoes over Europe—"the pope's crown and the monks' bellies! Yes, that is it—the rascals!" chuckle the deep-hearted northerners. "*Habet!*" is the exclamation of the gazing world. Erasmus' satire was a thin and poor affair, compared with that of Burns, for example, yet how much it did for the good cause! Then, everybody has heard of despotisms "tempered by epigrams." The gloomy, hypocritical, keen, and knowing Tiberius—with his stiff neck, face blotched with dissipation, and big eyes that shrank from a fair glance, and had a cat-like faculty in the dark—had a dread of this darting light in particular. Tacitus, who saw everything, saw this, and well notes why Fufius is glanced at in the imperial letter—Fufius who is "*dicax, et Tiberium acerbis facetiis inridere solitus*;" "*quarum*," adds the historian, himself a king of satirists, if need be—"apud præpotentes in longum memoria est!"

Genuine satire, then, we may well prize. There is a peculiar beauty in the white nettle-flower. And of its literature, as a means of enabling us to know a time, the value is indubitable. For Roman life, we go to Horace and Juvenal. For our own life in the past ages, we go to our satirists—not, of course, without distinction of persons. But it may be said, further, that the great satirist is essentially of a genial nature—preeminently "a good fellow." We hear, every now and then, of the "black malignity" of one, the "bile" of another; as well talk of the mean anger of the bearer of the silver bow! Think you those arrows

shall not be shot, because respectability is startled by the glitter! We could get up as good a band of cheerful, lovable friends from the ranks of the satirists as heart could wish. The tenderness of Catullus, in spite of his "arrowy shower" of satires, everybody knows, and wishes for his ashes the peace that his beautiful verses implore for those of his brother! Horace, high priest to the devotees of *savoir vivre*, chastises with rods of myrtle. And why do we hear so much of the "grossness" of poor old Juvenal! Sometimes we hear him described as a butcher; sometimes as an exhausted old voluptuary, turning to rail at vices which he had "used up." But his was not an age for using light weapons. It was a war like Thor's attack on the serpent, Midgard. His *fasces*, too, were always lowered before the old genius of his country; wherever a divine power came along, they bowed in due reverence. There are stray, sad gleams, too, of poetry, as in the passage ending with the mournful, musical, *plenæque sororibus urnæ*. But does not a hearty old Roman geniality breathe from the invitation to Persicus in the eleventh satire! Persicus is to come to that grim satirist's Tiburtine villa. No raw-head-and-bloody-bones repast awaits him. There will be a plump kid, Persicus, my boy, fresh from the banks of Tiber—innoct of grass, and scarcely having cropped the willow—a most innocent kid, with more milk than blood in him—(Charles Lamb would have gone at once)—vegetables, eggs, excellent grapes. We will dine as our ancestors used to dine. We will have a modicum of modest wine, and we will hear the verses of the "Iliad" and of "Virgil."

Quid refert, tales versus quâ voce legantur?—

We cannot expect such cheerful feeling to prevail often in a heart sick with the contemplation of the brutal greed, cruelty, stupidity, and manifold baseness of the time. But it is pleasant to feel this cheerful breath, as from the old hills of Italy, in an atmosphere redolent of smoke, foreign ointments, gigantic kitchens, and all sorts of sin. Sad and grim old Juvenal had the honest simplicity of one of the old rustic gods about him, and the bare manliness of his humor is not suited to the morbid squeamishness of effeminate respectability. Dryden's genuine good-nature and geniality are apparent at the very first glance you cast at his character. Swift "had a great deal of love in him," said Thackeray, in his last year's lectures, while he spoke of the faithful friendships of the great men of that era. Pope was cursed with a morbid temperament; but, after all, who really sympathizes with "Sporus," or gets up any genuine enthusiasm in favor of the herd of men whom he wantonly—say sometimes cruelly—attacked! In any case, Lord Hervey was a miserable worldling and courtier, with considerable Walpolean cleverness, but nothing that a man heartily can sympathize with. Cibber was not a dunce. Was he anything! Has our English literature gained anything from such as he and his fellow-victims! They are at best mere sacrifices to the general cause of entomology. They were mercilessly whipped. Well, better they should roar than the author of the "Dunciad" keep silence. They only owe their remembrance to the fact of Pope's having satirized them; as you remember the existence of a beetle by the marks of its blood on the wall. Gay, who wrote satirically enough, was as good-natured as a cherub. Churchill, who is perhaps, our most violent satirist, inspired profound affec-

tion—so much so, that his friend Lloyd rose from the dinner-table, where he was sitting when the news of his death reached him, and died within a few days of the shock. Who doubts the kind-heartedness of Molière, or Voltaire, or old George Buchanan, who wrote the ferocious "Franciscanus," and the pungent "Fratres Fraterrimi," or of Butler, or Dr. Donne! There was no need of Coleridge's elaborate preface to the "Fire, Famine, and Slaughter," to convince us that literary bitterness does not come from malignity. The genuine satire is an utterance of scorn which may hate—as, indeed, who ought not to hate—baseness; but hates without meanness, from the very love of the good and noble. We cheer on Apollo when he is attacking the serpent—Thor when his mallet is about to ring on the Frost-giant. We know that Cicero was one of the warmest-hearted men that ever lived; and it does not diminish our regard for him when we see him exhausting language to heap infamy on the plunderer of Sicily, or the miscreant Piso.

It would seem absurd to apply the rules derived from our ideal of satire to every concocter of political squibs, with an air of solemn measurement. This would be to practise a kind of hawking like that of the king who used to have sparrows trained to catch butterflies. The political squib is a favorite article of British manufacture; we are skilful in its concoction, as, in truth, in that of most other species of satire. Within the circle of a century, did we not produce Butler, Dryden, Swift, Pope!—four of the greatest satirists the world ever saw. Hudibras, unmatched for humor; Dryden, for a large, flowing, broad invective, with smart strokes of sharpest sense; Swift, whose irony is exquisite, who scents corruption with morbid keenness, and lavishes on it his wit and scurrility, as a volcano sends up at once fire and mud; Pope, perhaps the most finished satirist of all—refining satire into an art, putting deliberately on, you may say, like the poisoner in Browning, a glass mask, to keep his features covered, while he prepares his subtle poisons. Yes; we have a talent for satire in England. Perhaps, to be sure, we never attain to the airiness of the French epigram—

. . . . that masterpiece of man!

which slays as with a sun-stroke. Our satire has a tendency to be noisy. We *rattle* as well as sting. Thus, when an offender is to be lashed, much dust and hubbub is raised round him. The laws against which the unhappy fellow has rebelled are solemnly invoked, and repeated to him as at a military flogging. Who does not remember the "slashing article" of the "Quarterly," in its old day!—The public were always first reminded of their duties as Britons, and their moral position in Europe generally, and called on to rejoice sternly in the coming castigation. Of the two great branches into which satire divides itself—invective and ridicule—perhaps the first is our forte. Dryden confesses that he preferred Juvenal to Horace, for his private reading. He himself shows an example of merciless violence. Thus, we are unhesitatingly assured of Shadwell—really, by the way, a clever man—that—

With all this bulk, there's nothing lost in Og,
For every inch that is not fool is rogue!

So Churchill solemnly commences, of a foe:—

With that small cunning which in fools supplies,
And amply, too, the place of being wise,

Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave.

Again, Junius calls one great man "purely and perfectly bad." And Swift opens a battery on the Irish public body (we are quoting from memory) with—

Half a mile from Dublin college,
Half the globe from sense and knowledge.

It is our English way. A majestic severity seems to become our national seriousness; we feel that the *non temnere divos* is to be taught to some purpose, while we are about it.—To revert, however, to political squibs.

We enjoy the reputation, undoubtedly, of being the first caricaturists in Europe. Our Gilrays and H. B.'s are unmatched. And we have never been without our squib-writers. The ballads against the "Rump" alone, we believe, count by thousands. Cleveland, the royalist satirist, went through edition after edition. Cowley's wit is as visible in his attack on the Puritans as in anything of his we have left. Villiers and Dorset's *carmina proborsa* were renowned. William the Third's diseases; Sir Robert Walpole's mistress; Queen Caroline's hate of her son; the Georges' affection for Hanover—their bad English—their queer ways—their amors—occupied a cycle of satirists. Walpole's letters are always registering the last "copy of verses," which had aimed at inflicting misery on his king, his rivals, or his uncle. Pulteney wrote squibs, and so did Chesterfield. Bolingbroke's stately eloquence complains of the "flowers" . . . "gathered at Billingsgate," by his enemies, to annoy him. And to this hour, the orthodox reviewer of the day still thinks it the proper thing to mention Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, the great gay libeller of the last century, an elegant, witty gentleman, always ready to embody the scandal of the hour in neat and flowing verses. It became an art to do this kind of thing—an art like that of the early poisoners, who conveyed death in perfumed soap, gloves, flowers. So that every period of political movement has its knot of libellers:—the "Rolliad" is succeeded by the "Anti-Jacobin;" then comes the era of the "Twopenny Post-Bag," which is followed by the tory triumph of the *John Bull*; till, last—which was the upshot of the whole, and natural development of the system—it led to abysses of blackguardism (in the *Age*, &c.), where not even the sturdiest critic can be expected to follow.

Just before the period of the "Anti-Jacobin," the great squib-writer of the day was Dr. Wolcot, the famous *Peter Pindar*. The doctor was a Devonshire man—had served as physician in Jamaica under Sir William Trelawney—was afterwards in holy orders. He was a man of fair acquirements, amateur in art and music, and, as far as we can see, a much more respectable kind of person than you would expect from his reputation, or, indeed, from some of his writings; for the doctor was decidedly coarse. To be sure, there are degrees of coarseness. We should perhaps be harsh, if we were to say that he was ever exactly *blackguardly*. One must remember the time, and one must judge a man of the world by the standard of his class. There is about Peter, then, a certain "after-dinner" kind of coarseness—a loose, rough way of talking, seasoned with *gros sel*—quite intolerable now, of course; but such as, there is good reason to believe, was once not unknown in circles of men

well-born, bred, and educated, according to their time; and which, we dare say, is still known among bagmen, American slave-dealers, and thick-skinned talkers of many sorts. The doctor was a libeller of immense fertility, and certainly had real humor. Perhaps some of our readers may be curious to see a specimen. We transcribe (from the respectable five volume edition of 1812) one of the many attacks which he made on George the Third. The peculiarity in that king's way of talking was a favorite subject of the writer. He is here narrating a visit paid by the monarch on a progress, in company with the Earl of Pembroke:—

From Salisbury Church to Wilton House, so grand,

Returned the mighty ruler of the land:

"My lord, you've got fine statues," said the king—

"A few, beneath your royal notice, sir,"

Replied Lord Pembroke.—"Stir, my lord, stir, stir; Let's see them all, all, all, all, everything."

"Who's this?—who's this? Who's this fine fellow here?"

"Sesostris," bowing low, replied the peer—

"*Sir Sostis*, hey? *Sir Sostis*? 'pon my word!

Knight, or a baronet, my lord?

One of *my making*? What, my lord, *my making*?"

This, with a vengeance, was mistaking!

"Sesostris, sire," *so soft*, the peer replied;

"A famous king of Egypt, sir, of old."

"Poh! poh!" the instructed monarch snappish cried,

"I need not *that*, I need not *that* be told!"

"Pray, pray, my lord, who's that big fellow, there?"

"'Tis Hercules," replied the *shrinking* peer.

"Strong fellow, hey, my lord? strong fellow, hey?

Cleaned stables; cracked a lion like a flea:

Killed snakes, great snakes, that in a cradle found him.

The queen, queen's coming: wrap an apron round him."

This is the kind of buffoonery which the doctor produced, which everybody read, and which ministers stood in awe of. The sale of his "poems" was something enormous. His reputation brought down opponents enough. Isaac Disraeli fleshed his youthful weapon on him, but made the doctor's acquaintance, and lived on good and friendly terms with him. Gifford, who was the tory bully of his day, published an "Epistle to Peter Pindar;" but Gifford was no match for him. The doctor had humor far beyond his assailant's and made the most ferocious and personal attacks on him. How strange it seems to read, in grave biographical language, of two men—both fond of letters, both dear to their own friends, and with some qualities worthy of love—"Gifford published his so-and-so against Wolcot; to which the doctor replied by a 'Cut at a Cobbler!'"

The "cobbler" was, indeed, a capital point for a satirist. One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a man of talent, in this country, is to be the son of a respectable tradesman! That fact, at all events, will never be forgiven him. "Vices" will be pardoned, for they were committed in hot youth. To renounce his early opinions, is perhaps the next most damning blot; still, it is sometimes conceded that this may be maturity of judgment, a riper knowledge, and the "exercise of a sound discretion." But if he be sprung from the *taberna* of a "cobbler," or a grocer, or a barber—the shadow of the parental establishment will darken his path through life. The tory reviews

will bring forward the fact, as a conclusive reply to his argument for a reform of the constitution—is an additional reason for rejecting the “emendations” in his edition of a classic. “Not that I think any the worse of him for it—but—” and snob looks unutterable things. A reform may be in progress in such matters now, but it was not so in the times of which we are writing. Indeed, we might draw up a list of rules derived from the party-satirists (the smallest of all satirists, of course), how to use this kind of reproach to the greatest advantage.

Gifford's autobiography, prefixed to his translation of Juvenal, is one of the most remarkable things in our language. It sets forth, with the plainest, barest, most business-like air, one of the most extraordinary stories of struggles and privations, ending in reputation and prosperity, that can be read anywhere. The poor, bowed, unhealthy boy—he had been rejected as “too small” at a storehouse; he had done menial work to the skipper of a coaster; he was “bound apprentice to a shoemaker” (the *satirical* for which is “cobler”); and the imaginative eye may behold him at eighteen or nineteen years of age barely able to read and write, and “working out my algebra problems, on pieces of leather beat flat, with an awl.” In all England there was not a more utterly forlorn boy than William Gifford in 1776. Other men have been as poor—Heyne, for instance; but to be so far behind in culture, so late, was the worst part of the business. In 1795 he was the most popular satirist in England; he published his “Juvenal” in 1802, and in 1809 he was chosen to edit the “Quarterly.” Byron spoke of him, at the time when Byron was the most popular writer of his country, as his “literary father.”

This was the man who, next to George Canning, occupies the most notable place in the history of the “Anti-Jacobin.” A benevolent Cookesley had taken him up; a magnificent Grosvenor had pushed him on. He had been to Oxford. He had been drilled and developed into being the sturdy defender of the old British ideas in politics and literature. They made him “Paymaster of the Gentlemen Pensioners.” There he was—the precise man that “hide-bound torism” needed; a pedant, by nature and by culture; enveloped in a suit of spiritual leather, and impervious to everything new, everything original, within and without. Here was just the man—Vaucasson could not have made a better one to order—to denounce the “enormities” of the French Revolution from the fire-side point of view, to abuse and deride the Coleridges, the Shelleys, the Keatses.

Leigh Hunt, in his “Autobiography,” looking back kindly and charitably to those early days, and desirous of taking a solemn and peaceful farewell of contemporaries, good or bad, can find in that large heart of his no corner for William Gifford. We cannot wonder at that; though indeed when, at this distance of time, one comes fresh and without bitter recollections to look at the dead old reviewer of the “Quarterly,” one recognizes something of the stuff of humanity—something in the patient, sturdy, wooden energy of the man, which impresses one with a not unpleasant idea of him. One thinks of him as of some ancient grave-digger working away in digging graves for, it may be, the young and the beautiful—faithful to the post, with no sort of spiritual perception of the nature of the employment—but still faithful, tough—with glimpses of

a rude humor, and dim consciousness that here is his work anyhow, and that he will labor to the last in it. You may study him as a genuine Briton of his kind. And, though his sea experiences had not been of the romantic yachting kind, God knows, thirty years found him still with a “love of the sea,”—though up to his ears in commentaries on Juvenal, and “brushings away” of “literary flies!” Nay, it is on record, that he could not sit down to compose those diatribes which enraged Hazlitt, unless there sat in the room to cheer him with her presence, an ancient plebeian female, to whom he had a “Platonic” attachment! So he had a heart then, and had not expended it all in ferocious iambics! We would ask that ancient female, were she still in the flesh, whether there was not a better William Gifford, than the bowed, keen-eyed, grim, wooden man, who scowled at Hunt in the room where he was first pointed out to him?

Hunt is right in denying him “genius.” His “Baviad” and “Mæviad” are very poor productions. A vigor of abuse, with now and then a glimpse of grim humor, distinguishes them; all the rest is imitation of Pope, and personal violence. It looks very absurd now, that ferocious onslaught on the poor clique of “Della Crusicans,” from Mrs. Piozzi downwards. Fancy—

Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite;

and—

Reptile accursed!

What crime had been perpetrated by the object of this vituperation? He had written ridiculous verses! Poor Mrs. Piozzi figures as “Thrale's Grey Woman,” and her and her colleagues' verses are described as—

The ropy drivell of rheumatic brains.

The triumph of such satires was the triumph of the old repute of our heroic metre—which, when it marched abroad with decent energy, bore about it the respectable air of olden times, like an ancient carriage glittering with armorial bearings. For the satirist always bore in England something dignified and ministerial in the way of reputation. He was looked on as a public officer, and called himself Censor; till he passed into beadledom, like other great officials.

Gifford has credit given him, in the edition before us, for a share in the “Loves of the Triangles” and the “New Morality;” but the most memorable things in the poetry of the “Anti-Jacobin” are from a different hand. For example, the parody on Southey's “Inscription” for the cell where Henry Marten was confined, and the thrice famous “Knife-grinder,” bear the joint names of “Canning” and “Frere.” The names have different degrees of celebrity, indeed. “Whistlecraft” may still be read with pleasure by an idle man; and an old age of peaceful literature in the island of Malta has associated the name of “Frere” with that of the scholars of his day. But the name of “Classic Canning” gives to the “Anti-Jacobin” the lustre by which it lives, and raises its fiery squibs into literary constellations.

“Classic Canning” had come up to London—the handsome, gentlemanly youth, with his noble brow and his fine dexterous intellect—the model “young gentleman” of his time. He had been the very cleverest boy that had perhaps ever ap-

peared in a public school, and the author of a Latin "prize poem," which excited the wonder of mankind—at Oxford. He was a master of debating weapons. If the highest ideal of a life be parliamentary success, and the best qualities those which insure that triumph, never was a candidate better fitted for the career. While a "House of Commons" was a debating assembly, in which two bodies of gentlemen contended for mastery under traditional flags, the people looking on from afar with admiration, and a convulsed Europe affording the grandest speculative subjects to discuss—why, what could he, as a gifted youth, do better than go in and cry, "Here am I!"

Skilful in ethics, and logic, in Pindar, and poets, unrivalled.

"I, too, can fight, and make my way like the best of you!" The time required a very good fighter too, for it was now becoming a very sore problem, and destined to occupy some considerable time in its solution—how long this kind of debating assembly, which was called the "House of Commons," could be expected to go on without entirely new conditions of action and modes of proceeding; so that you had not only to fight, if you were ministerial, the band who desired to be ministerial, but you had to keep what they call at sea your "weather-eye" looking out during the time, for the general safety of the establishment, threatened by "deluges" abroad, and a general thunder-muttering everywhere. Canning's memory is affectionately regarded in this country—partly for his fine genial qualities, the heat and the light that radiated from him, and made him lovable among mere politicians; chiefly, however, for the holier light of hope, which played around him, just when he was taken from us. But it is assuredly difficult to get at his real convictions on the great problem of the day, when he entered public life, or to see what was the notion of duty which he had laid to heart, and determined to act on; or how far, indeed, his moral position was higher than that of a young Macedonian prince, who, having proved his descent, enters to combat in the great Olympic games of the world. His "opinions" were always known to be liberal in his youth; and he enters public life a squire of Tory Pitt's.* However, our special business is not with that question, strictly relevant as it is. Canning had peculiarly a fighting man's qualities; in particular, he had a vein of pleasantry native and genial in him, and which descended fresh as dew on that hot and dry assembly.

The "Anti-Jacobin" was started in 1797, and the first number appeared on the 20th of November of that year, under the title of the "Anti-Jacobin Review." Gifford did the "heavy business"—the general butchering and slaughtering department; Canning and John Hookham Frere the elegant and vivacious satire, and the only satire worth remembering. The Marquis of Wellesley, a scholarly and able man, contributed occasionally, particularly Latin verses. The other *collaborateurs* are not worth the recording ink. The purport of the work is signified in its title. It was to make war on the French Revolution, and all that pertained thereto; on the French Directory, and the English sympathizers; on all new literature from suspicious quarters; on German dramatic importations.

* The weakest part of Mr. Bell's agreeable biography is that relating to this phase of Canning's life.

This was comprehensive enough. The full force of the lash fell, of course, on the French "miscreants." The terror of the orthodox at that time, and the wild agitation on one side and the other, of old and young Europe, we, who only read of it, can just dimly fancy, as we can fancy the Lisbon earthquake. It certainly was not from Giffords, and such-like heavy or light writers of satirical squibs, that you could expect a deep glance or an earnest laying to heart of the meaning of the Revolution. Few knew, few were great enough to know, that in that storm, awful as it was, the "Lord was abroad!" But most people could judge of the outward phenomena, more or less, by the standard of their own parish, or their own House of Commons. Let it be said at once, that the "Anti-Jacobin" poetry can have no value as a *protest*—does not rank with high satire, but properly with conventional and squib-satire. For such cleverness and veracity as it had, we would give it all due credit. And let us begin accordingly by quoting the reputed gem of the collection—the "Knife-grinder."

There were at that time, of course, plenty of republican converts in this country, and doubtless they were ready enough to make proselytes. Here was a good subject; and Mr. Southey, then a young man of very different views from those which he subsequently held, happily supplied a satiric form, by his introduction of "Sapphics."

SAPPHICS.

THE FRIEND OF HUMANITY AND THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast; your hat has got a hole in 't,
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
road, what hard work 't is crying all day "Knives and
Scissors to grind O!"

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how you came to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the "Rights of Man," by Tom
Paine?)

Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your Honor's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

*I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee d——d first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to ven-
geance—*

*Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !*

*[Kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel,
and exit in a transport of Republican en-
thusiasm and universal philanthropy.]*

Such is the famous "Knife-grinder," which convulsed the whigs of England with comic delight. Our editor thinks it "unnecessary to speak" of it, and subsides into rapturous silence. Not only did it make the hit implied in its frequent quotation, but it has had a continued influence on the question of the employment of "sapphic" metre in English. We doubt not that it deterred many an aspirant from following Mr. Southey in his metrical experiment. This, however, is not all. Writers on the great question of classical metres consider it to have injured our appreciation of the real Horatian sapphic itself. Mr. Clough conceives it to have confirmed our habitual "misreading" of that metre ("Classical Museum," vol. iv., p. 347); and over its "well-known jingle" the learned Donaldson has shed erudite tears! (See "Varonianus," note to p. 276.)

Now, allowing for all this hubbub, is it anything more than a rather smart copy of verses, such as our comic publications of the day often enough furnish us with? We doubt if a reader pampered with modern pleasantry would, on coming to it for the first time, fresh from "Punch," think it anything but a squib of ordinary cleverness. As a burlesque of Southey's "Widow," however, it was fair enough. We could hardly wish such lines as the following to be spared:

*Cold was the night wind ; drifting fast the snow fell ;
Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked ;
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and waysore.*

*Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections ;
Cold was the night wind, colder was her bosom ;
She had no home, the world was all before her,
She had no shelter.*

The radical objection to this sort of versification is, not that it is founded on a misapprehension of the metre it imitates (and it is only an ear-imitation of the ordinary jingle), but that it is an altogether unsuitable vehicle for the thought and feeling it is intended to convey. The "poor wanderer" is made to *trot*, and weary and bore us, without exciting our sympathy at all. This exotic metre has none of the magic force which belongs to our native rhythm, and which deepens tenfold the impression of a fact or a sentiment. The parody on the "inscription" mentioned above is certainly clever. We give the reader the benefit of it, prefixing the "inscription" itself:—

INSCRIPTION.*

For the Apartment in Chepstow Castle, where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned thirty years.

*For thirty years secluded from mankind
Here Marten lingered. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison ; not to him*

* "[By Southey.—Ed.]"

*Did Nature's fair varieties exist ;
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars he poured a sad
And broken splendor. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebelled against the king, and sat
In judgment on him ; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams ! but such
As Plato loved ; such as with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipped. Blessed hopes ! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days
When Christ shall come, and all things be fulfilled !*

[IMITATION.]

INSCRIPTION.

For the Door of a Cell in Newgate, where Mrs. Brownrigg, the Prentice-side, was confined previous to her execution.

*For one long term, or e'er her trial came,
Here Brownrigg lingered. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand ;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime ?
She whipped two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes !
Such as Lyeurgus taught; when at the shrine
Of the Orthyian goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans ; such as erst chastised
Our Milton, when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws ! But time shall
come,
When France shall reign, and all laws be repealed !*

We know few parodies superior to this. Still our admiration keeps on this side idolatry. We are tempted to inquire mildly, with Leigh Hunt in his "Autobiography," whether an "undue amount of fame" has not been allotted to Canning for these *jeux d'esprit*? Perhaps it is, that there is little wit and humor among our public men; assuredly epigrams make a tremendous sensation in St. Stephen's, which seem flat and ponderous to common people out of doors.

Gifford did not contribute much to the humorous attractions of the periodical. His fun is like the fun of a Squeers—a savage and ghastly pleasantry. This was the weapon he used afterwards in the "Quarterly Review" against critics like Hazlitt, and poets like Keats. The "Anti-Jacobin's" judgments have of course turned out badly enough. It attacked Coleridge, and called Godwin and Holcroft "creeping creatures." To see how Gifford fails in humor, it is only needful to glance at those parts of his "Juvenal" which required that quality—to compare, for instance, his rendering of the *ménage* of Codrus with that of Dryden.

Few people read the "Loves of the Triangles," in which Canning's hand was employed, for few have read Darwin's "Loves of the Plants," which it burlesques. The parody grows flat, after a few lines have put you in possession of the idea of the burlesque. The ingenious notion of Darwin was to "enlist imagination under the banners of science." To this end he devotes a long poem, in which the Popian verse is painfully echoed and reechoed, to describing the "sexual system of Linnæus," and so endeavors to impersonate poetically the flower as divided and classified by the botanist. E. G. "Galantha nivalis. The Snow-drop. Six males, one female." Such is the sci-

entific description of that well-beloved flower. Here comes the worthy doctor's poetic one:

Warm with sweet blushes bright *Galantha* glows
And prints with frolic step the melting snows;
O'er silent floods, white hills, and glittering meads,
Six rival swains the playful beauty leads.

He would be a clever fellow who could see the poetry of the snowdrop here! The doctor's attempt was indeed a difficult one. He had to take the flower, after science had divided it, put the *dissecta membra*, Medea-fashion, into the caldron of his imagination, and bring out a poetic unity! His book is the failure, the monotonous failure, of a gifted man. Accordingly, it, too, was fair game for the satirists; and so the "Loves of the Triangles" brought in a happy enough ridicule of it, in which:—

The obedient pulley, strong Mechanics ply,
And wanton Optics roll the melting eye.

Canning also wrote the greater part of the "Rovers"—a happy burlesque of the imitations of the German sentimental drama, then having a great run in London. To this parody we are indebted for the inexhaustible joke—"A sudden thought strikes me! Let us swear an eternal friendship!"

The weakest part of the Anti-Jacobin poetry is that which is intended to be serious, and to express the indignation of the Satiric Muse. "New Morality," which is attributed to Canning and Frere, we consider the worst poem in the collection. The assumption of moral sternness does not sit well on the authors of the "Knife-grinder." Happy cuts of ridicule occur, but the effect of the whole is that of "tedious malignity," to quote a significant expression of old Johnson's. And, after all, has not "Time, the avenger," convinced most sincere and thinking people that the revolutionaries—even some of worst repute—had at bottom an ardent sincerity in their souls during that terrible struggle, which is more honorable and respectable than the quasi-epicurean position of the orthodox lampooner, who laughs at them from his Rabelaisian "easy chair." Canning's satire sometimes erred against good taste, but oftener against good feeling; and in this poem he speaks of—

Roland the just, with ribands in his shoes,
And Roland's spouse,

in a tone of ungenerous ribaldry, and verging on the simious—the lowest form that satire can assume.

A great satirist, as we have indicated above, is a large-hearted man. Burns and Dr. Johnson—both men who perpetually emitted satire—are admirable instances. And a great satire enjoys the vitality of great poetry, and has its verdict to give, its protest to make, to all generations. But of course there is every variety of degrees in this as in other literary departments, and so we are perpetually seeing the name of satire applied to mere squibs and ephemeral productions, and the character of satirist and censor assumed by men who have neither its moral position nor its intellectual qualities.

If we ask, then, as the world at last asks of every production, what is the moral upshot of the "Anti-Jacobin's" achievements? the answer must be, that it cleverly ridiculed what was laughable on

the surface of public movements which were true at bottom! One can scarcely preserve one's gravity, by the by, while one weighs this kind of manufacture in the critical scales. But this "Anti-Jacobin" poetry has been so long cried up, applauded, roared at, chuckled over, that it is by no means a superfluous task to give a hint or two as to its real value. The big-wigs that it shook are gone to the limbo of old wigs. The ideas, institutions, prejudices, passions, which it maintained and supported, have lost immensely since its time in power and importance. The writers whom it ridiculed, and whom its contributors ridiculed for long years, have emerged from behind the clouds of ignorance and prejudice and hate, and shine in our literature as the permanent ornaments of their age. Canning's memory itself is chiefly loved as that of one who was advancing to be a reformer. Poor old Gifford sleeps tranquilly—his cobbling of all kinds finished!—and—*opera sequuntur!*

We gave above, in a rapid paragraph, a sketch of the "developments" which our political libelling underwent after the "Anti-Jacobin's" time. Moore is incomparably the first performer in this line that our literature possesses. His light airy satire effervesces like the poison in the Venetian glass. We shall see nothing so brilliant, so subtle so searching, so Figaro-like, again. Theodore Hook's verse we always thought overrated. Up and down our tory literature of the last quarter of a century, is scattered plenty of brilliant squib-writing, the work of such geniuses as Maginn, and other "Fraserians"—a peculiar school—satiric, bacchanalian, classical—a school which prided itself apparently on violence, classical literature, and punch-drinking; which delighted to brew its punch with the water of the Aganippe!

The good old classic satire is apparently defunct, for the "New Timon" we cannot consider a successful specimen. Our political and literary wars now go on, too, with decorum and moderation. Problems, involving matters too solemn for squib-writing, engage our statesmen. Comic publications, having no party interests, make their fun and satire of the harmless nature which does not startle "families." Dulness rules in high places. Meanwhile, the genius of satire embodies itself in the novel, and in that sphere has the thousand-fold varieties of cant to war against. Real satire is perhaps recurring to its early origin, and becoming dramatic. At all events, a Gifford or a Mathias, or any solemn old censor of an abusive turn, would now pass for a "bore," and that only. Their kind of weapon is as out of date as the catapult. Indeed, why should we retain the solemn ancient form! The spirit of satire will always live in the hearts of the enemies of baseness, dulness, cant, nonsense, and will work successfully in forms suited to each age. The "English Bards" is but a school exercise; the real satirical work of Byron was done in the "Juan," where he held up a glass to the age with a vengeance—showed it what a languid, empty, false thing it was; how it sneered at everything as a "bore," and was yet perishing, "bored" by its own spiritual and moral inanition. "Don Juan" is the satire of the time.

As for our defunct friend thus brought before us—the "Anti-Jacobin"—it may still be read with interest, as a curiosity. At best, however, it can only be a curiosity; and we feel as if we had been discoursing speculatively on the mummy of some long dead mime.

From Household Words.

WHOLESALE DIVING.

THE first of September! All the world is gone out a sporting this morning, for the purpose of killing time and partridges; though the Restaurant has given us the latter for the last two or three days, and though most of us complain of the shortness of human life. The weather is magnificent but, alas! I am no shot. Having once in my life blazed away at covey after covey the livelong day without touching a single feather, the birds would be insulted by being popped at by such a bungling hand as mine. But, never mind; other resources are at hand. The waters are blue and calm under a gentle breeze, so we will go a fishing instead; and I promise you such sport as you cannot light upon every day. Not that I am any great adept in that art either; but I delight to see it practised, especially on a grand scale, or in a remarkable locality.

To give you some idea of what to expect; our haul this morning *might* be a sunken ship's cargo, a forgotten piece of old-fashioned ordnance, a wagon-load of pearl oysters, a few bushels of coral, or, if you like it better, a genuine sample of Cancale oysters, which now are honestly and truly edible seeing that the month has at last got an *r* in its name. I say, we *might* catch any of these, but shall not on the present occasion, because our fishing tackle happens to be engaged on special service. Dr. Payerne says that he must first finish his job of stubbing up rocks at Chantereine; but he kindly adds, that if we like to walk with him and take part in that amusement, we are perfectly at liberty so to do.

Thanks, good doctor. I could run full gallop to the spot; but that would rather prevent our chatting by the way. And these men, these nine reckless fellows, are they really going to the bottom of the sea, maintaining no communication whatever with the upper air?

Yes, certainly, at nine o'clock the boat plunges, and they are only awaiting our arrival.

And have they no apprehensions about the consequences? Have you no difficulty in getting hands?

At that moment, for answer, a man advances to the doctor, takes off his hat, and begs for a job of work in the Diving Boat. He is not wanted; the list is full. A few steps further bring us in sight of the wonder, which lies floating in the sea, ready to perform its duties.

Chantereine, I ought to tell you, is a suburb of Cherbourg—the Plymouth of France—occupied by dockyards and arsenals, which is said to owe its name to the circumstance of the Empress Maude “singing out” in a storm at sea, and building a chapel here afterwards in obedience to the vows made during her fright. The mouth of one of the basins opening into the sea is obstructed by submarine rocks. It is in the task of removing the rock at this spot that Dr. Payerne's Diving Boat is now employed; and that is the day's fishing which is offered to your acceptance.

The *Auguste*—the name of the first Diving Boat, and therefore worthy to be recorded—the *Auguste* lay, on the first of September in this present year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two, moored by four anchors exactly over the point on which her crew were to continue their work of excavation. The sea was calm; and, though a certain buoyancy was perceptible in the vessel, there

was nothing approaching to heaving or tossing. You will first want to know what the *Auguste* was like. I answer that she had a resemblance to nothing so much as to some strange sea-monster come up from the abyss of the ocean to take a breath of air and a glimpse of sunshine, and then go down again—a simile which will not give you a very clear idea of the object of your curiosity. Therefore, to be more precise and homely in my comparisons, the *Auguste* in color is bright red, like a boiled lobster. As to shape—take two boiled lobsters, remove their heads, clap the two decapitated portions together, contrive to float them in the sea, back upwards, in such a way that only the thicker part of the body is above water; of course, greatly magnify them in idea—and you have the best notion I can give you of the *Auguste* lying at anchor. She is built entirely of iron, and the joinings of the pieces and the bands encircling the structure increase her lobster-like appearance. The windows—small circular plates of inch thick glass, here and there let in as firmly as iron can fix them—are not noticed at a distance; but, when you are walking on the surface of the *Plunger*, they remind you of the green glimmering eyes which a magnifier will show you upon a spider's back. In short, M. Payerne has invented a new species of marine crustacean, which is naked and worm-like externally, having neither claws nor fins; but which is provided internally with an air-bladder like that of many fishes; with lungs that are reservoirs of air as those of the camel are reservoirs of water; and with spiracles and siphuncles capable of producing various effects, in imitation of the functions they would perform in the entrails of the nautilus and the ammonite. Fins and claws, or legs and feet, a screw tail for locomotive purposes, or, perhaps, wings even—for who can tell?—may one day sprout through the shell of the *Auguste*. In which case she must be considered at present as a mere *larva* or grub, or at most only in the chrysalis state, from which the perfect full-fledged insect is to burst forth some bright sunshiny morning.

I ought to mention that the *Auguste*, though called a Diving *Bateau*, or Boat, has not in herself the means of progressive motion through the waters, as by sail or oar, which the word “boat” suggests to the mind. She can sink; and she can rise to the surface without assistance. But, in order to arrive at the spot where a descent is proposed to be made, she has to be towed through the waves by a steamer or a sailing vessel. Therefore, those nervous persons who are groaning over the invention, fearing that a force of a dozen men may secretly invade our coast, or, entering our docks in the disguise of flounders, may blow up, or sink, our navy from below, are quite premature in their apprehensions. The apparatus has to be considerably amended and enlarged before the French can play us such tricks as those, even supposing that they wished to play them.

The only things which interrupt the surface, or grow out of the hard smooth shell of the *Auguste*'s back, are: Firstly, a ring, on what may be called the croup of the creature, behind, and another on the back of its neck, before; these are for the purpose of towing it; they are button-holes in which to fix its leading-strings when it is sent out from its home pond, like a trained hippopotamus, to perform its task under water. Secondly, quite in the middle of the back, there is a small rectangular hole or trap-door, which might be called in French either a *porte* or a *trou d'homme*—this is

the place of exit and entrance for the crew. Over it springs an arch of bar iron, about five feet high and two or three inches thick, which is technically styled a *potence* or gallows; only in the place where a strangled man should be suspended, there hang a pulley and ropes, that can be attached to the trap-door, for a purpose which you will understand by and by.

The entire length of the *Auguste* is thirteen *mètres*, a *mètre* being somewhat more than an English yard. Call it a vessel forty feet long. The internal chamber, or hold, or submarine work-place, is nearly five *mètres*, or fifteen feet long. Nine men go down in it comfortably; a dozen find themselves a little crowded. The two extremities, that is to say, the whole remaining space, are employed for the double purpose of reservoirs of condensed air, and hydrostatic regulators of equilibrium. These last words may, perhaps, sound a little hard, but they shall soon be made considerably plainer. The extremity—which we may call the tail—of the crustacean is hemispherical, or rounded off in a circular form; the front or snout end is conical, or very bluntly pointed, with however a tendency to bulge outwards. The apparatus at each extremity is similar; and outside, close to certain pumps at each end of the chamber, are the *Auguste's* breathing holes or spiracles—tubes fitted with valves for the discharge of water mainly, but, sometimes, of air.

Suppose, then, the *Auguste* lying at anchor in diving trim, waiting for nothing but the bold crew who shall man her. The inventor pushes off in a boat, in company with his inquisitive visitor; we soon touch the Plunger vessel, and I jump on board, and am taken into the interior through the little square trap door. The air reservoirs are indeed charged; for the doctor, in proof thereof, touches a screw, and out whistles a blast worthy of the imprisoned winds of *Æolus*. The floor of iron is also an entire trap-door, into which other smaller ones are let, to be opened, as most convenient, at the bottom of the sea wherever search is to be made, or work performed. Many of the present details, however, may be considered as not final, but as temporary arrangements; for, almost every day suggests improvements in an invention which is at once so novel and so bold. The grand principle alone must remain unchanged.

You will not suppose that the cabin of the *Auguste* (for it has only a single apartment) is a very luxurious retreat; that it is panelled with mahogany and looking-glass, hung with festoons of muslin and silk, or strewn with cushions of velvet padded with down. The first submarine boat is as far from the thought of such superfluities, as was the first surface-going steamer. It is of no use calling for the steward to bring you an ice, a pint of Champagne, or a new-laid egg warranted never to have known the touch of *terra firma*; nor are you put to the inconvenience of puzzling your brains as to which of the Waverley novels you shall take down from their stylish bookcase. In the first steamer, the stoker's apartment would be the place of honor, and perhaps almost the only place; on board the *Auguste*, the wind man's and the bellows man's cabinet is everything—quarter-deck, fore-cabin, aft-cabin, state-room, kitchen and all. You find yourself in a low apartment in which you cannot stand upright after the awful trap-door is closed; but that does not matter, because you have not time to be cramped, and, as soon as you

get to the bottom, you open the trap in the floor, cause the waters to retreat by the force of your condensed air, and find yourself standing on the actual bed of the sea—on rock, or sand, or shingle, or whatever else it may be. The walls, too, are iron, and around them runs a low divan, likewise of iron, on which the company seat themselves until they commence their aquatic labors—their water-works, if I may so denominate them. The only decorations observable, are sundry screws and cocks and pump-handles and pipes, the necessary agents for the manœuvre of the vessel; the only furniture, a painful of thick creamy white-wash, and a large pair of bellows.

Be it remembered that we, *Bateau Plongeur*, and all, are on the surface. The men are now ready, and put off from the shore in another boat. Like miners they have changed their usual dress for coarse, shabby clothing, more suitable to the bottom of the sea. We get out of the hole, and into our boat; while they leave their bark (in which a tenth man remains), and prepare to drop, one by one, through the *trou d'homme*, into the hollow entrails of the red-shelled and cannibal *Auguste*. I marvel to behold them:

Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play!

That is to say, they laugh, and seem to care no more about the matter than if they were going down into a wine-cellar, to fetch a bottle of Bordeaux apiece for their own private drinking. There is no symptom of any horrible drownings, after the fashion of Nantes, being either designed or anticipated; nor have they the look of those desperate men who habitually risk life to gain a livelihood, and who exist in the constant consciousness that they are so risking it. I could not observe in any of them the aéronaut's expression of countenance.

Well; these nine sane and healthy men voluntarily entered their iron floating den, without grimace or trembling; and—it made me gasp—their foreman (a sleek-skinned, jolly-looking fellow, with a straw-colored military chin-beard), shut the trap-door with a hearty slam. There they were, and no mistake, unless some legerdemain trick had been played, as when the conjurer puts your watch into his mortar, and afterwards pounds a watch to pieces. And now we learn the use of the *potence*, the gallows and pulley. The tenth man outside clenches the foreman's slam of the trap-door, by hauling it even more tightly up, which he does by fastening the rope of the pulley to a ring on the door. When he has done his best, he quietly sits down upon the shell of the *Auguste*. And then you hear a rapping, and a tapping, and a hammering inside. What is it? They are absolutely screwing and bolting themselves in; or rather, they are screwing and bolting the water out; for water is a terribly violent housebreaker, when you have twenty or thirty feet of it above the highest ridge of your roof. And now they have finished. A few knocks are given to warn the tenth man to jump off Behemoth's back, unless he has a mind to go to the bottom too. He kneels down, peeps into one of the spider's eyes, knocks in answer, shouts a few words which seem to be audible within—for a muffled groan is heard in reply—jumps into his boat and goes ashore. His part of the performance is played; he may now go home to breakfast. We, however, continue to linger at hand in our skiff, to observe the disappearance of

the *Auguste* as closely as possible. The men are working away at the pumps, taking in water as fast as they can; she will soon vanish.

It has been already stated that the Diving Boat, composed entirely of iron, floats by means of the compressed air contained in the reservoir at each end, aided by the air in the central chamber. If that compressed air is still further diminished in bulk, after the hold has been made safe and watertight, it is clear that the specific gravity of the whole machine will be altered till it sinks. Accordingly, into these air reservoirs, the imprisoned men inject water by means of a forcing pump, until they have thus taken in as much additional ballast as suffices to sink them. It is the principle of ballooning applied to the ocean, instead of to the atmosphere.

Dr. Payerne obligingly pointed out that they were pumping away or loading the boat with water, first at the tail of the vessel; which, in consequence, gradually sunk, till it scarcely floated above the surface of the sea. Then the front portion was similarly loaded, and became submerged. And then—it was quite as exciting as the first sight of a balloon ascent; it was more fearful than seeing the kraken plunge into the depth below, after you had mistaken it for an island:—then, down went the scarlet-mailed monster, with a decisive dip which had all the air of a voluntary and muscular action. And the boiling waters, and the white-streaming mass of bubbling air, which those desperadoes left behind them on the surface! Oh! Gracious heavens! Can I believe my eyes!—that there, down below, and out of sight, nine living, breathing men, should be cheerfully at work, though hidden from our view by the waves of the sea! And not exactly hidden; only veiled. The waters here are clear, their bed being of rock, and I can perceive a reddish gleam, with a brighter point in the middle, which is the top of the *potence*, struggling through the blue-green medium in which those nine wretched lost men lie entombed. Survive they cannot, short of miracle! Lucky that none of their wives or children were here to witness that fearful descent.

Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made :
Those are pearls that were his eyes :—

The “father,” however, quotes responsively:

— but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us.

The men are safe, thanks to Payerne's ingenuity. They have much more air with them than they will require during their stay below; they can regulate the supply at pleasure, and this will give them sufficient oxygen. But, by breathing, they throw off carbonic acid, and this must be got rid of, or they will suffer inconvenience, and, perhaps, be injured in health. They, therefore, take down with them a bucket containing about six (French) pounds of first-rate quick-lime, with a small portion of potash; it is mixed with water, and, as soon as their feelings tell them what is wanted to be done, one of the number takes a pair of bellows having the rose of a garden watering-pot fixed on its snout, and with this simple implement dipped into the alkaline solution, he blows away until the air is sufficiently purified by the passage through it, to be again wholesome to the lungs. For those who doubt the healthiness of house-cleanings and

whitewashings, here is a lesson that the human body throws off a something, whose ill effects are neutralized by lime.

Dr. Payerne has made many experiments on the purification of air—some, in the diving bell at the London Polytechnic Exhibition, ten years ago—and has published on the subject. But the Diving Boat has led to the discovery of an unexpected means of clearing air of an excess of carbonic acid. The Bell cannot be worked in a strong current; the boat works best there, for this reason. It is known that carbonic acid is very soluble in water, and much more soluble than atmospheric air; that is, it is taken up by it in combination, like sugar or salt; or, as they are both fluids, it might be better to say that water and carbonic acid unite together like spirits and water, instead of remaining separate, like water and oil. Now, it turns out that carbonic acid combines so readily with water, that when the Diving Boat is working in a strong current, the men have no need to use their lime solution, nor to work their bellows at all. The water running beneath their feet attracts and carries off with it the carbonic acid, as fast as they produce it. And, fortunately, carbonic acid is so much heavier than atmospheric air, that it naturally sinks to the bottom of the boat by its own weight. It is only in still waters that they are obliged to have recourse to the bellows and the alkaline air-filter; and the more the water changes from the condition of stillness, the less need have they of that acid. We may hence deduce the fact, that fountains and running streams in the midst of populous cities are not only pleasing to the eye, but are healthful to the constitution, by carrying off, while they seem to be only idly sparkling to and fro, many an unseen, impalpable, and unsuspected impurity.

Another difficulty with the Diving Bell is, that the deeper it descends, the higher the water rises within it, from the compression of the included air by the superincumbent mass of water; so that the adventurer finds himself half-flooded and seriously hindered both in investigation and in work long before a depth impossible for human lungs to bear has been reached. But, the Diving Boat, by making use of the internal spring of its store of compressed air, is always able (by letting out an extra supply, as profounder depths are arrived at) to keep the water-surface quite at the bottom of the internal walls of its chamber.

It seems at first sight a little paradoxical to learn that it costs much less trouble to make the *Auguste* float on the surface, than to cause her to sink to the bottom of the sea. But a very slight change of equilibrium or alternation of specific gravity is sufficient to produce the tendency to float. If you sink a bladder full of air in a tub, by means of a small bag-full of shot just enough to keep it at the bottom, it is surprising how few shot have to be subtracted, in order to make it mount; just as, in a nicely balanced balloon, the shaking out of a small sand-bag causes it to mount steadily. And so the *Auguste*, by discharging a little water through the spiracles of its iron shell, makes itself lighter, and rises buoyantly. The idea is beautifully simple, and would be perfectly novel if similar contrivances had not been observable in the structure of certain marine animals. Human ingenuity sometimes has the good fortune to hit upon means similar to those employed by the Great Author of Nature; and is then most sure, as well as most successful.

The descent of the *Auguste*, on the other hand, is effected by a laborious injection of water into the reservoirs of compressed air; and, of course, the greater the store of breathable provision, the harder work it is to cram and force upon it so unyielding an intruder as water is—the least squeezable of things. The air does yield at last to the imprudent invasion, but with a very bad grace, and after proving itself to be somewhat heated by the contest. Moreover, for convenience sake, a greater excess of floating power is usually maintained at the surface, when the *Auguste* lies at her moorings, than of sinking power at the bottom, when she wants to lie steady at her work.

It is good, for the safety of the crew, that this should be the case; namely, that it should be less trouble to float the *Bateau Plongeur* than to sink her. But Dr. Payerne has superadded a very beautiful and simple contrivance, by which, if the pumps should fail to perform their duty, the *Bateau* can, by a few touches, be instantly brought to the surface. It is a proof, too, how little complex the whole management of the machinery is, that the workmen who dive conduct it with perfect confidence, and, Dr. Payerne says, quite as well as himself.

We left the men at the bottom of the sea. The master had returned to his scientific labors, and I had gone home to put on paper something of what I had seen and heard. Having been present at the imprisonment of the nine martyrs, I was anxious to assist, as the French say, at their escape. They went down at nine in the morning (or a little after, for my visit caused a short delay), and they were to emerge about one in the afternoon. I returned at the time appointed, and was just too late to see the *Auguste* rise, like a Venus with the scarlet fever, from the sea; but the living cargo was untouched and unadulterated; the tenth man was beginning to untackle the trap-door and clear the ropes from the pulley and gibbet. At last the hole opened [it just comes into my head that it is very like the hole in a humming-top, which admits the wind, and causes the music; or still more like the enlarged bung-hole of a cask], and one by one they lifted themselves out. There was no struggling or fighting who should get away first, as must have been the case had they been pent up for four hours in a real and true black hole of Calcutta; the exit was made quietly, and even a little lazily. The first word which I heard from their mouths, was not, "Thank God, here we are, above water again!" nor "Catch me at the bottom another time, if you can!" but the foreman, turning toward the dock-wall on which we were standing, asked, "*Sommes nous bien descendus?*" "Did we make a good descent?" Think of the fellow's coolness in caring about the style of the performance! I almost believe he purposely made the last plunge a little more precipitately than usual, simply to show what a high-mettled Triton his *Auguste* could be on occasion.

The other men toddled off to their dressing room, not a bit more beaten than miners whom I have seen returning from their work. To say that they were as cool as cucumbers and as neat as if they came out of a band-box, would not be true. But they were to get a hasty snack of dinner, and go down again in the afternoon. The air reservoirs contained sufficient for that day's consumption, without any more being pumped into them. Next morning a fresh stock would have to be laid in. Eight hours, divided into two spells, is

the usual day's work at the bottom of the sea; but, sometimes, when the boat drops nicely, in a convenient position, a shorter stay enables them to satisfy themselves and others as to the quantity of rock removed. The fragments detached are brought up in the Diving Boat.

These things are only the beginnings of wonders. What Dr. Payerne longs for, is additional mechanical power to work his invention, which he feels certain of gaining when he has obtained additional capital. He proposes to make a submarine steamboat, which, however the reader may stare, is as actual a possibility as the *Auguste* is an existing fact. But expense is the present stumbling block; experiments cannot be made for nothing.

The submarine steamer would have two fires; one for the surface, and another for the deeps. Up above, it would burn air; but air is too valuable to burn in the abyss below. Heat must there be generated by means of nitrate of potash, though the process is much more costly.

The first descent was made in the Seine at Paris; and it showed the confidence which the inventor placed in his apparatus. Inclosed in an iron cage at the bottom of a river, he could not have been very easily raised to the surface either dead or alive, if the effect calculated on had not been produced by the means employed. But a trial in the sea at the time of high water, and at a point above low water mark, would have insured him some sort of succor in case of need, if he patiently waited in his den for three or four hours, and had only air enough to breathe.

The greatest depth to which Dr. Payerne has yet descended, is seventy-five French feet—a trifle more than English. But many valuable cargoes lie sunken deeper than that, and are well worth the fetching up again. He believes that a man is capable of sustaining the pressure resulting from the depth of a hundred and fifty feet; but, to attain that result, he would require to use steam-engines as his air-compressors. Manual labor is incapable of the effect; and he has not at present sufficient pecuniary means at command to make the necessary outlay.

Whether the invention is to halt where it is, or progressively to grow into the marvel of a submarine locomotive steamer, the name of the man who has already dared and performed so much ought to be enrolled on the list of the world's notables. And, therefore, I venture to propose that the words, Diving Boat or *Bateau Plongeur*, be now for the last time used in England; and that henceforth, when we wish to mention this admirable result of mechanical skill, we call it simply—A PAYERNE.

MAINE COFFINS OUTDONE.—I witnessed at the Pacific Springs an instance of no little ingenuity on the part of some emigrant. Immediately alongside the road was what purported to be a grave, prepared with more than usual care, having a headboard on which was painted the name and age of the deceased, the time of his death, and the part of the country from which he came. I afterwards ascertained that this was only a ruse to conceal the fact that the grave, instead of containing the mortal remains of a human being, had been made a safe receptacle for divers casks of brandy, which the owner could carry no further. He afterwards sold his liquor to some traders further on, who, by his description of its locality, found it without difficulty.—*Capt. Stansbury's Expedition.*

From Chambers' Journal.

THE KING OF YVETOT.

THERE are few of our countrymen who have travelled in France but must frequently have heard proverbial allusion made to a certain monarch of Yvetot; and still fewer must be those who, having the slightest knowledge of French literature, are unacquainted with Béranger's happy lyric—

There reigned a monarch in Yvetot
But little known in story,
Who, stranger all to grief and woe,
Slept soundly without glory;
His night-cap tied by Jenny's care
(The only crown this king would wear,) He'd snooze!

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

His jolly court he held each day,
'Neath humble roof of rushes green;
And on a donkey riding gay,
Through all his kingdom might be seen;
A happy soul, and thinking well,
His only guard was—sooth to tell—

His dog!
Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

No harsh, exacting lord was he,
To grasp more than his folks could give;
But, mild howe'er a king may be,
His majesty, you know, must live;
And no man e'er a bumper filled,
Until the jovial prince had swilled

His share!
Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

He ne'er sought to enlarge his states,
But was a neighbor just and kind;
A pattern to all potentates,
Would they his bright example mind.
The only tears he e'er caused fall,
Fell when he died—which you 'll not call

His fault.
Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!
The merry monarch of Yvetot.

It is well known that Béranger's song, from which we have extracted the preceding four verses, as translated by Anderson, was a friendly, though rather satirical remonstrance with Napoleon—of course we mean the Napoleon—touching his ambitious and bellicose policy. But it is not so well known, that there really was a kingdom of Yvetot, and that its several dynasties reigned peacefully for upwards of eleven centuries. Anderson, in a note to the song, says: "Yvetot, a district in the north of France, possesses a monarch of its own, a sort of burlesque personage, whose royal charger is a donkey; his guard, a dog; his crown, a night-cap; and his revenue, a gratuitous draught of wine at the ale houses of his liege subjects!" Young, another translator of Béranger, not any better informed, tells us that "the Lords of Yvetot claimed and exercised, in the olden time, some such fantastical privileges as are here alluded to."

The translators have some excuse for their ignorance regarding the king of Yvetot; for few Frenchmen of the present day, with the exception of antiquaries, consider him to have been anything else than a popular myth. Be it our task, then, to jot down some authentic notices of that ancient, and now extinct monarchy.

Yvetot, a town and commune of ancient Nor-

mandy (Pays de Caux), in the department of Seine-Inférieure, now traversed by the railway leading from Havre de Grâce to Rouen, was, in the sixth century, the seigniory of one Vauthier, chamberlain to Clotaire I., the royal son of Clovis and Clotilda. Nothing whatever is known of the earlier part of Vauthier's history, more than that he held the fief of Yvetot from Clotaire by the feudal tenure of military service. An able and trustworthy statesman in the council chamber, a valiant and skilful commander in the battle-field, the chamberlain lived on terms of the most intimate familiarity with his king, who even lent a ready ear to his sage suggestions. This high honor, however, being not at all agreeable to the other followers of the court, they entered into a conspiracy to ruin the favorite chamberlain. Taking advantage of his absence, they perfidiously vilified him to the king. The chroniclers do not state what were the exact charges brought against him, but they must have been weighty and artfully insinuated, for the rude and truculent Clotaire swore that he would, with his own hand, slay the *Sieur* of Yvetot, when and wherever he should chance to meet with him. The reader must not be surprised at such a vow; in those days, sovereigns frequently indulged in a plurality of offices, and could upon occasion perform the duty of the executioner as well as that of the judge. Vauthier happened to have a friend at court, who sent him timely warning of this state of affairs; and, not thinking it by any means prudent to expose himself to the lethal fury of a king who had unscrupulously killed his own nephews, he left the country, and joined the army of the north, then fighting against the Thuringian pagans, the enemies of Clotaire and his religion, such as it was.

After ten years of arduous service and heroic exploits, Vauthier, crowned with glory, and hoping that time had mollified the malignant feelings of the king, turned his face once more towards his native country. But at that period bad passions were not so easily effaced: besides, the accusers of Vauthier were now doubly interested in keeping him at a distance. The Lord of Yvetot, hearing how matters stood, to make sure of a favorable reception, proceeded, in the first instance, to Rome, where he made a friend of Pope Agapet, who sent him with letters to Clotaire, in the capacity of an envoy. Under the shield of so sacred a function, Vauthier had no hesitation in repairing to Soissons, and presenting himself before the king; yet, to be still more secure, he chose for that occasion the solemnities of Good Friday—the anniversary of the great day of Christian mercy. Clotaire was at the high altar of the cathedral, celebrating the holiest rites of the church before a crucifix veiled in mourning, when Vauthier made his presence known. Throwing himself on his knees in humble supplication, he presented the letters of the sovereign pontiff, and implored pardon, if he had been guilty, by the merits of Him who, on the same day, had so freely shed his blood for the salvation of all mankind. The ferocious and implacable king recognized the suppliant, and, without regard to the sanctity of either the place or the day, drew his sword, and, with one blow, struk the unfortunate chamberlain dead on the stone pavement, at the very steps of the altar.

Violent passions have, generally speaking, rapid revulsions. Scarcely was Vauthier's body cold, when the king repented his hasty deed. The clergy

read to him the letters from Pope Agapet, which attested the innocence of his former favorite; and they represented to him that he had committed the grossest description of sacrilege, the sin from which the sovereign pontiff alone could absolve. In a short time the barbarous Clotaire passed from a state of rabid fury to one of the most abject despair, so that he required little persuasion from the clergy ere he sent a messenger to Rome, bearing rich presents, to beg for absolution from the Pope. The messenger arrived at Rome just as Agapet was at the point of death; yet the business being urgent, and the presents valuable, he was ushered into the sick chamber of the dying head of the Christian church. Supported by attendants, the Pope proceeded to pronounce, in a feeble voice, the penitential discipline of Clotaire. He said that the king could not expect pardon unless he gave the highest possible satisfaction to the heirs of the murdered man; but here a fit of coughing attacked and carried off his holiness, so that whatever penance he intended to inflict was never known. Clotaire, however, determined to expiate his crime, long pondered upon the meaning of the Pope's dying words, and at last concluded that, as there was nothing higher than a king, the words "highest satisfaction" meant that he should raise the heir of Vauthier to the royal dignity. Accordingly, he by charter erected the seigniory of Yvetot into a kingdom—an act in perfect consonance with the ancient French feudal law, which enfranchised the family of the vassal from all homage and duty, if his lord laid violent hands upon him.

From that time until the latter part of the eighteenth century, the descendants of Vauthier reigned as independent sovereigns of their little kingdom of Yvetot, owing neither tribute, service, nor allegiance to any other power. Consequently, until the great Revolution, which, like the bursting of a pent-up deluge, changed the features of the whole country, the inhabitants of Yvetot paid no taxes to the government of France.

Historians and juriconsults have written many grave and learned dissertations on the curious position of this little kingdom shut up in a great one; and, though they differ in some trifling respects, they all coincide in concluding, that the king of Yvetot, being independent of any other potentate, was never obliged to engage in quarrels which did not concern him, and accordingly lived in peace with his neighbors, whom he never pretended to frighten. Moreover, in spite of courtiers and counsellors, statecraft and politics were unknown in Yvetot; thus the king remained neuter during the various wars that raged around him, though he could bring an army of one hundred and twenty royal troops into the field. The seriousness of these disquisitions has been occasionally enlivened by a spice of pleasantry. We are told how the king of Yvetot kept his own seals, and was his own minister of finance; that his court consisted of a bishop, a dean, and four canons, not one of whom ranked higher in the church than a parish curé; four notaries, dignified by the title of judges, representing the states of the kingdom, formed the senate, and composed his majesty's privy-council; four of the best-looking of the tenants' daughters were ladies of the bed-chamber and maids of honor to the queen; four stalwart body-guards attended on all occasions of ceremony—at other times, they worked as agricultural laborers on the royal farm; a footman performed the duty of chamberlain, and, when

necessary, that of herald; a groom was master of the horse; a gardener superintended the woods and forests. This, however, is only a traditionary account of the court of Yvetot; and, lest the reader should think it all a joke, we shall specify some of the documentary evidence still extant respecting that little kingdom.

A decree of the Court of Exchequer of Normandy, executed in the year 1392, mentions the king of Yvetot; and various letters-patent, granted by monarchs of France in 1404, 1450, and 1464, acknowledge and confirm the title. In the early part of the fifteenth century, when Normandy was under English rule, one John Holland, an Englishman, claimed, in the name of his master, Henry VI., certain taxes and feudal duties from the kingdom of Yvetot. Strange to say, in those semi-barbarous days, the case was tried in a court of law, and the issue given against Holland, the court fully recognizing the Lord of Yvetot as an independent king. A letter of Francis I., addressed to the queen of Yvetot, is still in existence. In one of the many episodes of the wars of the League, it happened that Henry IV., compelled to retreat, found himself in Yvetot, and, determined not to recede further, he cheered his troops by jocularly saying: "If we lose France, we must take possession of this fair kingdom of Yvetot." At the coronation of his second wife, Mary de Medici, the same monarch rebuked the grand chamberlain for not assigning to Martin de Belley, then king of Yvetot, a position suitable to his regal dignity. The Belley dynasty reigned in Yvetot for 332 years. The last king of that petty kingdom was D'Albon, St. Marcel, who, when at the court of Louis XVI., modestly assumed no higher rank than that of a prince. The Revolution, as we have already intimated, swept away the ancient crown, and the king of Yvetot is now nothing more than the title of a song, with its burden—

Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!

From the Dublin University Magazine.

OCTOBER.

I.

O THE misty, bright October!

Misty bright on the brown hill-side—
Setters hunt the stubble over—
Scream the crane and the golden plover,
Through the moorland waste and wide.

II.

O the golden-crowned October!

Golden, gorgeous in decay;
Through the woods the leaves forever
Fall, and in the sluggish river,
Yellow and brown, they drift away.

III.

O the chill and pale October!

Colder winds are whirling now;
All the champaign wide they deaden,
Will not suffer the leaves to redden—
Hanging lone on the wintry bough.

IV.

O the merry and glad October!

Heap the hearth with loads of fuel,
Blaze away both log and splinter;
Hail to the coming of healthful Winter—
Hail to the festive joys of Yule!

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THEODORE HOOK.

THE unhappy career of Edgar A. Poe, the American author, recently illustrated in our columns, is not without its counterpart in English literary biography. Johnson, in his painful memoir of Savage, has told a similar story of genius and misfortune, or rather genius and misconduct; for it is a mistake to suppose that the possession of genius in any way conduces to misfortune, except through the misconduct of its possessor. Poetry and a garret used at one time to be identified; but life in a garret may be as noble as life in a palace, and a great deal purer. As Sir Walter Raleigh once wrote, in the little dark dungeon in the Tower, which is still pointed out as the place of his confinement:—

My mind to me a kingdom is !

It is the mind that makes the man; and not the place—call it a hovel, a garret, or a palace—in which the body lives. Even Johnson has summed up the ills of the scholar's life in these words—"Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol." But Johnson, doubtless, bitterly remembered the day when he signed himself *Impransus*, or *Dinnerless*, and received the anonymous alms of a pair of shoes. Johnson must have been in one of his ungenial moods when he penned those bitter words.

The fate of Chatterton, also, was a hapless one. Proud, impulsive, ardent, and full of genius, like Poe, his career was short, unhappy, and mournfully concluded. That of Otway, the author of *Venice Preserved*, who perished for want of bread, also springs to mind; nor are other equally mournful examples wanting, which it would only be painful to relate. These instances are apt to be dwelt upon too much, and cited from time to time as illustrations of the unhappy lot of genius; whereas they are merely exceptional cases, not at all characteristic of literary men in the mass.

Poets and authors of all sorts are also usually charged with being improvident. But are there no improvident lawyers, divines, merchants, and shop-keepers? The case of Theophilus Cibber is sometimes cited, who begged a guinea and spent it on a dish of ortolans; and perhaps of poor Goldsmith, who, when preserved from a gaol by the money received for the *Vicar of Wakefield*, forthwith celebrated the circumstance by a jollification with his landlady. But authors have their weaknesses and their frailties, like other men; and some of them are drunken, and some improvident, as other men are. As a class, however, they are neither generally improvident, nor out at elbows. But we are usually disposed to think much more of the "calamities of authors" than we do of the calamities of other men. A hundred bankers might break, and ten thousand merchants ruin themselves by their improvidence, but none would think it worth their while to record such events in books; nor, except as a mere matter of news for living men, would any one care to read of such occurrences. But how different in the case of a poet! Biographers eagerly seize the minutest matter of detail in the history of a man of genius. Johnson tells us the story of Savage, Southey relates the career of Chatterton, Cunningham recounts the life of Burns, and every tittle of their history is carefully gathered up and published for the information of contemporary and future readers.

The late Thomas Hood, in one of his prose works little known, well observed that—

Literary men, as a body, will bear comparison in point of conduct with any other class. It must not be forgotten that they are subjected to an ordeal quite peculiar, and scarcely milder than the Inquisition. The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of incident, and consequently the most trivial particulars, the most private affairs, are unceremoniously worked up, to furnish matter for their bald biographies. Accordingly, as soon as an author is defunct, his character is submitted to a sort of Egyptian *post-mortem* trial; or rather, a moral inquest, with Paul Pry for the coroner, and a Judge of Assize, a Commissioner of Bankrupts, a Jew broker, a Methodist parson, a dramatic licenser, a dancing-master, a master of the ceremonies, a rat-catcher, a bone collector, a parish-clerk, a schoolmaster, and a reviewer, for a jury. It is the province of these personages to rummage, ransack, scrape together, rake up, ferret out, sniff, detect, analyze, and appraise, all particulars of the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behavior, breeding, accomplishments, opinions, and literary performances, of the departed. Secret drawers are searched, private and confidential letters published, manuscripts, intended for the fire, are set up in type, tavern-bills and washing-bills are compared with their receipts, copies of writs re-copied, inventories taken of effects, wardrobe ticked off by the tailor's accounts, bygone toys of youth—billets-doux, snuff-boxes, canes, exhibited—discarded hobby-horses are trotted out—perhaps even a dissecting surgeon is called in to draw up a minute report of the state of the corpse and its viscera; in short, nothing is spared that can make an item for the clerk to insert in his memoir. Outrageous as it may seem, this is scarcely an exaggeration. For example, who will dare to say that we do not know, at this very hour, more of Goldsmith's affairs than he ever did himself? It is rather wonderful, than otherwise, that the literary character should shine out as it does after such a severe scrutiny.

It is not enough, however, that literary men will bear comparison in point of conduct with any other class. We think the public are entitled to expect more than this; and to apply to them the words—"of those to whom much is given, much shall be required." They are men of the highest culture, and ought to be men of the highest character. As influencing the minds and morals of all readers—and the world is daily looking more and more to the books which men of genius write, for instruction—they ought to cultivate in themselves a high standard of character—the very highest standard of character—in order that those who study and contemplate them in their books, may be lifted and lighted up by their example. At all events, we think the public are not over-exacting when they require that the great gifts with which the leading minds among men have been endowed, shall not be prostituted for unworthy purposes, nor employed for merely selfish and venial ends. Genius is a great gift, and ought to be used wisely and uprightly for the elevation of the moral character, and the advancement of the intellectual enlightenment of the world at large. If not so employed, genius and talent may be a curse to their possessor, and not a blessing to others—they may even be a fountain of bitterness and woe, spreading moral poison throughout society.

We do not say that Theodore Hook was an author of this latter class; but we do think that a perusal of his life, as written by one of his own

friends and admirers,* cannot fail to leave on the reader's mind the impression, that here was a man gifted with the finest powers, in whom genius proved a traitor to itself, and false to its high mission. With shining abilities, a fine intellect, sparkling wit, and great capacity for work, Hook seemed to have no higher ambition in life than to sit as an ornament at the tables of the great—to buzz about their candles, and consume himself for their merriment and diversion. In the houses of titled men, who kept fine company and gave great dinners, he did but play the part of the licensed wit and jester—wearing the livery of his entertainers, not on his person, indeed, but in his soul; bartering the glorious birthright of his superior intellect for a mess of pottage—as Douglas Jerrold has said, “a mess of pottage served up at a lord's table in a lord's platter.”

Theodore Hook was the son of a musical composer of some note in his day, and was born in Bedford Square, London, in 1788. He had an only brother, James, who afterwards became Dean of Worcester, and whose son, Dr. Hook, at present Vicar of Leeds, survives to do honor to the talents and reputation of the family. Theodore was, in early life, petted by his father, who regarded him as a prodigy. He was sent to school at Harrow, where he was the school-fellow of Byron and Peel, though not in the same form. But on the death of his mother, Mr. Hook took the boy from school, partly because he found his society an amusing solace, and also because he had discovered that he could turn the youth's precocious talents to some profitable financial account. Already, at the age of fourteen, Theodore could play expertly on the piano, and sing pathetic as well as comic songs with remarkable expression. One evening he enchanted the father especially, by his singing, to his own accompaniment, two new ballads, one grave and one gay. Whence the airs—whence the words? It turned out that the verses and the music were both Theodore's own! Here was a mine for the veteran artist to work! Hitherto he had been forced to import his words; now the whole manufacture might be done at home. So young Hook was taken into partnership with his father, shortly after, at the age of sixteen; and straightway became a precocious man, admired of musicians and players, the friends and boon companions of his father. Several of his songs “took” on the stage, and he straightway became the pet of the green-room. Night after night he hung about the theatres, with the privilege of admission before the curtain and behind it. Popular actors laughed at his jokes, and pretty actresses would have their bouquets handed them by nobody but Theodore.

An effort was made by his brother—then advancing in the church—to have the youth remove from this atmosphere of dissipation and frivolity; and, at his urgent remonstrance, Theodore was entered a student at Oxford. But he carried his spirit of rebellious frolic with him. When the vice-chancellor, noticing his boyish appearance, said, “You seem very young, sir; are you prepared to sign the *thirty-nine articles*?” “Oh, yes, sir,” briskly answered Theodore—“quite ready—*forty*, if you please!” The dignitary shut the book; but the brother apologized, the boy looked contrite, the articles were duly signed, and the young scape-grace matriculated at Alma Mater. He was not yet to

reside at Oxford, however, but returned to London to go through a prescribed course of reading. But, under his father's eye, no studies could go on; and the youth's head was full of farce. At sixteen, he began to write *Vaudevilles* for the stage, the music adapted to which was supplied by his father. The trifles succeeded, and the clever boy became a greater green-room pet than ever. He thus came in contact with Mathews and Liston, for whom he wrote farces. Hook was not over-particular about the sources from whence he cribbed his “points!” he stole unscrupulously from all quarters. In the course of four years, he wrote more than ten plays, which had a considerable run of success at the time though they are now all but forgotten. Two of them have, nevertheless, been recently revived, namely, *Exchange no Robbery*, and *Killing no Murder*. Had he gone on writing plays, he would certainly have established a reputation as a first-rate farce-writer. But in his volatile humor, he must needs try novels; and forthwith, at twenty years old, he wrote *Musgrave*—a novel of ridiculous sentimentality, but sparkling and clever; yet it was a failure. About the same time, his life was a succession of boisterous buffoneries, of which his *Gilbert Gurney* may be regarded as a pretty faithful record. Unquestionably, Hook wrote that novel chiefly from personal recollections; it is his autobiography; and in his diary, when speaking of its progress, he uses the words, “Working at my life.”

Hook often used to tell the story—which he gives in detail in *Gilbert Gurney*—of Mathews and himself, when one day rowing to Richmond, being suddenly smitten by the sight of a placard at the foot of a Barnes garden—“*Nobody permitted to land here—Offenders prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.*” The pair instantly disembarked on the forbidden paradise; the fishing-line was converted into a surveyor's measuring tape; the wags paced to-and-fro on the beautiful lawn—Hook, the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand—Mathews, the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the exquisite turf. Then suddenly opened the parlor-window of the mansion above, and forth stepped, in blustering ire, a napkined alderman, who advanced with what haste he could against the intruders on his paradise. The comedians stood cool, and scarcely condescended to reply to his indignant inquiries. At length oozed out the gradual announcement of their being the agents of a new canal company, settling where the new cut was to cross the old gentleman's pleasure-ground. Their regret was extreme at having “to perform so disagreeable a duty,” but the public interests must be regarded. Then came the alderman's suggestion that the pair had better “walk in and talk the matter over;” their reluctant acquiescence—“had only a quarter of an hour to spare”—“feared that it was of no use” their endeavoring to avoid the beautiful spot—the new cut must come through the grounds. However, in they went; the turkey was just served, an excellent dinner followed, washed down with Madeira, Champagne, claret, and so on. At length the good fare produced its effect—the projected branch of the canal was reconsidered—the city knight's arguments were acknowledged to be of more and more weight. “Really,” says the alderman, “this cut must be given up—but one bottle more, dear gentlemen.” Till at last it was getting dark—they were eight miles from Westminster Bridge. Hook then burst out into song, and narrated in

* Theodore Hook: A Sketch. Murray: London.

extempore verse the whole transaction, winding up with—

And we greatly approve of your fare,
Your cellar 's as prime as your cook,
And this clerk here is Mathews the player,
And my name, sir, is—Theodore Hook!

The adventure forms the subject of a capital chapter in *Gilbert Gurney*, which many of our readers may have read.

But the maddest of Hook's tricks was that known as the "Berners Street Hoax," which happened in 1809, as follows:—Walking down Berners Street one day, Hook's companion (probably Mathews) called his attention to a particularly neat and modest house, the residence—as was inferred from the door-plate—of some decent shop-keeper's widow. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Theodore, "that in one week that nice quiet dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken, and in the course of four or five days Hook had written and posted *one thousand* letters, annexing orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed on one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour. From "wagons of coals and potatoes," says Gurney, "to books, prints, feathers, ices, jellies, and cranberry tarts"—nothing in any way whatever available to any human being but was commanded from scores of rival dealers, scattered over the city, from Wapping to Lambeth, from Whitechapel to Paddington. It can only be feebly imagined what the crash and jam and tumult of that day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated house, where, with a couple of trusty allies, he watched the progress of the melodrama. The mayor and his chaplain arrived—invited there to take the death-bed confession of a peculating common-councilman. There also came the Governor of the Bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Prime Minister,—above all, there came his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. These all obeyed the summons, for every pious and patriotic feeling had been most movingly appealed to. They did not all reach Berners Street—the avenues leading to it being jammed up with drays, carts, and carriages, all pressing on to the solitary widow's house; but certainly the Duke of York's military punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the poor woman's astonishment had risen to terror and despair. Most fierce were the growlings of doctors and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours. Attorneys, teachers of all kinds male and female, hair-dressers, tailors, popular preachers, parliamentary philanthropists, had been alike victimized. There was an awful smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, and coach-pannels. Many a horse fell, never to rise again. Beer-barrels and wine-barrels were overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It was a great day for the pickpockets; and a great godsend to the newspapers. Then arose many a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer. Though in Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected, no sign escaped either him or his confidants. He found it convenient to be laid up for a week or two by a severe fit of illness, and then promoted re-convalescence by a few weeks' country tour. He re-visited Oxford, and

professed an intention of commencing his residence there. But the storm blew over, and Hook returned with tranquillity to the green-room. This was followed by other tricks and hoaxes, in one of which he made Romeo Coates his victim. These may be found detailed at some length in *Gilbert Gurney*, and in Mrs. Mathews' *Memoirs of her Husband*, who was usually Hook's accomplice in such kinds of mischief.

One of Hook's extraordinary talents—which amounted in him to almost a genius—was his gift of singing improvised songs on the spur of the moment, and under the influence of excited convivial feelings. He would sit down to the pianoforte, and, quite unhesitatingly, compose a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhyme, gathering up, as he proceeded, every incident of the evening, and working up the whole into a brilliant song. He would often, like John Parry, sport with operative measures, in which he would triumph over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. But John Parry's exhibitions are carefully studied, whereas Hook's happiest effects were spontaneous and unpremeditated. The effect he produced on such occasions was almost marvellous. Sheridan frequently witnessed these exhibitions, and declared that he could not have believed such power possible, had he not witnessed it. Of course. Hook was usually stimulated by wine or punch when he ventured on such exploits; and it is recorded that during one of his songs, at which Coleridge was present, every pane in the room window was riddled by the glasses flung through them by the guests, the host crowning the bacchanalian riot by demolishing the chandelier with his goblet!

Hook's fame as a wit, a jester, a talker, and an improvisatore singer, shortly reached the aristocratic circles, and he was invited to their houses to make sport for them. Sheridan mentioned him to the Marchioness of Hertford as a most amusing fellow, and he was shortly after called upon to display his musical and metrical faculty in her ladyship's presence; which he did. He was called, in like manner, to minister to the amusements of the Sybarite Prince Regent at a supper in Manchester Square, and he so delighted His Royal Highness, that, on leaving the room, he said, "Mr. Hook, I must see you and hear you again." Hook was only too glad to play the Merry Andrew to the prince; and after a few similar evenings, His Royal Highness was so good as to make inquiry about Hook's position, when, finding he was without a profession or fixed income of any sort, he signified his opinion that "something must be done for Hook." As the word of the prince was equivalent to a law, and quiet jobs were easily done in those days, Hook's promotion followed as a matter of course. He was almost immediately after appointed accountant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with an income of £2,000 a year. Hook had no knowledge of accounts; but he had the prince regent's good word, and that was enough. He stayed five years in the Mauritius, paying no attention to the duties of his office, living in great style, a leading man on the turf, the very prince of Mauritian hospitality. But it came to a sad end. In March, 1818, Hook was arrested, while supping at a friend's house, and dragged, by torch-light, through crowded streets, to the common prison of the town, on a charge of embezzling the public moneys in the

colonial treasury to a large amount! From thence he was conveyed to England, tried before the law officers of the crown, and brought in as defaulter to the extent of £12,000. This debt he never paid; though his earnings by his pen, for many years after, were very large. Into the merits of the case against Hook we shall not here enter; but as the government which brought him to book was friendly to him, and under the influences of many of his personal friends, we must presume the charges to have been well-founded. The most favorable view of his case that can be taken is this—that *somebody* embezzled the colonial moneys; but as Hook had no knowledge of accounts, and rarely took any concern in the treasury business, spending his £2,000 a year in the manner of a gentlemanly sinecurist, the colonial funds were “mumbled away,” and Hook being the responsible party, was saddled with the blame.

On reaching London again, to wait the issue of the government investigation, he was set at liberty on the attorney-general's report, that there was no apparent ground for a criminal procedure; and the case was treated as one of defalcation and civil prosecution only. In order to live, in the meanwhile, Hook had recourse to his ever-ready pen. First, he wrote for magazines and newspapers; then he tried a shilling magazine, called the *Arcadian*, of which only a few numbers were issued, when the publisher lost heart. In 1820, Sir Walter Scott accidentally met Hook at a dinner-party at Daniel Terry's, and was delighted, as everybody could not help being, with Hook's brilliant conversation. Hook, notwithstanding the affair of his colonial defalcations, and the prosecution of him by the Audit Board, still held his “good old Tory” views of politics; and gratefully remembered his personal obligations to the Prince Regent, now the reigning monarch. He was consequently violently opposed to the pretensions and partisans of Queen Caroline. The strong color of his politics induced Scott to mention Hook to a gentleman who shortly after applied to him to recommend an editor for a newspaper about to be established. To this circumstance his connection with the famous *John Bull* is probably to be attributed. At all events, the *John Bull* shortly after came out, with Hook for its editor. But he preserved his incognito carefully for many years, which was the more necessary in consequence of the thick cloud which still hung over his moral character in connection with his colonial affair. Hook threw himself with great fury into the ranks of the Georgites, and published many violent squibs against Queen Caroline and her friends, which excited a storm of popular indignation. The *John Bull* was generally admitted to be the most powerful, unscrupulous, and violent advocate of the king's cause; whether it was the better for the advocacy, we shall not here venture to determine. The paper was well supported with money, as was surmised, from “head-quarters;” and for some years Hook's income, from the *John Bull* alone, amounted to as much as £2,000 a year. At length, it began to ooze out that Hook was editor of the *John Bull*. Though furnishing nearly the whole of the articles and squibs which appeared in it, he at once indignantly denied the imputation in a “letter to the editor,” in which he disclaimed and disavowed all connection with the paper. But, by slow degrees, the truth came out, and at last, all was known. The *John Bull* was denounced by many as a “reckless,” “venomous,” “malignant,” “salandrine,” “Ivings” publication: and by others

it was defended as a “spirited,” “courageous,” “loyal,” and “admirable” defender of the church, crown, and constitution.

In 1823, Hook was arrested for the debt of £12,000 which the authorities had finally decided that he stood indebted to the public exchequer. He was then confined in a sheriff's officer's house in Shire Lane—a miserable, squalid neighborhood. He remained there for several months, during which his health seriously suffered. While shut up in Shire Lane, he made the acquaintance of Dr. William Maginn, who had recently come from Ireland, a literary adventurer, but soon fallen into the sheriff's officer's custody. It was a lucky meeting for both, however, as Maginn proved of great assistance to Hook in furnishing the requisite amount of “spicy” copy for the columns of the *John Bull*. Hook was transferred to the rules of the King's Bench, where he remained for a year, and afterwards succeeded in getting liberated; but was told distinctly that the debt must hang over him until every farthing was paid. He then took a cottage at Putney, and reentered society again. He had for companion here a young woman, whom he ought to have married, that he did not—that he left upon the heads of his innocent offspring by her a stigma and a stain in the eyes of the world, was only, we regret to say, too much in keeping with the character and career of the reckless, unscrupulous, and feeble-conscienced Theodore Hook.

While living in his apartments at Temple Place, within the Rules of the King's Bench, Hook had begun his career as a novelist. His first series of *Sayings and Doings* was very successful, and yielded him a profit of £2,000. The second and third series were equally successful. His other novels, entitled *Marwell*, *The Parson's Daughter*, *Love and Pride*, were also successful novels, and paid him well. In 1836, he became the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in which he published *Gilbert Gurney* (perhaps the raciest of all his novels, being chiefly drawn from his own personal experiences), and afterwards *Gurney Married*; *Jack Brag*; *Births, Deaths, and Marriages*; *Precepts and Practice*; and *Fathers and Sons*. These were all collected and republished afterwards in separate forms. The number of these works—thirty-eight volumes—which he wrote within sixteen years, at the time when he was editor and almost sole writer for a newspaper, and for several years the conductor of a magazine, argue a by no means idle disposition. Indeed, Hook worked very hard; the pity is that he worked to so little purpose, and that he squandered the money with which he ought to have paid his debts (and he himself admitted that he was in justice responsible for £9,000) in vying with fashionable people to keep up appearances, and live a worthless life of dissipation, frivolity, and burlesque “*bon ton*.” For many years Hook must have been earning from £4,000 to £5,000 a year by his pen; and yet he was always poor! How did he spend his earnings! Let the friend who has written the sketch of him in the *Quarterly Review* explain the secret:—

“In 1827 (after leaving his house at Putney) he took a higher flight. He became the tenant of a house in Cleveland Row—on the edge, therefore, of what in one of his novels he describes as ‘the real London—the space between Pall Mall on the south, and Piccadilly on the north, St. James' Street on the west, and the Opera House to the east.’ The residence was handsome, and to persons ignorant of his domestic arrangements, an-

peared extravagantly too large for his purpose ;—we have since heard of it as inhabited by a nobleman of distinction. He was admitted a member of divers clubs ; shone the first attraction of their House dinners ; and, in such as allowed of play, he might commonly be seen in the course of his protracted evening. Presently he began to receive invitations to great houses in the country, and, for week after week, often travelled from one to another such scene, to all outward appearance in the style of an idler of high condition. In a word, he had soon entangled himself with habits and connections which implied much curtailment of the time for labor at the desk, and a course of expenditure more than sufficient to swallow all the profits of what remained. To the upper world he was visible solely as the jocund convivialist of the club—the brilliant wit of the lordly banquet—the lion of the crowded assembly—the star of a Christmas or Easter party in a rural palace—the unfailing stage-manager, prompter, author, and occasionally excellent comic actor, of the private theatricals, at which noble guardsmen were the valets, and lovely peeresses the soubrettes.”

Thus did the brilliant Hook flutter like a dazzled moth around the burning taper of aristocracy, scorching his wings, and at length sinking destroyed by the seductive blaze, when he was at once swept away as some unsightly object.

It was a feverish, miserable, unhealthy life, with scarcely a redeeming feature in it. To make up for the time devoted by him to the amusement of gay aristocratic circles, and to raise the money wherewithal to carry on this brilliant dissipation, as well as to relieve himself of the pressure of his more urgent pecuniary embarrassments, Hook worked day and night when at his own house, often under the influence of stimulants, and thus increased the nervous agonies of a frame prematurely wasted and exhausted. Meanwhile he was pressed by his publisher, into whose debt he had fallen ; and publishers, in such a case, are exacting, like everybody else in similar circumstances. Debts—debts—forever debts—accumulated about Hook, each debt a grinning phantom, mocking at him even in the midst of his gayest pleasures. Little did his fine friends understand or reflect at what an expense of tear and wear he was devoting his evenings to their amusement. The ministrants of pleasure with whom they measured him, were almost all as idle as themselves—elegant, accomplished men, easy in circumstances, with leisure at command, who drove to the rendezvous after a morning divided between voluptuous lounging in a library-chair and healthful exercise out of doors. But he came forth, at best, from a long day of labor at his writing-desk, after his faculties had been at the stretch—feeling, passion, thought, fancy, excitable nerves, suicidal brain all worked, perhaps well-nigh exhausted—compelled, since he came at all, to disappoint by silence, or to seek the support of tempting stimulants in his new career of exertion. . . . And we may guess what must have been the effect on his mind of the consciousness, while seated among the revellers of a princely saloon, that next morning must be—not given to the mere toil of the pen, but—divided between scenes in the backshops of three or four eager, irritated booksellers, and weary prowlings through the dens of city usurers for the means of discounting this long bill, staving off that attorney’s threat ; not less commonly—even more urgently—of liquidating a debt of

honor to the grandee, or some of the smiling satellites of his pomp.

“There is recorded (in his diary) in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth (Marquis of Hertford?)—evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude—even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England ; the party seem to have remained together for more than a fortnight, or, if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune ; Hook’s is the only untitled name—except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he had to maintain ! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of the *John Bull* to arrange the paper for Saturday’s impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried fifty miles across the country to some appointed Blue Boar, or Crooked Billet. Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence—in all the details of the editorship. He, with hard driving, gets back to the neighborhood of the castle when the dressing-bell is ringing. Mr. Hook’s servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed ; he enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood ; in half-an-hour, behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies—his headache fortunately gone at last—quite ready for the turtle and champagne—puns rattle like a hail-shower—‘that dear Theodore’ had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire ; it is supposed that the evening is over—that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelor’s gallery with half a dozen bachelors of far different calibre. One of them, a dashing young carl, proposes what the diary calls ‘something comfortable’ in his dressing-room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates—but is persuaded. The broiled bones are attended by more champagne, Roman punch, hot brandy and water, finally ; for there are plenty of butlers and grooms of the chamber ready to minister to the delights of the distant gallery, ever productive of fees to man and maid. The end is, that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town, or knows how to come at if he were there. But he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and, as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficulty is to be made ; the fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew) to whom he discloses the case, must on *any terms* remit a hundred pounds by return of post. It is accomplished—the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again, and again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings a payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene occurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friend, he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that *must* be finished within a month or six weeks ; and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer’s too), and losses at play to silken coxcombs—who consider him an

admirable jack-pudding, and also as an invaluable pigeon, since he drains his glass as well as fills it—he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labor of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the rumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares, as it pauses in passing through town at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenæum; and as often as the *Morning Post* alluded to the noble peer's Christmas court, Mr. Theodore Hook's name closed the paragraph of 'fashionable intelligence.'

But at last the end of all came, and the poor jester and *bon vivant* strutted off the stage. To the last, even when positively ill, he could not refuse an invitation to dine with titled people. To the last—a padded-up old man—he tried to be effervescent and gay. He died in August, 1841, and the play was ended. Some may call such a life as this a tragedy, and a painful one it seems. To look at it now, there appears little genuine mirth in it; the laughter was all hollow. As for the noble and titled friends for whom Hook had made so much merriment during his unhappy life, they let him die overburdened with debt, and go to his grave unwept and unattended. They did nothing for his children—it is true they were such as the respectable world usually disown; they did not, so far as we know, place a stone at the place where their jester was laid to sleep. Notwithstanding Theodore Hook's naturally brilliant powers—his sagacity, his humor, his genius—we fear that the verdict of his survivors and of posterity will be—That here was the life of a greatly gifted man worse than wasted.

From the Dublin U. Magazine.

MOORISH ROMANCE.

FROM THE SPANISH OF JOSE ZORILLA.*

(De la Luna a los reflejos, &c.)

BRIGHT by the moon's reflected ray,
Far away,

A Moorish Tower is shown,
Where the pure Darro's† limpid tide
Doth darkly glide
Beneath its walls of stone.

The sombre elms that o'er the river
Rustle and quiver,
Make music to the ear;
The wand'ring airs thro' rush and sedge,
That fringe the edge,
Breathe murmurs sweet to hear.

The buds that ope beside the strand
Of yellow sand,
Their fragrance exhale;
Thrilling with joy in green retreat,
'Mid blossoms sweet,
Nestles the nightingale

Down from the rock, with magic gleam
The silver stream
Falls like a diamond shower:
In every drop of bead-like sheen
Is imaged seen
The oriental tower.

There stands in open balcony
Of turret high,
A form so fair and young;
'Tis the Sultana singing low
To the water's flow,
A lay in Arab tongue.

* A modern poet, who began to be known in Madrid about 1833.

† A little river of Granada.

And thro' the genial atmosphere
It echoes clear,
Her melancholy strain;
Till wafted thence, 'mid zephyr's sighs
Its music dies
Far o'er the grassy plain.

The linnet sings, aloud replying,
Like rival vying.
In tender song with her:
He hops from glowing bed to bed
Of tulips red
In the rich and gay parterre.

The while she sang (the linnet still
With ready trill
His due responses made)
Below, the jealous Moor was watching,
Her accents catching,
Hid in the garden's shade.

"A Moslem's love is mine," she said,
"And on my head
A jewell'd coronet;
But tell me, flower, with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?"

"They give me carpet, cushion, shawl,
So gorgeous all,
Nor blooming wreaths forget.
My garden, say! with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?"

"They give me baths and feasts, and bowers,
With brightest flowers,
Like those of Eden, set:
But, river, say! with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?"

"They give me plumes as soft and white
As sea-foam light,
And veils for my locks of jet:
Say, nightingale! with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?"

"Nought that can cloud my brow is here,
Or bring a tear
My sunny eyes to wet:
But tell me, Moon! with joy to bless
My loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?"

Traced by the lamp upon the wall,
A shadow tall
The singer has descried—
She turns, and in her balcony
He meets her eye;
The Moor is at her side.

"Hast thou not castles?" (asks the Moor,)
"Pearls, golden store,
Garland, and carkanet?
Tell me, my fair! with joy to bless
Thy loveliness,
What lacks the harem yet?"

"Say, can the garden, or the stream,
Or day's bright beam,
Or bud, or bird afford
One joy that thou, my life! in vain
Wouldst seek to gain
From me, thy loving lord?"

"Then say, e'en thy caprice to please
What lacks of ease,
Or love, or wealth to thee?"

"Ah, Master mine! yon birds that sing
Where flow'rets spring,
Have—air and liberty!"

From the Spectator, 16th Oct.

"THE EMPIRE" AND ITS CONTINGENCIES.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is rapidly casting his presidential skin, and before many weeks he will soar into the heaven of his ambition—a full-blown, gorgeous, purple Emperor. The Vestiges of Creation can show no more astounding development than the somewhat seedy swell of six years since, transformed, by the magic of baseness and cunning mutually acting and reacting, into the absolute sovereignty of the fair land of France and her thirty millions of inhabitants—the unquestioned lord and master of life, liberty, and property, from the Alps to the Atlantic, from the fortresses of Belgium to the peaks of the Pyrenees. Yes! it is accomplished. The farce of official solicitation has been played long enough, and, dropping his transparent mask, the hero of the victory of the Boulevards condescends to open his august lips, and to "accept" the empire. "Speech is silvern, but silence is golden." Golden at least to his earth-seeking eye must seem the reward which he has won by his great talent for silence. And, indeed, many a pettier prize has been gained at infinitely greater expense of human life and mere physical suffering, but never, perhaps, did conqueror or usurper stride onward to his glittering goal through a deeper mire of personal crime and national humiliation than has paved the path to his theatric throne for this Elliston of great men, this model of Imperial deportment, this Turvey-drop imitator of the first criminal of Europe.

Well, France accepts him—France has always been such a connoisseur of deportment!—not only accepts him, but hails him Saviour, and parodies into wretched adulation to him the Christian world's prayer, so sacred both in its origin and its associations—the prayer everywhere of the universal church and of the child at its mother's knee—that even a French placeman might have been expected to abstain from defiling it. France, we say, accepts him; and, with one passing and uncontrollable protest on behalf of human kind and human progress, even on behalf of his victimized accomplice France herself, for the sake of the few righteous men that are numbered among her children, we accept him as a fact in history—as we accept cholera—as we accept plague, pestilence, and famine. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, and there is a hand behind the veil which works the puppets, and regulates their apparently spontaneous movements to higher ends than we can at times discern. We know no time when this faith was more demanded than at present—was more essential to a calm, patient attitude, in the face of European history—to that temper of mind which retains its cheerfulness amid all outward perplexities, and still goes on bravely acting, and firmly believing that right is ever becoming might, and that eternal justice and goodness are able at all times to vindicate their ways to man.

But this approaching denouement of the French melodrama affects us in our interests as well as in our sympathies, as citizens of England and members of the European community of nations, no less than as citizens of the world and members of a common race. New elements are thrown by it into the problems of European politics. It is impossible to doubt that the foundation of a Napoleonic dynasty with absolute power in France is an event in which Europe, and England in particular, is scarcely less interested than France herself. The question for

us is, whether it renders probable any and what changes in our national relations with France—whether it is likely or not to give an impulse to those passions and designs, on the part of the emperor-elect and his subjects, of which Europe and again England in particular stand in suspicion and distrust.

It would, in the first place, be blinding one's eyes to the real meaning and tendency of the act, to read it by itself, and as a simple constitution of a permanent central authority in a neighbor country. It is to all intents and purposes a revival of something past, a recurrence to a chain of national ideas forcibly broken by the united strength of Europe in 1815. The new Empire is studiously and ostentatiously proclaimed as the continuance of that to which Waterloo put an end; so ostentatiously that the puerile affectation is borrowed from Legitimacy of filling up the interval with the style and title of a prince who never reigned, and ignoring the existence during that period not only of the restored Bourbons, but even of a king as freely chosen by the nation itself as even this Louis Napoleon can pretend to have been chosen. The hereditary right of the Bonapartes to rule in France, the revival of the empire with all its claims personal and national, could not be asserted with more emphasis or significance. And they must have studied Louis Napoleon's character and career very superficially who do not know that he is well aware of and keenly alive to the full extent of those claims, as well as to the fact that in proclaiming himself the heir of the emperor he proclaimed himself the heir of an inheritance of aggression and conquest, limiting his intention of realizing that inheritance only by the power which circumstances may throw into his hands. If any overt acts are needed still to confirm this interpretation of what he includes in his heirship to his uncle, let his declaration at Marseilles speak; let his arrogant and intolerable treatment of Belgium, Switzerland, and Piedmont, reveal the open secret. Without a doubt, he inherits his uncle's conquests, his uncle's hatreds; and, so far as he conceives actions under the form of duties, he inherits the duty of avenging the defeat and dethronement of that uncle, and his own long years of obscurity, penury, and exile, that thence resulted.

All this seems logically and practically involved in the pretension of succeeding by hereditary right to the vacant throne of Napoleon I. But, apart from inferences so drawn, let simply the known temper of the man and of the people over whom he rules be taken into account, and the probable impulse estimated that will be given to this temper and to the designs which spring from it by the revival of the imperial dignity in the person of Louis Napoleon. Is not the extension of French territory in the direction of the Rhine and the Scheldt and the mountains of Savoy, to say nothing of Italy, a dream that has perpetually haunted, a passion that has perpetually instigated the imagination of that portion of the French people on which Louis Napoleon principally relies? Does any one, familiar at this moment with the table-talk and the railway-talk of the French, doubt that an attempt upon England would be a most popular measure—one likelier than any other to place Louis Napoleon, even if he utterly failed, higher in the affections of the army and of all but the trading classes (if even that exception can be made) than he stands at present? Is the inclination to war for the aggrandizement of France, or merely for the annoyance

and humiliation of England, not likely to receive an impulse both in the mind of Louis Napoleon and of the French people, from his attainment of the purple! He believes or pretends to believe in destiny and in his star, just as his uncle did. He has always expressed himself under a kind of fatal but regretted necessity of invading England if he had the opportunity. He must by this time have come really to persuade himself that he can accomplish whatever he sets his heart upon. This final seal of success can have no other effect than to make him suppose himself irresistible, to seduce him into the notion that no scheme is absurd or gigantic to which he applies his will, and the peculiar talents which are the instruments of that will. His will must be more than human not to have become intoxicated by his recent career. Ambition grows by what it feeds on; and France is more than ever the arm which his will moves as it might the muscles of his body. But in this case the arm would itself be a willing agent. With the empire are revived, as we said, all the traditions of the empire, for people as well as prince. Thirty-seven years of peace are as if the echo of the last gun were yet booming over the plain of Waterloo; the "entente cordiale" vanishes before the "idées Napoléoniennes;" all that statesmen and men of letters and men of commerce have done during that period to supplant the old animosities of the two nations with a new growth of more generous sentiments, of better knowledge, of mutual interest, is uprooted and whirled aloft before the hurricane of the passions, the fanaticism, and the vanity of the imperial era. There is another consideration, less obvious perhaps, but not less practical, founded on general principles of human nature. The most quarrelsome man and the most quarrelsome nation will be those who have least occasion to be satisfied with themselves, who have done something to forfeit their self-respect. The gambler, the adventurer, the man who is conscious of deeds which would, if positively established, deprive him of his social standing, is notoriously the bully, the duellist, touchy and irritable on the score of that personal honor which, no longer supported by his own consciousness, needs the stronger confirmation from the lips and looks of others. By an analogous principle, nations ashamed and uneasy under domestic and political degradation, are likely to be quick in taking affront, and long in nursing revenge. A showy, blustering bearing towards foreign nations seems some compensation for the loss of independence at home. Nor should it be forgotten that the energies, the passions, and the activities, which can find no scope in political life, all go to swell the desire for military glory and excitement. If we had to name two causes that would make a nation a dangerous and disagreeable neighbor, we could select no two more pregnant with evil consequences than the irritation arising from self-reproach, and the vacuity resulting from the sudden cessation of so grand an employment for human activity as that afforded by free political life.

Against these contingencies we have the assurance of the emperor-elect, that the empire means peace, and that he means peace; together with such confidence as may be placed on the condition of our national defences, among which, the national valor and hardihood, physical and moral, and the habit of bearing arms, are far more important than either fortresses or cannon on land, and on a level at least with well-manned and well-

equipped ships in the Channels surrounding our island. Upon the former source of confidence it is needless that we should comment. Plainly speaking, the latter is our sole ground of assurance and hope of safety. It seems to us that the definitive announcement of the empire ought to be a proclamation and a warning to the rulers and to the people of this country to bestir themselves with double alacrity in this long-neglected and now not half sufficiently considered matter of national defence.

From Punch.

WESTMINSTER THEATRE.

A NEW piece, adapted from *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was read at the Westminster Theatre, preparatory to the opening of that establishment. The piece seems likely to be successful, owing, probably, as much to the consummate versatility and talent of the actors engaged, as to any intrinsic merit of the work itself. We have extracted the following scene. We may mention that emblematical ribbons, bills, measures, and so forth, are a peculiar sort of African charm, which niggers always wear about their persons.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Topsy (a Nigger, taken into the house-
hold of Mr. Bull, and whose former master was a Buckinghamshire farmer) } Mr. Ben. Disraeli.
Miss Feely (housekeeper to Mr. Bull) } Miss Victoria Regina.
John } (well tried Servants of Mr. Bull's) } Lord J. Russell,
Joe } } Mr. Hume.
Other Niggers, Lord Derby, Lord Malmesbury, Mr. Walpole, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, &c., &c.

The Scene is laid in Miss Feely's sitting-room, which commands a view of St. James' Park. Miss Feely makes Topsy stand opposite her.

Miss F. Now, Topsy, who were your political parents?

Topsy. Dun' no, Missis—never had none.

[Grimacing.

Miss F. Never had any—what do you mean? Of what party were you born?

Topsy. Never was born.

[With a grin.

Miss F. How long have you served your former master?

Topsy. Dunt 'zactly know, Missis.

Miss F. Don't know, Topsy! One year or several?

Topsy. Several, off and on, 'should think.

Miss F. Now, tell me who made you politically?

Topsy. Nobody as I knows on. Don't think nobody never made me. I 'spect I growed.

[Looking amazed and twinkling his eyes.

Miss F. What did you do for your former master?

Topsy. Laws, nothin', Missis—jawed a bit nows and then.

Miss F. What can you do, Topsy?

Topsy. Anythin'. Chiefly I is good at climbin' up a poll.

[Grimacing.

Miss F. Now, Topsy, what are your politics?

Topsy. Laws, Missis, 'most anything.

Miss F. Why, Topsy, what's this?

[Pulling at a ribbon which was hanging out of Topsy's pocket.

Topsy. Laws, why that ar's the ribbon I had at late Mas'r's.

Miss F. But here is another besides.

Topsy. Laws, why that's John's ribbon; how could it 'a got in my pocket?

Miss F. Topsy, you naughty thing, don't tell me a lie; you stole that ribbon.

Topsy. Missis, I declare for 't I did n't. Never seed it till this blessed minnit.

[Miss Feely becomes so indignant that she shakes

Topsy, which causes some papers to fall.

Miss F. There you! will you tell me you did n't steal the ribbon?

Topsy. Laws, now, if that is n't John's M'litia Bill (*looking rather guilty*). I mind John lost it one night, and I jest picked it up.

Miss F. You've tried to change its appearance, you naughty thing. Now, Topsy, confess what else you've stolen.

Topsy. Well, I took John's Chancery Reform Bill, and 'bout half his Parliamentary Reform Bill, what he had round his neck when he lost his M'litia Bill, and bits of Joe's measure, what he's al'ays losin'.

Miss F. Bless me, what a thief! (*hopelessly*.) Is there anything you have not stolen, Topsy?

Topsy. Laws! Missis. There's the Income Tax Repeal Bill.

Miss F. Now run, Topsy, you naughty thing, and get me the Reform Bills you stole from John and Joe, and what you have of your own. Mr. Bull wants them directly.

Topsy. Laws, Missis, I can't.

Miss F. What a story, Topsy! Get them this minute, or I'll discharge you.

Topsy. I can't, Missis (*with loud protestations, and tears and groans*). They's loomin', they is.

Miss F. You naughty creature! Why did you tell me you'd got them?

[*Quite bewildered at this incomprehensible language.*]

Topsy. 'Cause I's wicked, I is; I's mighty wicked anyhow. I can't help it.

[*At this moment John and Joe enter together; John wearing his bill still round his neck, and Joe with bits of his measure stuck all over his person as usual.*]

Miss F. Why, John and Joe, how did you get those again?

[*Pointing to the bill and to the measure.*]

J. and J. (together). Dese ar? had dese ar all de time. Can't pass dem nohows.

Miss F. What in the world did you tell me you took those things for?

Topsy (rubbing eyes and whining). Why, Missis said I must 'fess or Mas'r would turn me away, and I could n't think of nothin' else to 'fess.

Miss F. But of course I did n't want you to confess things you did n't do. That's telling a lie just as much as the other.

Topsy. Laws, now, is it?

[*With innocent wonder.*]

J. and J. (Looking indignantly at Topsy). Da'r a'n't no such thing as truth in that limb.

Another scene deserves mention. Topsy is amongst his fellow-niggers, perched on a high stool in Mr. Bull's house in Downing Street. John and Joe have both been dismissed in disgrace, owing to Topsy's wicked manœuvring.

Topsy loq. Law! you niggers, does you know you's all sinners? Well, you is, all on you; Miss Feely says so; but, lor, ye an't any on ye up to me. I's so awful wicked, there can't nobody do nothin' with me. I used to keep old Mas'r swearing at me half de time. I'spects I's the wickedest crittur in the world.

[*Here Topsy cuts a somersault and comes up brisk and shining on to a higher stool next him, displacing, with much violence, a suspicious brother nigger, who is admirably acted by Lord Derby.*]

From Hogg's Instructor.

A YANKEE MESSAGE TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.*

I WAS once strolling on the beautiful prairies, and perceived in my path, a little in advance, a tall, gaunt Yankee. He stood erect, leaning on his

* From Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches Afloat and Ashore. By Captain Mackintosh, R. N.

rifle, watching my approach. As I never met anything but the utmost civility and attention on my rambles, I went up to him with my usual confidence. On approaching, he addressed me as follows:—"Well, *captin*, how are you?"—"Very well," replied I; "how does the world wag with you?"—"I have a duty to perform, *captin*," he replied.—"Fire away, and do your duty," rejoined I, wondering what duty my stalwart Yankee friend had to perform.—"Well, *captin*," he continued, "you are not at all starched up, as I thought all Britishers were. You wear tow breeches, and don't think more of yourself than any of us. Moreover, I see you carry a large jur the other day, and I know you have lots of dollars. Well, then, it is my duty to ask you to take a drink."—"With all my heart," returned I; and we repaired to my friend's log-house. After a social glass and sundry shaking of hands, my Yankee friend told me his history. "I *fit in* Mexico," said he. "I likewise fit the *Injuns* in Californy, and have had a good deal of experience in savage warfare. My name is *Captin Ezekiah Conclin Brum*, and I think you are the best Yankee Britisher I ever seed. Now, then, *captin*, I have a proposal to make to the British Government; but, before I tell it you, I'll explain what made me *just* think of it. When I returned from *fitting* the *Injuns* in Californy, I read in the papers the account of your *fitting* the *Injuns* at the Cape of Good Hope. Well, I wanted to find out all about it, so I sent to England, by a relation of mine who is mate of a liner, for a British infantry musket, with all the *fixins*. About six weeks ago it arrived here, and here it is, *captin*" (going to a corner, and bringing out a regulation musket).—"Well, *captin*, did ever you see such a clumsy varment in all your born days? Now, *captin*, look out of the doorway—do you see that *blased* stump? It is seven feet high, and broader than any man. It's exactly one hundred and fifty yards from my door. I have fired that clumsy varment at the stump till my head ached, and my shoulder was quite sore, and have hardly hit it once. Now, then, *captin*, look'ee here" (taking up his seven-barrelled, revolving rifle, and letting fly one barrel after the other).—"I guess you will find seven bullets in the *blased* stump. I will, however, stick seven playing cards on the stump, in different places, and if you choose will hit them all."—"You are very skilful," I exclaimed.—"There are plenty more quite as skilful as me," he responded; "but, *captin*, let me ask you, would you *fit* me with that machine, bag'net and all, against my rifle at one hundred and fifty yards?"—"No, thank you," I hastily answered, "I had rather not."—"Would you like to be one of two, or three, or even six, with bag'net fixed and all?" urged he.—"No," I replied, "certainly not. You would have the best chance by far."—"Now, then, comes my offer to the British Government. Will you make it to them from me?"—"No," replied I. "If I made the finest offer in the world to the British Government, the chances are they would not read it. If they did, they would only sneer at me, and call me officious and impertinent, and very likely put a black mark against my name. I cannot therefore present your offer; but I will put it in print, if you like, and the public can judge of its merits."—"Well, then, my offer to the British Government is as follows:—I, *Ezekiah Conclin Brum*, have learned by the papers that the last war at the Cape of Good Hope cost ten million dollars (two millions

sterling) to the British Government; and that it is likely the present war will cost quite as much, and be a protracted affair. I, Ezekiah Conclin Brunn, have a high opinion of the bravery of the British soldiers, but a very contemptuous opinion of their arms. I, Ezekiah Conclin Brunn, will undertake to enlist five thousand Yankee marksmen, each armed with a seven-barrelled revolving rifle, or any better weapon that may turn up, and kill or disperse all the Injuns on the British territory at the Cape of Good Hope, within six months of our landing there; conditionally, that the survivors are paid the sum of five million dollars on the extirpation of the Injuns and settlement of peace; thus saving half the expense, and great numbers of British soldiers. In course, the British Government must send us over in their brass-bottomed serpents. This will be easy, as we can stow very close, having little or no baggage—"You think your five thousand 'marksmen' could do it in six months?" said I.—"Sartin," he replied; "we should be ekal to thirty thousand troops with such tarnal, stiff, clumsy consarns, as them reg'lation muskets is. We should do it slick right away." "Suppose you were successful," I rejoined, "what would you and your Yankee marksmen do afterwards?"—"Do afterwards?" echoed he; "why, many would settle in the country, and show them how to go ahead."—"And," added I, "turn it into a republic before long."—"In course, that is sure to follow afore long, whether we go or stay. But I tell 'ee what it is, captin; this here gold in Australy will bring on a republic there, while you Britshers are dreaming about it."—"Good-by, Captain Ezekiah Conclin Brum," I exclaimed, as I shook hands heartily at parting. "I will print your proposal. It will have the advantage of novelty, at any rate."—"Good-by, captin. Won't you take a chaw! But mind you write, and tell me all about it."

From the Spectator, 16th Oct.

PROGRESS OF THE ARCTIC SEARCH.

THE despatches brought by the Prince Albert from the Arctic seas place us in possession of a considerable extent of knowledge, which comprises nothing to point to a fatal termination of the Franklin expedition, but negatively points to the *absence* of any such result within the field explored. The Prince Albert appears to have left Beechy Island on the evening of August the 24th; at that time, the exploring force had searched Cape Riley, Navy Board Inlet, Beechy Island, not only without finding any document—which might have been destroyed or cast aside by beasts—but Franklin had left no document. A contemporary remarks that the Admiralty had expressed no wishes to that effect; but usage in such regions, Franklin's exact habits, and the animated zeal of his officers, make it improbable that they should have *forgotten* that duty, merely because they were not reminded of it. The most remarkable fact of this kind is the absence of any document in the cachot on Beechy Island; but that island, indeed, may now be deemed to stand at so early a stage of the Arctic path that the arrival of the expedition thus far was merely a matter of course. On the whole, the conclusion is, that at none of the prominent places on the portals of these closed seas had Franklin *tried* to leave a memento of his passage.

Mr. William Kennedy, the commander of the Prince Albert, had made two expeditions from Batty Bay; one to Fury Point, and another, in

mid winter, as far west as Brentford Bay, and onward traversing the north coast of Somerset,—a range extending six hundred miles from their ship "as the crow flies," but including a round of double that distance. No signs of Franklin; but at the westernmost part a channel was discovered, running south-west.

When the Prince Albert left Beechy Island, Captain Pullen, in the North Star, was there, laid up in winter-quarters; Sir Edward Belcher in the Assistance, with the tender Pioneer under Lieutenant Osborn, had proceeded up the Wellington Channel, which was open to an unprecedented degree, and some days had elapsed without his return; while Captain Kellet, in the Resolute, with the tender Intrepid under Captain M'Clinck, had gone up the open water in Barrow's Strait towards Melville Island, to form a dépôt for the Behring's Strait expedition, should it reach that point. Sir Edward was sanguine of his success in penetrating to Queen Charlotte's Sound, and he had provided for the probability of his not returning. It was on the further shores of Wellington Channel that he expected to find the traces of the Franklin party.

The latest intelligence defines with great probability the actual amount of our knowledge. Although considerable portions of Regent's Inlet remained to be explored, every indication now points to the channel pursued by Belcher as *the* portal to the west; and in the anterior part of the region Franklin was not. What, then, had become of him since his stay at Beechy Island in 1846? Had he succeeded with his whole expedition, save the men whose bodies were found there, in preceding Belcher up the Wellington Channel; or had his ships been swallowed up before he reached that portal from Beechy Island? That his ships should founder, in the ordinary sense of that word, and leave no recognizable trace, is too wide a conjecture for probability. But the absence of anything to mark his movements in the seas after his leaving Beechy Island, irresistibly reminds us of the two ships seen floating on the ice off the Newfoundland bank, and of the strange wrecks seen in the water near the Western Islands at a later date. One thing seems to be clear; his ships had either been *removed*, or had passed on.

If they had been removed, what had become of the crews? Traces of them also should have been found, unless they had taken to their boats in the open sea, and so perished; or unless they had passed on without their ships. The remains of bears and other animals found floating in the Wellington Channel, and evidently the leavings of beasts that had been used at least for human food, suggest hopes which are far too vague to be dwelt upon; though we remember Mr. Rae's argument, that a party in those extreme regions might subsist by the chase, or at least eke out its portable stores by that means.

Further light on these questions might have been already obtained, if delays, jealousies, and lukewarmness had not checked inquiry. The delays at head-quarters naturally cooperated with ice and disappointment to cool the zeal of the men that did go, and more than one opportunity like that now seized by Belcher has been lost. But those neglects belong to the past; opportunity *has* at length been seized; and the next reports from Belcher, come by whichever strait they may, by Davis', or Behring's, must be awaited with unprecedented interest.

From the National Intelligencer.

THE LEPERS IN JERUSALEM.

In my rambles about Jerusalem I passed on several occasions through the quarter of the Lepers. Apart from the interest attached to this unfortunate class of beings (arising from the frequent allusion made to them in the Scriptures), there is much in their appearance and mode of life to attract attention and enlist the sympathy of the stranger. Dirt and disease go revoltingly together here; gaunt famine stalks through the streets; a constant moan of suffering swells upon the dead air, and sin broods darkly over the ruin it has wrought in that gloomy and ill-fated spot. Wasted forms sit in the doorways; faces covered with white scales, and sightless eyes, are turned upward; skeleton arms, distorted and fetid with the ravages of leprosy, are outstretched from the foul moving mass; and a low howl is heard, the howl of the stricken for alms; alms, oh stranger, for the love of God! alms to feed the inexorable destroyer! alms to prolong this dreary and hopeless misery! Look upon it, stranger, you who walk forth in all your pride and strength and breathe the fresh air of heaven; you who have never known what it is to be shunned by your fellow-man as a thing unclean and accursed; you who deem yourself unblest with all the blessings that God has given you upon earth; look upon it, and learn that there is a misery upon all that you have conceived in your gloomiest hours—a misery that can still be endured; learn that even the Leper, with death gnawing at his vitals and unceasing tortures in his blood, cast out from the society of his fellow-man, forbidden to touch in friendship or affection the hand of the untainted, still struggles for life and deems each hour precious that keeps him from the grave.

The quarter of the Lepers is a sad and impressive place. By the laws of the land, which have existed from scriptural times, they are isolated from all actual contact with their fellow-men; yet there seems to be no prohibition to their going out beyond the walls of Jerusalem, and begging by the road-side. Near the gate of Zion, on the way to Bethlehem, I saw many of them sitting on the rocks, their hideous faces uncovered, thrusting forth their scaly hands for alms. Their huts are rudely constructed of earth and stones, seldom with more than one apartment, and this so filthy and loathsome that it seemed unfit to be occupied by swine. Here they live and propagate, whole families together, without distinction of sex; and their dreadful malady is perpetuated from generation to generation, and the groans of the aged and the dying are mingled with the feeble wail of the young that are brought forth branded for a life of misery. Strange and mournful thoughts arise, in the contemplation of the sad condition and probable destiny of these ill-fated beings. Among so many, there must be some in whose breasts the power of true love is implanted; love for woman in its purest sense, for offspring, for all the endearments of domestic life which the untainted are capable of feeling; yet doomed never to exercise the affections without perpetuating the curse; some too in whom there are hidden powers of mind, unknown save to themselves; ambition that corrodes with unavailing aspirations; a thirst for action that burns within unceasingly, yet never can be assuaged; all the ruling passions that are implanted in man for great and noble purposes, never,

never to give one moment's pleasure unmixed with the perpetual gloom of that curse which dwells in their blood.

As I plodded my way for the last time through this den of sickening sights, a vision of human misery was impressed upon my mind that time cannot efface. I passed when the rays of the sun were cold and the light was dim; and there came out from the reeking hovels leprous men, gaunt with famine, and they bared their hideous bodies, and howled like beasts; and women held out their loathsome and accursed babes, and tore away the rags that covered them, and pointing to the shapeless mass, shrieked for alms. All was disease and sin and sorrow wherever I went; and as I passed on, unable to relieve a thousandth part of the misery, moans of despair and howling curses followed me, and Lepers crawled back into their hovels to rot in their filth and die when God willed.

THE WAY LOCUSTS ARE PREPARED FOR FOOD IN THE DESERT OF ZAHARA.

In and about this valley were great flights of locusts. During the day, they are flying around very thickly in the atmosphere; but the copious dews and chilly air, in the night, render them unable to fly, and they settle down on the bushes. It was the constant employment of the natives in the night to gather these insects from the bushes, which they did in great quantities. My master's family, each with a small bag, went out the first night upon this employment, carrying a very large bag to bring home the fruits of their labor. My mistress, Fatima, however, and the two little children, remained in the tent. I declined this employment, and retired to rest under the large tent. The next day, the family returned loaded with locusts, and, judging by the eye of the quantity produced, there must have been about fifteen bushels. This may appear to be a large quantity to be gathered in so short a time; but it is scarcely worth mentioning when compared with the loads of them gathered, sometimes, in the more fertile part of the country over which they pass, leaving a track of desolation behind them. But as they were the first, in any considerable quantity, that I had seen, and the first I had seen cooked and eaten, I mention it in this place, hoping hereafter to give my readers more particular information concerning these wonderful and destructive insects, which, from the days of Moses to this time, have been considered, by Jews and Mahometans, as the most severe judgment which Heaven can inflict upon man. But whatever the Egyptians might have thought in ancient days, or the Moors and Arabs in those of modern date, the Arabs, who are compelled to inhabit the desert of Zahara, so far from considering a flight of locusts as a judgment upon them for their transgressions, welcome their approach as the means, sometimes, of saving them from famishing with hunger. The whole that were brought to the tent at this time were cooked while alive, as indeed they always are, for a dead locust is never cooked. The manner of cooking is by digging a deep hole in the ground, building a fire at the bottom, as before described, and filling it up with wood. After it is heated as hot as is possible, the coals and embers are taken out, and they prepare to fill the cavity with the locusts, confined in a large bag. A sufficient number of the natives hold the bag perpendicularly over the hole, the mouth of it being near the surface of the ground. A number stand around the hole with sticks. The mouth of the bag is then opened, and it is shaken with force, the locusts falling into the hot pit, and the surrounding natives throwing sand upon them to prevent them from flying off. The mouth of the hole is then covered with sand, and

another fire built upon the top of it. In this manner they cook all they have on hand, and dig a number of holes sufficient to accomplish it, each containing about five bushels. They remain in the hole until they become sufficiently cooled to be taken out with the hand. They are then picked out, and thrown upon tent-cloths or blankets, and remain in the sun to dry, where they must be watched with the utmost care, to prevent the live locusts from devouring them, if a flight happens to be passing at the time. When they are perfectly dried, which is not done short of two or three days, they are slightly pounded, and pressed into bags or skins, ready for transportation. To prepare them to eat, they are pulverized in mortars, and mixed with water sufficient to make a kind of dry pudding. They are, however, sometimes eaten singly, without pulverizing, by breaking off the head, wings, and legs, and swallowing the remaining part. In whatever manner they are eaten, they are nourishing food.

It is not only by the inhabitants of the Great Desert that the locusts are hailed with joy. The Hot-tentots also give them a hearty welcome, and make many a hearty meal upon them, too—not only eating them in large quantities, but making a sort of coffee-colored soup of their eggs.

Locusts are cooked in various ways—roasted, boiled, and fried. Sometimes they are ground up in hand-mills, or pounded between two stones, and then mixed with flour, and made into cakes and baked. They are also salted and smoked, and packed away against a time of scarcity. It is said they taste very much like fish, and are particularly light, delicate, and wholesome food. They are carried into many of the towns of Africa, by wagon loads, as we bring poultry to market.

HAPPINESS MAKES HUMBLE.—The best men are humble through happiness—pious, tender, thirsting for a higher happiness; misfortune makes them proud, severe, and full of earthly plans; with bad men, it is often exactly the reverse. After praise, a man is modest and humble; when blamed, he asserts an opposing pride. Thus the tear of joy is a pearl of the first water—the mourning tear only of the second, —J. P. Richter.

NEW BOOKS.

The Life of Bernard Palissy, of Saintes. By Henry Morley. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This is the title of two of Ticknor's most elegant volumes. They embrace a record of the life and works of one who was not only a man of mark in his time, according to general estimation, but who, in the private details of his career, was a most wonderful instance of perseverance and good success, under the most trying and the almost endless difficulties under which he labored. Nevertheless, we suppose that few of this generation have ever heard of "Palissy the Potter," who lived in France before and after the famous massacre of St. Bartholomew, who was a leading Huguenot and natural philosopher of his day, who was saved amid the destruction of his religious brethren for his taste and skill in art, who discovered a beautiful process of enamelling earthen ware, who wrought by this process and in their natural colors the most accurate copies of every animal and even every green leaf with which, as a naturalist he was acquainted, and who, upon matters of religious doctrine and natural philosophy, was far, very far, ahead of the leading errors, follies, and fancies of his own century.

The volumes in hand are interesting for their vivid portraiture of French life, manners, and history of the sixteenth century. They are curious as embrac-

ing translations of the leading works of Palissy, wherein are discussed many important religious dogmas, and great natural phenomena. They are valuable as recording the life-struggles and final success of a man of practical genius, to work out his discoveries in art, and thereby to rise out of the slough of poverty and contempt in which, to all appearance, he was inextricably embedded. We think none can read Mr. Morley's vigorous picture of the course of Palissy's discovery in pottery, without feeling that he is making the acquaintance of more of that "time, faith, and energy" spoken of by Bulwer, than is often vouchsafed to poor human nature. At the first glance, we wondered why Ticknor had published these volumes, but a perusal satisfied us that they had issued a great book—one to interest and to do good. Palissy's art expired with him, and the workmanship of the once despised potter is now worth its weight in gold. Nothing like it has since been produced, for the exquisite beauty and naturalness of the objects that ornament his porcelain, and the specimens now extant are valued by porcelain-fanciers as much as the works of Benvenuto Cellini by the lovers of another branch of art.—*Post*.

Waverley Novels. Library Edition. S. H. Parker and B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston.

The new edition of the Waverley Novels, published by S. H. Parker and B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston, is decidedly the best ever published in America. Each volume contains a complete novel. These books are of duodecimo size; the paper is good, the type large and handsome, and the press-work clearly done. The binding is strong and elegant, and each volume has two illustrations. It is a superior edition, and the price is as low as the worst. We are sure we speak for thousands, when we welcome these charming volumes. We have experienced real pleasure in turning over their clear pages, and remembering how they bewitched us years ago. We love to linger over some familiar scene, and think how our heart beat with the wildest romance as we gave ourself wholly to the sweet glamour of the story. Again our old heroes, all "plaided and plumed," step forth into the present sunshine. We see the procession pass—a little sadly, it may be; for though they were once living, breathing beings, they are now a shade ghost-like, seen through the mist of years:

With coronach and arms reversed, forth comes Mac Gregor's clan,
Red Dougal's cry peals shrill and wild, Rob Roy's bold brow looks wan;
On sweep Bois Guilbert, Front de Boeuf, De Bracy's plume of woe,
And Cœur de Lion's crest shines near the valiant Ivanhoe.

Balfour of Burley, Claverhouse, the Lord of Evandale,
And stately Lady Margaret, whose woe might naught avail;
Fierce Bothwell, on his charger black, as from the conflict won;
And pale Habakkuk Mucklewraith, who cried "God's will be done!"

And, like a rose, a young, white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes,
Comes she, the modest, eloquent, and virtuous Jeanie Deans;
And Dumbeldikes, the silent lad, with love too deep to smile;
And Effie, with her noble friend, the good Duke of Argyll.

The binding of the volumes is appropriate, as well as ornamental. On one side is stamped the head of Sir Walter Scott; on the reverse is Abbotsford. On the back is the author's coat of arms.

This edition is to be completed in twenty-four volumes, at the low price of \$15.00 for the whole series. J. G. W.

From the Spectator.

MEMOIRS OF THE BARONESS D'OBERKIRCH.*

THE reader of these Memoirs is carried into a world almost antediluvian as regards customs, habits, and ideas. The Baroness D'Oberkirch was born in 1754, in Alsace; a country in which the family of her father, Baron Waldner, had been seated from a time beyond the memory of man or records. Alsace was then politically a part of France; its manners, its language, and all the circumstances which constitute outward life, were provincial German with a dash of Swiss. But it was not the Germany of our days. Manners, costumes, and security on the roads, might have changed since the middle ages, but in political respects and prejudices Germany was still the land of sixteen quarters and all the follies therewith connected. The country was divided into numberless principalities, some not bigger than a Scotch estate, with rights more or less of sovereignty attached to each, and, what was more characteristic, courts with nobles in a small way, and etiquette en grand. Such sticklers for their dignity were these petty princes, that they claimed all the privileges of kings; and because the Grand Monarque would not grant them, they never went to the French court if they could possibly avoid it. The feeling on this subject comes out in these memoirs on the occasion of Marie Antoinette's passing through Strasbourg for Paris as the bride of the Dauphin. The sovereigns of Montbéliard, to whose court the future Baroness D'Oberkirch was attached, declined to pay their respects on this nuptial occasion.

The Dauphiness, now Queen of France, passed through Strasbourg, where I went with my father to pay her our respects. Oh! if I lived a hundred years I could not forget that day, its festivities, those exclamations of joy uttered by a people delighted by the presence of their sovereign. Madame Wurmser accompanied us. The delicate health of the Princess of Montbéliard prevented their highnesses taking the journey; and, besides, the etiquette of the French court is so severe and unbending towards foreign princes, that these naturally stay away except when absolutely obliged to appear. Their rank is not recognized; they can only see the king and queen in their cabinets; and even when their majesties invite them to dine, they cannot have the honor of touching their hands; wherefore all those who have visited Versailles have assumed a fictitious name, not wishing, with their proper titles, to be mingled indiscriminately with the crowd of courtiers, as would certainly be the case. Besides, in appearing incognito, they retain their right to private receptions, where their rank is not disputed. There was no exception made even in favor of the relations of the queen (of course I do not include the emperor, he is entirely out of the question): however that may be, the court of Montbéliard, wishing to avoid these inconveniences, sent their apologies.

* Memoirs of the Baroness D'Oberkirch, Countess de Montbrison. Written by herself, and edited by her Grandson the Count de Montbrison. In three volumes. Published by Colburn and Co.

The little satellites of the little planets were by no means behindhand in notions of their own dignity. The genealogical prejudices which exposed the Germans to ridicule—"proud of pedigree and poor in purse,"—were fully shared by the Baroness D'Oberkirch. At the outset of her labors in composing her memoirs, the Alsatian Baroness breathes but one prayer: "I ask, I say, in my son-in-law, only high birth; there is a remedy for every defect but the want of that."

In France matters did not look quite so ridiculous, but were really not much more rational. The etiquette, as we have just seen, was as severe and unbending; from the greater dignity and number of persons concerned, the ceremonies were more onerous; the genealogical inquiries were as strict as those of any German court could be; and as regards inward feeling the old noblesse of France were as prejudiced as the German. But a more enlightened public opinion, the favoritism and weakness of kings, with the necessities of public business, had given rise to a system of exceptions which greatly modified the whole. In refinement, esprit, and that freedom of mind which generally follows an intercourse with many persons, the French noblesse excelled the German, as well as in all the arts which embellish fashionable life, from the cook to the upholsterer. Neither were their vices so gross, for the drunkenness and boorishness of the older Germans were notorious to Europe; but the old French régime was corrupt to its very core, and its silly frivolity almost surpassing belief. It was a strange, perhaps an unexampled state of society, which must have perished by spontaneous combustion had it not been destroyed from without.

Into both these states of society the Baroness D'Oberkirch was a good deal thrown. The origin and honors of the Barons Waldner may be read in the pages of their daughter. Their family and local situation allied them with several little German princes on the one hand, and their allegiance connected them with France on the other. The circumstance which has given its chief interest to these Memoirs was the writer's intimacy with the Princess Dorothea, daughter of "H. R. H. Madame la Duchesse de Wurtemberg, Princess de Montbéliard." The whole family are painted by the baroness in a style befitting a courtier. They certainly seem to have been amiable people, and dealt with the future Baroness D'Oberkirch rather as a daughter than a subject. The friendship of the Princess Dorothea almost assumed the character of our Queen Anne's towards Mrs. Masham. When the princess married the ill-starred Paul, then Grand Duke of Russia, her feelings towards the intimate of her girlhood remained unaltered. The friendship was continued by correspondence; and when the grand duke and duchess paid a visit to France in 1782, the Baroness D'Oberkirch was invited to accompany them. The announced friend of the future Empress of Russia was an object of attention to the queen and royal family of France, and of course to all the courtiers. She thus had an opportunity of seeing Paris, its sove-

reigns, princes, nobility, and people to the very best advantage in 1782. The connexions she then formed, and the prestige of her imperial interest, gave her similar facilities of observation in 1784 and 1786, when she again visited the capital. The memoirs close in 1789, soon after the capture of the Bastille; closing, as it were, with the first obvious blow struck at the old régime, of which the author was so zealous a member.

It must not be conceived that the baroness enters into the philosophy of the era in which she lived, or makes the most of her opportunities. Her reminiscences are personal, social, or of the mode, with a few passing remarks on politics, which, though fine and feminine, seem to exhibit a prophetic instinct. The things that occupy the period of her girlhood are her studies and little adventures at the house of her father and the court of the Prince of Montbéliard. On her marriage the scene is enlarged, but not changed—"A little louder, but as empty quite." Officers, barons, counts, with a travelling German prince or two, on a visit to the court of Wurtemberg, and the genealogy of self and friends, form the staple of her matter. In Paris, the visits of the Archduke Paul and his wife to various public places, with the wit of the imperial heir-apparent—not always very telling—and the virtues of both husband and wife form a conspicuous feature in the journal: anecdote, scandal, fêtes, theatres, fashions, with occasional glimpses of graver business, fill up the rest. The pages are frequently studded with historical names, or names which accident or vice has embalmed in history; there are often some good repartees or witticisms, and sketches of men and women about whom we feel an interest. These things carry the reader along, especially as the style is clear and flowing. The great feature, as the great attraction of the book, however, is the continual picture which it presents of the old régime. This is a spirit which pervades the work; infusing a sort of character into the most tedious pedigree of some Alsatian baron, or the most frivolous point of etiquette or fashion. It inspired the mind of the baroness, and overflows through her pen.

The age of the Baroness D'Oberkirch might have been called the age of quacks, but that *they* flourish in all ages. The baroness herself was a believer in the notorious Mesmer, though she denounced the equally notorious Cagliostro as an impostor. One of the believers in this latter worthy was the Cardinal de Rohan, so celebrated in the affair of the diamond necklace. He was equally remarkable in his time as the representative of two classes, now extinct—the great Prince-Bishop of Germany, and the great Seigneur of France. This is our writer's picture of the cardinal and his extravagance.

Immediately upon our arrival we went to pay our respects to his Eminence the Cardinal de Rohan, Prince-Bishop of Strasburg. He had just returned from a tour that he had made on the other side of the Rhine, where he had been to visit his episcopal domains. This is the second or third cardinal of the name of Rohan who has been Bishop of Strasburg; so that he looks upon the church-lands as belonging to him, in some sort, by right of inheritance. He has erected at Saverne one of the most charming abodes in the world. The cardinal is a very handsome man, in whose devotion there is nothing ascetic, and who has no objection to the society of ladies. Though endowed with high intelligence, and possessing amiable manners, an extreme credulity led him

into weaknesses which he has expiated in deep sorrow, and which have cost our poor queen many a bitter tear in the vexatious history of the necklace.

His Eminence received us in his episcopal palace, which was indeed fit for a sovereign prince. The style of living in his house was extravagant in the highest degree, and would almost exceed belief. I shall only mention one thing, which will give an idea of the rest. He kept fourteen *maitres d'hôtel* and twenty-five *valets de chambre*. Only think! It was three o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived; it was the vigil of All Saints; the cardinal was coming out of his chapel, dressed in a *soutane* of scarlet moire, and a rochet of English lace of inestimable value. When, on occasions of great ceremony, he officiated at Versailles, he wore an albe of lace en point à l'aiguille of such beauty that the assistants were almost afraid to touch it. His arms and his device were worked en médallion above all the large flowers. This albe was estimated at a hundred thousand livres. On the day of which I speak he wore the rochet of English lace, one of his least beautiful, as his secretary, the Abbé Geergel, told us. He carried in his hand an illuminated missal a family heirloom, of which the magnificence would have attracted attention, even if its antiquity had not excited respect. Printed books were beneath the dignity of the Cardinal de Rohan.

He came to meet us with a politeness and grace that I have rarely seen in any one. He inquired after the Princess de Montbéliard and the Grand Duchess of Russia, as if that were the sole subject of his thoughts.

The following is a portrait of the arch-impostor at the first interview; with a subsequent scene at a dinner in which the strange credulity of De Rohan is exhibited.

A very interesting conversation commenced, in which I took a real pleasure, the cardinal being both well-informed and well-bred, when we were suddenly interrupted by a gentleman usher, who, opening the folding doors, announced "His eminence the Count de Cagliostro."

I turned my head quickly; I had heard this adventurer spoken of since my arrival in Strasburg, but I had not yet met him. I was stunned at seeing him enter in this manner into the mansion of the bishop, to hear him announced with this pomp; and still more was I astonished at the manner in which he was received. He had been in Alsace since the month of September, and had caused great commotion, pretending to cure all sorts of maladies. As he not only refused to take money, but even bestowed a great deal on the poor, large crowds followed him, notwithstanding the failure of his so-called universal panacea. He only cured hypochondriacs, or those whose imagination was sufficiently strong to aid the remedy. The police kept a strict eye over him; they watched him, but he affected to defy them. Some said that he was an Arab; however, his accent was more that of an Italian or Piedmontese, and I have since learned that he was in reality from Naples. At the period of which I speak, in order to dazzle the vulgar mind, he slept in a *fauteuil* and ate nothing but cheese.

He was not, strictly speaking, handsome, but never have I seen a more remarkable countenance. His glance was so penetrating that one would be almost tempted to call it supernatural. I could not describe the expression of his eyes; it was, so to say, a mixture of flame and ice. He attracted and repulsed, and, whilst he terrified, inspired an insurmountable curiosity. Two portraits have been painted of him, both very good likenesses, and yet each widely different from the other. He wore, attached to his watch-chain and upon his fingers, diamonds which, if they were what they appeared, would be worth a king's ransom. He pretended that they were his own manufacture.

As soon as Cagliostro perceived me, he made a very respectful salute; which I returned without any affectation of haughtiness or condescension. I did not know why the cardinal attached so much importance to persuading me rather than another, but during the entire time of dinner—there were fifteen persons present—he seemed to think only of me. There was an insinuating grace in the manner in which he endeavored to bring me over to his opinion. He placed me on his right hand, spoke almost exclusively with me, and endeavored by every possible means to imbue me with his convictions. I resisted, gently, but firmly. He became impatient, and was about to make some confidential communications, when we rose from table. If I had not myself seen it, I never could have believed that a Prince of the Catholic Church, a Rohan, a man in other respects intelligent and estimable, could allow himself to be so influenced by an impostor of this species, as absolutely to renounce the exercise of his free will.

"Indeed, baroness, you are too sceptical. Since what he has said to yourself, and what I have related, have not persuaded you, I must acknowledge all; but remember that I am about to confide to you a great secret."

I became very much embarrassed. I set little value on his secret; and his well-known imprudence made me fear that I should have the honor of sharing his confidence with persons unworthy of his notice. He divined my feeling.

"Do not say no," interrupted he, "and listen to me. You see this?"

He showed me a large diamond that he wore on his little finger, and on which the Rohan arms were engraved. This ring was worth at least twenty thousand francs.

"It is a beautiful gem, monseigneur; I have been admiring it."

"Well, it is he who made it—made it out of nothing. I was present during the whole operation—my eyes fixed on the crucible. Is not that science, baroness? People cannot say that he is wheedling or deceiving me. The jeweller and the engraver have estimated this ring at twenty-five thousand livres. You will admit that he would be a strange kind of cheat who would make such presents." I acknowledged that I was stunned; M. de Rohan perceived it, and continued, believing himself now sure of victory.

"This is not all—he can make gold; and has made in my presence five or six thousand livres in this palace. I shall have more; I shall have a great deal; he will make me the richest prince in Europe! These are not dreams, madame; they are positive facts. All his prophecies that have been realized! all the miraculous cures that he has effected! I repeat that he is a most extraordinary—a most sublime man, whose knowledge is only equalled by his goodness. What alms he gives! What good he does! That exceeds all power of imagination."

"What, monseigneur, has not your eminence given him anything for that; no promise in writing that may compromise you? Pardon my curiosity, but as you have been so kind as to confide to me this secret, I"—

"You are right, madame; and I can assure you that he has never asked nor received anything from me."

"Ah! monseigneur," cried I, "this man must hope to induce you to make extraordinary sacrifices, when he purchases your confidence at so high a price. In your place, I would be on my guard; he may lead you farther than you think."

The cardinal smiled incredulously; but I am sure that in after days, when the affair of the necklace occurred, when Cagliostro and Madame De la Mothe had plunged him into an abyss of ruin, I am sure that then he remembered my words.

The account of the writer's presentation at

Versailles furnishes an example of the rigid etiquette which in theory bound that court, and in practice too when some special circumstances did not interfere. This "presentation" took place on the second visit of the baroness to Paris; her character of friend to the Archduchess having superseded these formalities.

12th June.—The day of my presentation was a very important one for me; the ceremony is very fatiguing, though flattering; one is on view from morning until night, and does not get the least repose. This was only the eve; but I had to pay some preliminary visits, and feel the first agitations of this honorable distinction. I dined this day at Versailles, and after dinner I visited all the ministers and all the "Honneurs." This is the distinctive name of the ladies of honor, and of the mistress of the robes of her majesty, and of the king's sisters. I have already told how, in the year 1782, whilst I was in Paris with the Countess du Nord, the queen had the goodness to dispense with the ceremony of my presentation; but it was necessary that I should now think of preparing for this indispensable formality. My testimonials having been made out and examined by the genealogist, I was informed that the king and royal family had appointed half-past five in the evening of Sunday, 13th June, as the important moment. I had got a magnificent court-dress, an immense hoop, as was the court etiquette, and a "bas de soie," which means a train not fastened to the petticoat. My dress was made at Baulard's, as Mademoiselle Bertin would keep it too long. It was of gold brocade, embossed with flowers in their natural colors. There were not less than twenty-three yards of material, and the dress was tremendously heavy; which, however, did not prevent its being very handsome, and very much admired.

13th June.—Immediately after dinner I had my hair dressed, very high, according to fashion, and ornamented with diamonds and a plume of feathers. I wore my earrings en girandole.

At half-past four I went with the Baroness Mackan for the Duchess de la Vallière, who had the goodness to undertake the charge of my presentation. We set out for the chateau; where I was first presented to the king. This was a very awful moment—so many persons looking on, and one so much afraid of being awkward, of forgetting the lessons one has received for walking backwards, kicking back the train so that one may not become entangled in it and fall, which would be considered excessively awkward and overwhelm the unfortunate delinquent with shame.

I made three reverences—one at the door, one in the centre, and a third immediately before the monarch. When I was presented to the queen, I took off my glove, and made an inclination as if to kiss the hem of her robe; but her majesty put back her dress with her fan, and said, "I am very glad to see you, Madame D'Oberkirch; but this presentation is only a formality; we have been acquainted with each other a long time."

I bowed respectfully.

"Have you heard lately from your illustrious friend?"

"Her imperial highness often does me the honor of writing to me."

"Has she forgotten us?"

"The memory of the grand duchess is as good as your majesty's; it would be impossible for you to forget each other."

The queen smiled, and then spoke to me of Alsace, Strasburg, and the Rhine, which she thought a magnificent river.

"I prefer it to the Danube," said she; "but the Seine has made me forget them both."

After a few more words the queen bowed; and we

retired backwards, with the three courtesies of adieu. We had been presented with taborets ; but I did not sit, as I had not the right ; the Duchess de la Valiere sat, but had the politeness to rise immediately.

I was then presented to all the royal family, with the same ceremony. The king did not speak to me, but smiled graciously. His majesty seldom speaks to the persons presented to him, and is said to be very timid in the society of ladies. He did not kiss me ; for that is a ceremony that he is only obliged to perform for duchesses and *cousins of the king*.

After my presentation I went to the "Jeu de la Reine." Here all the ladies that have been presented sit on taborets, without distinction of rank or title, whilst the gentlemen stand. The ladies that wish to play seat themselves round the large card-table, when the queen takes her place at it. After the game, the queen walked round the room, addressing a few words to each person.

"I hope that we will often see you again, Madame D'Oberkirch," said the queen, "and that you will not be too anxious to return to Alsace."

After making my courtesy I left the room, and went to visit the Princess de Lamballes, surintendante of the queen's household, and then I again visited the "Honours," as was the etiquette.

The splendor of the princes of the blood, the folly of the old Duke of Orleans, the wickedness and ill conduct of the then Duke of Chartres, afterwards Egalité, and very many traits of Parisian manners and frivolity, solicit attention. There are also many anecdotes, some well known, and some not so striking as the recorder seems to think, but most of them throwing a strong light upon the ideas and feelings of the age. In this point of view—that is, as a thorough picture of the frivolous life and opinions of the old régime—the volumes are well worth attention.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

IRISH SONGS.

Those songs whose every tone,
When bard and minstrel long have past,
Shall still, in sweetness all their own,
Embalmed by fame undying last.

MOORE.

IRELAND, like Scotland, is rich in native music, and it is unmistakably national and characteristic ; you could not, by any possibility, confound a Swiss or a French national air with an Irish one ; neither could you mistake an Irish air for a Scotch one, though some airs are common to both countries. But take such an air as "Coolun," for instance, or "Cruiskin Lân," or even such as "Boyne Water," or "Garry Owen," the types of a multitude of Irish airs of similar character, and you will at once admit the strongly marked character and nationality of Irish music.

There is one remarkable feature in the Irish national music, seemingly as much at variance with the character of the Irish people as the passionate, loving, and humorous, and often frisky songs of the Scotch, are seemingly at variance with the Scotch character—we mean the pervading tone of melancholy, amounting often to despair, which characterizes Irish songs and music. The Irishman is popularly held to be a rollicking, witty, impulsive, mobile, many-sided being ; but if we are to regard the songs of a people—the songs that are sung round the hearth, by mothers to their children, by young men and maidens, by old men and bards—as the true expression of that people's feelings, then it would seem that deep

mournfulness and sorrow were at the root of the apparently happy and light-hearted Irish character, and that the humor and fun of the Irishman were but his surface expression, put on as if to conceal the sadness and mournfulness which lie at the bottom of his nature.

But the meaning of this is easily understood : we have the key to it in Irish history. Irish music only echoes the sufferings of Ireland's people ; it tells the tale of their wrongs, of their defeats, and of their sorrows ; it is a voice of wailing and of woe resounding from the past, and, alas ! it is also but too characteristic of Ireland's present state. How could Irish music be mirthful when her people have had so much cause for sadness ? How could Irish song be triumphant when it echoes but the wailings of defeat ? Ireland has had no victories, at least for herself ; she has often conquered in foreign battle-fields, but it has been for England or for France. On Irish soil, the Irish have almost invariably suffered ; they have been invaded, conquered, and dispossessed, the agonies of their invasion having been prolonged through many centuries. If they rebelled, they were crushed ; if they took up arms for a favorite English king—as they did for James II., it was only to be defeated. Struggles never brought fame or glory to Ireland, but only completer ruin and deeper sorrow. The Irish clung by their soil, by the "dear green land" which they loved ; but the conquerors, though comparatively few in number, were too strong for them, and the Irish were again and again dispossessed, banished, and hunted from their native places.

Thus Irish history is but a dismal record of sorrows, of lamentations, and of defeats ; and thus Irish song, which has been born of the popular life and experience, is but their echo and their voice. The bards and minstrels, and after them the Irish harpers and pipers, wandered from house to house among the people, keeping alive the memory of their wrongs ; they celebrated the glory of their patriots, the valor of their chiefs, the beauty of their women, and the glory of olden times. These bards cherished the patriotic spirit of the people, and in consequence rendered themselves obnoxious to the then constituted authorities—the Anglo-Norman parliaments of the conquerors. By the statutes of Kilkenny it was even made penal to entertain any Irish bard, minstrel, or story-teller, "who perverted the imagination by romantic tales." But no laws could put down the native Irish music, which continued, with their native language—to which it was wedded—to be the joy, the hope, and the consolation of the Irish people.

There are many beautiful lively airs to be found among the Irish melodies ; but even in these you almost invariably find that a sudden note of sorrow projects itself—as, for instance, in the beautifully simple and lively air of "Nora Creina"—a melancholy chord, which, like the forlorn note of the nightingale occurring in the midst of its exulting burst of music, hastily brings back gloomy feelings, and dashes the exalting thoughts to earth again. These snatches of sorrow in the midst of Irish airs remind us of Moore's song, in which he speaks of the

One fatal remembrance, one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes.

You hear it again in "Fly not yet ;" the beautiful but little-known air of "Sunday Morning ;" in the

extraordinary air of "The Fox-chase;"* and, indeed, in nearly all the finest melodies of which Ireland can boast. Sadness thus forms the basis of all Irish bardic inspirations; and sadness, as a French writer observes, is the *genius of conquered races*. The unfortunate people employ their last breath in crowning their memories with the recital of their disasters; even the monotony of their plaint bears evidence to the sincerity of their emotion. As for what are called Irish comic songs, though they may be sung to Irish airs, the words are, we believe, mostly the productions of London writers, who are always to be had "for a consideration," ready to write "funny" Irish songs by the yard. But much of the absurd trash which goes by the name of "Irish comic songs" is scarcely, if at all, known in Ireland.

The earlier songs of Ireland were all composed and sung in Irish—the native language, always dear to the people; it was the common and familiar language of the home, the field, and the altar; it was all the dearer to the Irish, that it was nearly the only thing they could call their own, besides their misery. The people, above all things, love to preserve their old idioms and old traditions, as well as their other dearly-cherished inheritances of the past. The people of all countries are at heart strongly conservative, clinging to what is old, what has been, and even to what is traditional and effete. It loves its old language, and its ancient dress, as the Irish did, having an instinctive worship of memories. This tenacious adherence to the past is especially characteristic of the Celtic races. They are faithful to their language—the language still of their firesides, of daily work and of daily meals, of domestic joys and domestic sorrows—the language which floats in the air about them, and has been sucked in with their mother's milk. The conquerors might be able to conquer the Irish soil, but they could not conquer the Irish language. The people spoke it, the bards sung it, the children learned it, traditions were handed down in it, and it flourished still. Even the conquerors themselves were in turn subdued by it, adopting Irish dress and language, until at length they were characterized as "more Irish than the Irish themselves." As for the native Celts, they had been wrested of their possessions, but their native tongue was still theirs—the emblem of their race, the record of their griefs, the treasury of their history, and the vehicle of their song. It served to keep alive in them the memory of their former glories, the valor of their chiefs, and the joys and sorrows of past generations of their race; and to this day the Irish heart warms at the sound of the native Erse; and O'Connell was never happier than in his occasional familiar use of well-known Irish phrases in his stirring appeals to the Irish heart. The numerous beautiful translations from these old Irish songs which have been made of late years by Clarence Mangan, Samuel Ferguson, and others, show that the poets who wrote them were men of true poetic fire and genius. But in the happiest translations much of the soul of the composition is lost, so that these old Irish songs must be regarded as a kind of sealed book to most English, and even to most Irish readers of this day. Their love sonnets and elegies are full of simple beauty and wild

harmony. The pathetic powers of the Irish language have often been extolled, and it is still said in Ireland, "*If you plead for your life, plead in Irish.*" But it gradually ceased to be the language of the educated classes in Ireland; poets and song-writers no longer wrote in it, and the better ranks of people ceased to talk in it, until at length it has subsided into the dialect of the poorest and least lettered classes of Ireland.

At length, after a long lapse of time, another race of Irish song-writers arose; they wrote in English at first, in affectation of English style and subjects, avoiding everything that was Irish and national. Thus Goldsmith, Parnell, Swift, and Maginn aspired to be English rather than Irish poets. But gradually an Irish spirit began to show itself in the popular songs written in English; Dr. Drennan wrote several, but they were of the strongly political cast—a kind of English Radical songs; still they wanted the true Irish spirit. The "*Shan Van Voght*," and "*The Wearing of the Green*," were better. These were patriotic Catholic songs; and, on the other side, the Protestants could meet them with "*The Rakes of Mallow*," and "*Protestant Boys*." "*Croppies, lie down*" was challenged by "*Boyne Water*," and many a bloody fray was stirred up by the rival tunes. The Irish, though hundreds of years had elapsed since the occupation of Ireland by Henry II., still formed two hostile camps—the conquerors and the conquered, the Catholics and the Protestants—and each had its favorite tunes, the playing of which often proved the signal for deadly strife.

Such was the state of things in reference to Irish music when Thomas Moore appeared as an Irish song-writer. He proved to be the great song-writer of Ireland, and he did for its national song what Burns had done for Scotland, and what Beranger has done for France. It is by his Irish songs that Moore will always be the most widely known. He associated, for the first time, the beautiful music of Ireland with the literature of England, and at once raised Irish song to extensive and world-wide popularity. Although Moore is consecrated in Ireland, as a patriot, he himself did not desire to be confounded with those popular singers who write for the masses; his ambition aspired but to the drawing-room, and he professed to be satisfied with its praises. He did not hesitate to declare that "If it were possible to pump St. George's Channel dry, and unite the two islands physically, it ought to be done, at whatever expense." As for the Irish language, he wished that it were "thoroughly obliterated;" and, in pleading with the public for the favorable reception of his *Irish Melodies*, he said, in the Appendix to the illustrated edition of them:—"It has been said that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen those airs but as the vehicle of dangerous politics, as fair and precious vessels from which the wine of error may be administered. I beg of those respected persons to believe, that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude. But it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society a work of this nature ever could have been intended to circulate; it looks much higher for its audience and readers; it is to be found on the piano-fortes of the rich and educated, of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excess into which it may hurry them."

* Moore tells that, when once playing to Robert Emmett this spirited air, Emmett suddenly started up and exclaimed, "Oh! that I were at the head of twenty thousand men, marching to that air!"

Notwithstanding this disclaimer, the patriotic spirit in which the best of the *Melodies* are written is unmistakable. In spite of his drawing-room whigism, Moore could not help feeling as an Irishman, and writing as one; he could not ignore the past of his country—had he done so, he would not have been the great song-writer of Ireland. We need scarcely speak of the exquisite beauty of Moore's lyrics—perfect in the expression of the softer feelings, though rather defective in simple vehemence, and sometimes spoiling his songs with "pretty" imagery. Yet where shall we find a nobler song than

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed;

or his exquisite song to the air of "Coolun,"

Though the last glimpse of Erin?

Moore had the great advantage of being a musician as well as a poet; he caught the true spirit of the Irish melodies, and made the words which he wrote the echo of the songs. There were combined in him poetic feeling, lyrical power, and technical musical knowledge—a rare combination of gifts, which he used gloriously, as his *Irish Melodies* amply demonstrate.

Yet Moore cannot be characterized as the national song-writer of Ireland in so wide a sense as Burns or Beranger can in reference to Scotland and France. With all his art, his poetic power, and his patriotic feeling, he wrote for the parlor and the *salon* rather than for the hut or the highway. His Irish songs touched chords which are native on both sides of the Channel. His songs are sweet and affecting exceedingly, but often cloyed with sweetness, sometimes too apparently artificial.

A translation of Moore's songs into Irish has been made by Dr. Machale; but Michael Joseph Barry, in his *Essay on Irish Songs*, published a few years ago, informs us that "the people do not relish them;" and the reason given for their failure is obvious, "the originals want the idiom and color of the country, and are too subtle in thought."

At the most, Moore was but the popular poet and song-writer of English-speaking Ireland, while at the same time he was the sentimental lyrist of gay and cultured English circles. But Moore, take him all in all, was a great song-writer—perhaps, excepting Burns, the greatest writer of songs in the English language who has yet appeared. He has left behind him many undying lyrics and songs, and "The Last Rose of Summer," "Go where Glory waits thee," "She is far from the Land," and many other exquisite compositions, will live as long as the English language, calling up delightful associations and tender recollections of bygone times in the hearts of tens of thousands of people.

Since Moore began to write Irish songs, many other writers have appeared in the field, probably the most successful of whom has been Mr. Lover; his songs have a charm and a character entirely their own—an artless grace, a coy slyness, a rich humor, and a neatness of execution, which entitle them to a high place among Irish lyrics. His "Molly Bawn," "Molly Carew," and "Rory O'More," are known far and wide; and his "Angel's Whisper," and "True Love can ne'er forget," are general favorites of the drawing and concertroom. Dr. Maginn's "Bells of Shandon," is unrivalled in its way; and Gerald Griffin's

"Gille Machree," and Banim's "Soggarth Aroon," are also exquisite songs.

Lady Morgan has also contributed two admirable songs to the national stock, which have gone through all classes; her "Savournah Deelish" and "Kate Kearney" are more full of the Irish spirit than most of even Moore's songs are; and Mrs. Crawford has written unquestionably the finest Irish song of this day—which Crouch has set to as exquisite music—we mean "Kathleen Mavourneen," than which, as sung by Catherine Hayes, nothing can be more touching. We have also seen the same writer's ballad, "I'm sitting by the stile, Mary," draw tears from the eyes of a strong man, and make him sob and weep; it is one of the most touching pictures of modern Ireland that we know of.

Passing over the songs of Callanan, Ferguson, Macarthy, and Lysaght, whose compositions are rather of an English than an Irish character, we come to the song-writers of the *Nation*, among whom the late Thomas Davis was the most distinguished and able. Here we come to a region of intense politics, and of extreme patriotism, cast into the form of song. The object of the writers is avowed; it is to make Ireland a nation again. The power and vigor of these verses will be admitted; they have stung even the Irish government into an admission of their power, for the songs were cited in the course of the recent State prosecutions of the Young Ireland poets. "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight," was often and again the theme of praise on the one side, and vituperation on the other; there was bounding passion in this and the other songs of the time. "The Monopolist's Lie," "Native Swords," "The Green above the Red," "The Vow of Tipperary," and "The Men of Eighty-two," were full of vehemence, of war, and, some thought, of rebellion. Thus, for instance, Thomas Davis sang:—

Not peace itself is safe, but when
The sword is sheathed by fighting men;
A soldier's life's the life for me—
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

Then welcome be the bivouac,
The hardy stand, and fierce attack;
Where pikes will tame their carbineers,
And rifles thin their bay'netters;
And every field the island through
Will show "what Irishmen can do."
A soldier's life's the life for me,
A soldier's death, so Ireland's free!

Everybody now knows how, for the time, this song-writing ended—in a very tragic and dismal manner, leaving poor Ireland still more helpless and distracted than before, and showing that, in whatever way Ireland's condition was to be improved, it was not by means of singing war songs to the tune of "Erin go bragh." As Sydney Smith once said, "A far better anthem would be Erin go bread and cheese; Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain; Erin go pantaloons without holes in them!" But the song-writers of the *Nation* did better things than their war songs; they wrote many fine songs which will live, though perhaps they shoot over the heads of the people, addressing higher minds. Davis' "Girl of Dunbuy," "Maire Bhan a stoir," "Emmeline Talbot," and "Blind Mary," will long be admired as noble songs.

We have already spoken of the beautiful music of the Irish; it has been admired by the greatest of composers, and it is said of Handel, that he de-

clared he would rather have been the author of "Aileen a Roon" than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions; the air is very old, and, as with most of the ancient Irish airs, the author's name has been lost. Carolan was by far the greatest of Irish musicians; he may almost be characterized as the last of the Irish bards. This great man was born in the year 1670, and flourished at a period when Ireland was suffering all the horrors of the penal days, when the music of Ireland was made to share in the fate of its people, and both were alike shut out from the pale of civilized life. At this time it was that Carolan flourished, and raised anew the voice of Irish song in the dwellings of the proscribed. He belonged to an old but disinherited family of Milesian blood, who had suffered by their adherence to the fortunes of the exiled Stuarts. Forced to emigrate from their native county of Meath, while Carolan was yet a child, the family settled down at Carrick on Shannon, in the county of Leitrim. The boy was well educated in his youth, being much indebted to the kind assistance of neighboring gentlemen, who compassionated the distress of the exiled family from Meath.

At the age of eighteen a terrible calamity fell upon poor Carolan; he was seized with small-pox, and when the disease left him, it was at the loss of his eyesight. But as the bird sings best in a darkened cage, so is it with the soul in which the divine gift of music is planted; from the privation of his sight dates Carolan's culture of song. He expressed a desire to learn the harp, and was placed under the tuition of an Irish harper, soon acquiring great proficiency in the art of playing the instrument, and he began to practise the avocation of harper himself, visiting by turns the houses of the surrounding gentry. One of his patrons, noting in him the signs of original genius, humorously observed to him one day, "Perhaps, Carolan, you might make a better *hand* of your *tongue* than of your *fingers*." Carolan acted on the hint forthwith, and having been told of a great battle which had recently been fought between the "gentry," or "fairies," of Sigh-beg and Sigh-mor (two hills in the neighborhood), he worked up the fancy into music, and his celebrated song of "Faery Queens" was the result. Soon after, he produced his "Planxty Reynolds," in honor of his patron and adviser, and from thenceforward he produced at various places, and at sundry times, a long succession of planxties, elegies, laments, drinking-songs, and songs of various kinds, amounting to about two hundred in number.

The airs and words of many of these songs of Carolan's still survive; of some the airs only remain; the unwritten words have been lost; while of others the words remain and the airs have disappeared. One of his finest songs was addressed to Bridget Cruise, the object of his earliest and tenderest attachment. He composed this air in a mote, or rath, near his father's house, in which he would sit for many hours together, holding communication, as it was popularly related, with the "good people," or fairies, one of whose queens was reputed to hold her court on the spot. After lying there for hours, he was often observed to start up suddenly, as if in a fit of ecstasy, occasioned, as was firmly believed, by the preternatural sights which he witnessed; he would then call upon one of his companions to lead him home. He then immediately sat down to his harp, and it

was on one of such occasions that his "Bridget Cruise" was first played and sung.

O'Connor, the Irish historian, relates the story of Carolan having once in his life, when an old man, gone on a pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Purgatory, in Lough Derg, and on his return to the shore he found several pilgrims waiting for the return of the boat which had conveyed him to the scene of his devotion. In assisting some of these devout travellers to get on board, Carolan chanced to take a lady's hand; his sense of feeling was so acute, that upon the touch of that hand, after a lapse of many years, he instantly exclaimed, "This is the hand of my first love, Bridget Cruise." On this incident Lover has founded his beautiful song of "True Love can ne'er forget."

Carolan was an immense favorite while he lived; he was honored and fêted as a true Irish bard. He spent his time chiefly in Connaught, among the principal inhabitants of that district, and returned their kindnesses by celebrating their virtues and hospitalities in his unrivalled songs. Messengers were continually in quest of him, and he was scarcely seated in one place ere he was followed by a succession of invitations to others. He was seized with fatal illness, when sixty-seven years of age, and died at the house of one of his first patronesses, Mrs. McDermott, of Alverford, after composing and playing, in a style of exquisite tenderness and feeling, his well-known "Farewell to Music." He was followed to his grave by an immense concourse of people, rich and poor. The wake lasted four days: on each side of the hall was placed a keg of whiskey, which was replenished as often as emptied; the Irish harp was heard in every direction; and on the fifth day he was buried in the old church of Kilronan, the funeral being one of the greatest that had taken place for many years in Connaught. And thus Carolan died and was buried—Carolan, the last of the Irish bards.

THE TIME FOR CLOSET PRAYER.

MORN is the time to pray,
Before the cares of day
Steal on the hours;
Just when the saffron hue
Tinges the eastern blue,
Spangling the early dew
On fragrant flowers.

NOON is the time to pray,
'Mid busy scenes of day
We need it more.
'T is then the heavenly Dove
May test our blighted love;
His snowy pinions move,
And from us soar.

EVE is the time to pray,
Just when the tints of day
Die in the West,
When violets sweetly weep,
And weary zephyrs sleep
Upon the weary deep,
In quiet rest.

How sweet is closet prayer!
We breathe the balmy air
Of heaven's clime,
Dews from celestial flowers
And odoriferous bowers,
Fall on us in these hours
Of holy time.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET MAITLAND."

AFTER a protracted reign of dulness, the fiction of Scottish life has lately given promise of renewing its youth. People had become weary of the insipidities perpetrated by countless imitators of Scott, Wilson, and Galt. It was enough for a time, to have on one's shelves an Antiquary with his home circle, a Rob Roy with his cateran kith and kin, a Waverley with his lowland and highland connexions, ranging with such worthies as Lockhart's Adam Blair and Matthew Wald, and Miss Berrier's iron-nerved spinsters, and Mrs. Johnstone's west-country vulgarians, and Wilson's Lyndseys and Foresters, and Galt's parish annalists, and Moir's sartorial heroes. So that when Lilliputian Scotts, and fractions of Galt, reduced to their lowest terms, grew and multiplied, and covered the

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood—

laying to its charge things that it knew not, and imputing to its zoology things that it grew not—a reaction set in, the "land of cakes and brither Scots" was voted a bore, and the world of circulating libraries indignantly repudiated the position that Caledonia was a theme of infinite variety, which no custom could stale, no age wither. But satiety is curable with time. And when, after a due lapse of days and years, there appeared a new pattern of the tartan, a new bloom and fragrance in the heather, a new glory in the thistle, "symbol dear" to not a few of the long-headed as well as to the long-eared—when the voice of Auld Reekie's arch-critic was heard to steal from the solitudes of Craigherook, bearing witness to a new aspirant in fiction, as one whose delineation of Scottish character was as true and touching as "Annals of the Parish," purer and deeper than Galt, and even more absolutely and simply true—when Jeffrey did homage to the heroine as a conception so original, and yet so true to nature, and to Scottish nature, that it was far beyond anything that Galt could reach—when he profusely eulogized her sweet thoughtfulness, and pure, gracious, idiomatic Scotch—and when Mr. Colburn had promptly advertised this dictum of approval, what marvel if the tide of popular interest set in with a spring freshness and force to the bleak shores of the north, and a general hush of expectation honored the lady-wizard (witch is an ugly appellation) whose wand was to rule the waves. A Scottish school of fiction revived in full vigor—of purpose, if not of effect; an anonymous galaxy of female talent was to be seen in the novel-reader's heaven of mild ethereal "blue." The author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" is not to be dismissed with disrespect as a mere tenth-rate planet, even by those who hesitate to worship her as a fixed star. Nor are others of the same group to be lightly esteemed—the author of "Olive," for instance, and Miss Douglas—but none is at once so characteristically Scottish and so generally mark-worthy as Mrs. Margaret's biographer. She has probably less of the poetry of pathos and passion than her fair countrywoman who has given us the fortunes of the "Ogilvies," and the heart-struggles of the "Head of the Family." But there is more of subdued wisdom, of mellowed art, of equable manner, of quiet reflectiveness, and of unobtrusive sagacity, in the

subject of our present sketch. And but that she has evinced something of a disposition to over-write herself—or at least to be content with repeating herself "with a difference"—we might augur very promising things in her behalf, and a reputation which shall survive a reaction. We are disappointed if she has yet done her best.

Truth to nature—the harvest of a quiet eye, which sees somewhat deeply, if not very widely—an unexaggerated manner, together with a well-defined national individuality (ἐξ ἑνὸς ἐπὶ πάντων)—in these lies the charm of the now celebrated "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside." They open admirably; nothing of the kind can be better than the good spinster's reminiscences of early years, when she lay on the grass in the garden of her father's manse, looking at the white clouds sailing upon the sky, and thinking no mortal could be happier if she could but have abode there; or drawn thence into more stirring idleness by her brother Claud, "it being little in the nature of a blithe boy to bide quiet and look at the sky—that I should speak of him so! that is a man with gray hairs upon his head, and a father in the kirk; but the years steal by us fast, and folk forget." If our interest in these life-passages flags by the way, it is because they, with all their linked sweetness, are too long drawn out. Not, indeed, that they are passages which lead to nothing; but they are a roundabout way of reaching the proposed something. So that the zest with which we launch out from the *terminus à quo*, abates by a "considerable" heap of jots and tittles ere we arrive at the *terminus ad quem*. Mistress Maitland confesses her apprehensions that the world may think her bold, being but a quiet woman of discreet years and small riches, in having such an imagination as that it could be the better of hearing the like of her homely story. Her modesty has been greeted with the welcome protestant "No, no!" of her large auditory, who—with Lord Jeffrey as fagelman—have assured her that they are the better for her pleasant apocalypse. But pleasanter it undoubtedly might have been had it been penned in the fear of the somewhat musty but ever wholesome adage, "Enough is as good as a feast," an adage worthy of all acception, and enjoying it—witness the *μᾶλλον ἂν* of the Greeks, and the *ne quid nimis* of the Latins. The Ladye of Sunnyside is rich in proverbs: of this one she is practically ignorant; 'tis true 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true. When matter which should find ample room and verge enough in one volume is ambitious of the rule of three, we are apt to "weary" before the quotient is worked out, and (a thing unknown elsewhere) to murmur at the largeness of the dividend. Thus it is possible to be delighted with a first volume, to yawn over a second, and to "play a loud solo on a wind instrument" (a periphrasis of the verb "to snore") over the third. We do not say that we committed either of these two enormities in the perusal of the Sunnyside chronicles; nevertheless, we had, at intervals, a depressing suspicion that the excellent annalist was trenching on the border-land of—twaddle. Perhaps, however, this very circumstance aids rather than injures the effect of the book as a whole; just as Richardson's illimitable details are thought to be the secret of his success. Mrs. Maitland would not, perhaps, be herself in one volume; she might cease to handle the pen of a ready writer, if she tried to be a terse and restrained one. And, therefore,

we gladly and gratefully take her as we find her—and that is, as a generous, warm, and pure-hearted Scottish gentlewoman of the old school, who sits down to write these passages in her life, because, as she expresses it, it has often come into her head that, seeing the threads of Providence have many times a semblance of ravelling, it would be for edification to trace out one here and one there, that folk might see how well woven the web was into which the Almighty's hand run them. Throughout the biographical excerpts her character is sustained with a beautiful unity. She has suffered much, but her heart knoweth and keepeth secret its own bitterness, while it expands at the tale of others' woe. With a narrow creed she has a broad humanity. The stanch pupil of "Free Kirk" theology and "old-world" conventionalism, she yet has a lurking enjoyment of humors and anomalies abhorrent to both; she can propound a tolerant philosophy on the virtues of the novel, and can indite a rather *con amore* description of a dominie in drink. Blessings on her kind upright soul! Her simple piety, her shrewd insight, her moral courage, her singleness of eye, her depth of affection, her wealth of sympathy, her unobtrusive self-sacrifice, her unworldly intelligence, endear her to every feeling mind. Next to her stands Grace—whose history is all attractive, as one feels it will be from the hour that she first appears at Sunnyside, "a bit little thin genty-looking bairn, with a face no to be forgotten," not bonnie, indeed, but like a "shady corner," when her dark eyes are cast down—"and when she lifted them, it was like the rising of the stars in the sky; no that they were sharp, but like a deep stream flowing dark and full." We can quite realize the presence of Grace, "with a look upon her bit white face of that dowie and pining feeling that will come into folks' heads upon a summer night," and yet with "aye something in her eye, and in her spirit, that ruled folk whether they would or no," and in whose nature it was not to show either her tribulation or her joyfulness by outward tokens, and in the deep soil of whose heart every strong emotion struck its roots far down, out of the sight of any mortal, and who, amid scenes of household sorrow, bore herself like a firm young tree among waving breckans, tossed with the wind, but not overcome. Her wicked relations are somewhat weakly done; to the author's honor, private if not professional, be it said, she does not excel in studies of bad people, with whom she has evidently had little to do, and nothing to sympathize. The widow Elphinstone and her son Allen are cleverly drawn and carefully discriminated; Mary Maitland is a douce lassie, worthy of her aunt and her "forbears;" Jenny, the heart-whole maid-of-all-work, is to the life; and Reuben Reid is a transcript from nature, to be found *in esse* throughout the lowlands of Scotland.

Those who desiderate a plot, a mystery, a dramatic evolution of events in the construction of a novel, will find "Merkland" more to their taste than the simple passages in the life of the Sunnyside spinster. A murder—the force and the results of circumstantial evidence, implicating an innocent man—the sorrows and magnanimity of the wrongly accused—the cowardice and remorse of the real homicide—the heroic devotion of both their sisters—and the moral adjustment of the seemingly chaotic elements of retributive justice—these topics form the substratum for a fiction of

considerable inventive art, clever portraiture, and natural pathos. Faults it has, but they are such as pertain to the author's novitiate. The story covers too large a surface; it introduces more characters than can justify their *entrée*, whether by relationship to the unity of action, or by individuality and personal pretensions; it is often desultory, fragmentary, and (are we coining a word?) platitudinary. The clue to the mystery, retailed charily bit by bit, is doled out more in accordance with the exigencies of novel-craft than with the probabilities of actual life; of course, it was proper in fiction that Anne Ross and Jacky, her elfin familiar, should have the glory of making Norman's righteousness to shine forth as the noon-day, but we demur to its being as agreeable to fact that three sharp-witted men should be balked so signally on the same mission. We lost something of our reverence for James Aytoun's legal acumen, and his companions' shrewd intelligence, when they failed to make anything of past and present memorabilia in the career of Patrick Lillie—his known aversion to the murdered man, his strange agony on the fatal morning, and his subsequent moody seclusion, betraying all the signs of a perturbed spirit that could not rest. The author is fond of getting up a surprise; but it is not always that it succeeds; instead of doing execution, there is often a mere flash in the pan, which startles none but raw recruits. But taking it altogether, the interest of "Merkland" is well sustained, and frequently reaches a high standard. Passages in abundance of power and pathos reward the reader. Such as Mrs. Catherine's revelation of the dark deed to little Alison Aytoun, as the impassable "let and hindrance" to the fair child's becoming a child-wife—when they sat together beneath the portrait of Sholto Douglas, and Alice was bidden, and *tried* not to tremble, as her aged companion began the narrative—glancing the while at out-door objects to which the waning gloaming gave a ghostly aspect—the gray, inquisitive-looking crag, behind which she could fancy some malicious elf watching them, the dark whins pressing close to the window, the dreary sigh of the wind as it swept through the bare trees without, and the long passages within, moaning so eerie and spirit-like, together with the gloom of the mysterious apartment devoted to this sad tryst, and the calm unmoved face looking down from the wall on this conference of "youthheid" and eld. So again the description of the "eviction" of the Macalpines, by order of the innovating Southron proprietor of Strathoran, where we trace the progress of destruction by the agonized looks of the ejected peasantry, and hear confusedly a sharp, sudden cry from some distressed mother as the roof under which her little ones were born is rudely destroyed, and the father's long, low groan, and the suppressed passion of young men who cannot school themselves to patience, and the plaintive cry of shrill dismay and wonder from little children clinging about their feet, while house after house, unwindowed, roofless, and doorless, stands in mute desolation behind the hirelings of oppressive law, until the chill March wind rushes into the last dismantled cottage, and the Macalpines are without a home; or Miss Crankie's garrulous narrative of the tragedy, and Anne's subsequent encounter of Christian Lillie on that still night, wrapt in gray misty folds, when she wandered musingly along the dim sands, and watched a faint ray of

moonlight silvering the water, and the long glistening line of its wet shores here and there, till (fit place and time for such a meeting) the tall, dark, gliding figure met her, moving with noiseless footstep over the sand from the gate of Schole, a dreary, mysterious house, by the way, which, with its strange brother and sister tenants, reminds us of the House of the Seven Gables, whereby hangs *such* a tale; or, once more, the shipwreck scene, and the death-bed of Patrick Lillie, and the return home of the honorably acquitted exile—all examples of vigorous and effective writing, which few can read unmoved. The occasional introduction of a sentence or two of simple pathos is effectively and artlessly managed. We might quote a century of examples—take one, at random, where Jean Miller tells how she met Patrick Lillie coming out of the wood where lay the dead man, and was struck by the extremity of his anguish:—"And ye didna speak to him!" said Jacky. "Speak to him! Lassie, if ye havena a lighter weird than ither folk, ye'll ken before lang, that sore trouble is not to be spoken to. I wad rather gang into a king's chamber unbidden than put mysel forrit, when I wasna needed, into the heavy presence of grief." *"For grief is a king, too,"* murmured Jacky. "And so it is," said Jean Miller, with another emphatic quiver of her lip—the little narrow Edinburgh attic, in which her student-nephew toiled, or ought to toil, rising before her eyes, and her heart yearning over him in unutterable agonies of tenderness—"and so it is—and kenning that there's sin in ane ye like weel, or fearing that there's sin in ane whose purity is the last hope of your heart, that's the king of a' griefs."

Among such a crowd of characters as have their exits and their entrances in "Merkland," it is quite reasonable that two or three should but indifferently please us. We are sorry to put Lillie, Norman's pretty daughter, on the list, because the author has taken pains on the outfit, and readers generally accept her as a little darling; whereas we confess to a disrelish for her rather hackneyed and melo-dramatic dialect—her mystic vocables—her too sophisticated infantine-cy, and her habit (chiefly recognized at the minor theatres) of using the third for the first person singular. Of the leading male characters, hardly one is to our fancy, to say nothing of the tiresome Mr. Fitzherbert, and the plastic Giles Sympelton; we stumble a little at the quick and perfect conversion of Archibald Sutherland, nor is there that probability in the prolonged secrecy of Patrick Lillie, which Mr. Hawthorne has so powerfully contrived in the case of Arthur Dimmesdale; it is surely on the author's behoof that Patrick, being such as she depicts him, endures such a burden of shame and sorrow for eighteen weary years. Lewis Ross we should like to forbid the house had *we* a little sister Alice; and the mention of her name induces us forthwith to turn from captiousness to panegyric. If the men of "Merkland," as we have complained, are wanting, more or less, in the *propria quæ maribus*, and suggest a female hand as their originator, the women, young and old, are rich in faith and good works, and are for the most part clear-headed and leal-hearted, tender and true. Alice Aytoun is a sweet picture of a girl just emerging from the child's mirth and unrestrained gayety into those sensitive, imaginative years, which form the threshold of graver life—

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet;

and a touching chapter in her history is that wherein she is told that Lewis—*her* Lewis—is the brother of her father's assassin, when, with a long, low cry of pain, involuntary and unconscious, she turns from Mrs. Catherine's lap, feeling that there is nothing more to say or to hope, and the mist and film of her first sorrow blinds and stills the girlish heart, till now so gay and high in its beatings, and she wanders up-stairs to her own room, and thinks it *so* dim, and cheerless, and cold, and hides her sad white face in the pillow, and silently weeps. "The girlish light heart sank down under its sudden burden, without another struggle. '*I am not strong,*' murmured little Alice, '*and there is no one with me.*'" A more beautiful sketch of gentle maidenly dependence one seldom meets withal. The character of the novel, however, is, or is meant to be, the Lady of the Tower, Mrs. Catherine Douglas. She belongs to the Scottish family, of which we have eminent types in the redoubtable presence of Mrs. Violet M'Shake, in one of Miss Ferrier's capital tales, and of Galt's Leddy Grippy, which, in Byron's opinion, was surpassed by no female character since the days of Shakspeare for truth, nature, and individuality. But Mrs. Catherine is their superior in the *suaviter in modo*, and yet their peeress in the *fortiter in re*; albeit, on the whole, there may be a lack of freshness and a slight air of effort about her. Still she commands respect and unstinted love. We see in her a high-minded and unselfish lady, whose strong will sways, and whose warm heart embraces all within their influence—one whose healthful and vigorous spirit is rarely and beautifully softened by delicate perceptions and sympathies, and who holds absolute dominion, with strong but kindly hand, at the gray, old, stately tower, whose courtyard had rung to martial music in the days of the Stuarts, and beneath whose heavy, battlemented wall the brown waters of the Oran speed on their way. She is a Douglas, and retains the complexional peculiarities of the Black Earl of olden time. All honor to the grand-hearted matron—in her rich, rustling, silken garments of dark-gray, and that shawl of finest texture and simplest pattern, and that cap of old and costly lace; her unchanged attire for years and years! The members of her household are characteristically drawn; Elspeth Henderson, a subdued and domesticated Maude Headrigg, and her daughter, Euphan Morison—a very genius in doctoring (*e. g.*, Mrs. Catherine's best cow in the death-thraw with her abominations)—and *her* daughter Jacky (*scil.* Jacobina), that strange, thin, angular girl, with her dark, keen face, and eccentric motion, and singular language—charged to the full with fairy tales and enthusiasm—a very *Ariel* to do her mistress' spiriting—not the least mystery about her being the "reason why the spirit of a knight-errant, of as delicate honor, and heroic devotion, as ever adorned the brightest age of chivalry, should have been endued with this girl's elfin frame and humble place." Anne Ross, again—or "Gowan," as her patroness lovingly calls her—is a delightful being; a self-sacrificing, resolute, circumspect, yet most tender nature—rare union of intense affection and disciplined wisdom—worthy of the portrait-gallery of the "Two Old Men's Tales." And we must put in a good word for Marjory Falconer, who, in

her most reckless freaks, escapes the stigma of vulgarity, and who blushes so unreservedly that we grant her plenary absolution for her use of the whip, and even for her transient adherence to the 'Rights of Women'* empiricism.

One salient objection meets the story of "Caleb Field" *in limine*; and that is, the incompatibility of its subject—a narrative of the great Plague—with the assumed province of art. The horrible, it is contended, is foreign to that province, and cannot, ought not, to be naturalized. Yet, whatever be the value of this doctrine *à priori*, authorship of the first class has so far set it aside as to choose subjects physically repulsive, and invest them with strange interest, and make the mortal put on immortality, the corrupt, incorruption. We need but name Boccaccio, and Shelley, and Professor Wilson. The truth seems to be, that such subjects are only incompatible with the laws of art in fiction, or painting, and sculpture, when the physical is portrayed to the exclusion of the moral; when material horror absorbs the sense of mental energy, and over-rides the majesty of the human will. The opinion of some, that we have too much of pain and evil in actual life; and, therefore, may shun them in fiction, has been not unjustly controverted on the ground that this is to make art a mere "amusement (*i. e.*, an escape from the Muse), and to look on the terrible realities of life only as things to be endured," thus refusing to connect them with the "ideals of God, with the visions and ambitions of the soul." Our author is not the one to omit this religious element in any story of her weaving, least of all in one where God moves in so mysterious a way, and where the reader is called upon to stand between the living and the dead, and to behold a thousand fall beside him, and ten thousand at his right hand, victims of the pestilence that destroyeth at noon-day—which fanaticism personifies as a dreadful form with out-stretched sword "gleaming like a diamond-stone," and his eyes "like fire gazing over the city, and his face terrible, and yet so fair, and his garments like a wondrous mist, with the sunshine below." Edith Field is the bright presence, with something of angelic light, amid the blackness of darkness; and the part she plays, and the tone given to the tale by her pervading spirit, distinguish it from previous fictions on the same theme—such as "Old St. Paul's," and "Sir Ralph Esher," and "Brambletye House."

* The author is as little disposed to "Female Domination" as Mrs. Gore. By the mouth of Anne Roes, she says, "I do utterly condemn and abominate all that rubbish of rights of women, and woman's mission, and woman's influence, and all the rest of it; I never hear these cant words, but I blush for them. . . . Let us do our work as honorably and wisely as we can, but for pity's sake do not let us make this mighty noise and bustle about it. We have our own strength, and honor, and dignity—no one disputes it; but dignity, and strength, and honor are things to live in us, not to be talked about; only do not let us be so thoroughly self-conscious—no one gains respect by claiming it."—"Merkland," vol. ii., pp. 39, 40.

And again:—"We stoop mightily from our just position when we condescend to meddle with such humiliating follies as the rights of woman; we compromise our becoming dignity when we involve ourselves in a discreditable warfare, every step in advance of which is a further humiliation to us." She adds, however, "The best mind will always assert itself in whomsoever it may dwell—we are safe in that. The weak ought to be controlled and guided; and will be, wherever there is a stronger, whether man or woman."—Vol. iii., pp. 33, 34.

We are not so sure as some of our "irritable race" that "Adam Græme" has enhanced and will enhance its author's reputation; though we acknowledge the beauty of holiness, the truthfulness and pathos, the faithful presentment of Scottish life and manners, and the secret struggles of human suffering, which here, as in all her writings, impress, interest, and instruct. Tenderness and simplicity are here, with ample power to chasten and subdue; passing into our "purer mind, with tranquil restoration," and breathing there the "still, sad music of humanity." This we are "well pleased to recognize." But, on the other hand, it is neither very carefully nor completely written, and it reveals little novelty of character or incident. Probably it was written too fast—at any rate, with too much faith in the writer's hold on the public. A firm and kindly hold she has, and sorry we should be to see the grasp relaxed. New editions are not an infallible proof that critical croaking is superfluous.

DANGERS OF BRANDY DRINKING.—In the last number of the *Irish Quarterly Review* the weakness of poor Maginn is thus alluded to:

"He now turned for comfort and inspiration to the foul fiend, Brandy, which has been the cause of misery and death to so many men of genius. We regret the errors of Addison and Steele, we sigh at the recollections of poor Moreland, the painter, working at his last picture with the brush in one hand and a glass of brandy in the other, for he had then arrived at that terrible condition in which reason could visit him only through intoxication; and Maginn, although not so fallen as this, sunk deeply. The weary hours of lonely watching brought no resource, but that which copious draughts of the liquid could supply. Health was fading away, the brightest years of life were passed forever, and as the dim future lowered, he gazed upon it under the influence of that demon which enthralled the brilliant souls of Addison, of Sheridan, of Charles Lamb, and which sent the once stalwart form of Theodore Hook, a miserable, wretched skeleton to the grave. Maginn, we know, felt his position. He was neglected by his own party—he was forgotten by many of his former friends, and as we looked upon him in his pitiable condition, and compared what we then saw him with what he might have, and as we hoped would have, been, we often recalled the fearful passage of Charles Lamb:—'When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you to a witty sort of conversation, especially if you find a preternatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it as you would fly your greatest destruction. If you cannot crush the power of fancy, or that within you which you mistake for such, divert it, give it some other play. Write an essay, pen a character or description—but not as I do now, with tears trickling down your cheeks. To be an object of compassion to friends, of derision to foes; to be suspected by strangers, stared at by fools; to be esteemed dull when you cannot be witty, to be applauded for witty when you know that you have been dull; to be called upon for the extemporaneous exercise of that faculty which no premeditation can give; to be set on to provoke mirth which procures the procurer hatred; to give pleasure, and be paid with squinting malice; to swallow draughts of life-destroying wine, which are to be distilled into airy breath to tickle vain auditors; to mortgage miserable morrows for nights of madness; to waste whole seas of time upon those who pay it back in little inconsiderable drops of grudging applause—are the wages of buffoonery and death.'"

BOOK XII. CONTINUED.—CHAPTER XIX.

THE scene is at Lansmere Park—a spacious pile, commenced in the reign of Charles II.; enlarged and altered in the reign of Anne. Brilliant interval in the history of our National Manners, when even the courtier dreaded to be dull, and Sir Fopling raised himself on tiptoe to catch the ear of a wit—when the names of Devonshire and Dorset, Halifax and Carteret, Oxford and Bolingbroke, unite themselves, brother-like, with those of Hobbes and of Dryden, of Prior and Bentley, of Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, and Swift; and still, wherever we turn, to recognize some ideal of great lord or fine gentleman—the Immortals of Literature stand by his side.

The walls of the rooms at Lansmere were covered with the portraits of those who illustrate that time which Europe calls the Age of Louis XIV. A L'Estrange, who had lived through the reigns of four English princes (and with no mean importance through all), had collected those likenesses of noble contemporaries. As you passed through the chambers—opening one on the other in that pomp of parade introduced with Charles II. from the palaces of France, and retaining its mode till Versailles and the Trianon passed, themselves, out of date—you felt you were in excellent company. What saloons of our day, demeaned to tailed coats and white waistcoats, have that charm of high-breeding which speaks out from the canvasses of Kneller and Jervis, Vivien and Rigaud! And withal, notwithstanding lace and brocade—the fripperies of artificial costume—still those who give interest or charm to that day, look from their portraits like men—raking or *debonnair*, if you will—never mincing nor feminine. Can we say as much of the portraits of Lawrence? Gaze there on fair Marlborough—what delicate perfection of features, yet how easy in boldness, how serene in the conviction of power! So fair and so tranquil he might have looked through the cannon-reek at Ramilies and Blenheim, suggesting to Addison the image of an angel of war. Ah, there, Sir Charles Sedley, the Lovelace of wits! Note that strong jaw and marked brow;—do you not recognize the courtier who scorned to ask one favor of the king with whom he lived as an equal, and who stretched forth the right hand of man to hurl from a throne the king who had made his daughter—a countess!*

Perhaps, from his childhood thus surrounded by the haunting faces—that spoke of their age as they looked from the walls—that age and those portraits were not without influence on the character of Harley L'Estrange. The whim and the daring—the passion for letters and reverence for genius—the mixture of levity and strength—the polished sauntering indolence, or the elastic readiness of energies once called into action—all might have found their prototypes in the lives which those portraits rekindled. The deeper sentiment, the more earnest nature, which in Harley L'Estrange

were commingled with the attributes common to a former age—these, indeed, were of his own. Our age so little comprehended, while it colors us from its atmosphere!—so full of mysterious and profound emotions, which our ancestors never knew!—will those emotions be understood by our descendants!

In this stately house were now assembled, as Harley's guests, many of the more important personages whom the slow length of this story has made familiar to the reader. The two candidates for the borough in the True Blue interest—Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie;—and Levy—chief among the barons to whom modern society grants a seignorie of pillage, which, had a baron of old ever ventured to arrogate, Burgess and citizen, soeman and bocman, villein and churl, would have burned him alive in his castle;—the Duke di Serrano, still fondly clinging to his title of doctor and pet name of Riccabocca;—Jemima, not yet with the airs of a duchess, but robed in very thick silks, as the chrysalis state of a duchess;—Violante, too, was there, sadly against her will, and shrinking as much as possible into the retirement of her own chamber. The Countess of Lansmere had deserted her lord, in order to receive the guests of her son; my lord himself, ever bent on being of use in some part of his country, and striving hard to distract his interest from his plague of a borough, had gone down into Cornwall to inquire into the social condition of certain troglodytes who worked in some mines which the earl had lately had the misfortune to wring from the Court of Chancery, after a lawsuit commenced by his grandfather; and a Blue Book, issued in the past session by order of Parliament, had especially quoted the troglodytes thus devolved on the earl as bipeds who were in considerable ignorance of the sun, and had never been known to wash their feet since the day that they came into the world—their world underground, chipped off from the Bottomless Pit!

With the countess came Helen Digby, of course; and Lady Lansmere, who had hitherto been so civilly cold to the wife elect of her son, had, ever since her interview with Harley at Knightsbridge, clung to Helen with almost a caressing fondness. The stern countess was tamed by fear; she felt that her own influence over Harley was gone; she trusted to the influence of Helen—in case of what!—ay, of what! It was because the danger was not clear to her, that her bold spirit trembled: superstitions, like suspicions, are “as bats among birds, and fly by twilight.” Harley had ridiculed the idea of challenge and strife between Audley and himself; but still Lady Lansmere dreaded the fiery emotions of the last, and the high spirit and austere self-respect which were proverbial to the first. Involuntarily she strengthened her intimacy with Helen. In case her alarm should appear justified, what mediator could be so persuasive in appeasing the angrier passions, as one whom courtship and betrothal sanctified to the gentlest!

On arriving at Lansmere, the countess, however, felt somewhat relieved. Harley had received her, if with a manner less cordial and tender than had hitherto distinguished it, still with easy kindness and calm self-possession. His bearing towards Audley Egerton still more reassured her: it was not marked by an exaggeration of familiarity or

* Sedley was so tenacious of his independence that, when his affairs were most embarrassed, he refused all pecuniary aid from Charles II. His bitter sarcasm, in vindication of the part he took in the deposition of James II., who had corrupted his daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester, is well known. “As the king has made my daughter a countess, the least I can do, in common gratitude, is to assist in making his majesty's daughter—a queen!”

friendship—which would at once have excited her apprehensions of some sinister design—nor, on the other hand, did it betray, by covert sarcasms, an ill-suppressed resentment. It was just what, under the circumstances, would have been natural to a man who had received an injury from an intimate friend, which, in generosity or discretion, he resolved to overlook, but which those aware of it could just perceive had cooled or alienated the former affection. Indefatigably occupying himself with all the details of the election, Harley had fair pretext for absenting himself from Audley, who, really looking very ill, and almost worn out, pleaded indisposition as an excuse for dispensing with the fatigues of a personal canvass, and, passing much of his time in his own apartments, left all the preparations for contest to his more active friends. It was not till he had actually arrived at Lansmere that Audley became acquainted with the name of his principal opponent. Richard Avenel! the brother of Nora! rising up from obscurity thus to stand front to front against him in a contest on which all his fates were cast. Egerton quailed as before an appointed avenger. He would fain have retired from the field; he spoke to Harley.

"How can you support all the painful remembrances which the very name of my antagonist must conjure up!"

"Did you not tell me," answered Harley, "to strive against such remembrances—to look on them as sickly dreams? I am prepared to brave them. Can you be more sensitive than I?"

Egerton durst not say more. He avoided all further reference to the subject. The strife raged around him, and he shut himself out from it—shut himself up in solitude with his own heart. Strife enough there! Once, late at night, he stole forth and repaired to Nora's grave. He stood there, amidst the rank grass, and under the frosty starlight, long, and in profound silence. His whole past life seemed to rise before him; and, when he regained his lonely room, and strove to survey the future, still he could behold only that past and that grave.

In thus declining all active care for an election, to his prospects so important, Audley Egerton was considered to have excuse, not only in the state of his health, but in his sense of dignity. A statesman so eminent, of opinions so well known, of public services so incontestable, might well be spared the personal trouble that falls upon obscurer candidates. And besides, according to current report, and the judgment of the Blue Committee, the return of Mr. Egerton was secure. But, though Audley himself was thus indulgently treated, Harley and the Blue Committee took care to inflict double work upon Randal. That active young spirit found ample materials for all its restless energies. Randal Leslie was kept on his legs from sunrise to starlight. There does not exist in the three kingdoms a constituency more fatiguing to a candidate than that borough of Lansmere. As soon as you leave the High Street, wherein, according to immemorial usage, the Blue canvasser is first led, in order to put him into spirits for the toils that await him—(delectable, propitious, constitutional High Street, in which at least two-thirds of the electors—opulent tradesmen employed at the Park—always vote for "my lord's man," and hospitably prepare wine and cakes in their tidy back-parlors!)—as soon as you quit this stronghold of the party, labyrinths of lanes and

defiles stretch away into the farthest horizon; level ground is found nowhere; it is all up hill and down hill—now rough craggy pavements that blister the feet, and at the very first tread upon which all latent corns shoot prophetically—now deep muddy ruts, into which you sink ankle-deep—oozing slush creeping into the pores, and moistening the way for catarrh, rheum, cough, sore throat, bronchitis, and phthisis. Black sewers, and drains Acherontian, running before the thresholds, and so filling the homes behind with effluvia, that, while one hand clasps the grimy paw of the voter, the other instinctively guards from typhus and cholera your abhorrent nose. Not in those days had mankind ever heard of a sanitary reform! and, to judge of the slow progress which that reform seems to make, sewer and drain would have been much the same if they had. Scot-and-lot voters were the independent electors of Lansmere, with the additional franchise of Freemen. Universal suffrage could scarcely more efficiently swamp the franchises of men who care a straw what becomes of Great Britain! With all Randal Leslie's profound diplomacy, all his art in talking over, deceiving, and (to borrow Dick Avenel's vernacular phrase) "humbugging" educated men, his eloquence fell flat upon minds invulnerable to appeals whether to State or to Church, to Reform or to Freedom. To catch a Scot-and-lot voter by such frivolous arguments—Randal Leslie might as well have tried to bring down a rhinoceros by a pop-gun charged with split peas! The young man who so firmly believed that "knowledge was power," was greatly disgusted. It was here the ignorance that foiled him. When he got hold of a man with some knowledge, Randal was pretty sure to trick him out of a vote.

Nevertheless, Randal Leslie walked and talked on, with most creditable perseverance. The Blue Committee allowed that he was an excellent canvasser. They conceived a liking for him, mingled with pity. For, though sure of Egerton's return, they regarded Randal's as out of the question. He was merely there to keep split votes from going to the opposite side; to serve his patron, the ex-minister; shake the paws, and smell the smells which the ex-minister was too great a man to shake and to smell. But, in point of fact, none of that Blue Committee knew anything of the prospects of the election. Harley received all the reports of each canvass-day. Harley kept the canvass-book, locked up from all eyes but his own, or it might be Baron Levy's, as Audley Egerton's confidential, if not strictly professional, adviser;—Baron Levy, the millionaire, had long since retired from all acknowledged professions. Randal, however—close, observant, shrewd—perceived that he himself was much stronger than the Blue Committee believed. And, to his infinite surprise, he owed that strength to Lord L'Estrange's exertions on his behalf. For, though Harley, after the first day on which he ostentatiously showed himself in the High Street, did not openly canvass with Randal, yet, when the reports were brought in to him, and he saw the names of the voters who gave one vote to Audley, and withheld the other from Randal, he would say to Randal, dead beat as that young gentleman was, "Slip out with me, the moment dinner is over, and before you go the round of the public-houses; there are some voters we must get for you to-night." And sure enough a few kindly words from the popular heir of the Lansmere baronies usually gained over the elec-

tors, from whom, though Randal had proved that all England depended on their votes in his favor, Randal would never have extracted more than a "Wu'll, I shall waite gin the dauy coomes!" Nor was this all that Harley did for the younger candidate. If it was quite clear that only one vote could be won for the Blues, and the other was pledged to the Yellows, Harley would say, "Then put it down to Mr. Leslie;"—a request the more readily conceded, since Audley Egerton was considered so safe by the Blues, and alone worth a fear by the Yellows.

Thus Randal, who kept a snug little canvass-book of his own, became more and more convinced that he had a better chance than Egerton, even without the furtive aid he expected from Avenel; and he could only account for Harley's peculiar exertions in his favor, by supposing that Harley, unpractised in elections, and deceived by the Blue Committee, believed Egerton to be perfectly safe, and sought, for the honor of the family interest, to secure both seats.

Randal's public cares thus deprived him of all opportunity of pressing his courtship on Violante; and, indeed, if ever he did find a moment in which he could steal to her reluctant side, Harley was sure to seize that very moment to send him off to canvass an hesitating freeman, or harangue in some public-house.

Leslie was too acute not to detect some motive hostile to his wooing, however plausibly veiled in the guise of zeal for his election, in this officiousness of Harley's. But Lord L'Estrange's manner to Violante was so little like that of a jealous lover, and he was so well aware of her engagement to Randal, that the latter abandoned the suspicion he had before conceived, that Harley was his rival. And he was soon led to believe that Lord L'Estrange had another, more disinterested, and less formidable motive for thus stinting his opportunities to woo the heiress.

"Mr. Leslie," said Lord L'Estrange, one day, "the duke has confided to me his regret at his daughter's reluctance to ratify his own promise; and, knowing the warm interest I take in her welfare—for his sake, and her own; believing, also, that some services to herself, as well as to the father she so loves, give me a certain influence over her inexperienced judgment, he has even requested me to speak a word to her in your behalf."

"Ah! if you would!" said Randal, surprised.

"You must give me the power to do so. You were obliging enough to volunteer to me the same explanations which you gave the duke, his satisfaction with which induced him to renew or confirm the promise of his daughter's hand. Should those explanations content me, as they did him, I hold the duke bound to fulfil his engagement, and I am convinced that his daughter would, in that case, not be inflexible to your suit. But, till these explanations be given, my friendship for the father, and my interest in the child, do not allow me to assist a cause, which, however, at present, suffers little by delay."

"Pray, listen at once to those explanations."

"Nay, Mr. Leslie, I can now only think of the election. As soon as that is over, rely on it, you shall have the amplest opportunity to dispel any doubts which your intimacy with Count di Peschiera and Madame di Negra may have suggested. Apropos of the election—here is a list of voters

you must see at once in Fish Lane. Don't lose a moment."

In the mean while, Richard Avenel and Leonard had taken up their quarters in the hotel appropriated to the candidates for the Yellows; and the canvass on that side was prosecuted with all the vigor which might have been expected from operations conducted by Richard Avenel, and backed by the popular feeling.

The rival parties met from time to time in the streets and lanes, in all the pomp of war—banners streaming, fifes resounding (for bands and colors were essential proofs of public spirit, and indispensable items in a candidate's bills, in those good old days). When they thus encountered, very distant bows were exchanged between the respective chiefs. But Randal, contriving ever to pass close to Avenel, had ever the satisfaction of perceiving that gentleman's countenance contracted into a knowing wink, as much as to say, "All right, in spite of this tarnation humbug."

But now that both parties were fairly in the field, to the private arts of canvassing were added the public arts or oratory. The candidates had to speak—at the close of each day's canvass—out from wooden boxes suspended from the windows of their respective hotels, and which looked like dens for the exhibition of wild beasts. They had to speak at meetings of committees—meetings of electors—go the nightly round of enthusiastic public-houses, and appeal to the sense of an enlightened people through wreaths of smoke and odors of beer.

The alleged indisposition of Audley Egerton had spared him the excitement of oratory, as well as the fatigue of canvassing. The practised debater had limited the display of his talents to a concise, but clear and masterly exposition of his own views on the leading public questions of the day and the state of parties, which, on the day after his arrival at Lansmere, was delivered at a meeting of his general committee—in the great room of their hotel—and which was then printed and circulated amongst the voters.

Randal, though he expressed himself with more fluency and self-possession than are usually found in the first attempts of a public speaker, was not effective in addressing an unlettered crowd;—for a crowd of this kind is all heart—and we know that Randal Leslie's heart was as small as heart could be. If he attempted to speak at his own intellectual level, he was so subtle and refining as to be incomprehensible; if he fell into the fatal error—not uncommon to inexperienced orators—of trying to lower himself to the intellectual level of his audience, he was only elaborately stupid. No man can speak too well for a crowd—as no man can write too well for the stage; but in neither case should he be rhetorical, or case in periods the dry bones of reasoning. It is to the emotions, or to the humors, that the speaker of a crowd must address himself; his eye must brighten with generous sentiment, or his lip must expand in the play of animated fancy or genial wit. Randal's voice, too, though pliant and persuasive in private conversation, was thin and poor when strained to catch the ear of a numerous assembly. The falsehood of his nature seemed to come out, when he raised the tones which had been drilled into deceit. Men like Randal Leslie may become sharp debaters—admirable special pleaders; they can no more become orators than they can become poets. Educated audiences are essential to them,

and the smaller the audience (that is, the more the brain supersedes the action of the heart) the better they can speak.

Dick Avenel was generally very short and very pithy in his addresses. He had two or three favorite topics, which always told. He was a fellow-townsmen—a man who had made his own way in life—he wanted to free his native place from aristocratic usurpation—it was the battle of the electors, not his private cause, &c. He said little against Randal—“Pity a clever young man should pin his future to two yards of worn-out red tape.”—“He had better lay hold of the strong rope, which the people, in compassion to his youth, were willing yet to throw out, to save him from sinking,” &c. But as for Audley Egerton, “the gentleman who would not show, who was afraid to meet the electors, who could only find his voice in a hole-and-corner meeting, accustomed all his venal life to dark and nefarious jobs”—Dick, upon that subject, delivered philippics truly Demosthenian. Leonard, on the contrary, never attacked Harley’s friend, Mr. Egerton; but he was merciless against the youth who had filched reputation from John Burley, and whom he knew that Harley despised as heartily as himself. And Randal did not dare to retaliate (though boiling over with indignant rage), for fear of offending Leonard’s uncle. Leonard was unquestionably the popular speaker of the three. Though his temperament was a writer’s, not an orator’s—though he abhorred what he considered the theatrical exhibition of self, which makes what is called “delivery” more effective than ideas—though he had little interest at any time in party politics—though at this time his heart was far away from the Blues and Yellows of Lansmere, sad and forlorn—yet, forced into action, the eloquence that was natural to his conversation poured itself forth. He had warm blood in his veins; and his dislike to Randal gave poignancy to his wit, and barbed his arguments with impassioned invective. In fact, Leonard could conceive no other motive for Lord L’Estrange’s request to take part in the election, than that nobleman’s desire to defeat the man whom they both regarded as an impostor. And this notion was confirmed by some inadvertent expressions which Avenel let fall, and which made Leonard suspect that, if he were not in the field, Avenel would have exerted all his interest to return Randal instead of Egerton. With Dick’s dislike to that statesman, Leonard found it impossible to reason; nor, on the other hand, could all Dick’s scoldings or coaxings induce Leonard to divert his siege on Randal to an assault upon the man, who, Harley had often said, was dear to him as a brother.

In the mean while, Dick kept the canvass-book of the Yellows as closely as Harley kept that of the Blues; and, in despite of many pouting fits and gusts of displeasure, took precisely the same pains for Leonard as Harley took for Randal. There remained, however, apparently unshaken by the efforts on either side, a compact body of about a hundred and fifty voters, chiefly freemen. Would they vote Yellow—would they vote Blue? No one could venture to decide; but they declared that they would all vote the same way. Dick kept his secret “caucuses,” as he called them, constantly nibbling at this phalanx. A hundred and fifty voters!—they had the election in their hands! Never were hands so cordially shaken—s) caressingly clung to—so fondly lingered upon! But the

votes still stuck as firm to the hands as if a part of the skin, or of the dirt—which was much the same thing.

CHAPTER XX.

WHENEVER Audley joined the other guests of an evening—while Harley was perhaps closeted with Levy and committee-men, and Randal was going the rounds of the public-houses—the one with whom he chiefly conversed was Violante. He had been struck at first, despite his gloom, less perhaps by her extraordinary beauty, than by something in the expression of her countenance which, despite differences in feature and complexion, reminded him of Nora; and when, by his praises of Harley, he drew her attention, and won into her liking, he discovered, perhaps, that the likeness which had thus impressed him, came from some similarities in character between the living and the lost one—the same charming combination of lofty thought and childlike innocence—the same enthusiasm—the same rich exuberance of imagination and feeling. Two souls that resemble each other will give their likeness to the looks from which they beam. On the other hand, the person with whom Harley most familiarly associated, in his rare intervals of leisure, was Helen Digby. One day, Audley Egerton, standing mournfully by the window of the sitting-room appropriated to his private use, saw the two, whom he believed still betrothed, take their way across the park, side by side. “Pray Heaven, that she may atone to him for all!” murmured Audley. “But ah, that it had been Violante! Then I might have felt assured that the Future would efface the Past—and found the courage to tell him all. And when last night I spoke of what Harley ought to be to England, how like were her eyes and her smile to Nora’s when Nora listened in delighted sympathy to the hopes of my own young ambition.” With a sigh he turned away, and resolutely sat down to read and reply to the voluminous correspondence which covered the table of the busy public man. For, Audley’s return to Parliament being considered by his political party as secure, to him were transmitted all the hopes and fears of the large and influential section of it whose members looked up to him as their future chief, and who, in that general election (unprecedented for the number of eminent men it was fated to expel from Parliament, and the number of new politicians it was fated to send into it), drew their only hopes of regaining their lost power from Audley’s sanguine confidence in the reaction of that public opinion which he had hitherto so profoundly comprehended; and it was too clearly seen, that the seasonable adoption of his counsels would have saved the existence and popularity of the late administration, whose most distinguished members could now scarcely show themselves on the hustings.

Meanwhile Lord L’Estrange led his young companion towards a green hill in the centre of the park, on which stood a circular temple, that commanded a view of the country round for miles. They had walked in silence till they gained the summit of the sloped and gradual ascent; and then, as they stood, still side by side, Harley thus spoke—

“Helen, you know that Leonard is in the town, though I cannot receive him at the Park, since he is standing in opposition to my guests, Egerton and Leslie.”

Helen.—"But that seems to me so strange. How—how could Leonard do anything that seems hostile to you?"

Harley.—"Would his hostility to me lower him in your opinion? If he knows that I am his rival, does not rivalry include hate?"

Helen.—"Oh, Lord L'Estrange, how can you speak thus?—how so wrong yourself? Hate, hate to you! and from Leonard Fairfield?"

Harley.—"You evade my question. Would his hate or hostility to me affect your sentiments towards him?"

Helen. (looking down.)—"I could not force myself to believe in it."

Harley.—"Why?"

Helen.—"Because it would be so unworthy of him."

Harley.—"Poor child! You have the delusion of your years. You deck a cloud in the hues of the rainbow, and will not believe that its glory is borrowed from the sun of your own fancy. But here, at least, you are not deceived. Leonard obeys but my wishes, and, I believe, against his own will. He has none of man's noblest attribute, Ambition."

Helen.—"No ambition!"

Harley.—"It is vanity that stirs the poet to toil—if toil the wayward chase of his own chimeras can be called. Ambition is a more masculine passion."

Helen shook her head gently, but made no answer.

Harley.—"If I utter a word that profanes one of your delusions, you shake your head and are incredulous. Pause; listen one moment to my counsels—perhaps the last I may ever obtrude upon you. Lift your eyes; look around. Far as your eye can reach, and far beyond the line which the horizon forms in the landscape, stretch the lands of my inheritance. Yonder you see the home in which my forefathers for many generations lived with honor and died lamented. All these, in the course of nature, might one day have been your own, had you not rejected my proposals. I offered you, it is true, not what is commonly called Love; I offered you sincere esteem, and affections the more durable for their claim. You have not been reared by the world in the low idolatry of rank and wealth. But even romance cannot despise the power of serving others, which rank and wealth bestow. For myself, hitherto indolence, and lately disdain, rob fortune of these noble attributes. But she who will share my fortune may dispense it so as to atone for my sins of omission. On the other side, grant that there is no bar to your preference for Leonard Fairfield, what does your choice present to you? Those of his kindred with whom you will associate are unrefined and mean. His sole income is derived from precarious labors; the most vulgar of all anxieties—the fear of bread itself for the morrow—must mingle with all your romance, and soon steal from love all its poetry. You think his affection will console you for every sacrifice. Folly!—the love of poets is for a mist—a moonbeam—a denizen of air—a phantom that they call an Ideal. They suppose for a moment that they have found that ideal in Chloe or Phyllis—Helen or a milkmaid. Bah!—the first time you come to the poet with the baker's bill, where flies the Ideal? I knew one more brilliant than Leonard—more exquisitely gifted by Nature—that one was a woman: she saw a man hard and cold as that stone at your feet—a false, hollow, sordid world—

ling; she made him her idol—beheld in him all that history would not recognize in Caesar—that mythology would scarcely grant to an Apollo; to him she was the plaything of an hour—she died, and before the year was out he had married for money! I knew another instance—I speak of myself. I loved before I was your age. Had an angel warned me then, I would have been incredulous as you. How that ended, no matter; but had it not been for that dream of maudlin delirium, I had lived and acted as others of my kind and my sphere—married from reason and judgment—been now a useful and happy man. Pause, then. Will you still reject me for Leonard Fairfield? For the last time you have the option—me and all the substance of waking life—Leonard Fairfield and the shadows of a fleeting dream. Speak! You hesitate. Nay, take time to decide."

Helen.—"Ah! Lord L'Estrange, you who have felt what it is to love, how can you doubt my answer?—how think that I could be so base, so ungrateful as to take from yourself what you call the substance of waking life, while my heart was far away—faithful to what you call a dream?"

Harley.—"But, can you not dispel the dream?"

Helen. (her whole face in one flush.)—"It was wrong to call it dream! It is the reality of life to me. All things else are as dreams."

Harley. (taking her hand, and kissing it with respect.)—"Helen, you have a noble heart, and I have tempted you in vain. I regret your choice, though I will no more oppose it. I regard it, though I shall never witness your disappointment. As the wife of that man I shall see and know you no more."

Helen.—"Oh no!—do not say that. Why?—wherefore?"

Harley. (his brows meeting.)—"He is the child of fraud and of shame. His father is my foe, and my hate descends to the son. He, too, the son, filches from me—but complaints are idle. When the next few days are over, think of me but as one who abandons all right over your actions, and is a stranger to your future fate. Pooh!—dry your tears; so long as you love Leonard or esteem me, rejoice that our paths do not cross."

He walked on impatiently; but Helen, alarmed and wondering, followed close, took his arm timidly, and sought to soothe him. She felt that he wronged Leonard—that he knew not how Leonard had yielded all hope when he learned to whom she was affianced. For Leonard's sake she conquered her bashfulness, and sought to explain. But at her first hesitating, faltered words, Harley, who with great effort suppressed the emotions which swelled within him, abruptly left her side, and plunged into the recesses of thick, far-spreading groves, that soon wrapt him from her eye.

While this conversation occurred between Lord L'Estrange and his ward, the *soi-disant* Riccabocca and Violante were walking slowly through the gardens. The philosopher, unchanged by his brightening prospects—so far as the outer man was concerned—still characterized by the red umbrella, and the accustomed pipe—took the way mechanically towards the sunniest quarters of the grounds, now and then glancing tenderly at Violante's downcast, melancholy face, but not speaking; only, at each glance, there came a brisker cloud from the pipe, as if obedient to a fuller heave of the heart.

At length, in a spot which lay open towards the south, and seemed to collect all the gentlest beams

of the November sun, screened from the piercing east by dense evergreens, and flanked from the bleak north by lofty walls, Riccabocca paused and seated himself. Flowers still bloomed on the sward in front, over which still fluttered the wings of those later and more brilliant butterflies that, unseen in the genial days of our English summer, come with autumnal skies, and sport round the mournful steps of the coming winter—types of those thoughts which visit and delight the contemplation of age, while the current yet glides free from the iron ice, and the leaves yet linger on the boughs; thoughts that associate the memories of the departed summer with messages from suns that shall succeed the winter, and expand colors the most steeped in light and glory, just as the skies through which they gleam are darkening, and the flowers on which they hover fade from the surface of the earth—dropping still seeds, that sink deep out of sight below.

"Daughter," said Riccabocca, drawing Violante to his side, with caressing arm—"Daughter! Mark, how they who turn towards the south can still find the sunny side of the landscape! In all the seasons of life, how much of chill or of warmth depends on our choice of the aspect! Sit down—let us reason."

Violante sat down passively, clasping her father's hand in both her own. Reason!—harsh word to the ears of feeling.

"You shrink," resumed Riccabocca, "from even the courtship, even the presence of the suitor in whom my honor binds me to recognize your future bridegroom."

Violante drew away her hands, and placed them before her eyes, shudderingly.

"But," continued Riccabocca, rather peevishly, "this is not listening to reason. I may object to Mr. Leslie because he has not an adequate rank or fortune to pretend to a daughter of my house; that would be what every one would allow to be reasonable in a father; except, indeed," added the poor sage, trying hard to be sprightly, and catching hold of a proverb to help him—"except, indeed, those wise enough to recollect that admonitory saying, 'Casa il figlio, quando vuoi, e la figlia quando puoi'—(Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can). Seriously, if I overlook those objections to Mr. Leslie, it is not natural for a young girl to enforce them. What is reason in you is quite another thing from reason in me. Mr. Leslie is young, not ill-looking, has the air of a gentleman, is passionately enamored of you, and has proved his affection by risking his life against that villainous Peschiera—that is, he would have risked it had Peschiera not been shipped out of the way. If, then, you will listen to reason, pray what can reason say against Mr. Leslie?"

"Father, I detest him!"

"Cospetto!" persisted Riccabocca, testily, "you have no reason to detest him. If you had any reason, child, I am sure that I should be the last person to dispute it. How can you know your own mind on such a matter? It is not as if you had seen any one else you could prefer. Not another man of your own years do you even know—except, indeed, Leonard Fairfield, whom, though I grant he is handsomer, and with more imagination and genius than Mr. Leslie, you still must remember as the boy who worked in my garden. Ah! to be sure, there is Frank Hazeldean—fine lad—but his affections are pre-engaged. In short," continued the sage, dogmatically, "there is no

one else you *can*, by any possible caprice, prefer to Mr. Leslie; and for a girl, who has no one else in her head, to talk of detesting a well-looking, well-dressed, clever young man, is—a nonsense—'chi lascia il poco per haver l'assai nè l'uno, nè l'altro avera mai;'—which may be thus paraphrased—The young lady who refuses a mortal in the hope of obtaining an angel, loses the one, and will never fall in with the other. So, now, having thus shown that the darker side of the question is contrary to reason—let us look to the brighter. In the first place—"

"Oh, father, father!" cried Violante passionately, "you to whom I once came for comfort in every childish sorrow! Do not talk to me with this cutting levity. See, I lay my head upon your breast—I put my arms around you—and now, *can* you reason me into misery?"

"Child, child, do not be so wayward. Strive, at least, against a prejudice that you cannot defend. My Violante, my darling, this is no trifle. Here I must cease to be the fond, foolish father, whom you can do what you will with. Here I am Alphonso Duke di Serrano; for here my honor as noble, and my word as man, are involved. I, then but a helpless exile—no hope of fairer prospects before me—trembling like a coward at the wiles of my unscrupulous kinsman—grasping at all chances to save you from his snares—I myself offered your hand to Randal Leslie—offered, promised, pledged it;—and now that my fortunes seem assured, my rank in all likelihood restored, my foe crushed, my fears at rest—now, does it become me to retract what I myself had urged? It is not the noble, it is the parvenu, who has only to grow rich, in order to forget those whom in poverty he hailed as his friends.* Is it for me to make the poor excuse, never heard on the lips of an Italian prince, 'that I cannot command the obedience of my child,'—subject myself to the galling answer—'Duke of Serrano, you could once command that obedience, when, in exile, penury, and terror, you offered me a bride without a dowry!' Child—Violante—daughter of ancestors on whose honor never slander set a stain, I call on you to redeem your father's plighted word."

"Father, must it be so? Is not even the convent open to me? Nay, look not so coldly on me. If you could but read my heart! And, oh! I feel so assured of your own repentance hereafter—so assured that this man is not what you believe him. I so suspect that he has been playing throughout some secret and perfidious part."

"Ha!" interrupted Riccabocca, "Harley has perhaps infected you with that notion."

"No—no. But is not Harley—is not Lord L'Estrange one whose opinion you have cause to esteem? And if he distrust Mr. Leslie—"

"Let him make good his distrust by such proof as will absolve my word, and I shall share your own joy. I have told him this. I have invited him to make good his suspicions—he puts me off. He cannot do so," added Riccabocca, in a dejected tone; "Randal has already so well explained all that Harley deemed equivocal. Violante, my name and my honor rest in your hands. Cast them away if you will; I cannot constrain you, and I cannot stoop to implore. *Noblesse oblige*—with your birth you took its duties. Let them decide

* Quando 'l villano è divenuto ricco
Non ha (i. e., riconosce) parente nè amico.
Bacon Provverb.

between your vain caprice and your father's solemn remonstrance."

Assuming a sternness that he was far from feeling, and putting aside his daughter's arms, the exile walked away.

Violante paused a moment, shivered, looked round as if taking a last farewell of joy, and peace, and hope on earth, and then approaching her father with a firm step, she said—"I never rebelled, father; I did but entreat. What you say is my law now, as it has ever been; and come what may, never shall you hear complaint or murmur from me. Poor father, you will suffer more than I shall. Kiss me!"

About an hour afterwards, as the short day closed in, Harley, returning from his solitary wanderings, after he had parted from Helen, encountered on the terrace, before the house, Lady Lansmere and Audley Egerton arm-in-arm.

Harley had drawn his hat over his brows, and his eyes were fixed on the ground, so that he did not see the group upon which he came unawares, until Audley's voice started him from his reverie.

"My dear Harley," said the ex-minister, with a faint smile, "you must not pass us by, now that you have a moment of leisure from the cares of the election. And, Harley, though we are under the same roof, I see you so little." Lord L'Estrange darted a quick glance towards his mother—a glance that seemed to say, "You leaning on Audley's arm! Have you kept your promise?" And the eye that met his own reassured him.

"It is true," said Harley; "but you, who know that once engaged in public affairs, one has no heart left for the ties of private life, will excuse me. And this election is so important!"

"And you, Mr. Egerton," said Lady Lansmere, "whom the election most concerns, seem privileged to be the only one who appears indifferent to success."

"Ay—but you are not indifferent?" said Lord L'Estrange, abruptly.

"No. How can I be so, when my whole future career may depend on it?"

Harley drew Egerton aside. "There is one voter you ought at least to call upon and thank. He cannot be made to comprehend that, for the sake of any relation, even for the sake of his own son, he is to vote against the Blues—against you;—I mean, of course, Nora's father, John Avenel. His vote and his son-in-law's gained your majority at your first election."

Egerton.—"Call on John Avenel! Have you called?"

Harley, (calmly).—"Yes. Poor old man, his mind has been affected ever since Nora's death. But your name, as the candidate for the borough at that time—the successful candidate for whose triumph the joy-bells chimed with her funeral knell—your name brings up her memory; and he talks in a breath of her and of you. Come, let us walk together to his house; it is close by the Park Lodge."

The drops stood on Audley's brow. He fixed his dark, handsome eyes, in mournful amaze, upon Harley's tranquil face.

"Harley, at last, then, you have forgotten the Past."

"No; but the Present is more imperious. All my efforts are needed to requite your friendship. You stand against her brother—yet her father votes for you. And her mother says to her son, 'Let the old man alone! Conscience is all that is

well alive in him; and he thinks if he were to vote against the Blues, he would sin against honor.' 'An electioneering prejudice,' some sceptics would say. But you must be touched by this trait of human nature—in her father too—you, Audley Egerton, who are the soul of honor. What ails you?"

Egerton.—"Nothing—a spasm at the heart—my old complaint. Well, I will call on the poor man later, but not now—not with you. Nay, nay, I will not—I cannot. Harley, just as you joined us, I was talking to your mother."

Harley.—"Ay, and what of?"

Egerton.—"Yourself. I saw you from my windows walking with your betrothed. Afterwards I observed her coming home alone; and by the glimpse I caught of her gentle countenance, it seemed sad. Harley, do you deceive us?"

Harley.—"Deceive—I!—How?"

Egerton.—"Do you really feel that your intended marriage will bestow on you the happiness which is my prayer, as it must be your mother's?"

Harley.—"Happiness—I hoped so. But perhaps—"

Egerton.—"Perhaps what?"

Harley.—"Perhaps the marriage may not take place. Perhaps I have a rival—not an open one—a secret, stealthy wooer—in one, too, whom I have loved, served, trusted. Question me not now. Such instances of treachery make one learn more how to prize a friendship honest, devoted, faithful as your own, Audley Egerton. But here comes your protégé, released awhile from his canvass, and your confidential adviser, Baron Levy. He accompanied Randal through the town to-day. So anxious is he to see that that young man does not play false, and regard his own interest before yours. Would that surprise you?"

Egerton.—"You are too severe upon Randal Leslie. He is ambitious, worldly—has no surplus of affection at the command of his heart—"

Harley.—"Is it Randal Leslie you describe?"

Egerton, (with a languid smile).—"Yes, you see I do not flatter. But he is born and reared a gentleman; as such he would scarcely do anything mean. And, after all, it is with me that he must rise or fall. His very intellect must tell him that. But again I ask, do not strive to prepossess me against him. I am a man who could have loved a son. I have none. Randal, such as he is, is a sort of son. He carries on my projects and my interest in the world of men beyond the goal of the tomb."

Audley turned kindly to Randal.

"Well, Leslie, what report of the canvass?"

"Levy has the book, sir. I think we have gained ten fresh votes for you, and perhaps seven for me."

"Let me rid you of your book, Baron Levy," said Harley.

Just at this time Riccabocca and Violante approached the house, both silent. The Italian caught sight of Randal, and made him a sign to join them. The young lover glanced fearfully toward Harley, and then with alacrity bounded forward, and was soon at Violante's side. But scarce had Harley, surprised by Leslie's sudden disappearance, remarked the cause, than with equal abruptness he abandoned the whispered conference he had commenced with Levy, and, hastening to Randal, laid hand on the young man's shoulder, exclaiming "Ten thousand pardons to all three! But I cannot allow this waste of time,

Mr. Leslie. You have yet an hour before it grows dark. There are three outvoters six miles off, influential farmers, whom you must canvass in person with my father's steward. Hasten to the stables; choose your own horses. To saddle—to saddle! Baron Levy, go and order my lord's steward, Mr. Smart, to join Mr. Leslie at the stables; then come back to me—quick. What!—loitering still, Mr. Leslie! You will make me throw up your whole cause in disgust at your indolence and apathy."

Alarmed at this threat, Randal lifted his accusing eyes to heaven, and withdrew.

Meanwhile Audley had drawn close to Lady Lansmere, who was leaning in thought, over the balustrade of the terrace.

"Do you note," said Audley, whispering, "how Harley sprang forward when the fair Italian came in sight! Trust me, I was right. I know little of the young lady, but I have conversed with her. I have gazed on the changes in her face. If Harley ever love again, and if ever love influence and exalt his mind, wish with me that his choice may yet fall where I believe that his heart inclines it."

Lady Lansmere.—"Ah! that it were so! Helen, I own, is charming; but—Violante, his equal in birth! Are you not aware that she is engaged to your young friend, Mr. Leslie?"

Audley.—"Randal told me so; but I cannot believe it. In fact, I have taken occasion to sound that fair creature's inclinations, and if I know aught of women, her heart is not with Randal. I cannot believe her to be one whose affections are so weak as to be easily constrained; nor can I suppose that her father could desire to enforce a marriage that is almost a *mésalliance*. Randal must deceive himself; and from something Harley just let fall, in our painful but brief conversation, I suspect that his engagement with Miss Digby is broken off. He promises to tell me more, later. Yes," continued Audley, mournfully, "observe Violante's countenance, with its ever-varying play; listen to her voice, to which feeling seems to give the expressive music, and tell me whether you are not sometimes reminded of—of—In one word, there is one who, even without rank or fortune, would be worthy to replace the image of Leonora, and be to Harley—what Leonora could not; for sure I am that Violante loves him."

Harley, meanwhile, had lingered with Riccabocca and Violante, speaking but on indifferent subjects, obtaining short answers from the first, and none from the last—when the sage drew him a little aside, and whispered, "She has consented to sacrifice herself to my sense of honor. But, O Harley! if she be unhappy, it will break my heart. Either you must give me sufficient proof of Randal's unworthiness, to absolve me from my promise—or I must again entreat you to try and conciliate the poor child in his favor. All you say has weight with her; she respects you as—a second father."

Harley did not seem peculiarly flattered by that last assurance, but he was relieved from an immediate answer, by the appearance of a man who came from the direction of the stables, and whose dress, covered with dust, and travel-stained, seemed like that of a foreign courier. No sooner did Harley catch sight of this person, than he sprang forward, and accosted him briefly and rapidly.

"You have been quick: I did not expect you so

soon. You discovered the trace! You gave my letter—"

"And have brought back the answer, my lord," replied the man, taking a letter from a leathern pouch at his side. Harley tore open the seal, and glanced over the contents, which were comprised in a few lines.

"Good. Say not whence you came. Do not wait here; return at once to London."

Harley's face seemed so unusually cheerful as he rejoined the Italians, that the duke exclaimed—

"A despatch from Vienna! My recall!"

"From Vienna, my dear friend! Not possible yet. I cannot calculate on hearing from the prince till a day or two before the close of this election. But you wish me to speak to Violante. Join my mother yonder. What can she be saying to Mr. Egerton! I will address a few words apart to your fair daughter, that may at least prove the interest in her fate taken by—her second father."

"Kindest of friends," said the unsuspecting pupil of Machiavel; and he walked towards the terrace. Violante was about to follow. Harley detained her.

"Do not go till you have thanked me; for you are not the noble Violante for whom I take you, unless you acknowledge gratitude to any one who delivers you from the presence of an admirer in Mr. Randal Leslie."

Violante.—"Ought I to hear this of one whom—whom—"

Harley.—"One whom your father obstinately persists in obtruding on your repugnance. Yet, O dear child, you, when almost an infant, ere yet you knew what snares, and pitfalls, for all who trust to another, lie under the sward at our feet, even when decked the fairest with the flowers of spring—you who put your small hands around my neck, and murmured in your musical voice, 'Save us—save my father; you at least I will not forsake, in peril worse than that which menaced you then—a peril which affrights you more than that which threatened you in the snares of Peschiera. Randal Leslie may thrive in his meaner objects of ambition; these I fling to him in scorn;—but you! the presuming varlet!" Harley paused a moment, half stifled with indignation. He then resumed calmly—"Trust to me, and fear not. I will rescue this hand from the profanation of Randal Leslie's touch; and then farewell, for life, to every soft emotion. Before me expands the welcome solitude. The innocent saved, the honest righted, the perfidious stricken by a just retribution—and then—what then! Why, at least I shall have studied Machiavel with more effect than your wise father; and I shall lay him aside, needing no philosophy to teach me never again to be deceived." His brow darkened; he turned abruptly away, leaving Violante lost in amaze, fear—and a delight, vague, yet more vividly felt than all.

CHAPTER XXI.

THAT night, after the labors of the day, Randal had gained the sanctuary of his own room, and seated himself at his table, to prepare the heads of the critical speech he would have now very soon to deliver on the day of nomination—critical speech when, in the presence of foes and friends, reporters from London, and amidst all the jarring interests that he sought to weave into the sole self-interest of Randal Leslie, he would be called upon to make the formal exposition of his political opinions.

Randal Leslie, indeed, was not one of those speakers whom either modesty, fastidiousness, or conscientious desire of truth predisposes towards the labor of written composition. He had too much cleverness to be in want of fluent period or ready commonplace—the ordinary materials of oratorical impromptu—too little taste for the Beautiful to study what graces of diction will best adorn a noble sentiment—too obtuse a conscience to care if the popular argument were purified from the dross which the careless flow of a speech wholly extemporaneous rarely fails to leave around it. But this was no ordinary occasion. Elaborate study here was requisite, not for the orator, but the hypocrite. Hard task, to please the Blues and not offend the Yellows;—appear to side with Audley Egerton, yet insinuate sympathy with Dick Avenel;—confront, with polite smile, the younger opponents whose words had lodged arrows in his vanity, which rankled the more gallingly because they had raised the skin of his conscience.

He had dipped his pen into the ink, and smoothed the paper before him, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said he, impatiently. Levy entered, saunteringly.

"I am come to talk over matters with you, *mon cher*," said the baron, throwing himself on the sofa. "And, first, I wish you joy of your prospects of success."

Randal postponed his meditated composition with a quick sigh, drew his chair towards the sofa, and lowered his voice into a whisper. "You think with me, that the chance of my success—is good?"

"Chance! Why, it is a rubber of whist, in which your partner gives you all the winnings, and in which the adversary is almost sure to revoke. Either Avenel or his nephew, it is true, must come in; but not both. Two parvenus aspiring to make a family seat of an earl's borough! Bah! too absurd."

"I hear from Riccabocca (or rather the Duke di Serrano) that this same young Fairfield is greatly indebted to the kindness of Lord L'Estrange. Very odd that he should stand against the Lansmere interest."

"Ambition, *mon cher*. You yourself are under some obligation to Mr. Egerton. Yet, in reality, he has more to apprehend from you than from Mr. Fairfield."

"I disown obligations to Mr. Egerton. And if the electors prefer me to him (whom, by the by, they once burned in effigy), it is no fault of mine; the fault, if any, will rest with his own dearest friend, L'Estrange. I do not understand how a man of such clear sense, as L'Estrange undoubtedly possesses, should be risking Egerton's election in his zeal for mine. Nor do his formal courtesies to myself deceive me. He has even implied that he suspects me of connivance with Peschiera's schemes on Violante. But those suspicions he cannot support. For, of course, Levy, you would not betray me?"

"I! What possible interest could I serve in that?"

"None that I can discover, certainly," said Randal, relaxing into a smile. "And when I get into Parliament, aided by the social position which my marriage will give me, I shall have so many ways to serve you. No, it is certainly your interest not to betray me. And I shall count on you as a witness, if a witness can be required."

"Count on me, certainly, my dear fellow," said

the baron. "And I suppose there will be no witness the other way. Done for eternally is my poor dear friend Peschiera, whose cigars, by the by, are matchless;—I wonder if there will be any for sale. And if he were not so done for, it is not you, it is L'Estrange, that he would be tempted to do for."

"We may blot Peschiera out of the map of the future," rejoined Randal. "Men from whom henceforth we have nothing to hope or to fear, are to us as the races before the deluge."

"Fine remark," quoth the baron, admiringly. "Peschiera, though not without brains, was a complete failure. And when the failure of one I have tried to serve is complete, the rule I have adopted through life is to give him up altogether."

"Of course," said Randal.

"Of course," echoed the baron. "On the other hand, you know that I like pushing forward young men of mark and promise. You really are amazingly clever; but how comes it you don't speak better? Do you know, I doubt whether you will do in the House of Commons all that I expected from your address and readiness in private life."

"Because I cannot talk trash vulgar enough for a mob! Pooh! I shall succeed wherever knowledge is really power. Besides, you must allow for my infernal position. You know, after all, that Avenel, if he can only return himself or his nephew, still holds in his hands the choice of the candidate upon our side. I cannot attack him—I cannot attack his insolent nephew—"

"Insolent!—not that, but bitterly eloquent. He hits you hard. You are no match for him, Randal, before a popular audience; though, *en petit comité*, the devil himself were hardly a match for you. But now to a somewhat more serious point. Your election you will win—your bride is promised to you; but the old Leslie lands in the present possession of Squire Thornhill, you have not gained—and your chance of gaining them is in great jeopardy. I did not like to tell you this morning—it would have spoiled your temper for canvassing; but I have received a letter from Thornhill himself. He has had an offer for the property, which is only £1000 short of what he asks. A city alderman, called Jobson, is the bidder; a man, it seems, of large means and few words. The alderman has fixed the date on which he must have a definite answer; and that date falls on the —th, two days after that fixed for the poll at Lansmere. The brute declares he will close with another investment, if Thornhill does not then come into his terms. Now, as Thornhill will accept these terms unless I can positively promise him better, and as those funds on which you calculated (had the marriage of Peschiera with Violante, and Frank Hazelden with Madame di Negra, taken place) fail you, I see no hope for your being in time with the money—and the old lands of the Lealies must yield their rents to a Jobson."

"I care for nothing on earth like those old lands of my forefathers," said Randal, with unusual vehemence—"I reverence so little amongst the living—and I do reverence the dead. And my marriage will take place so soon; and the dower will so amply cover the paltry advance required."

"Yes; but the mere prospect of a marriage to the daughter of a man whose lands are still sequestered, would be no security to a money-lender."

"Surely," said Randal, "you, who once offered

to assist me when my fortunes were more precarious, might now accommodate me with this loan, as a friend, and keep the title-deeds of the estate as—"

"As a money-lender," added the baron, laughing pleasantly. "No, *mon cher*, I will still lend you half the sum required in advance, but the other half is more than I can afford as friend, or hazard as money-lender; and it would damage my character—be out of all rule—if, the estate falling, by your default of payment, into my own hands, I should appear to be the real purchaser of the property of my own distressed client. But, now I think of it, did not Squire Hazeldean really promise you his assistance in this matter?"

"He did so," answered Randal, "as soon as the marriage between Frank and Madame di Negra was off his mind. I meant to cross over to Hazeldean immediately after the election. How can I leave the place till then?"

"If you do, your election is lost. But why not write to the squire?"

"It is against my maxim to write where I can speak. However, there is no option; I will write at once. Meanwhile, communicate with Thornhill; keep up his hopes; and be sure, at least, that he does not close with this greedy alderman before the day fixed for decision."

"I have done all that already, and my letter is gone. Now, do your part; and if you write as cleverly as you talk, you would coax the money out from a stonier heart than poor Mr. Hazeldean's. I leave you now—Good night."

Levy took up his candlestick, nodded, yawned, and went.

Randal still suspended the completion of his speech, and indited the following epistle:—

"MY DEAR MR. HAZELDEAN,—I wrote to you a few hasty lines on leaving town, to inform you that the match you so much dreaded was broken off, and that I would defer particulars till I could visit your kind and hospitable roof, which I trusted to do for a few hours during my stay at Lansmere, since it is not a day's journey hence to Hazeldean. But I did not calculate on finding so sharp a contest. In no election throughout the kingdom do I believe that a more notable triumph, or a more stunning defeat, for the great landed interest can occur. For, in this town—so dependent on agriculture—we are opposed by a low and sordid manufacturer, of the most revolutionary notions, who has, moreover, the audacity to force his own nephew—that very boy whom I chastised for impertinence on your village green—son of a common carpenter—actually the audacity, I say, to attempt to force this peasant of a nephew, as well as himself, into the representation of Lansmere, against the earl's interest, against your distinguished brother—of myself I say nothing. You should hear the language in which these two men indulge against all your family! If we are beaten by such persons in a borough supposed to be so loyal as Lansmere, every one with a stake in the country may tremble at such a prognostic of the ruin that must await not only our old English constitution but the existence of property itself. I need not say that on such an occasion I cannot spare myself. Mr. Egerton is ill too. All the fatigue of the canvass devolves on me. I feel, my dear and revered friend, that I am a genuine Hazeldean, fighting your battle; and that thought carries me through all. I cannot, therefore, come to

you till the election is over; and meanwhile you and my dear Mrs. Hazeldean must be anxious to know more about the affair that so preyed on both your hearts, than I have yet informed you, or can well trust to a letter. Be assured, however, that the worst is over; the lady has gone abroad. I earnestly entreated Frank (who showed me Mrs. Hazeldean's most pathetic letter to him) to hasten at once to the hall, and relieve your minds. Unfortunately he would not be ruled by me, but talked of going abroad too—not, I trust (nay, I feel assured), in pursuit of Madame di Negra; but still—In short, I should be glad to see you and talk over the whole. Could you not come hither!—pray do. And now, at the risk of your thinking that in this I am only consulting my own interest (but no—your noble English heart will never so misjudge me!), I will add with homely frankness, that if you could accommodate me immediately with the loan you once so generously offered, you would save those lands once in my family from passing away from us forever. A city alderman—one Jobson—is meanly taking advantage of Thornhill's necessities, and driving a hard bargain for those lands. He has fixed the—th inst. for Thornhill's answer, and Levy (who is here assisting Mr. Egerton's election) informs me that Thornhill will accept his offer, unless I am provided with £10,000 beforehand; the other £10,000, to complete the advance required, Levy will lend me. Do not be surprised at the usurer's liberality; he knows that I am about shortly to marry a very great heiress (you will be pleased when you learn whom, and will then be able to account for my indifference to Miss Stickle-rights), and her dower will amply serve to repay his loan and your own, if I may trust to your generous affection for the grandson of a Hazeldean! I have the less scruple in this appeal to you, for I know how it would grieve you that a Jobson, who perhaps never knew a grandmother, should foist your own kinsman from the lands of his fathers. Of one thing I am convinced—we squires, and sons of squires, must make common causes against these great moneyed capitalists, or they will buy us all out in a few generations. The old race of country gentlemen is already much diminished by the grasping cupidity of such leviathans; and if the race be once extinct, what will become of the boast and strength of England?

"Yours, my dear Mr. Hazeldean, with most affectionate and grateful respect,

RANDAL LESLIE."

CHAPTER XXII.

NOTHING to Leonard could as yet be more distasteful or oppressive than his share in this memorable election. In the first place, it chafed the secret sores of his heart to be compelled to resume the name of Fairfield, which was a tacit disavowal of his birth. It had been such delight to him that the same letters which formed the name of Nora, should weave also that name of Oran, to which he had given distinction, which he had associated with all his nobler toils, and all his hopes of endearing fame—a mystic link between his own career and his mother's obscure genius. It seemed to him as if it was rendering to her the honors accorded to himself—subtle and delicate fancy of the affections, of which only poets would be capable, but which others than poets may perhaps comprehend! That earlier name of Fairfield was connected in his memory with all the ruder employments, the meaner trials of his boyhood—the name of Oran,

with poetry and fame. It was his title in the ideal world, amongst all fair shapes and spirits. In receiving the old appellation, the practical world, with its bitterness and strife, returned to him as at the utterance of a spell. But in coming to Lansmere he had no choice. To say nothing of Dick, and Dick's parents, with whom his secret would not be safe, Randal Leslie knew that he had gone by the name of Fairfield—knew his supposed parentage, and would be sure to proclaim them. How account for the later name without setting curiosity to read the anagram it involved, and perhaps guiding suspicion to his birth from Nora, to the injury of her memory, yet preserved from stain?

His feelings as connected with Nora—sharpened and deepened as they all had been by his discovery of her painful narrative—were embittered still more by coming in contact with her parents. Old John was in the same helpless state of mind and body as before—neither worse nor better; but waking up at intervals with vivid gleams of interest in the election at the wave of a blue banner—at the cry of "Blue forever." It was the old broken-down charger, who, dozing in the meadows, starts at the roll of the drum. No persuasions Dick could employ would induce his father to promise to vote even one Yellow. You might as well have expected the old Roman, with his monomaniac cry against Carthage, to have voted for choosing Carthaginians for consuls. But poor John, nevertheless, was not only very civil, but very humble to Dick—"very happy to oblige the gentleman."

"Your own son!" bawled Dick; "and here is your own grandson."

"Very happy to serve you both! but you see you are in the wrong color."

Then, as he gazed at Leonard, the old man approached him on trembling knees, stroked his hair, looked into his face piteously. "Be thee my grandson!" he faltered. "Wife, wife, Nora had no son, had she? My memory begins to fail me, sir; pray excuse it; but you have a look about the eyes that—" Old John began to weep, and his wife led him away.

"Don't come again," she said to Leonard harshly when she returned.

"He'll not sleep all night now!" And then, observing that the tears stood in Leonard's eyes, she added in softened tones—"I am glad to see you well and thriving, and to hear that you have been of great service to my son, Richard, who is a credit and an honor to the family, though poor John cannot vote for him or for you against his conscience; and he should not be asked," (she added, firing up;) "and it is a sin to ask it, and he so old, and no one to defend him but me. But defend him I will while I have life!"

The poet recognized woman's brave, loving, wife-like heart here, and would have embraced the stern grandmother, if she had not drawn back from him; and, as she turned towards the room to which she had led her husband, she said over her shoulder—

"I'm not so unkind as I seem, boy; but it is better for you, and for all, that you should not come to this house again—better that you had not come into the town."

"Fie, mother," said Dick, seeing that Leonard bending his head silently walked from the room. "You should be prouder of your grandson than you are of me."

"Prouder of him who may shame us all yet!"

"What do you mean?"

But Mrs. Avenel shook her head and vanished.

"Never mind her, poor old soul," said Dick, as he joined Leonard at the threshold; "she always had her tempers. And since there is no vote to be got in this house, and one can't set a caucus on one's father—at least in this extraordinarily rotten and prejudiced old country, which is quite in its dotage—we'll not come here to be snubbed any more. Bless their old hearts, nevertheless!"

Leonard's acute sensibility in all that concerned his birth, deeply wounded by Mrs. Avenel's allusions, which he comprehended better than his uncle did, was also kept on the edge by the suspense to which he was condemned by Harley's continued silence as to the papers confided to that nobleman. It seemed to Leonard almost unaccountable that Harley should have read those papers—be in the same town with himself—and yet volunteer no communication. At length he wrote a few lines to Lord L'Estrange, bringing the matter that concerned him so deeply before Harley's recollection, and suggesting his own earnest interest in any information that could supply the gaps and omissions of the desultory fragments. Harley, in replying to this note, said, with apparent reason, "that it would require a long personal interview to discuss the subject referred to, and that such an interview, in the thick of the contest between himself and a candidate opposed to the Lansmere party, would be sure to get wind, be ascribed to political intrigues, be impossible otherwise to explain—and embarrass all the interests confided to their respective charge. That for the rest, he had not been unmindful of Leonard's anxiety, which must now mainly be to see justice done to the dead parent, and learn the name, station, and character of the parent yet surviving. And in this Harley trusted to assist him as soon as the close of the poll would present a suitable occasion." The letter was unlike Harley's former cordial tone; it was hard and dry. Leonard respected L'Estrange too much to own to himself that it was unfeeling. With all his rich generosity of nature, he sought excuses for what he declined to blame. Perhaps something in Helen's manner or words had led Harley to suspect that she still cherished too tender an interest in the companion of her childhood; perhaps under this coldness of expression there lurked the burning anguish of jealousy. And, oh Leonard so well understood, and could so nobly compassionate, even in his prosperous rival, that torture of the most agonizing of human passions, in which all reasonings follow the distorted writhings of our pain.

And Leonard himself, amidst his other causes of disquiet was at once so gnawed and so humbled by his own jealousy. Helen, he knew, was still under the same roof as Harley. They, the betrothed, could see each other daily, hourly. He would soon hear of their marriage. She would be borne afar from the very sphere of his existence—carried into a loftier region—accessible only to his dreams. And yet, to be jealous of one to whom both Helen and himself were under such obligations, debased him in his own esteem—jealousy here was so like ingratitude. But for Harley, what could have become of Helen, left to his boyish charge?—he who had himself been compelled, in despair, to think of sending her from his side, to be reared into smileless youth in his mother's humble cottage, while he faced famine alone, gazing on the terrible river, from the bridge by which he had once begged for very alms—begged of that Audley Egerton, to

whom he was now opposed as an equal ;—or flying from the fiend that glared at him under the lids of the haunting Chatterton. No, jealousy here was more than agony—it was degradation, it was crime ! But, ah ! if Helen were happy in these splendid nuptials. Was he sure even of that consolation ? Bitter was the thought either way—that she should wholly forget him in happiness from which he stood excluded as a thing of sin—or sinfully herself remember, and be wretched !

With that healthful strength of will which is more often proportioned to the susceptibility of feeling than the world suppose, the young man at last wrenched himself for a while from the iron that had entered into his soul, and forced his thoughts to seek relief in the very objects from which they otherwise would have the most loathingly recoiled. He aroused his imagination to befriend his reason ; he strove to divine some motive not explained by Harley, not to be referred to the mere defeat, by counter-scheme, of scheming Randal—nor even to be solved by any service to Audley Egerton which Harley might evolve from the complicated meshes of the election ;—some motive that could more interest his own heart in the contest, and connect itself with Harley's promised aid in clearing up the mystery of his parentage. Nora's memoir had clearly hinted that his father was of rank and station far beyond her own. She had thrown the glow of her glorious fancies over the ambition and the destined career of the lover in whom she had merged her ambition as poetess, and her career as woman. Possibly the father might be more disposed to own and to welcome the son, if the son could achieve an opening, and give promise of worth, in that grand world of public life in which alone reputation takes precedence of rank. Possibly, too, if the son thus succeeded, and became one whom a proud father could with pride acknowledge, possibly he might not only secure a father's welcome, but vindicate a mother's name. This marriage, which Nora darkly hinted she had been led to believe was fraudulent, might, after all, have been legal—the ceremony concealed, even till now, by worldly shame at disparity of rank. But if the son could make good his own footing—there where rank itself owned its chiefs in talent—that shame might vanish. These suppositions were not improbable ; nor were they un congenial to Leonard's experience of Harley's delicate benignity of purpose. Here, too, the image of Helen allied itself with those of his parents to support his courage and influence his new ambition. True, that she was lost to him forever. No worldly success, no political honors, could now restore her to his side. But she might hear him named with respect in those circles in which alone she would hereafter move, and in which parliamentary reputation ranks higher than literary fame. And perhaps in future years, when love, retaining its tenderness, was purified from its passion, they might thus meet as friends. He might, without a pang, take her children on his knees, and say, perhaps in their old age, when he had climbed to a social equality even with her high-born lord, " It was the hope to regain the privilege bestowed on our childhood, that strengthened me to seek distinction when you and happiness forsook my youth." Thus regarded, the election, which had before seemed to him so poor and vulgar an exhibition of vehement passions for petty objects, with its trumpery of banners and its discord of trumpets, suddenly grew into vivid in-

terest, and assumed dignity and importance. It is ever thus with all mortal strife. In proportion as it possesses, or is void of, the diviner something that quickens the pulse of the heart, and elevates the wing of the imagination, it presents a mockery to the philosopher, or an inspiration to the bard. Feel *that something*, and no contest is mean ! Feel it not, and, like Byron, you may class with the slaughter of Cannæ that field, which at Waterloo restored the landmarks of nations ; or may jeer with Juvenal at the dust of Hannibal, because he sought to deliver Carthage from ruin, and free a world from Rome.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONCE, then, grappling manfully with the task he had undertaken, and constraining himself to look on what Riecabocca would have called " the southern side of things," whatever there was really great in principle or honorable to human nature, deep below the sordid details and pitiful interests apparent on the face of the agitated current, came clear to his vision. The ardor of those around him began to be contagious ; the generous devotion to some cause, apart from self, which pervades an election, and to which the poorest voter will often render sacrifices that may be called sublime—the warm personal affection which community of zeal creates for the defender of beloved opinions—all concurred to dispel that indifference to party politics, and counteract that disgust of their baser leaven, which the young poet had first conceived. He even began to look with complacency, for itself, on a career of toil and honors strange to his habitual labors and intellectual ambition. He threw the poetry of idea within him (as poets ever do) into the prose of action to which he was hurried forward. He no longer opposed Dick Avenel when that gentleman represented how detrimental it would be to his business at Screwstown if he devoted to his country the time and the acumen required by his mill and its steam-engine ; and how desirable it would be, on all accounts, that Leonard Fairfield should become the parliamentary representative of the Avenels. " If, therefore," said Dick, " two of us cannot come in, and one must retire, leave it to me to arrange with the committee that you shall be the one to persist. Oh, never fear but what all scruples of honor shall be satisfied. I would not, for the sake of the Avenels, have a word said against their representative."

" But," answered Leonard, " if I grant this, I fear that you have some intention of suffering the votes that your resignation would release, to favor Leslie at the expense of Egerton."

" What the deuce is Egerton to you ?"

" Nothing, except through my gratitude to his friend, Lord L'Estrange."

" Pooh ! I will tell you a secret. Levy informs me privately that L'Estrange will be well satisfied if the choice of Lansmere fall upon Leslie instead of Egerton ; and I think I convinced my lord—for I saw him in London—that Egerton would have no chance, though Leslie might."

" I must think that Lord L'Estrange would resist to the utmost any attempt to prefer Leslie—whom he despises—to Egerton, whom he honors. And, so thinking, I too would resist it, as you may judge by the speeches which have so provoked your displeasure."

" Let us cut short a yarn of talk which, when it comes to likings and dislikings, might last to almighty crack ; I'll ask you to do nothing that

Lord L'Estrange does not sanction. Will that satisfy you !"

"Certainly, provided I am assured of the sanction."

And now, the important day preceding the poll, the day in which the candidates were to be formally nominated, and meet each other in all the ceremony of declared rivalry, dawned at last.

The town-hall was the place selected for the occasion ; and, before sunrise, all the streets were resonant with music, and gay with banners.

Audley Egerton felt that he could not—without

incurring some just sarcasm on his dread to face the constituency he had formerly represented, and by the malcontents of which he had been burned in effigy—absent himself from the town-hall, as he had done from balcony and hostel. Painful as it was to confront Nora's brother, and wrestle in public against all the secret memories that knit the strife of the present contest with the anguish that recalled the first—still, the thing must be done ; and it was the English habit of his life to face with courage whatever he had to do.

THE SOLITARY WORSHIPPER.

A single member of the Society of the Friends in Boston is said to have gone to their place of worship for some years after all his fellow-worshippers were dead.

ALONE and silent there he sat,
Within the house of prayer ;
Where once with him his brethren met,
In silent worship there.
They all had gone ; the young and old
Were gathered to the dead ;
He saw no more their friendly looks,
He heard no more their tread.
Yet still he loved, as came the day,
When they were wont to meet,
To tread the old familiar way,
And take his 'customed seat.
Plain was the place, an humble hall,
In which he sat alone ;
The show of forms, the pride of art,
To him were all unknown.
No organ pealed its solemn notes,
No choir the stillness broke,
No preacher read the sacred page,
Or to his hearer spoke ;
He needed not these outward things
To wake the reverent mind,
For other ends than such as this,
They seemed to him designed.
In silence, gathered to himself,
The Spirit he implored,
And without speech, or outward sign,
The Father he adored.
And to his mind was opened then
The meaning of the word,
"Ask and receive," "seek ye and find,"
The Spirit of the Lord.
That Spirit strengthened and consoled,
And gave him inward sight ;
And on his lonely, darkened path
It threw a heavenly light.
No more alone ! For he had come
To Zion's holy hill,
The city of the Living God,
That saints and angels fill.
The elders there, with silver locks,
The sisters' modest grace,
The young in all their innocence,
With glory filled the place ;
No cloud of sorrow or of care
A soul had ever known,
That in that happy band he saw,
Nor felt it e'er alone.
Their looks of peace, and love unchanged
Assured his trembling soul ;
And bade him banish every fear,
And every doubt control.
With them again as when on earth
He held communion sweet ;
And, by their sympathy was made
For heaven's own worship meet.

J. V.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE DAY OF REST.

Rest, rest ! it is the Day of Rest—there needs no book to tell
The truth that every thoughtful eye, each heart can read so well ;
Rest, rest ! it is the Sabbath morn, a quiet fills the air,
Whose whispered voice of peace repeats that rest is everywhere.
O weary heart ! O heart of woe ! raise up thy toil-worn brow ;
The fields, the trees, the very breeze—they all are resting now ;
The air is still, there is no sound, save that unceasing hum,
That insect song of summer-time that from the woods doth come.
And even that seems fainter now, like voices far away,
As though they only sang of rest, and labored not to-day ;
The hum of bees seems softer, too, from out the clear blue heaven,
As if the lowliest creatures knew this day for rest was given.
The spacious tracts of meadow-land, of bean-fields, and of wheat,
And all the glebe, are undisturbed by sound of labor's feet ;
The cotter in his Sunday garb, with peace within his breast,
Roams idly by the garden-side, and feels himself at rest.
The streams, the trees, the woods, the breeze, the bird, and roving bee,
Seem all to breathe a softer sound, a holier melody ;
Yon little church, too, tells of rest, to all the summer air,
For the bell long since has ceased to peal that called to praise and prayer.
But while I stand 'mid these tall elms, a sound comes creeping near,
That falls like music heard in dreams upon my charmed ear ;
Like music heard in dreams of heaven, that sacred sound doth steal
From where the old church aisles repeat the organ's solemn peal.
Now Heaven be praised ! a gracious boon is this sweet rest to me—
How many shall this truth repeat to-day on bended knee !
How many a weary heart it cheers, how many an aching breast :
Now Heaven be praised, a gracious boon is this sweet Day of Rest !

From the Spectator.

ST. JOHN'S VILLAGE LIFE IN EGYPT.*

It is a law in material production that you can only get one first-rate article out of one subject-matter. The second pressure of the grape is poor compared with the first yield; if you venture a third, you only get wish-wash; and a second brewing gives nothing better than small beer. A similar result follows when the nature of the article does not admit of depreciation. Gold is gold, but you find less of it when somebody has been before you in the digging, till at last the produce does not pay; and it makes no difference if, as Paddy might phrase it, you've been before yourself.

Mr. Bayle St. John has tried to make too much out of Egypt as a subject. His journey to the Temple of Jupiter Ammon gave us travel in Egypt. His two years' Residence in a Levantine Family presented the results of his observation on Egyptian town life and character, but in a way, as we observed in a notice at the time, which would not bear much repetition. Had he in the present work stuck to his nominal subject, *Village Life*, he indeed might have sketched a mode of existence which he had formerly left untouched; but he has not confined himself to his text, and he has fallen back upon the leavings of his other books. The framework of *Village Life in Egypt* is a passage up the Nile as far as the Cataracts; and, by rigidly adhering to his avowed object, sketching the villages and villagers as he passed along, Mr. St. John might have produced a sufficient picture of the Fellahs. The same end could have been reached by a general account sprinkled with native tales and incidental sketches, without the framework of travel. The author has adopted both modes, and combined with each as much of extraneous matter as he has allowed to his main subject. Disquisitions about Mehemet Ali and his rule—the misery that rule produced, and its failure in effecting its own objects—comparisons of Oriental and European life and character, with hits at the civilized man, fair enough but out of place, as well as numerous discussions, and descriptions of Egyptian scenery and antiquities—occupy some half of the whole. In fact, Mr. St. John only fairly starts from Cairo on his voyage towards the end of his first volume.

An ill-arranged plan is not the sole cause of the deficient interest in much of the work. In the disquisitional part there is a want of solidity in the matter and a dash of flippancy in the style. As long as the subject has weight and interest in itself, it loses nothing by Mr. St. John's treatment; the writer has been too long in the East not to have caught the Oriental manner and form of thought, so that he maintains a dramatic keeping. In the disquisitional passages, especially where the value depends upon the soundness of the judgment and weight of the infused matter, the composition does not rise above the lucubrations of a newspaper's foreign correspondent.

As regards the Fellahs or native rural Egyptians, Mr. St. John's proposition is that they are a better race than travellers represent them. It is true that they are a lazy, lying, pilfering, cheating,

tribe, so far as their stolidity enables them to cheat; but he traces their faults to their rulers, and thinks they would be better in better circumstances—a proposition that might be predicated of many peoples. The oppression under which they groan is, however, of the harshest; for their rulers are not their countrymen, and the contempt of a superior to an inferior race seems to mingle with their treatment, though not consciously. Tyranny in the high produces tyranny in the low, and the bastinado is ever at work. This is a tax-gathering scene:—

This subject of beating is unpleasant, and I will dismiss it at once. The stick governs China, says Montesquieu; the naboot governs Egypt. It is a mistake to suppose that the punishment is always inflicted on the soles of the feet. I believe it is more common to horse the patients in true Eton style. Few men can boast of not having smarted at one or other extremity—if, indeed, impunity be a subject of congratulation. The fellahs are proud of the number of blows they receive, because they generally suffer in a good cause—the refusal to pay excessive taxes. These "village Hampdens" know perfectly well that tranquil payment would only generate increased demands, and they rarely come down with the money until they have been down themselves. It is curious to see the quiet family way in which this important matter is transacted, in the palm-shaded agora of some sequestered hamlet; and how one sufferer, having paid his double quarterly contribution, goes and squats down as well as he is able, to see the same game played over again with another. His countenance, though still wincing with pain, betrays, nevertheless, a consciousness of duty performed; and whilst accepting a pipe from some expectant rate payer, he slyly congratulates himself on having saved the few fuddahs which he had held in reserve under his tongue, in case the torture became too exquisite. Meanwhile the sheikh, burly and fat, with paternal solicitude and main appeals to Allah and his Prophet, exhorts all whom it may concern to think of their latter ends; and having collected at length about the sum required, retires from the scene, hugging himself in the hope that he can keep back a reasonable proportion. But the inevitable naboot again comes into play, and the Nasir avenges the poor fellah in the most satisfactory manner. To this tune the dollars travel gently towards the treasurer, and used of old to arrive about in time to buy Miss Nefeesa a necklace of Orient pearls, or Madame Naslet a service of plate from Storr and Mortimer's—as now to furnish a succession of flimsy palaces, or provide an elegant campanella for the viceregal breed of pigeons.

There are many similar sketches of village life, and Mr. St. John further illustrates the subject by popular tales. These, we think, are among the best parts of the book; for they seem to exhibit in an easy way the incidents, manners and feelings of the people, while the adventures show the current of their ideas when they pass beyond the bounds of their experience; what is best of all, they are amusing. Some of the stories are designed to show the stupidity of the rustic compared with the keenness of a townsman. The tale from which the following extract is taken was told of one Hak Hak, a hunchback, who among other adventures was sent by his adopted mother to Cairo to sell some fowls, but gets robbed of his poultry and his clothes to boot. A Calreen wag hears his story, feeds and clothes him, and gives him a cosmetic to sell to his villagers, which will cause their beards and wits to increase.

Hak Hak thanked his benefactor, and departing

* *Village Life in Egypt, with Sketches of the Said.* By Bayle St. John, Author of "Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family," "Adventures in the Libyan Desert," &c. In two volumes. Published by Chapman and Hall.

with the case returned to his village, where he announced what he had for sale before the whole assembled population. To his surprise they all burst out laughing, and made fun of him. He returned desponding to his adopted mother's house, and the world was black before his face; but presently the sheikh sent privately to buy a small packet; and then the barber; and then the tobacco-seller; and then the coffee-house-keeper;—all in private. In fact, before the evening, the whole of his merchandise was sold; and every man in Kafr Hemmir went to bed with his chin steeped in the cosmetic, each believing that both his beard and his wisdom would have doubled in length next morning.

I wish I could reproduce the pantomime by which the morning scene was described; the snorings, the grunts, the yawns, the impatience for the dawn; for it appears all the patients had been ordered to keep their jaws carefully wrapped up until daylight. At length the wished-for moment arrived.

Then they all up-rose, and hastily taking off cloths, which had nearly stifled them, found that their beards came off likewise! They clapped their hands to their chins, and felt them to be as smooth as their knees; they jogged their wives, and were greeted by screams of laughter; they ran out into the streets, and learned the truth, that the whole population had been rendered beardless by ointment which the Caireen wag had given to Hak Hak. As all were equally unfortunate, all laughed; but they resolved to punish the unlucky hunchback. He was called before the sheikh, where the elders of the village had assembled; and when he saw the circle of smooth faces, could not help giggling.

"He laugheth, because he hath defiled our beards!" exclaimed the conclave. "It is necessary to put him to death. We are all friends here; let us thrust him into a bag, carry him to the river, and throw him in, so that no more may be heard of him."

This idea was unanimously accepted; and Hak Hak, in spite of his struggles, was carried away in a sack, across an ass' back, towards the river. About noon his guards stopped to rest, and, lying down, fell asleep, leaving the hunchback still in his sack. Now it happened, that an old man, bent nearly two-double, came driving by an immense flock of sheep; and seeing these people asleep, and a sack standing up in the middle; was moved by curiosity to draw near it.

Hak Hak had managed to open it a little and to look out with one eye; which observing, the old shepherd marvelled, saying, "A bag with an eye did I never see before."

He demanded, in a low voice, what was the meaning of this. The eye became a mouth, and replied, "I am the unfortunate Hak Hak, whom these people are taking by force to marry the Sultan's daughter."

"What!" said the old man, who had married thirty-three wives in the course of his life; "and dost thou repine at such good fortune?"

"So much, that I would give all I possess to find a substitute."

"Would not I do perfectly well?" quoth the shepherd. "I am not very old; I have two teeth left, and one of my eyes is good enough; but they would not take me in exchange."

"Oh, yes, wallah, they would, if you call yourself Hak Hak; it appeareth that the name is fortunate, and I have been chosen only on this account. Untie the bag, and let me out."

The shepherd, whose hands trembled from age and excitement, liberated Hak Hak, made him a present of his flock, and bade him tie the bag very tightly, lest the change should be discovered. The hunchback did as he was desired, and hastened to retire with his sheep. Meanwhile, the villagers, waking up, threw their prisoner again upon the ass, and, proceeding on their journey, plunged the poor old man into the

river, just as he was dreaming with delight of his first interview with the Sultan's daughter; how he would smile and look pleasant, and how she would bid him be of good cheer.

This was thought a particularly amusing incident. There is little respect for human life in the East, and the hunchback was considered to have done a very clever thing. The great point of the joke was, that just as the poor old shepherd opened his mouth to address his imaginary bride, it was filled with cold water; and the Tantawi represented, with horrible contortions, deemed highly comic, the somewhat tardy disenchantment of the drowning man.

It is not only the Orientals that will be amused with the misfortune of the old shepherd; and the cause seems to be that he has brought it on himself by his egregious vanity, and by being a willing party to a double fraud. True, he is foolish; but in fiction as in real life, weakness under most circumstances excites little sympathy, if it escape being esteemed, according to circumstances, a fault or a crime.

A BALL AT GEORGETOWN.—When the governor and his lady and guests arrived at the ball-room, we were received by the stewards, and marshalled, two and two, through lines of grinning blacks, to the end of the ball-room, where a dais was prepared for their excellencies. The room was crowded, but was very select—no whites but those belonging to the governor's party being admitted. When the governor was seated, a loyal mechanic, the Adonis of the company, dressed in resplendent patent leathers, white waistcoat, and a neckcloth that Brummel might have been proud of, *glisséd* from the end of the room, through a lane that was kept clear for him by the stewards, up to the governor. At first I expected a *pas seul*, but was soon undeceived; for, drawing himself up, and throwing himself, as Monsieur Jabot says, *en position*, his right leg well out, his left hand on his heart, and his right gracefully extended toward the exalted personage he was addressing, he repeated by heart a magniloquent address, full of long words and sentences, untrammelled by any stops, complimenting the governor on his "transparent" intellect, and thanking him and his "amiable consort" for the unwearied patience with which they had listened to his "preliminary address," and concluding by proposing three times three for her gracious majesty, whom God preserve!

After the governor had responded in a gracious speech, we were requested to procure partners for a quadrille. I solicited the hand of Miss Floriana, and was accepted with a graceful courtesy, and "Much pleasure, sar;" and was cheered and supported through the Herculean labors of a dignity quadrille by a "soft black hand" pressing my arm. Miss Floriana's "get up" was equal, if not superior, to any in the room; this I told her, but she was fully convinced of that fact before. Her toilet consisted of a low white muslin dress, with a prodigal display of black charms, white satin shoes, and no stockings; while her head-dress was of pomegranate flowers, stuck thick into a head of such determined woolliness, that a weight of several pounds at the extremity of each hair would have been required to straighten it. When the quadrille was finished, the guests were supplied with a glass of champagne, which, as I was very thirsty, I drank myself, and received a severe wiggling, not more severe, however, than I deserved, from Miss Floriana, in consequence, for drinking it myself instead of offering it to her. After dancing with Miss Penelope and Miss Theresa, "exhausted nature could no more," and I retired from what I felt to be an unequal contest with the black beaux of Georgetown.—Sullivan's Rambles.

From Household Words.

AN OPIUM FACTORY.

At Ghazee-pore, one hot and windy day, I went down to the "opium go-downs" or stores. The atmosphere of a hot and windy day at Ghazee-pore, if it should ever be thought suitable for invalids or others, may be inhaled in England by any one who will stand at the open door of an oven and breathe a fog of fried sand cunningly blown therefrom. After a two miles' drive through heat, and wind, and sand, and odoriferous bazar, we—I and two friends—found our way to a practicable breach or gateway in a high railing by which the storehouse is surrounded. A faint scent as of decaying vegetable matter assailed our noses as we entered the court of the go-down; as for the go-down itself, it was a group of long buildings fashioned in the common Indian style, Venetian-doored, and having a great deal more door than wall. In and out and about these doors there was a movement of scantily clad coolies (porters) bearing on their heads large earthen vessels; these vessels, carefully sealed, contained opium fresh out of the poppy district. Poppy-headed—I mean red-turbaned—accountants bustled about, while Burkunday (or policemen) whose brains appeared to be as full of drowsiness as any jar in the go-down, were lazily lounging about, with their swords beside them, or else fastened in sleep beside their swords.

The doorway was shown to us through which we should get at the "Sahib," or officer on duty. Entering the doorway, we pushed through a crowd of natives into an atmosphere drugged powerfully with the scent of opium. The members of the crowd were all carrying tin vessels; each vessel was half full of opium, in the form of a black, sticky dough, and contained also a ticket showing the name of the grower, a specimen of whose opium was therein presented, with the names of the village and district in which it was grown.

The can-bearers, eager as cannibals, all crowded around a desk, at which their victim, a gentleman on duty, sat. Cans were flowing in from all sides. On the right hand of the Sahib stood a native Mephistopheles, with sleeves tucked up, who darted his hand into the middle of each can as it came near, pawed the contents with a mysterious rapidity, extracted a bit of the black dough, carried it briskly to his nose, and instantly pronounced in English a number which the Sahib, who has faith in his familiar, inscribed at once in red ink on the ticket. As I approached, Mephistopheles was good enough to hold a dainty morsel to my nose, and call upon me to express the satisfaction of a gourmand. It was a lump of the finest, I was told. So readily can this native tell by the feel of opium whether foreign substance has been added, and so readily can he distinguish by the smell its quality, that this test by Mephistopheles is rarely found to differ much in its result from the more elaborate test presently to be described. The European official, who was working with the thermometer at a hundred, would be unable to remain longer than four hours at his desk; at the end of that time another would come to release him, and assume his place.

Out of each can, when it was presented for the first rough test, a small portion of the dough was taken, to be carried off into another room. Into this room we were introduced, and found the thermometer working its way up from a hundred and ten degrees to a hundred and twenty. On our left,

as we entered, was a table, whereat about half-a-dozen natives sat, weighing out, in measured portions of one hundred grains, the specimen that had been just sent to him out of the chamber of cans. Each portion of a hundred grains was placed, as it was weighed, upon a small plate by itself, with its own proper ticket by its side. The plates were in the next place carried to another part of the chamber, fitted up with the steam baths—not unlike tables in appearance—and about these baths or tables boys were sitting, who, with spatulas, industriously spread the opium over each plate, as though the plate were bread, and the opium upon it were a piece of butter. This being done over the steam-bath, caused the water to depart out of the drug, and left upon the plate a dry powder, which, being weighed, and found to be about twenty-three grains lighter by the loss of moisture, is called standard opium. If the hundred grains after evaporation leave a residue of more than seventy-seven, the manufacturer is paid a higher price for his more valuable sample; if the water be found in excess, the price paid for the opium-dough is, of course, lower than the standard. I thought it a quaint sight when I watched the chattering young chemists naked to the waist, at work over their heated tables, grinding vigorously with their blunt knife-blades over what appeared to be a very dirty set of cheese-plates. But the heat of this room was so great that we felt in our own bodies what was taking place about us, and before there had been time for the reduction of each hundred grains of our own flesh to the standard seventy-seven, we beat a retreat from the chamber of evaporations.

With the curiosity of Bluebeard's wives we proceeded to inspect the mysteries of the next chamber. It was full of vats, and in the vats was opium, and over the vats were ropes depending from the ceiling, and depending from the ropes were naked men—natives—themselves somewhat opium-colored, kicking and stamping lustily within the vats upon the opium; each vat was in fact a mortar, and each man a living pestle, and in this room a quantity of opium—worth more lacs of rupees than I have ever had between my fingers—was being mixed and kneaded by the legs of men, preparatory to being made up into pills. From the chamber of pestles, with curiosity unsated, we went forward to peep into the chamber of the pills.

A rush of imps, in the tight brown dresses furnished to them gratuitously by their mother Nature, each imp carrying a bolus in his hand of about the size of a forty-two pound shot, encountered us, and almost laid us prostrate as we entered. This—the fourth—chamber was a long and narrow room, quite full of busy natives, every tongue industriously talking, and every finger nimble over work. Around the walls of this room there are low stools placed at even distances, and upon each stool a workman rather squats than sits, having before him a brass cup, of which the interior would fit one half of a bolus. Before each man upon a stool there stands a man without a stool, and a boy with a saucer. The man without a stool has by his side a number of dried poppy leaves, of which he takes a few, and having moistened them in a dark gummy liquid, which is simply composed of the washings of the various vessels used in the establishment, he hands the moistened poppy leaves to the man upon the stool who sits before the cup. The man upon the stool, who has

been rubbing the same liquid gum with his fingers over the inner surface of the cup—as housekeepers, I suppose, butter their jelly moulds—proceeds to fit in two or three leaves; then, with his fingers, spreads over them more gum; then adds a few leaves more, and fits them neatly with his closed hand round the bottom of the cup, until he has made a good lining to it. His companion without the stool has, in the mean time, brought to his hand a fixed quantity of opium, a mass weighing two pounds, and this the genius of the stool puts into the cup; leaves are then added to the top of it, and by a series of those dexterous and inscrutably rapid twists of the hand with which all cunning workmen are familiar, he rapidly twists out of his cup a ball of opium, within a yellowish brown coat of leaves, resembling, as I have already said, a forty-two pound shot. He shoots it suddenly into the earthen saucer held out by the boy, and instantly the boy takes to his heels and scampers off with his big pill of opium, which is to be taken into the yard and there exposed to the air until it shall have dried. These pills are called cakes, but they belong, evidently, to the class of unwholesome confectionary. A workman of average dexterity makes seventy such cakes in a day. During the manufacturing season, this factory turns out daily from six thousand five hundred to seven thousand cakes; the number of cakes made in the same factory in one season being altogether about twenty-seven thousand. A large proportion of these cakes are made for the Chinese, but they do not all agree with the Chinese digestion. The manufacture of the opium is not hurtful to the health of those who are engaged upon the factory.

The key of the fifth chamber being in our power, we continued steadfast in our enterprise, and boldly looked into the chemical test-room of a small laboratory, of which the genius appeared before us suddenly with a benign expression on his countenance, and offered chairs. His clothes are greatly splashed, and he is busy among the opium tins, of which the contents have been pronounced suspicious by the Mephistopheles in the first chamber. From the contents of one of these cans an assistant takes a portion, and having made with it a solution in a test tube, hands it to the chemist. The chemist, from bottles in which potent and mysterious spirits are locked up, selecting one, bids it, by the mysterious name of iodine, depart into the solution and declare whether he finds starch to be there. The iodine spirit does its bidding, goes among the opium, and promptly there flashes through the glass a change of color, the appointed signal, by which the magic spirit of the bottle telegraphs to the benign genius of the laboratory, that "The grower who sent this opium fraudulently added flour to it, in order to increase its weight." The fraud having been exposed, the adulterated drug has a little red ink mark made upon its ticket. The consequence of that mark will be confiscation, and great disappointment to the dealer who attempted a dishonest increase of his gain.

We have nothing more to see, but we have something more to hear, and the very kind chemist will be our informant. There are two opium agencies, one at Patna and one at Ghazepore. I know nothing whatever about Patna. For the Ghazepore Agency, the opium is grown in a district lying between its head quarters, Ghazepore, and Agra. Its cultivation gives employment to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand la-

borers. The final preparation of the ground takes place in the months of October and November. Under the most favorable circumstances of soil and season, twenty-four or twenty-six pounds' weight of standard opium is got from one biggah of land; one biggah being a little more than three-fifths of an acre. Under unfavorable circumstances, the yield may be as little as six or eight pounds to the biggah, the average produce being from twelve pounds to sixteen.

To obtain the opium, as is well known, the capsule of the poppy is scored or cut; the scoring is effected with a peculiar tool that makes three or four (vertical and parallel) wounds at a single stroke. This wounding of the hearts of the poppies is commonly the work of women. The wounds having been made, the quantity of juice exuding seems to depend very much upon conditions of the atmosphere. Dews increase the flow, but while they make it more abundant, they cause it also to be darker and more liquid. East winds lessen the exudation. A moderate westerly wind, with dews at night, is the condition most favorable to the opium harvest, both as regards quantity and quality of produce.

The average per centage of morphia in this opium is from one and three quarters to three and a half; of narcotine, from three quarters to three and a half. These are the valuable principles of the drug. In some opium, the per centage of morphia runs up to ten and three quarters per cent. of morphia, and six per cent. of narcotine.

The income drawn from its opium by the East India Company amounts to some two and a half crores of rupees—two and a half millions of pounds sterling.

ABIDE IN ME AND I IN YOU.

THE SOUL'S ANSWER.

THAT mystic word of thine, oh, Sovereign Lord!
Is all too pure, too high, too deep for me;
Weary of striving, and with longing faint,
I breathe it back again in prayer to thee.

Abide in me, I pray, and I in Thee,
From this good hour, O leave me never more;
Then shall the discord cease, the wound be healed,
The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er.

Abide in me—o'ershadow by thy love
Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin;
Quench, ere it rise, each selfish low desire,
And keep my soul as thine calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own—
So, when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs that hand divine;
Dwell thou within it, tune and touch the chords,
Till every note and string shall answer thine.

Abide in me; there have been moments pure,
When I have seen thy face and felt thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp, and, passion hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare;
Abide in me—and they shall ever be;
I pray thee now fulfil my earnest prayer,
Come and abide in me, and I in Thee.

From Chambers' Journal.

PRESERVED MEATS AND MEAT-BISCUITS.

THE many-headed public look out for "nine days' wonders," and speedily allow one wonder to obliterate the remembrance of that which preceded it. So it is with all newspaper topics, and so it has been in respect to the preserved-meat question. We all know how great was the excitement at the commencement of the present year on this matter. Ships' accounts overhauled; arctic stores reëxamined; canisters opened and rejected; contracts inquired into; statements and counter-statements published; questionings of Admiralty officials in the two Houses of Parliament; reports published by committees; recommendations offered for future guidance; descriptions of the preserving processes at different establishments; all went the round of the newspapers, and then the topic was forgotten. It deserves to be held in remembrance, however, for the subject-matter is really important and valuable, in respect not only to the stores for shipping, but to the provisioning of large or small bodies of men under various exceptional circumstances.

A few of the simple laws of organic chemistry suffice to account for the speedy decay of dead animal substances, and for the methods whereby this decay is retarded or prevented. In organized substances, the chemical atoms combine in a very complex but unstable way; several such atoms group together to form a proximate principle, such as gluten, albumen, fibrin, &c.; and several of these combine to form a complete organic substance. The chemical rank-and-file, so to speak, form a battalion, and two or more battalions form the chemical army. But it is a law in chemistry, that the more complex a substance becomes, the less stable is its constitution, or the sooner is it affected by disturbing influences. Hence organic substances are more readily decomposed than inorganic. How striking, for instance, are the changes easily wrought in a few grains of barley! They contain a kind of starch or fecula; this starch, in the process of malting, becomes converted into a kind of sugar; and from this malt-sugar, or transformed starch, may be obtained ale or beer, gin or whiskey, and vinegar, by various processes of fermenting and distilling. The complex substance breaks up through very slight causes, and the simple elements readjust themselves into new groupings. The same occurs in animal as in vegetable substances, but still more rapidly, as the former are more intricate in composition than the latter, and are held together by a weaker tie.

What the "vital principle" may be, neither chemists nor physiologists can tell us with any great degree of clearness; but it is this vital principle, whatever it may be, which prevents decay in a living, organic substance, however complex. When life departs, the on-slaught begins; the defender has been removed, and a number of assailants make their appearance. *Air, heat, and moisture* are the principal of these; they attack the dead organism, and gradually convert it into wholly different and inorganic compounds, such as water, carbonic acid, ammonia, phosphuretted hydrogen, and many others. What, then, would result if these disturbers could be warded off, one or all? It is now pretty well ascertained, that if any one of the three—air, heat, moisture—be absent, the decay is either greatly retarded or

indefinitely postponed; and we shall find that in all antiseptic or preserving processes, the fundamental principle has simply such an object in view.

Sometimes the operation of natural causes leads to the preservation of dead animal substances for a great length of time, by excluding one out of the above three disturbing influences. If heat be so deficient that the animal juices become wholly frozen up, the substance is almost proof against decay. Thus, about seventy years ago, a huge animal was found imbedded in the ice in Siberia; from a comparison of its skeleton with those of existing species, Cuvier inferred that this animal must have been antediluvian; and yet, so completely had the cold prevented putrefaction, that dogs willingly ate of the still existing flesh. At St. Petersburg, when winter is approaching, the fish in the markets become almost like blocks of ice, so completely are they frozen; and in this state they will remain sound for a lengthened period. Dead poultry, and other articles of animal food, are similarly kept fresh throughout the winter in many rigorous climates, simply by the powerlessness of the attacking agents, when heat is not one of the number. And that which nature effects on a large scale, may reasonably be imitated by man on a more limited one. It is customary to pack many kinds of provisions in ice or snow, either for keeping them in store-houses or for sending them to market. Thus it is with the tubs of poultry, of veal, and of other kinds of meat, which, killed in the country districts of Russia in autumn, are packed in snow to keep cool till sold at market; and thus it is with much of the salmon sent from Scotland to London. Since the supply of excellent ice from Wenham Lake, commenced about nineteen years ago, has become so abundant and so cheap, it is worth a thought whether the preservative powers of cold might not advantageously be made more available in this country than they have yet been. In the United States, housewives use very convenient refrigerators or ice-boxes, provided with perforated shelves, under which ice is set, and upon which various provisions are placed; a large uncooked joint of meat is sometimes kept in one of these boxes for weeks. Among the celebrities of the Crystal Palace, many will recollect Masters' elegant ice-making machine, in which, by combining chemical action with centrifugal motion, ice can be made in a few minutes, let the heat of the weather be what it may. This machine, and the portable refrigerators manufactured by the Wenham Company, together with our familiar, old-fashioned ice-houses, might supply us with much more preservative power, in respect to articles of food, than we have hitherto practically adopted.

If, instead of watching the effects produced by abstraction of *heat*, we direct attention to the abstraction of *moisture*, we shall find that antiseptic or preservative results are easily obtainable. All kinds of bacon and smoked meats belong to the class here indicated. The watery particles are nearly or quite driven out from the meat, and thus one of the three decomposing agents is rendered of no effect. In some cases, the drying is not sufficient to produce the result, without the aid of the remarkable antiseptic properties of salt; because decomposition may commence before the moisture is quite expelled. In many parts of the country, hams are hung within a wide-spreading chimney, over or near a turf-fire, and where a free

current of air, as well as a warm temperature, may act upon them; but the juices become dissipated by this rude process. Simple drying, without the addition of salt or any condiment, is perhaps more effectual with vegetable than with animal substances.

But it is under the third point of view that the preservative process is more important and interesting, inasmuch as it admits of a far more extensive application. We speak of the abstraction of *air*. Atmospheric air affects dead organic matter chiefly through the agency of the oxygen which forms one of its constituents: and it is principally to insure the expulsion of oxygen that air is excluded. The examples which illustrate the resulting effects are numerous and varied. Eggs have been varnished so as to exclude air, and have retained the vital principle in the chick for years; and it is a familiar domestic practice, to butter the outside of eggs as a means of keeping them. The canisters of preserved provisions, however, are the most direct and valuable result of the antiseptic action by exclusion of air. The Exhibition Jury on Class 3, in their report on this subject, speak thus warmly thereupon:—"It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of these preparations. The invention of the process by which animal and vegetable food is preserved in a fresh and sweet state for an indefinite period, has only been applied practically during the last twenty-five years, and is intimately connected with the annals of arctic discovery. The active measures taken to discover a north-west passage, and to prosecute scientific research, in all but inaccessible regions, first created a demand for this sort of food; and the Admiralty stimulated the manufacturers to great perfection in the art. As soon as the value of these preparations in cold climates became generally admitted, their use was extended to hot ones, and for the sick on board ship under all circumstances. Hitherto they had been employed only as a substitute for salt beef or pork at sea, and if eaten on shore, it was at first as a curiosity merely. Their utility in hot climates, however, speedily became evident; especially in India, where European families are scattered, and where, consequently, on the slaughter of a large animal, more is wasted than can be consumed by a family of the ordinary number."

Whatever improvements may have been introduced by later manufacturers, the principle involved in the meat-preserving processes is nearly as M. Appert established it forty years ago. His plan consisted in removing the bones from the meat; boiling it to nearly as great a degree as if intended for immediate consumption; putting it into jars; filling up the jars completely with a broth or jelly prepared from portions of the same meat; corking the jars closely; incasing the corks with a luting formed of quicksilver and cheese; placing the corked jars in a boiler of cold water; boiling the water and its contents for an hour; and then allowing the cooling process to supervene very gradually.

Until the recent disclosures concerning the preserved meats in the government depots, the extent of the manufacture, or rather preparation, was very little known to the general public. In the last week of 1851, an examination, consequent on certain suspicions which had been entertained, was commenced at the victualling establishment at Gosport. The canisters—for since Appert's time stone jars have been generally superseded by

tin canisters—contain on an average about ten pounds each; and out of six hundred and forty-three of these which were opened on the first day's examination, no fewer than five hundred and seventy-three were condemned as being utterly unfit for food. On the next day, seven hundred and thirty-four were condemned out of seven hundred and seventy-nine; and by the fourth day, the number examined had risen to two thousand seven hundred and seven, of which only one hundred and ninety-seven were deemed fit for food. Such wretched offal had been packed in the canisters, instead of good meat, that the stench arising from the decomposing mass was most revolting; the examiners were compelled to use Sir William Burnett's disinfecting fluid abundantly, and even to suspend their labors for two or three days, under fear of infection. The canisters formed part of a supply sent in by a contractor in November, 1850, under a warrant that the contents would remain good for five years; the filling of the canisters was understood to have been effected at Galatz, in Moldavia, but the contractor was in England. The supply amounted to six thousand canisters, all of which had to be examined, and out of which only a few hundred were found to contain substances fit for food. Instead of good meat, or in addition to a small quantity of good meat, the examiners found lung, liver, heart, tongue, kidney tendon, ligament, palate, fat, tallow, coagulated blood, and even a piece of leather—all in a state of such loathsome putridity as to render the office of the examiners a terrible one.

Of course nothing can be predicated from such atrocities as these against the wholesomeness of preserved food; they prove only the necessity of caution in making the government contracts, and in accepting the supplies. The Admiralty showed, during subsequent discussions, that large supplies had been received from various quarters for several years, for use on ship-board in long voyages and on arctic expeditions; that these had turned out well; and that the contractor who was disgraced in the present instance, was among those who had before fulfilled his contracts properly. Fortunately, there is no evidence that serious evil had resulted from the supply of the canisters to ships; the discovery was made in time to serve as a useful lesson in future to government officials and to unprincipled contractors.

The jury report before adverted to, points out how cheap and economical these preserved meats really are, from the circumstance, that all that is eatable is so well brought into use. It is affirmed by the manufacturers, that meat in this form supplies troops and ships with a cheaper animal diet than salt provisions, by avoiding the expense of casks, leakage, brine, bone, shrinkage, stowage, &c., which are all heavy items, and entail great waste and expenditure; and by a canister of the former being so much smaller than a cask of the latter, in the event of one bad piece of meat tainting the whole contents. The contents of all the cases, when opened, are found to have lost much of the freshness in taste and flavor peculiar to newly-killed meat; they are always soft, and eat as if overdone. As a matter of choice, therefore, few or no persons would prefer meat in this state to the ordinary unpacked and recently-cooked state. But the important fact to bear in mind is, that the nutritious principles are preserved; as nutriment, they are unexceptionable, and they are often pleasantly seasoned and flavored.

In the ordinary processes of preparation, as carried on in London and other places, the tin canisters have a minute hole, through which the air may be expelled, while the meat is simmering or boiling within; and in the case of poultry being preserved whole, extra precautions are necessary, to insure the expulsion of the air from the hollow bones of the birds. Soups are more easily prepared than solid meat, on account of the greater facility for getting rid of the confined air. The minute air-hole in the canister is soldered down when the process is completed.

M. Alexis Soyer, who has a notoriety in London as the prince of cooks, and a very ingenious man—a sort of Paxton of the kitchen—wrote to the daily journals, about the time of the disclosure at Gosport, to offer a few suggestions. He said: “No canister ought to contain more than about six pounds of meat, the same to be very slightly seasoned with bay-salt, pepper, and aromatic herbs in powder, such as bay-thyme and bay-leaf, a small quantity of which would not be objectionable even for invalids. No jelly should be added to the meat; the meat, and the meat alone, should produce its own jelly. With the bones and trimmings of the above, a good stock should be made without vegetables, well reduced and skimmed, to form a very strong transparent demi-glaze; six-pound canisters should be filled with the same, bearing a special mark, and one of these allowed to every dozen of the others. This demi-glaze, when diluted in water, would make six gallons of very good broth, with which any kind of soup could be made in a very short time.” He also points out how the condition of the preserved meat may be guessed by the external appearance of the canister. If either the top or bottom of the canister be convex, like the upper surface of a watch-glass, the contents are in a state of decomposition; the bulging being occasioned by the gases generated during the chemical changes. If the contents of the canister be sound, the top and bottom will be either quite flat, or slightly concave.

The Jury on Food, at the Great Exhibition, had quite an *embarras des richesses*; they were surrounded by hundreds of canisters of preserved provisions, all of which they were invited to open and taste. They say, or their reporter says, that the merits of the contributions “were tested by a selection from each; the cases were opened in the presence of the jury, and tasted by themselves, and, where advisable, by associates. The majority are of English manufacture, especially the more substantial viands; France and Germany exhibiting chiefly made-dishes, game, and delicacies—of meat, fish, soups, and vegetables.” It is an important fact for our colonies, that viands of this description are as well prepared in Australia, Van Dieman's Land, Canada, and the Cape of Good Hope, as in the mother-country. “Animal food is most abundant and cheap in some of those colonies. In Australia, especially, during seasons of drought, it is wasted in extraordinary quantities; flocks are slaughtered for the tallow alone, and herds, for their bones and hides. Were the meat on these occasions preserved, it cannot be doubted that it could be imported into England, and sold at a cheaper rate than fresh meat in our metropolitan markets, to the great benefit of the lower classes.” This is a statement well worth being borne in mind by some of those who are at present daimled with gold-digging wonders.

In respect to the preserved meats at the Great

Exhibition, many are merely cured or dried meats. From Canada, for instance, they comprised hams, bacon, tongues, and barrels of beef and pork. Among the miscellaneous contributions were grated beef, canisters of fresh salmon, “admirable boiled mutton in tin cases,” dried mullets, “*mouton rôti*,” fish, meats preserved in a fresh state by simple drying—on a plan practised in Switzerland—and preserved larks. Not the least remarkable was a preserved pig, which reclined in all its glory on the floor of the south-west gallery, and was a successful example of curing on a large scale. Still more striking than this, was the large partridge-pie, placed somewhat out of general notice in the “Netherlands” department; a formidable pie it truly was, for it contained 250 partridges, with truffles, and weighed 150 pounds; it had been made a year before it was forwarded to London. But among the contributions more immediately relating to our present subject, may be mentioned those of Mr. Gamble, which comprised, among others, a canister of preserved boiled mutton, which had been prepared for the arctic expedition in 1824; many such canisters were landed at Fury Beach in Prince Regent's Inlet; they were found by Sir John Ross at that spot in 1833, in a perfect state, and again by Sir James Ross in 1849, the meat being as sweet and wholesome as when prepared a quarter of a century before.

The range of these preserving processes is singularly wide and varied. If we take the trade-list of one of the manufacturers, such as that of Messrs. Hogarth of Aberdeen, and glance through it, we shall find ample evidence of this. There are nearly twenty kinds of soups selling at about 2s. per quart-canister. There is a concentrated essence of beef, much more expensive, because containing the nutriment of so much more meat; and there are, for invalids, concentrated broths of intermediate price. There are about a dozen kinds of fish, some fresh and some dried. There are various kinds of poultry, roast and boiled; hare, roast and jugged; and venison, hashed and minced. There are beef, veal, and mutton, all dressed in various ways, and some having the requisite vegetables canistered with them, at prices varying from 10d. to 15d. per pound. There are tongues, hams, bacon, kidneys, tripe, and marrow; and there are cream, milk, and marmalade. Lastly, there are such vegetables as peas, beans, carrots, turnips, cabbage, and beet, at 6d. to 1s. per pound-canister. The canisters for all these various provisions contain from one pound to six pounds each. It was Messrs. Hogarth, we believe, who supplied the preserved meats and vegetables to the arctic ships under Sir E. Belcher, which sailed in the spring of 1852.

M. Brocchière, a French manufacturer, has lately extended these economical processes so far, as to attempt to produce concentrated food from the blood of cattle. He dries up the liquid or serous portions of the blood, and forms into a cake, with admixture of other substances, the coagulable portion, which contains fibrin, the source of flesh and muscle. Unless a more deliberate name could be given to this preparation, prejudice would have some influence in depriving it of the chance of fair play. The dry blood is in some cases combined with a small portion of flour, and made into light dry masses, like loaves or cakes, to be used as the basis of soups; while in other cases it is combined with sugar, to make sweet biscuits and bon-bons. Another kind of preserved animal fluid is the *osmazome*, prepared by Messrs. Warriner and

Soyer. This consists of the nutritious matter or juice of meat, set free during the operation of boiling down fat for tallow in Australia; it is afterwards concentrated, and preserved in the form of sausages. A great amount of nutriment is thus obtained in a portable form; when boiled with gelatine, it forms a palatable diet, and it is also used to form a gravy for meat.

Masson's method of preserving vegetables seems to be very effective, as applied to white and red cabbages, turnips, Brussels sprouts, and such like. The process, as conducted in France, is very simple. The vegetables are dried at a certain temperature (104 to 118 degrees Fahrenheit), sufficient to expel the moisture without imparting a burnt taste; and in this operation they lose nearly seven-eighths of their original weight. The vegetables are then pressed forcibly into the form of cakes, and kept in tinfoil till required for use. These vegetables require, when about to be eaten, rather more boiling than those in the ordinary state. Some of the French ships of war are supplied with them, much to the satisfaction of the crews. Dr. Lindley has stated, on the authority of a distinguished officer in the antarctic expedition under Sir James Ross, that although all the preserved meats used on that occasion were excellent, and there was not the slightest ground for any complaint of their quality, the crew became tired of the meat, but never of the vegetables. "This should show us," says Dr. Lindley, "that it is not sufficient to supply ships' crews with preserved meats, but that they should be supplied with vegetables also, the means of doing which is now afforded." Generally speaking, the flavor of preserved vegetables, whether prepared on Masson's or any other process, is fresher than that of the meats—especially in the case of those which abound in the saccharine principle, as beet, carrot, turnips, &c. The more farinaceous vegetables, such as green peas, do not preserve so well.

One of the most remarkable and perhaps valuable recent introductions, in respect to preserved food, is the American *meat-biscuit*, prepared by Mr. Borden. A *biscuit-beef* is prepared by a Frenchman, M. Du Liscoet, resembling an ordinary coarse ship-biscuit; but this is said to have "an animal, salt, and not very agreeable taste." The American meat-biscuit, however, is prepared in a way which renders its qualities easily intelligible. It contains in a concentrated form all the nutriment of meat, combined with flour. The best wheaten flour is employed, with the nutriment of the best beef, and the result is presented for use as food in the form of a dry, inodorous, flat, brittle cake, which will keep when dry for an unlimited period. When required for use, it is dissolved in hot water, boiled, and seasoned at pleasure, forming a soup about the consistence of sago. One pound of the biscuit contains the nutritive matter—fat excepted—of five pounds of prime beef, mixed with half a pound of wheaten flour. One ounce of the biscuit, grated and boiled in a pint of water, suffices to form the soup. It can also be used in puddings and sauces. The manufacture of the meat-biscuit is located at Galveston, in Texas, which abounds in excellent cattle at a very low price. It is said that the meat-biscuit is not liable to heating or moulding, like corn and flour, nor subject to be attacked by insects. The meat-biscuit was largely used by the United States'

army during the Mexican campaign; the nutriment of 500 pounds of beef, with 70 pounds of flour, was packed in a twenty-two-gallon cask.

Dr. Lindley, as one of the jurors for the Great Exhibition, and as a lecturer on the subject at the Society of Arts, commends the meat-biscuit in the very highest terms. "I think I am justified in looking upon it," he says, "as one of the most important substances which this Exhibition has brought to our knowledge. When we consider that by this method, in such places as Buenos Ayres, animals, which are there of little or no value, instead of being destroyed, as they often are, for their bones, may be boiled down and mixed with the flour which all such countries produce, and so converted into a substance of such durability that it may be preserved with the greatest ease, and sent to distant countries; it seems as if a new means of subsistence was actually offered to us. Take the Argentine Republic, take Australia, and consider what they do with their meat there in times of drought, when they cannot get rid of it while it is fresh; they may boil it down, and mix the essence with flour—and we know they have the finest in the world—and so prepare a substance that can be preserved for times when food is not so plentiful, or sent to countries where it is always more difficult to procure food. Is not this a very great gain?" A pertinent question, which intelligent emigrants would do well to bear in mind.

GAME BEEF AND AN INDIAN'S APPETITE.—The flesh of a fat buffalo-cow is perhaps the best beef that can be eaten; wholly free from the rank flavor which marks the fat of the male; it is at once juicy, tender, nutritious, and very digestible; added to which it has a *game* flavor which renders it far superior to the very best beef of the States. It may, in fact, be not improperly denominated "*game beef*."

This was the first time that any of my men had partaken of that famous dish, the "*Assump*," and the quantity disposed of was the best proof of the intense relish with which it was enjoyed. This and the tongue, tender-loin, bass and marrow-bones, are considered the choice parts of the carcass, and, where animals are plenty, no other parts are taken, the residue being left on the ground for the wolves. Some idea may be formed of the great digestibility of this species of food, as well as of the enormous quantities devoured at a single meal, from the fact that the regular daily allowance or ration for one employed in the Fur Company's service, is eight pounds, the whole of which is often consumed. It is true, however, that an old mountaineer seldom eats anything else. If he can get a cup of strong coffee, with plenty of sugar, and as much buffalo-meat as he can devour, he is perfectly happy and content, never feeling the want either of bread or vegetables.

[Subsequently meeting with an Indian encampment of Sioux] the whole band halted about ten o'clock on the bank of the river, but several of the old men and the chief of the village continued with us until our noon halt. I invited the latter to lunch with us, which he did to his entire satisfaction, devouring as much meat as the whole mess beside; and I afterwards espied him seated at one of the messes of the men, as earnestly engaged in laying in an additional supply as if he had not eaten for a week. The Indian, in fact, from his wandering habits and uncertain mode of existence, acquires the faculty of laying in, when opportunity offers itself, a store of food against the fast that may follow, thus approximating the instincts of other wild denizens of the forest.—Capt. Stansbury's Expedition.

From the Spectator.

BURKE'S ROMANCE OF THE FORUM.*

THE interest attached to remarkable trials is universally admitted, and as universally ascribed to the exhibition of human nature under violent passion, the mystery which often envelops crime, the curious circumstances which conduce to its detection, and that remoteness from the common-places of every-day life which is called romance. This opinion is quite true; but there is a further source of interest, at least to the inquiring student, in the exact reflection of manners and opinions which legal trials display. Correspondence and literature do not bring out the character, temper, and behavior of men, like the speeches and examinations of counsel, or the charge of a judge; for in a book it is very often a writer's business entirely to sink his personality; and letters are rarely written on the spur of the moment or without caution, and some endeavor on the writer's part to look his best. Pictures of contemporary life, however excellent they may be as works of art, must follow the rules of art; there is omission, selection, combination, and the inevitable coloring of the writer's mind, with probably some little exaggeration for effect. In the statements of witnesses there may possibly be falsehood as to the particular fact at issue; but in all that concerns manners, customs, and the characteristics, so to speak, of the day, we may be sure there is the truth and nothing but the truth. No advocate would spare a witness who failed in particulars so open to common apprehension, and so likely to damage credibility. The student or embryo "historical novelist" should address himself before all other records to the reported trials of an age whose manners and the spirit of whose daily life he wishes to learn.

There is information of this kind to be found in Mr. Burke's book; but not so much as there might have been, because he does not appear to have proceeded on any regular system or with any distinct object in view. *The Romance of the Forum* is a mere title, not indicative of the contents of the volumes. The most valuable trials, or parts of trials, have nothing of romance about them, though they may exhibit human nature in extremes of wickedness or gullibility. That which approaches the closest to romance is utterly worthless; possibly sheer invention altogether, or so enlarged by some romancer as to be without any traits of truth beyond the simple fact. Mr. Burke begins with a tale called "Dun, the Robber," a freebooter of the reign of Henry the First, who is alleged to have given its name to Dunstable; but the whole narrative bears obvious traces of Grub Street work, and in point of writing is on a par with the most vulgar sixpenny tales of Dick Turpin, &c. This is followed by "A Crusader's Murder,"—the pith of which is, that a knight of the reign of Richard the First was assassinated soon after quitting his betrothed to return home, by an emissary of the Old Man of the Mountain; and this is worse than even Dunstable Dun, for it is told in the maudlin manner of a tale for the *Annals*. After the Crusader, the reader is treated to the

veritable story of the Dog of Montargis, which was caninely exhibited some five and thirty or forty years ago on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre. To the Dog succeeds the case of Don Carlos, son of Philip the Second, and that of Alexis, son of Peter the Great—both melancholy instances of royal misfortune and royal guilt, but too well known for a book like Mr. Burke's, even had they been treated more philosophically. A variety of miscellaneous trials follow, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and though these are often on subjects not very extraordinary, they have the interest we formerly spoke of. They exhibit character and manners, occasionally singular crime; or they treat in detail of events to which some interest is attached from being generally known in their results, though not in their particulars.

Of these last is the trial of Richard Savage for the murder of Sinclair; and well might Savage seem, as Johnson describes him whenever he glanced at the subject after his pardon, to consider himself as a man "not wholly free from the guilt of blood;" for a more wanton and reckless slaughter can scarcely be imagined. In the trial as reported by Mr. Burke, Judge Page does not appear to have "treated Mr. Savage with his usual insolence and severity." On the contrary, his summing-up was sound and temperate; so that it is very probable this exasperating passage, preserved by Johnson from the relation of his friend, was either invented or highly colored—

Gentlemen of the jury, you are to consider that Mr. Savage is a very great man, a much greater man than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he wears very fine clothes, much finer clothes than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; that he has abundance of money in his pocket, much more money than you or I, gentlemen of the jury; but, gentlemen of the jury, is it not a very hard case, gentlemen of the jury, that Mr. Savage should therefore kill you or me, gentlemen of the jury?

Another trial which caused much excitement at the time, and which has still some traditional interest, is that of Eliza Fenning, for attempting to poison the family of her master, Mr. Turner, a law-stationer in Chancery Lane. A careful examination of the evidence seems to confirm the correctness of the verdict; and in this instance to shield Black Jack—Sylvester the Recorder—from the odium attached to him of sacrificing innocence. The point of accidental poisoning put by Mr. Burke is undoubtedly possible; but the conduct of the accused, as deposed to by several unconnected witnesses, does not tally with that supposition. What effect the defence of accident might have had, if urged by counsel on men charged with the responsibility of life and death, cannot be known; but as a critical opinion the verdict of guilty seems the proper one on a balance of the testimony.

One of the most singular cases is that of Coke, a barrister, and Woodburne, a Suffolk laborer in his employ, who were indicted, in 1722, under the Coventry Act, for maiming, &c., Mr. Crispe, Coke's brother-in-law. The object in view was Crispe's death, as he had made a will in Coke's favor; but, after being left for dead in the churchyard at Bury St. Edmunds, the victim rallied and recovered. The crime was perpetrated under circumstances of great treachery, Coke having entertained Crispe at supper, and volunteered to see him home; but the

* *The Romance of the Forum; or Narratives, Scenes, and Anecdotes from Courts of Justice.* By Peter Burke, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law; Author of "Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy." In two volumes. Published by Colburn and Co.

trial is chiefly remarkable for its traits of character. This is the style of criminal forensic oratory a hundred and thirty years ago.

Sergeant Selby—"May it please your lordship, and you, gentlemen of the jury, I am counsel, *pro hac vice*, for the king against the prisoners at the bar, who stand indicted upon the statute of the 22d of King Charles, the one for maliciously maiming and disfiguring of Edward Crispe, the other for abetting that fact, which by that act is made one and the same offence. I said, gentlemen, I was counsel for the king; for that his majesty, as the father of his people, and for their safety, out of his natural goodness hath been graciously pleased particularly to regard this prosecution for so horrid and bloody an assassination. And though, gentlemen, it is difficult to stand in this place without the greatest tenderness to our fellow-creatures, yet these who have divested themselves of all humanity now cease to be such; it is even cruelty to the king's people not to stand up against them, so far as is consistent with law and justice. Their prosecution is become the common concern of mankind; for so long as these prisoners have a being here, the life of every man is precarious, and but at the will of so infernal a contriver as the one and so hellish an executioner as the other."

It is common in romances to represent villains as either melodramatic rascals or great brutes. In real life they are often men of mild or plausible manners, sometimes with a touch of sanctimony or moral sentiment. Rush and Tawel were men of this stamp. Mr. Coke had something of moral philosophy in his discourse: he had tampered with another man before engaging Woodburne, who deposed as follows.

Sergeant Selby—Call John Carter. (Who appeared and was sworn.) What trade are you of?

Carter—A blacksmith.

Sergeant Selby—Did Coke at any time send Woodburne for you, and what past thereon?

Carter—On the Friday before New Year's day last, which was on a Monday, Mr. Coke sent Woodburne to me, who told me his master, Coke, wanted to speak with me.

Sergeant Selby—Did you go?

Carter—Yes; I went to his house, and he ordered me to come up to him in his chamber. When I came up, he told me that he wanted a good strong horse to carry his weight. I told him I did not know of any one then, but when I did I would let him know. Upon that he said, "How do you go on, boy? I hear you have lost most of your business; you have got no iron nor coals, and you are afraid of a gaol: I have a thing now in agitation that will make a man of you as long as you live." I said I should be very glad of that. Said he, "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes," said I, "as well as any one, to serve myself and my friend." Said he, "Can you keep one of the biggest secrets in the world?" I told him, as well as anybody. Said he, "You are pretty much in debt, and if you will serve me in this, I can make a man of you as long as you live: do you think you could cut five or six men's heads off without scruple of conscience?" I told him, "No; it was too much for a man's conscience to bear." Said he, "What! a scruple of conscience to do such a thing as that? There are those above who have done ten times worse." "I suppose, sir," said I, "you mean the South Sea gentlemen." "Yes," said he, "so I do; they have ruined families and beggared gentlemen: to cut men's heads off is but a trifle to them." Said I, "Mr. Coke, I believe you speak only in joke, by way of merriment." Said he, "What! do you think I sent for you by way of joke?" I told him I could not do

any such thing. "Then," said he, "do you think you can cut off one man's head without scruple of conscience?" I told him, "No." "Then," said he, "if you can't cut off a man's head and lay it down upon the table before me, you are not for my turn." On that he fetched a bottle of brandy and gave me a glass or two, and then said to me, "Carter, I would have you go home, and consider of it for two or three days; and if you can cut off a man's head without scruple of conscience, you shall have plenty of gold and silver and anything else you ask." I told him I needed no consideration, for I could not do it. "Then," said he, "send Woodburne to me." And as I went out I saw Woodburne at the door, and sent him in to Mr. Coke.

The defence was as singular as the rest of the case; and the judgment of Sir Peter (afterwards Lord) King remarkable, for as it were playing with the prisoner, like a cat with a mouse.

Woodburne's answer to the charge was, merely, that what he did he did by the procurement of Coke; and Coke's extraordinary defence was, that he could not be convicted under the statute, because his intention was not to maim but to murder his victim.

The jury found them both guilty; and when the next day they were brought up for sentence, Coke again urged that "judgment could not pass on the verdict, because the act of Parliament simply mentions an intention to maim or deface, whereas he was firmly resolved to have committed murder." He quoted several law cases in favor of the arguments he had advanced, and hoped that judgment might be respited till the opinion of the twelve judges could be taken on the case. The counsel for the crown opposed the arguments of Coke; insisted that the crime came within the meaning of the law, and demanded that judgment should pass against the prisoners.

Lord Chief Justice—"I do agree with the prisoner, that this is a penal law, and not to be extended by equity; that he that is guilty within this statute must be guilty of all the circumstances within it, and if any one of the circumstances prescribed by the statute be wanting, he is not guilty. And therefore, in all those cases put by you, if any one of the circumstances prescribed by the statute be wanting in any one of them, such case is out of the statute. But whether all the circumstances required by the statute did not concur in your case, was a matter of fact, which the jury, who are the proper judges, have tried; and on such trial they have found them all to concur. You seem to argue upon a supposition of this fact to be otherwise than the jury have found it. The jury have found you guilty of all the circumstances within the statute. There was no matter of law in this case, but matter of fact."

AMERICAN SCHOOL BOOK IN ENGLAND.—Sargent's Standard Speaker appears to be attaining as high a reputation in England as it has reached in this country. The *London Athenæum* of August 21st commends it "to aspirants in elocution for the great variety of excellent examples and exercises in prose and poetry for declamation;" and praises the introductory matter as "free from the pedantry that besets most elocutionary treatises." The *Athenæum* also pronounces the typography "capital," and says: "The collection is remarkable for its originality, the recent date of its citations, and the abundance of the latter from American authors and orators." A fourth edition of the Standard Speaker has lately been published by Thomas, Couperthwait & Co., Philadelphia. It has been introduced into nearly all the best schools of the United States.—*Philadelphia Saturday Courier*.

From the Edinburgh Review.

Life and Letters of Joseph Story, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Dane Professor of Law at Harvard University. Edited by his Son, W. W. STORY. London: 1851.

THE Virginian planter used to boast, it was said, of his resemblance in character and position to an ancient Roman. But when the United States are seeking for a flattering parallel with Rome, we would advise them to place it in the decided vocation of their citizens to the sciences of government and law. It may be a question whether Europe is not premature in reproaching America with living on a borrowed literature. But, supposing the charge to be well founded in the case of poetry and metaphysics (and we perceive Story writes to his son, "I am tired, as well as yourself, of the endless imitations, by American poets, of the forms, and figures, and topics of British poetry. It is time we had something of our own"); the very opposite is the fact in regard to Jurisprudence. The profession of the law constitutes its real aristocracy, the aristocracy of character and talent.

The juridical foundations, it is true, are the same in both countries. On the adoption of the Common Law being discussed before the Senate of the United States, the opinion of President Adams, then vice-president, "as of a great lawyer (which he certainly was) and as a great revolutionary patriot, was called for on every side. He rose from his chair, and emphatically declared to the whole Senate, that if he had ever imagined that the Common Law had not by the Revolution become the law of the United States under its new government, he never would have drawn his sword in the contest. So dear to him were the great privileges which that law recognized and enforced." The Reports of Westminster Hall have not been published many weeks, before they are carefully and respectfully studied from one end of the Union to the other; fortunately, however, with an enlarged and independent judgment. American lawyers are not so strict as those of the mother country in their attachment to everything in the Common Law, and readily "yield to rational expositions as they stand on a more general jurisprudence;" and the courts of the United States are supposed to offer great advantages for a comprehensive reëxamination into principles. The consequence is, that we look in vain over the legal literature of England for names to put in comparison with those of Livingston, Kent, and Story. Lord Bacon fondly hoped that future ages might ask, whether he or Coke had done most for the Law of England. The adoption of the writings of Coke at that turning period of our legal history, as the exclusive model for the lawyers of after times, makes it impossible to say what would have been the amount of change introduced into our books and methods if this expectation had been realized. As it is, we have so often sacrificed principles to precedents, that even Lord Stowell reluctantly admits to his correspondent (i. 556), "I rather think we are too fond of cases."

Joseph Story was born at the fishing-town of Marblehead, on the coast of Massachusetts, in 1779, and died at Cambridge, U. S., in 1845, aged sixty-six. We see no signs of what his son calls "the Calvinism of its scenery," uniting with the Calvinism of its pulpit in leaving any character-

istic impressions on his mind. At the same time, the four years (from æt. 15 to æt. 19) that he passed at Harvard College, of which he was destined to become so great an ornament, were marked by nothing personal so much as by the early assertion of his intellectual freedom in abandoning the religious opinions of his family. Whilst there, the young Calvinist, the son of Elisha Story and Mehitable Pedrick, became a Unitarian. After four years of preparatory study at Marblehead and Salem, and four years of successful practice at the Essex Bar, we find him member of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and soon afterwards chosen speaker. In 1812, Mr. Madison appointed him, at the age of thirty-two, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. This appointment obliged him to reside at Washington during the winter, and to travel in circuit twice a year throughout the seaboard States of New England. Meantime, Salem continued to be his home until 1829; in which year he accepted the Dane Professorship of law at Harvard University, and transferred his family to Cambridge, where he closed his honorable life. Thus was he, during the space of thirty-four years, a most distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court of his country; during the last sixteen being also a most distinguished teacher of law in its most celebrated University; at the same time the author of more text books both of a higher order and on almost every branch of jurisprudence than any writer of his age.

The world has done ample justice to the fame of one of its greatest jurists; and after reading his *Life and Miscellaneous Writings*, there can be no difficulty in accounting for his personal influence and popularity. Vast professional erudition was not purchased by him at the expense of general usefulness or agreeableness. He could never have been suspected of being so engrossed by business, as to leave his clerk to choose his wife or friends for him. His early love of literature remained with him to the last, and both Basil Hall and Lord Carlisle have recorded the attractions of his society. He seems also to have had always leisure for every possible demand of public duty or private friendship. Defective branches of the law, as the Bankrupt Law and Criminal Law of the United States, found in him a zealous reformer; and he presided over the preparation of an elaborate report, with well considered distinctions, in favor of a code for Massachusetts. The notes he contributed to Wheaton's Reports fill a hundred and eighty-four closely printed pages. He no sooner heard of Mr. Greenleaf's project to publish a volume of *Overruled Cases*, and an edition of Hobart's Reports with annotations, than he zealously proffered his assistance, rejoicing "that there are gentlemen at the bar willing to devote their leisure to the correction and ministration of the noble science of the law. It is redeeming the pledge which Lord Coke seems to think every man implicitly gives to our profession, on entering it. It is eminently useful, because it accustoms lawyers to reason upon principle, and to pass beyond the narrow boundary of authority; I want to get a copy and interleave it, so as to provide gradually for a new edition. Pray do not think that anything in which I can aid you will be a labor to me." He furnished various articles to the *American Jurist*; and those contributed by him to his friend Dr. Francis Lieber's *Encyclopedia Americana*, extended to one hundred and twenty pages.

in closely printed double columns. Nor was this voluntary addition to his labors limited to professional subjects. Was a cemetery to be consecrated at Mount Auburn, a eulogy to be delivered at the funeral of a colleague, a free-trade memorial to be drawn up, a hortatory lecture to be pronounced to a Mechanics' Institute or to a Literary Society, the great jurist answered to the call with equal alacrity and ability.

There are two topics, however, in American life, in which it is impossible for any honest and earnest citizen to conciliate the good opinion and good will of all his countrymen. These are the question of the Constitution—or on what terms State Sovereignities and the Federal Sovereignty are to be adjusted—and the question of slavery.

Joseph Story entered public life in 1805, when Federalism was so predominant in Massachusetts, that his avowed sympathy with the republican party, and his consequent support of the administrations of Jefferson and Madison, not only seriously injured him in his profession, but to a great degree excluded him from the best society. Many years afterwards, in a speech in the Convention of Massachusetts, he retraced with great feeling the party animosities of those times—not regretting the course his judgment then led him to adopt, but reflecting with the most profound melancholy on the averted eyes it had cost him, and deprecating his contemporaries leaving to their children the bitter inheritance of similar contentions. Yet he can never have held extreme opinions or have maintained them with offensive violence. In a biographical letter to Mr. Everett, speaking of this period, he observes, "I will add, because it is but common justice to myself, that, though an *ardent republican*, I was always liberal and stood by sound principles. I was avowedly a believer in the doctrines of Washington, and little infected with Virginia notions, as to men or measures." Afterwards, when party nomenclature turned into whig and democratic, and he now voted with the whigs, he was conscious of no alteration in himself. "I seem simply to have stood still in my political belief, while parties have revolved about me; so that though of the same opinions now as ever, I find my name has changed from democrat to whig, but I know not how or why." He states, however, in the preface to his Commentaries on the Constitution, that their materials had been mainly derived from the Federalist and the judgments of C. J. Marshall. Probably, therefore, more of difference than he was quite aware of had crept into this branch of his opinions. At all events, these authorities brought him into direct antagonism with the principles of the most dogmatical of his early chiefs. Kent, in bearing witness to the address with which the most debatable points of American constitutional contests are handled in Story's Commentaries, expresses his admiration of "the bold and free defence of sound doctrine against the insidious, mischievous, and malignant attacks of Jefferson." The explicit systematizing of Mr. J. Story's constitutional creed had evidently been reserved for his coming within the orbit of C. J. Marshall, as one of the judges of the Supreme Court. But the estrangement between himself and Jefferson commenced earlier; at least as early as Jefferson's discovery in Congress, that Story meant to have an opinion of his own, and to freely act on it. This was on the repeal of the Embargo of 1809. Story on that occasion described the embargo as the "mad scheme

which Jefferson with his usual visionary obstinacy was determined to maintain." He himself considered it destructive of New England; and a confidential letter to Mr. Fay (p. 177) authenticates the sincerity of his alarm. On the other hand, Jefferson attributed his defeat "to Story, one pseudo-republican;" and never forgave it. "Pseudo-republican of course I must be (says the judge). as every one was in Mr. Jefferson's opinion, who dared to doubt of his infallibility." Even if this provocation had been avoided, the alienation must have broken out sooner or later. Story found out, as member of Congress, that New England was to obey, but not to be trusted. "This, in my humble judgment (he adds), was the steady policy of Mr. Jefferson at all times. We were to be kept divided, and thus used to neutralize each other." But, besides these jarring jealousies, two men of such different views and natures could not long have drawn cordially together. After the veil was raised by the publication of Jefferson's correspondence, Story writes to Mr. Everett (1832): "Every day I perceive more and more the effect of Mr. Jefferson's extraordinary opinions and acts in every department of our government. It is time his correspondence was fairly reviewed." General Jackson, when president, bore difference of opinion and independence of character as impatiently as Jefferson had done; and, speaking of Story, called him "the most dangerous man in America." Meanwhile, Story, in 1831, was mourning over the change in constitutional practices and doctrines. "I have for a long time known that the present rulers and their friends were hostile to the judiciary, and have been expecting some more decisive demonstrations than had yet been given out. The recent attacks in Georgia, and the recent nullification doctrine in South Carolina, are parts of the same general system, the object of which is to elevate an exclusive State Sovereignty upon the ruins of the general government." Three years later he writes in still greater despair from Washington: "Everything here is as uncertain as it possibly can be, except the president's will. And I confess that I feel humiliated at the truth, which cannot be disguised, that although we live under the form of a republic, we are in fact under the absolute rule of a single man. . . . The question who shall be the next president, mingles with every measure." Yet Story's expectations were by this time pitched at so low a level that he would not have been hard to satisfy. Witness his pleasure, in 1840, at the success of General Harrison's nomination. "His talents are not of a high order, and at this hour he is filling the office of clerk of a County Court in Ohio. What, however, seems to give him strength, is that he is poor and honest; or as Mr. Abbott Lawrence said the other day to me, 'the people believe that he won't lie and won't steal.' The real truth is, that the people are best pleased with a man whose talents do not elevate him so much above the mass as to become an object of jealousy or envy. The prospect of his being president is quite encouraging."

Meanwhile Story's sanguine view of the general aspect of American politics had long abated. As far back as 1818, he had written:—

There is no rallying point for any party. Indeed, everything is scattered. Republicans and Federalists are as much divided among themselves, as the parties were formerly from each other. I do not regret the change. I have been long satisfied that the nation was in danger of being ruined by its intestine divi-

ions ; and fortunately among men of real talent, real virtue, and real patriotism, there are now few, if any, differences of opinion. But a new race of men is springing up to govern the nation : they are the hunters after popularity, men ambitious not of the honor so much as of the profits of office—the demagogues, whose principles hang laxly upon them, and who follow not so much what is right as what leads to a temporary vulgar applause. . . . I have done with party politics : my heart is sick of the scenes of strife and sometimes of profligacy which it presents. I have no desire ever again to enter the contest for popular favor. Yet, I hope, I love my country and its institutions, and I know that I reverence the principles of liberty and the constitution of the United States.

By 1835 the prospect had further darkened :

Nothing is more extraordinary than the fact that the House of Representatives, so often lauded as the true protector of the rights and interests of the people, is ready, under the strong bonds of party union and executive patronage, to yield up both. The duration of their office is too short to secure independence of action, and the elections are too much under the power of mere demagogues. Hence the gradual change of public men from a lofty firmness to a temporizing policy.

A letter to Mr. Charles Sumner in 1845 is still more desponding :—

In every way which I look at the future I can see little or no ground of hope for our country. We are rapidly on the decline. Corruption and profligacy, demagoguism and recklessness, characterize the times, and I for one am unable to say where the thing is to end. You, as a young man, should cling to hope ; I, as an old man, know that it is all in vain.

In this same year the change of opinion from those of the “ Old Court,” especially on great constitutional questions, is given as the main reason of his intended resignation.

New men and new opinions have succeeded. The doctrines of the Constitution, so vital to the country, which in former times received the support of the whole court, no longer maintain their ascendancy. I am the last member now living of the old court, and I cannot consent to remain where I can no longer hope to see those doctrines recognized and enforced.

As an enlightened friend to republican institutions, Mr. Justice Story was a zealous advocate for every form of educational training, by which he conceived that the condition of the people might be elevated. From their direct tendency to raise mechanics and artisans to the rank of scientific engineers, he set a high value on Mechanics’ Institutes ; predicting that “ they were destined to work more important changes in the structure of society and the improvement in the arts than any single event, since the invention of printing.” But he was even more desirous to qualify his fellow-citizens for the discharge of the political franchises which the constitution entrusted to them, than to cultivate their inventive powers as intelligent mechanics. He has expressed as forcibly as Washington himself his sense of the difficulty of complying with the conditions on which alone a republican form of government can be a blessing to a people, or probably be prolonged. In a lecture read before the American Institute of Instruction, he particularly insists on the science of government, as being an indispensable branch of popular education in connexion with popular institutions.

A republic, by the very constitution of its govern-

ment, requires on the part of the people more vigilance and constant exertion than all others. The American Republic, above all others, demands from every citizen unceasing vigilance and exertion ; since we have deliberately dispensed with every guard against danger or ruin except the intelligence and virtue of the people themselves. It is founded on the basis that the people have wisdom enough to frame their own system of government, and public spirit enough to preserve it ; that they cannot be cheated out of their liberties ; and that they will not submit to have them taken from them by force. We have silently assumed the fundamental truth that, as it never can be the interest of the majority of the people to prostrate their own political equality and happiness, so they never can be seduced, by flattery or corruption, by the intrigues of faction or the arts of ambition, to adopt any measures which shall subvert them. If this confidence in ourselves be justified (and who among Americans does not feel a just pride in endeavoring to maintain it?), let us never forget that it can be justified only by a watchfulness and zeal proportionate to our confidence. Let us never forget that we must prove ourselves wiser and better and purer than any other nation yet has been, if we are to count upon success.

It was in this view that he thought so highly of Lieber’s “ Political Ethics ;” * and, besides abridging his own Commentaries for the Law School, himself, drew up a book called the *Constitutional Class Book*, in which “ the principles of the government of the United States are familiarly explained ; and which was published in the “ School Library” and introduced as a text-book into various schools.” † When may we hope to see anything of the sort written by a judge for the National Schools of England ! The nearest approach to it at present is the “ Political Philosophy” of Lord Brougham.

Of the many forms which political controversy may assume in the United States, that of Negro slavery is the most hateful and most exciting. The side taken by Mr. J. Story in behalf of the oppressed races of both the southern and western states, was at once determined by the rectitude of his principles and the humanity of his heart. The wrongs inflicted on the Cherokee nation by the State of Georgia wrung from him the exclamation, “ I never in my whole life was more affected by the consideration, that they and all their race are destined to destruction. And I feel, as an American, disgraced by our gross violation of the public faith towards them. I fear, and greatly fear, that in the course of Providence there will be dealt to us a heavy retributive justice.” The “ institution” of the South found as little favor with him. When he learned on his New England Circuits that the Slave Trade was still carried on there, so vehement was his denunciation of it in his charges to the grand juries, that he greatly contributed to put an end to it. He disregarded the threat “ of hurling him from the bench,” equally with the obloquy, to which his judicial decisions in cases of slavery ex-

* He considered De Toqueville’s work on America to have been overrated ; and the son complains that no notice is taken in it of his father’s work. “ You know (says the author of the Commentaries in a letter to Lieber) ten times as much as he does of the actual working of the system, and of its true theory.”

† “ School books for children on History might very beneficially begin with a short and plainly written account of our present Constitution, including a concise statement of the nature and administration of the Law. These subjects appear to me quite as important for a poor child to learn, as about the battle of Hastings or the Wars of the Roses. . . . For children as a class-book Chambers’ ‘ Political Economy for use in Schools,’ may advantageously be adopted.”—*Symons’ School Economy*.

posed him, as either side might happen to be offended by them. Though ever opposed to slavery, he took his stand, as a judge, on the constitution; and when his decision in the case of *le jeune Eugenie*, was more liberal than that of the English Courts, he still retained his confidence in his own judgment, observing only on the hardship of having Sir W. Scott and the King's Bench on his back. When at liberty, as a private citizen, to act on legislative considerations, he enlarged his views proportionally. So strong was his feeling on the Missouri compromise, that the only exception which he made, after he was on the bench, in meddling with anything which could be called politics, was taking part in a meeting to protest against it.* He was further stung by the insolence of Randolph's claim for Virginian supremacy; and he frequently reverts to the question, as he put it to Mr. Ticknor in 1828: "Depend upon it, whatever may be the present cross current of debate, the question must come to the sheer point whether the South shall govern the East now and forever." In 1833 he writes to Mr. Peters, "Upon politics I am fixed. The late compromise is a surrender of the constitution to which under no circumstances will I be either a party or a quiet looker on." This evil was consummated in his opinion by President Tyler, in the annexation of Texas and the creation of a new Slave State. While the admission of Texas into the Union was yet pending, he declared that

It would be a grossly unconstitutional act; and one which he should not be surprised if it should lead to a dissolution of the Union. It will forever give the South a most mischievous if not a ruinous preponderance in the Union.

The means are described, in a letter to his son, as being of a piece with the end:—

Pray do not ask me how all these things are brought about. I should blush to put on paper what my belief is. There are ample means to accomplish any ends in power and patronage, &c., &c., and Lord Coke has told us that &c. &c. are signs full of meaning in the law. I think they have a still more pregnant meaning out of the law. This government is becoming daily more and more corrupt; and the decline and fall of the American republic will not be less a matter of history in an age or two at farthest than that of other republics whose fate is recorded in past annals. However, the present crisis will soon be forgotten and forgiven by the people; and we shall go on as we may, until by some convulsion we come to a full stop. When that will be I pretend not to prophesy. You may live to witness it.

His aversion to the compromise was scarcely more decided on the ground of its affirming the perpetuity of slavery, than on the ground of its destroying the proportions upon which the balance of the South and East had been settled in the Constitution. He was convinced, as fully as Clay or Webster, that their last and only security is in the Union; but, in his opinion, the weight given to the disturbing forces by the compromise adds to the difficulty of preserving it.

It is time to pass on to Mr. J. Story's peculiar province—jurisprudence. All the great orators of America, with the exception of Mr. Everett, have been lawyers. The law, as studied there,

* He did not, however, think it necessary to abstain from voting at elections. Since it was a joke in the family, his voting one way, and his coachman who drove him to the polling booth, voting the other.

seems to enlarge the mind as well as sharpen it. But a single session of Congress (1808-9) satisfied Story that it would be more for his happiness and his fame to withdraw from political and party controversy, and apply himself with singleness of heart to the study of the law, "at all times the object of his admiration, and almost exclusive devotion." He was made a judge in 1812, at the early age of thirty-two; and he died in harness after a service of four and thirty years. We will not here enter on the examination of any of even his most celebrated judgments during this long and eventful period. It will be enough to notice the annual course of those official duties—duties so unwisely underpaid in America, that Story himself, though most indifferent to money, can only speak of the position as one of splendid poverty. The observation he has made on the extent of knowledge required of a legislator for so many States applies almost as forcibly to a judge of the Supreme Court, sitting the winter months at Washington. In his case, six months of every year were taken up on circuits—his own circuit being the great maritime district of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Kent might truly say to him, "You have, fortunately for yourself and for your country, the best section in the country for the application of your powers, and have much more reason than Montesquieu had, to thank Heaven that you were born and educated where you are placed." At that time the Commercial Law and Admiralty Jurisdiction of America were pretty much what they had been in England before the times of Lord Mansfield and Lord Stowell. Story never passes an opportunity of expressing his admiration of those two eminent men; and this not only in public, but also in his private correspondence; as, for instance, in answer to Adams, who had declared that they were no more to be quoted than the Court Calendar. His account of the condition of Equity Jurisprudence throughout America at this period is equally unfavorable. It was created principally by Kent, who was made Chancellor of New York in 1814. So rapid, however, was the subsequent progress of equitable science, that by 1841 a Court of Chancery had sprung up in every county of almost every state, where all proceedings originated, and "an able local bar had been created, by whom the business was so well managed, that small causes seldom got into the Appellate Court." There is ample opportunity of comparison between the different systems in America. Some states altogether exclude Equity as distinct from law, some confer an equitable jurisdiction on their Courts of Law, others separate Equity and Law into distinct courts, as in England. Story on the whole leaned to a separation, but the mechanism both of the Courts of Chancery and of a chancery suit differed so widely in the two countries, that, notwithstanding his respect for Lord Eldon, he assures Mr. Field, "the English system could not have existed in America without calling forth legislative interference to prevent delays, to lessen costs, and to give simplicity to proceedings."

Story was fed in youth on the dry dust of what Bentham called *Grim Gribber*. He began life with a profound study of the black letter law of England; and to the last, when gratefully summoning up the list of his instructors, delighted to revert to Tidd. But, fortunately, he had also felt a higher call. Though he pays Kent the compliment of having instructed so many of their contemporaries

in the truth, that the gift of uniting a deep respect for precedents with an habitual inquiry into their consonance with principles, is not unattainable, however rare, it is clear he had already found the principles in the wisdom of the Civil Law, and that he had trained his own well constituted nature after the example of Pothier and Domat. No man can have ever possessed in a higher degree the happy faculty which he attributes to Mr. Justice Washington, of yielding just the proper weight to authority.

Recent as is the greater part of American Law, it has shot up with so vigorous and succulent a growth that it is natural that the profession in the United States should be both surprised and mortified at the little notice which its jurisprudence has attracted in England; "being passed by with utter neglect, as belonging only to a colonial or foreign law. There is, however, at this very moment (1831) in the states composing the Union a population of about thirteen millions, all of which claims the Common Law as its birthright, and all of which is accustomed to study the Treatises and Reports of English Jurisprudence, as a necessary preparation for practice in the profession of the law. In several of the States Commercial Law may be said to form a principal business of the courts, and to be examined with a diligence and ability equal to its vast importance. Not an English decision or treatise is published three months, before it finds its way to our libraries, and is there studied and criticized with profound attention." It will be a proud distinction to Kent and Story, that they have done more than any other men to put an end to the indifference of English lawyers to the learning of their American brethren.

Story, mentioning the praises given to Kent's Commentaries in some English legal publications, adds, "this is as it should be; for England is deeply interested in cultivating a thorough knowledge of American jurisprudence, and it would betray a lamentable want of professional ambition, not to master a work which has become our first juridical classic,"—the American Blackstone or something more. The testimony borne to the services of Story himself is of a more direct and higher order. Mr. Justice Paterson gratefully acknowledges the obligations "under which he has laid all the members of the profession of the law, especially those who have to administer it, by his profound and learned treatises;" adding that "the respect paid to American Reports and Law Treatises is rapidly increasing; and tends much to the improvement of our theory and practice." Mr. Baron Parke's opinion is equally favorable. Mr. Justice Coleridge, after stating that he had read no modern treatise of our own production with anything like the pleasure and instruction he had received from Story's "Conflict of Law," goes on to say, "I think you would be pleased with the feeling which exists in our courts at present in respect to American jurisprudence. It is one of the highest respect; we do not, indeed, allow your Reports to be cited as authority; but that, I believe, is out of consideration to the bar, who are already overburdened with the expensive and troublesome multiplicity of our own Reports." He elsewhere admits, "a comparison with your course is not very flattering to your brethren on the English Bench; we are, it is true, very much engrossed by practice before we are made judges, and by our duties afterwards; perhaps somewhat more so than is your lot in America. Still that

will not account for the whole difference between us." Lord Campbell, informing him that his library was now enriched with the whole of his published works, proceeds to say, "I survey with increased astonishment your extensive, minute, exact, and familiar knowledge of English legal writers in every department of the law. A similar testimony to your judicial learning, I make no doubt, would be offered by the lawyers of France and Germany, as well as of America, and we should all concur in placing you at the head of the jurists of the present age." In fact, Savigny and Mittermaier have given in their adhesion in the present volumes under their own hands; and to crown these fervent tributes after the most approved English fashion, when the great American jurist proposed to visit London, Lords Brougham and Denman, and the other judges prepared to celebrate his reception by a public dinner at Serjeants' Inn.

For the last sixteen years of his life, Mr. Justice Story added to his labors as judge those of a professor; and it is to this last appointment that we are indebted for his most important works. His earlier publications had been those of an English practising lawyer—such as a supplement to "Coryn's Digest," new editions of "Chitty on Bills," "Abbott on Shipping," "Laves on Assumpsit." But in 1830, soon after his acceptance of the Dane Professorship at Harvard, he expressed his anxiety to set to work with the law students, and prepare some written lectures "in the terrible deficiency of good elementary books." Accordingly his "Treatise on Bailment" appeared in the following year, as the first fruits of this good intention, and as the first volume* of a series on Commercial Law. Next followed "Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States." It was announced by him, as another portion of the labors devolving on him in execution of the duties of his professorship; and

* Mr. Justice Story furnished an admirable article to the "North American Review" on the *Literature of the Maritime Law*. It is contained in a notice of Jacobson's "Laws of the Sea with reference to Maritime Commerce during Peace and War." Towards the conclusion of the article he states that the principal value of Mr. Jacobson's work to an American (and what is true of the American must be true also of the English) lawyer, "is the minute accuracy and fulness with which it gives us the positive and customary law of all the maritime nations of the Continent. And this, in our judgment, is a most interesting, and, in a practical view, a most important accession to our judicial literature. Of the maritime law of Russia, Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and Germany, we have hitherto known very little. Yet with all of them we carry on an extensive trade; and the principles of their jurisprudence as to maritime affairs, both in peace and war, are of incalculable importance to our merchants, nay more, to our government. This is not all. A great variety of curious and difficult questions are perpetually arising in our judicial tribunals, where the positive regulations or usages of other continental nations would greatly assist us in forming decisions, which should comport with general convenience, as well as with the general principles of Law. Many are the cases in which the foreign usage ought to incline the scale. We owe indeed a full moiety of our present commercial law to the positive ordinances or usages of France, Italy, and Spain, as they have been delivered to us by their eminent jurists. They seem now inclined to borrow from us in return; and thus perhaps national comity may gradually establish a nearly uniform system of commercial jurisprudence throughout the whole civilised world." Mr. Justice Story was a great commercial lawyer; there has been no greater. After the above passage, we may conceive the satisfaction with which he would have welcomed the great work of Mr. Levi, and the project of an International Commercial Code.

it immediately placed his authority as a constitutional lawyer on a level with that of C. J. Marshall himself. "Whoever," says Mr. Bancroft, "would understand our form of government, must 'study the Commentaries of Story.'" His greatest work (at least he himself thought it so) was his next payment in discharge of his duties to his Law School. It was published in 1834. Appropriately eulogized by C. J. Tindal and the juriconsults of France and Germany, it met with its most eloquent admirer in Mr. Webster:—

It is a great truth that England has never produced any eminent writer on national or general public law, no elementary writer, who made the subject his own, who has breathed his own breath into it, and made it live. In English judicature, Sir W. Scott, it is true, has done much to enlighten the public mind on the subject of prize causes, and in our day Mackintosh has written a paper of some merit. But where is your English Grotius? Where is your English Barbeyrac? Has England produced one? Not one! The English mind has never been turned to the discussion of general public law. We must go to the continent for the display of genius in this department of human knowledge. What have the Courts of Westminster Hall done to illustrate the principles of public law? With the exception of a tract by Mansfield of considerable merit, more great principles of public law have been discussed and settled by this court within the last twenty years, than in all the Common Law Courts of England within the last hundred years. Nay, more important subjects of law have been examined and passed upon by this bench in a series of twenty years than in all Europe for a century past, and I cannot forbear to add, that one in the midst of you has favored the world with a treatise on public law, fit to stand by the side of Grotius, to be the companion of the "Institutes"—a work that is now regarded by the judicature of the world as the great book of the age—"Story's Conflict of Laws."

Another year had scarcely passed, and then came out his "Treatise on Equity Jurisprudence." It was not only received in America as calculated "to teach its transatlantic teachers," but Lord Campbell took it with him to Dublin in that character, and has recognized how, on a particular point peculiarly English, he found more information in it than in any English publication. Its philosophical merits at once carried its fame over the Continent, where Mittermaier has borne witness that its extensive views must make it interesting to the jurists of all nations. By this time, now aged fifty-six, he says, he had published seven volumes; and in five or six more could accomplish all he proposed. But of these, all he lived to complete was a Treatise on Agency, and another on Partnership. The miracle is, how he performed so much, considering the demand made on his time over and above his judicial duties by superintendence of his Law School, by two hours lectures daily there, and by presiding over its extra moot courts.

The grades of the profession in America are not distinguished by the formal etiquette of England.* "Every solicitor is a councillor, and every coun-

* The preface or dedication of a recent work, "The Advocate," by Mr. Cox, is a protest addressed to Lord Denman against the breach threatened to be made in the etiquettes and centralization of the profession of the law in England, by the successful opening of county courts. American experience appears to be as much lost on our legal alarmists as on some of our public officers. Yet in his chapter on *Professional Studies* Mr. Cox assigns their rightful place to the writings of Mr. Justice Story.

cillor acts at times as a solicitor. We find no inconvenience from this course," says Story. So, at the other end of the profession, the judges do not think it beneath their judicial dignity to take part as teachers of incepting students. In the eulogy on Professor Ashmun, it is mentioned incidentally that he had been associated early with Judge Howe, who had established a law school at Northampton of very high character. When Kent ceased to be Chancellor of New York, in consequence of the absurd enactment, by which any person above sixty years of age is disabled from holding a judicial office, he only added to his honors by those lectures at Columbia College, of which the world has since the benefit as represented in his Commentaries. Story's case is still stronger. America and the whole civilized world are the wiser and the better for the absence of prejudice, by which he was allowed to unite with his office of Judge of the Supreme Court that of Professor of Law of Harvard College.

We have reserved for the last an account of his Law School. It may instruct and animate the new establishments now forming (better late than never) in the English Inns of Court. In the year 1828, he had declined the Royal Professorship of law at Cambridge, U. S., on the ground that it would oblige him to devote all his leisure time to drilling and lectures, and judicial conversations. "The school," he answered, "cannot flourish except by such constant efforts; and I should not willingly see it wither under my hands. The delivery of public lectures alone might not be oppressive; but success in a law school must be obtained by private lectures." These objections, however, were fated to give way at no greater distance of time than the following year, in consequence of Mr. Dana subjecting his new foundation to the one condition of Mr. J. Story being the first professor. The condition was eminently wise and fortunate; as much so as if Mr. Viner had stipulated with Oxford for the nomination of Blackstone on his endowment. The annual number of law students had previously averaged eight, and the year before it had been reduced to one. His reputation raised the number the first year to thirty—than which, he says, in 1831, that he "never calculated upon more." But in 1838, he could say, "we had sixty good fellows last term." They had grown, in 1842, to one hundred and twenty; in 1844, to one hundred and fifty-six. By 1845, he numbers the students whom the school, during the previous sixteen years, had turned out into the world, over every part of the Union, at upwards of eleven hundred. What a blessing to the profession and to his country such a leading mind!

This success was not owing more to his prodigious industry and accomplishments than to the charm of his character. He was a great master in the art of communicating knowledge, and of winning affection and respect. While Mr. Greenleaf testifies that he never forgot his position as a judge, his cheerful influence over "the boys," as he called them, was boundless. "I have given," he writes to Mr. Sumner, in 1838, "nearly the whole of last term, when not on judicial duty, two lectures every day; and we broke in on the sanctity of the *dies non juridicus*, Saturday. It was carried by acclamation in the school; so you see we are alive. They begin already to be wide awake to the dignity of the law, and its morals." Mr. Dana, the popular author of "Two Years before

the Mast," was one of his pupils. They afterwards honorably cooperated in redressing the wrongs of American seamen. From his picture of the school, in a beautiful letter of reminiscences, drawn up in 1851 (vol. ii., p. 317), Mr. Dana is justified in his conviction "that such a peculiar combination of qualities to constitute a teacher of the science of law to young men, is not likely to be found again for many generations."

He conducted his lectures as conversational exercises on different text-books; and held moot courts two or three times a week for arguing fictitious cases. He was what Roger North would have described as an excellent "put-case;" and, on his return from Washington, always brought home a sheaf of them, "which he had prepared during the sitting of the court, and which, at the time of his death, amounted to several hundred." These were argued by the students, senior and junior counsel, according to their standing. The jury trials, which were held twice a year in their crowded library, became a college festival; Mr. J. Story took great delight in them, and delivered elaborate judgments; and the students on their part prepared their cases with so much care, that "he used to say of their arguments, that they were quite as good as, and sometimes better than, those of the counsel engaged in the real cases." We may cease to wonder that, after such scenes, every other subject became secondary with him to the Law School. When, at sixty-five, he contemplated resigning his judgeship, "to quit the Law School (his son tells us) was out of the question. This institution he had built up, and it was the delight of his life. His duties there were pleasures, which afforded him an agreeable and honorable occupation. To gather around him a circle of young men, into whose minds he might instil sound doctrines of Law and Equity, and whom he might dismiss into the world with high principles and pure motives; to employ his leisure in giving a permanent written form to the learning with which he had stored his mind, and thus to smooth the path of the student, and to recommend and establish the law, was a prospect which was constantly before him, to charm his imagination." The legal perpetuity he desired, in praying that his name might be associated with his favorite Law School, will assuredly be granted him.

The object which Story kept most immediately in view in all his teaching, whether oral or written, was to reconcile the continental style of treating judicial subjects with the English method—to join the scientific arrangement of principles as developed by the civilians with the chain of precedents and practical illustrations exemplified in English text-books. In one of his earlier prefaces, a union of the two plans, it is affirmed, "would be a great improvement in our law treatises; and would afford no inconsiderable assistance to students in mastering the higher branches of their profession." It was under these hopes that he took so seriously to heart the death of Mr. Legaré, Attorney-General for the United States, as a national misfortune. "I had indeed looked to him with great fondness of expectation: I had looked to see him accomplish what he was so well fitted to do—what I know was the darling object of his pure ambition*—to

* Kent and Story concurred on the necessity of attaching a complete civilian library to the National Library at Washington. One, which had been carefully made on the Continent of Europe, has been appropriately presented to Harvard College. Kent says, that its collector could not

engraft the Civil Law upon the jurisprudence of this country, and thereby to expand the Common Law to greater usefulness and a wider adaptation to the progress of society." In this view he had been just encouraging his friend to translate Heineccius' Elements with notes so as to adapt its principles to the existing state of the Common Law. His answer to Mr. Kennedy's inquiries on behalf of the Dublin Law Institute is in accordance with these opinions, and contains a full and final statement of his experience on the best method of teaching law.

I have been long persuaded that a more scientific system of legal education than that which has hitherto been pursued is demanded by the wants of the age and the progress of jurisprudence. The old mode of solitary unassisted studies in the Inns of Court, or in the dry and uninviting drudgery of an office, is utterly inadequate to lay a just foundation for accurate knowledge in the learning of the law. It is for the most part a waste of time and effort, discouraging and repulsive. It was, however, the system in which I was myself bred, and so thoroughly convinced was I of its worthlessness, that I then resolved, if I ever had students, I would pursue an opposite course. It was my earnest desire to assist in the establishment of another system, which induced me to accept my present professorship in Harvard University, thereby burdening myself with duties and labors which otherwise I would gladly have declined.

The system pursued by my learned brother, Mr. Professor Greenleaf, and myself, in our juridical instructions, has had the most entire success. The Law Institution here has flourished far more than I ever dreamed it could in a country like America, where the administration of law is not, as with you, concentrated in Dublin, or in Westminster or Edinburgh, but spreads over the whole territory. Our system of instruction is not founded upon written lectures (which, I am persuaded, is a very inadequate mode), but upon oral lectures connected with the daily studies of the students in the various works which they study, and in the lecture-room where they are all assembled in classes and where they undergo a daily examination; and every lecture grows out of the very pages of the volume which they are reading. In this way difficulties are cleared away, additional illustrations suggested, new questions propounded, and doubts raised, and occasionally authorities criticized, so that the instructor and the pupil move along *pari passu*, and the pupil is invited to state his doubts, and learns how to master his studies.

With what interest would the writer of this letter have read the following passage in the late Report of the Council of the Society for the Amendment of the Law, and have watched the progress of the experiment proposed by our Inns of Court:—

"Little real progress has yet been made towards the establishment of a good law school, with effective examinations; the late recommendations of the inns of court your council cannot but consider as insufficient; but we trust that both the profession and the public at large are becoming more and more alive to the necessity for such a provision, and that the heads of the inns of court are becoming more aware of the serious responsibility which rests upon them in this respect. We are glad to find the subject of legal education mentioned in the report of the commissioners appointed to inquire into the state of the revenues of the University of Oxford, and are gratified at seeing the opinion of this society adduced in sup-

see a copy of the most important of these works in any of the public libraries of London, while nearly all of them were to be found in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh.

port of a proposal by the commissioners to apply a portion of the funds of the university to imparting a knowledge of the laws of the country. We hope to see the same recommendation in the report on the University of Cambridge, and that in the course of a few years there will be at each of these seats of learning an efficient law school.

“Still more do your council hope and believe, that from the present inns of court will at length arise a complete and satisfactory law university, endowed with the funds originally vested in those societies for legal education, and which cannot be better devoted than to the purpose of teaching the law. Nor can your council entertain a doubt that if the benchers do not so apply these funds, their proper application will be enforced by the legislature. Thus the law student would have an opportunity of commencing and afterwards continuing his studies under able professors, both in the universities and in London, with all the advantages that the wealth of those bodies and of the inns of court could command. While on this subject we would throw out the suggestion, that interesting and instructive popular lectures on the laws of the country might be given at the Mechanics’ Institutions and other similar places. The publicity of our courts of justice, the presence of a jury of fellow-countrymen, and the practice of oral examination, render our trials matters of universal interest, and several branches of the law, by means of such lectures, might be brought to the knowledge of the community which is bound to obey them.”

The excuse made for the incuriousness of practitioners in our courts of justice concerning Continental and American jurisprudence, by reason of the superabundance of our own, has no application here. It will not avail to cover our neglect of the successful example set by Mr. Justice Story as Professor, and by Harvard University as a school of law. Lord Coke loved to hear the inns of court called a third university. It is time they did something to deserve that name. What a change in the learning of two great professions, were Oxford and Cambridge really to take to teaching divinity to our future clergy, and the Temple and Lincoln’s Inn to fulfilling the trust of watching with proper academical interest over the instruction and progress of their respective students!

OUR LITTLE BOY.

WHEN the evening shadows gather
Round about our quiet hearth,
Comes our eldest born unto us,
Bending humbly to the earth!
And with hands enclasped tightly,
And with meek eyes raised above,
This the prayer he offers nightly
To the Source of light and love:

“Bless my parents, O my Father!
Bless my little sister dear;
While I gently take my slumber,
Be thy guardian angels near!
Should no morning’s dawn e’er greet me,
Beaming brightly from the skies,
Thine the eye of love to meet me
In the paths of Paradise!”

Now a glad “good night” he gives us;
And he seals it with a kiss;
Naught of earthly sorrow grieves us,
In an hour so full of bliss!

Now our arms about him wreathing,
One fond kiss before he sleeps;
Soon we hear his gentle breathing,
In a slumber calm and deep!

“FOREVER WITH THE LORD.”

“FOREVER with the Lord!”
Amen. So let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word;
‘T is immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day’s march nearer home.

My Father’s house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith’s aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love:
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah’s dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o’er my gladdened heart
Expands the bow of peace.

“Forever with the Lord!”
Father, if ‘t is thy will,
The promise of thy gracious Word
E’en here, to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
So shall I never fail;
Uphold me, and I needs must stand;
Fight, and I shall prevail.

So, when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing “as I am known,”
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
“Forever with the Lord!”

From the Dublin University Magazine
MEMORY.

SORR as rays of sunlight stealing
On the dying day;
Sweet as chimes of low bells pealing
When eve fades away;
SAD as winds at night that moan
Through the heath o’er mountains lone,
Come the thoughts of days now gone
On manhood’s memory.

AS the sunbeams from the heaven
Hide at eve their light;
As the bells when fades the even
Peal not on the night;
AS the night winds cease to sigh
When the rain falls from the sky,
Pass the thoughts of days gone by
From age’s memory.

YET the sunlight in the morning
Forth again shall break,
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning
To the world to wake.
SOON the winds shall freshly breathe
O’er the mountain’s purple heath;
But the Past is lost in Death—
He hath no memory.

From Household Words.

PENNY WISDOM.

THERE is a huge heap of chemical refuse now near the banks of the Tyne at Gateshead, which is not only a commercial nothing, but the manufacturer, who unwillingly calls it his property, would most kindly greet any one who would take it off his hands; for he has to lease sundry acres of land for no other purpose than to deposit this refuse thereon. It is of such nothings as these that we would speak; and of the ingenuity which, from time to time, draws something therefrom. And we would also direct attention to a few miscellaneous examples of the useful application of materials long valued—the causing “a little to go a great way.”

Schoolboys display great skill in breaking their slates. Shall they be allowed to continue the exercise of this interesting practice; or shall we invite them to use the new Wurtemberg sheet-iron slates? A manufacturer in that country has invented a mode of applying a surface-coating to sheet-iron, which enables it to take freely the mark of a slate-pencil; it is said to be much lighter, and much less liable to injury, than a common slate. If we have sheet-iron slates, why not sheet-iron paper? Baron von Kleist, the proprietor of some iron-works at Neudeck, in Bohemia, has lately produced paper of this kind, from which great things seem to be expected. It is remarkable for its extreme thinness, flexibility, and strength, and is entirely without flaws. It is used in making buttons, and various other articles shaped by stamping; and it is capable of receiving a very high polish. Whether the world is ever to see the Times printed on a sheet of iron, we must leave to some clairvoyante to determine; but, no sooner did our manufacturers become acquainted with this Bohemian product at the Great Exhibition, than they instantly set their wits to work to produce better and thinner sheet-iron than had before been made in England. In the Birmingham department, before the Exhibition closed, there made its appearance a book, about five inches by three, consisting of forty-four leaves of sheet-iron, the whole weighing about two ounces and a half. We are thus getting on; the age of iron literature may yet arrive.

Our learned chemists have lately discovered that, in making or smelting iron, not less than seven-eighths of all the heat goes off in waste; only one-eighth being really made available for the extrication of the metal from its stony matrix. What a sad waste of good fuel is here! what a provoking mode of driving money out of one's pocket! So thought Mr. Budd of the Ystalyfera iron-works in Wales. He found that the heat which escapes from an iron furnace is really as high as that of melting brass; and he pondered how he might compel this heat to render some of its useful services. He put a gentle check upon it; just as it was about to escape at the top of the furnace; he gently enticed it to pass through a channel or pipe which bent downwards; and gently brought it under the boiler of the steam-engine which worked the blowing-machine for the furnace. A clever device this; for this economized caloric heated the boiler without any other fuel whatever, and there was a saving of three hundred and fifty pounds in one year in the fuel for one boiler alone. Mr. Budd told all about this to the British Association, at Swansea, in 1848; and at

Edinburgh, in 1850, he was able to tell them much more. He stated that he had applied the method to all the nine smelting-furnaces at the Ystalyfera Works; and that it had also been applied at the Dundyvan Works in Scotland. The coal used in the Scotch works is of such a kind, that the wasted heat from one furnace is believed to be enough to heat the air for the hot-blast, and to work the blast engines for three furnaces. Mr. Budd states that his plan enabled the Dundyvan proprietors to smelt ore with a ton and a quarter less coal to a ton of iron than by the old method; and he shows how this might rise to a saving of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds a year for the whole of Scotland. A pretty penny-saving this—a veritable creation of something out of a commercial nothing.

Horse-shoe nails, kicked about the world by horses innumerable, are not the useless fragments we might naturally deem them. Military men may discuss the relative merits of Minié rifles, and needle-guns, and regulation-muskets; but all will agree that the material of which the barrels are made should be sound and tough, and gun-makers tell us that no iron is so well fitted for this purpose as that which is derived from horse-shoe nails, and similarly worn fragments. The nails are in the first instance made of good sound iron, and the violent concussions which they receive, when a horse is working over a stony road, give a peculiar annealing and toughening to the metal, highly beneficial to its subsequent use for gun-barrels.

An advertisement in the Times notifies that “The committee for managing the affairs of the Bristol Gas Light Company are ready to enter into a contract for a term, from twenty-first December next, for the sale of from sixteen thousand to twenty thousand gallons of ammoniacal liquor, produced per month at the works of the company.” What is this ammoniacal liquor? It is a most unlovable compound, which the gas-makers must get rid of, whether it has commercial value or not. After coal has been converted into coke in the retorts of a gas-house, the vapors which escape are extraordinarily complex in their character; they comprise, not only the gas which is intended for illumination, but acids, and alkalies, and gases of many other kinds—all of which must be removed before the street-gas arrives at its proper degree of purity. By washing in clean water, and washing in lime-water, and other processes, this purification is gradually brought about. But then the water, which has become impregnated with ammonia, and the lime, which has become impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen and other gases, are dolefully foetid and repulsive; and in the early history of gas-lighting these refuse products embarrassed the gas-makers exceedingly. But now the chemists make all sorts of good things from them. The lady's smelling-bottle contains volatile salts made from this refuse ammonia, and sulphate of ammonia is another product from the same source; the tar, which is another of the ungracious consequences of gas-making, is now made to yield benzole—a remarkably volatile liquid—which manufacturers employ in making varnish, and perfumers employ in making that which is honored by the name of oil of bitter almonds, and housewives employ in removing grease spots, and economical ladies employ in cleaning white kid gloves; the naphthaline, which annoys the gas-maker by choking up his pipes, is made to render an account of itself in the form of a beautiful red

coloring matter, useful in dyeing—in short, our gas works are a sort of magical Savings Bank, in which commercial nothings are put in, and valuable somethings taken out.

Mr. Brockeden has taught us how to make pencils out of dust. Our black lead pencils, as is pretty generally known, are made chiefly from Borrowdale plumbago, brought from a mine in Cumberland. This mine is becoming exhausted; and a question has arisen how the supply shall be kept up. Various compounds have been suggested in different quarters, but Mr. Brockeden has happily hit upon an expedient which promises wonders. Although pieces of plumbago are scarce, plumbago dust is tolerably plentiful, and Mr. Brockeden operates upon this dust. He presses a mass of the powder together, then draws out the air from beneath the particles by means of an air-pump, and then presses again with such enormous force as to convert the mass into a solid block, which can be cut into the oblong prisms suitable for pencils.

If a ton of lead contains three ounces of silver—one ounce in twelve thousand ounces—will it pay to dig out this silver, mechanically or chemically? Will it save a penny? Mr. Pattinson, a manufacturing chemist at Newcastle, says, and shows that it will; although, before his improvements were introduced, the attempt was a losing one, unless the lead contained at least twenty ounces of silver to the ton. Nearly all lead ore contains a trace of silver, which becomes melted and combined in the ingot or pig of lead. Vast are the arrangements which the manufacturers are willing to make to extricate this morsel of silver from the mass in which it is buried; huge furnaces and melting-vessels, and crystallizing vessels are provided, and elaborate processes are carefully conducted. The lead, itself, is all the better for losing its silvery companion; while the silver makes its appearance afterwards in the form of dazzling tea-services, and such like.

The mention of Newcastle calls to mind our opening paragraph, relating to a certain table-land of refuse. The history of this useless product carries with it the history of many other remarkable products—once useless, but now of great value. Thus it is. Sulphur is thrown into a “burning fiery furnace;” it burns away, and is converted into a gas called sulphurous acid; this, being combined with steam and water, becomes liquid sulphuric acid. So far good; there is no refuse. But let us go on. Common salt, or rather rock salt from Cheshire, is heated with this sulphuric acid in a furnace. A peculiar penetrating gas rises, which is muriatic acid; the soda-makers (of whom more presently) did not want this troublesome gas, and they therefore sent it up aloft through the chimneys. But the gardeners and farmers all around complained that the muriatic acid vapors poisoned their trees and plants, and then the manufacturers were driven to construct chimneys so lofty as to overtop our loftiest steeples, in order to carry away the enemy as far above the region of vegetation as possible. But good luck or good sense came to their aid; they devised a mode of combining the gas with water, and thus was produced muriatic acid or spirits of salt; and then this muriatic acid was made to yield chlorine, and the chlorine was made to form an ingredient in bleaching powder; so that, by little and little, the once dreaded muriatic acid gas has become a most respectable and respected friend to the manu-

facturer. Meanwhile, the salt and the sulphuric acid are undergoing such changes, by heatings and mixings of different kinds, that they both disappear from the scene; the useful product left behind is soda, so valuable in glass-making, and soap-making, and other processes; the useless product is an earthy substance, consisting of calcium and sulphur, which nobody can apply to any profitable purpose, nobody will buy, and nobody even accept as a gift. At a large chemical work near Newcastle, this product has been increasing at such a rapid rate that it now forms a mass six or eight acres in extent, and thirty or forty feet high; it is a mountain or rather a table-land of difficulties. Here, then, we see how chemical manufacturers are saving a penny out of some of their refuse, and looking wistfully towards the day when they may perchance save a penny out of this monstrous commercial nothing.

Coal proprietors are, perhaps necessarily, very wasteful people. They accumulate around the mouths of their pits large heaps of small coal, which, formerly, rendered service to no one; and in some parts of the country they burn this coal simply to get rid of it. But, thanks to the Legislature, it sometimes does good by interfering in manufacturing affairs. It ordained that locomotives should not send forth streams of smoke into the air, and we are thus freed from a nuisance which sadly affects our river-steamers and steamer-rivers; while, at the same time, coke being used as a non-smokable fuel, and the supply from the gas-works being too small, coke-makers have looked to the heaps of small coal at the pit's mouth; and the result is, that thousands of locomotives are now fed with coke made from the small waste coal at the collieries. The railway companies get their coke cheaper than formerly; the coal owner makes something out of a (commercial) nothing; and the ground around the coal-pits is becoming freed from an incumbrance. And what the coal-makers would leave if they leave anything, the artificial fuel-makers will buy; for in most of the patent fuels now brought under public notice, coal dust is one of the ingredients.

How to get a pennyworth of beauty out of old bones and bits of skin, is a problem which the French gelatine-makers have solved very prettily. Does the reader remember some gorgeous sheets of colored gelatine in the French department of the Great Exhibition? We owed them to the slaughter-houses of Paris. Those establishments are so well organised and conducted, that all the refuse is carefully preserved, to be applied to any purposes for which it may be deemed fitting. Very pure gelatine is made from the waste fragments of skin, bone, tendon, ligature, and gelatinous tissue of the animals slaughtered in the Parisian abattoirs; and thin sheets of this gelatine are made to receive very rich and beautiful colors. As a gelatinous liquid, when melted, it is used in the dressing of woven stuffs, and in the clarification of wine; and, as a solid, it is cut into threads for the ornamental uses of the confectioner, or made into very thin white and transparent sheets of *papier glacé* for copying drawings, or applied in the making of artificial flowers, or used as a substitute for paper on which gold printing may be executed. In good sooth, when an ox has given us our beef, and our leather, and our tallow, his career of usefulness is by no means ended; we can get a penny out of him as long as there is a scrap of his substance above ground.

Dyers and calico-printers, like manufacturing chemists, have frequently accumulations of rubbish about their premises, which they heartily wish to get rid of at any or no price; and at intervals, by a new item added to the general stock of available knowledge, one of these accumulations becomes suddenly a commercial something. The dye material called madder will serve to illustrate this as well as anything else. Madder is the root of a plant which yields much coloring matter by steeping in water; and, after being so treated, the spent madder is thrown aside as a useless refuse. The refuse is not rich enough for manure; no river conservators will allow it to be thrown into a running stream; and the dyer is thus perforce compelled to give it a homestead somewhere or other. But some clear-headed experimenter has just found out that, actually, one-third of the coloring matter is left unused in the so-called spent madder; and he has shown how to make a pretty penny and an honest penny out of it, by the aid of certain hot acids.

Whether any perfumed lady would be disconcerted at learning the sources of her perfumes, each lady must decide for herself; but it seems that Mr. De la Rue and Doctor Hoffman, in their capacities as jurors of the Great Exhibition, have made terrible havoc among the perfumery. They have found that many of the scents said to be procured from flowers and fruits, are really produced from anything but flowery sources; the perfumers are chemists enough to know that similar odors may be often produced from dissimilar substances, and if the half-crown bottle of perfume really has the required odor, the perfumer does not expect to be asked what kind of odor was emitted by the substance whence the perfume was obtained. Now, Doctor Lyon Playfair, in his summary of the jury investigation above alluded to, broadly tells us that these primary odors are often most unbearable. "A peculiarly fetid oil, termed fusil oil, is formed in making brandy and whiskey; this fusil oil, distilled with sulphuric acid and acetate of potash, gives the oil of pears. The oil of apples is made from the same fusil oil, by distillation with sulphuric acid and bichromate of potash. The oil of pine-apples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar, or by making a soap with butter, and distilling it with alcohol and sulphuric acid; and is now largely employed in England in making pine-apple ale. Oil of grapes and oil of cognac, used to impart the flavor of French cognac to British brandy, are little else than fusil oil. The artificial oil of bitter almonds, now so largely employed in perfuming soap and for flavoring confectionary, is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the fetid oils of gas-tar. Many a fair forehead is damped with *eau de mille-fleurs*, without knowing that its essential ingredient is derived from the drainage of cow-houses." In all such cases as these, the chemical science involved is, really, of a high order, and the perfume produced is a bona-fide perfume, not one whit less sterling than if produced from fruits and flowers. The only question is one of commercial honesty, in giving a name no longer applicable, and charging too highly for a cheaply produced scent. This mode of saving a penny is chemically right, but commercially wrong.

The French make a large quantity of sugar from beet-root; and in the processes of manufacture there remains behind a thick, black, unctuous molasses, containing much sugar, but from other causes

impregnated with a nauseous taste and a most disagreeable smell. Men will not eat it, but pigs will; and so to the pigs it has gone, until M. Dubranfaut showed (as he has lately done) that this molasses is something better than pig's meat. He dissolves, and decomposes, and washes, and clarifies, until he ends by producing a kind of *eau sucrée*, a beautifully clear and colorless syrup or sugar-liquid, containing nearly the whole of the saccharine principle from the offensive and almost valueless molasses.

How can we make one kind of paint or liquid produce many different colors, and this with an amount of material almost beneath the power of man to weigh or measure? Mr. De la Rue has solved this question by the production of his beautiful iridescent and opalescent paper. Both mechanically and optically, the production of these papers is strikingly interesting. Water is poured into a flat vessel; and, when quite tranquil, a very minute quantity of spirit varnish is sprinkled upon the surface; this, by a species of attraction between the two liquids, spreads out on all sides, and covers the whole surface in a film of exquisite thinness. A sheet of paper, or a card-board, or any other article, is then dipped fairly into the water, and raised gently with that surface uppermost which is to receive the colored adornment; it lifts up the film of varnish from off the surface of the water, and this film becomes deposited on the paper itself. The paper is held in an inclined position, to allow the water to drain off from beneath the film; and the varnish then remains permanent on the surface of the paper. Now, the paper thus coated with colorless varnish exhibits the prismatic tints with exquisite clearness; the film of varnish is so extremely thin—so far beneath anything that could be laid on with a brush or pencil—that it reflects light on the same principle as the soap-bubble, exhibiting differences of color on account of minute differences in the thickness of the film at different parts; and not only so, but the self-same spot exhibits different tints, according to the angle at which we view it. It is a lovely material, and lovely things may be produced from it. We cannot speak of it as producing something out of nothing; but it is a means of producing a beautiful result with a marvellously small expenditure of materials.

The clinkers, ashes, or cinders, which remain in furnaces after metallurgic operations have been completed, may appear to be among the most useless of all useless things. Not so, however. If they contain any metal, there are men who will ferret it out by some means or other. Not many years since, the ashes of the coke used in brass-furnaces were carted away as rubbish; but shrewd people have detected a good deal of volatilized copper mixed up therewith; and the brass-makers can now find a market for their ashes as an inferior kind of copper ore. It needs hardly to be stated that all sorts of filings and raspings, cuttings and clippings, borings and turnings, and odds and ends in the real metallic form, are all available for remelting, whatever the metal may be—all is grieved that comes to this mill. If metal be a cheap one, it will not pay to extricate a stray per centage from ashes and clinkers; but if it be one of the more costly metals, not only are all scraps and ashes and skimmings preserved, but particles are sought for in a way that may well astonish those to whom the subject is new. Take gold as an example. There are Jew dealers and Christian dealers also,

who sedulously wait upon gilders and jewellers at intervals, to buy up everything (be it what it may) which has gold in or upon it. Old and useless gilt frames are bought; they are burnt, and the ashes so treated as to yield up all their gold. The fragments and dust of gold, which arise during gilding, are bought and refined. The leather cushion which the gilder uses is bought when too old for use, for the sake of the gold particles which insinuate themselves into odd nooks and corners. The old leather apron of a jeweller is bought; it is a rich prize, for, in spite of its dirty look, it possesses very auriferous attractions. The sweepings of the floor of a jeweller's workshop are bought; and there is probably no broom, the use of which is stipulated for with more strictness than that with which such a floor is swept. In short, there are in this world (and at no time so much as the present) a set of very useful people, who may be designated manufacturing scavengers; they clear away refuse which would else encumber the ground, and they put money into the pockets both of buyers and sellers; they do effectually create something out of a commercial nothing.

How to save a penny by using dairy drainage, and slaughter-house drainage, and stable drainage, and street drainage, and house drainage, and old bones, and old rags, and spent tan, and flax steep-water—how to create value by using such refuse as manure for fields and gardens—is one of the great questions of the day, which no one who takes up a newspaper can fail to find elucidated in some form or other. Chemistry is here the grand economizer. Chemistry is indeed Nature's housewife, making the best of everything. "The clippings of the travelling tinker," as Dr. Playfair well says in one of his lectures, "are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs from the smithy, or the cast-off woollen garments of the inhabitants of a sister isle, and soon afterwards, in the form of dyes of brightest blue, grace the dress of courtly dames. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was possibly once part of the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The bones of dead animals yield the chief constituent of lucifer matches. The dregs of port wine—carefully rejected by the port wine drinker in decanting his favorite beverage—are taken by him in the morning, in the form of Seidlitz powders, to remove the effects of his debauch. The offal of the streets and the washings of coal-gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavor *blanc mange* for her friends."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

SCIPIO'S CONTINENCE.

THE celebrated story of Scipio's continence in the liberation of a captive princess, and restoring her to her lover, is well known to every school-boy reader. After the capture of New Carthage, a multitude of prisoners of both sexes fell into the power of Scipio, amongst whom was a damsel of surpassing beauty. Scipio was twenty-seven, graceful and noble; his passions were ardent, and his power unlimited. Polybius says expressly, he was of a warm temperament;* and Valerius Maximus adds, that he was "young, unmarried, and victorious."† The temptation was not easily resisted.

His soldiers supposed that his heart could not be insensible to the charms of so lovely an object. He assured them that it was not. They insisted on his appropriating the captive princess to himself as his share of the spoil; but he informed them she was betrothed to Allucius, a Celtiberian prince, to whom she was passionately devoted, and publicly resigned her to her lover. "I restore to you," said he, "your young and beauteous bride, as pure as when she fell into my hands. All I ask in return is, that when you look on her you will be a friend to Rome." When pressed by her friends to accept her ransom, he did so, that he might bestow it as a marriage dowry. Allucius swore fidelity to the Romans, joined Scipio with a chosen band of fourteen hundred selected followers, and never afterwards forsook him. The Abbé de la Tour mentions the following interesting fact connected with this episode, which sufficiently corroborates its authenticity, had any additional proof been wanting:—"Allucius not satisfied with these proofs of his zeal, wished to record his own gratitude and Scipio's generosity, by a testimonial which might convey both the one and the other to the latest posterity. With this view, he caused a votive shield to be made, on which he was represented receiving from Scipio's hands the young princess to whom he was engaged. I have seen this memorial, as remarkable as it is valuable, in the king's cabinet of medals, where it is at this day, after having lain almost nineteen hundred years in the River Rhone, where it is certain Scipio's baggage was lost on his return from Spain to Italy. This shield was found by a very extraordinary accident, in the year 1659. It contains forty-six marks of pure silver, which is worth about thirteen hundred livres of our French money. It is twenty-six inches in diameter. The plain, uniform taste which reigns throughout the whole design, in the attitudes and the contours, shows the simplicity of the arts in those days, when they avoided all foreign ornaments, to be the more attentive to natural beauties." Jepson, in his "Roman Portraits," has given an engraving of this *Clypeus Votivus*, taken from Drakenborch's *Silii Italici*. He mentions the weight, dimensions, and other particulars. Montfaucon also has a similar representation, and entertains no doubt of its authenticity.*

Old Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," speaking of the continence of Scipio in Spain, expresses himself thus:—"Scipio, a young man of twenty-three years of age, and the most beautiful of the Romans, equal in person to that of the Grecian Ocharinus, or Homer's Nereus, at the siege of a city in Spain, when as a noble and most fair young gentlewoman was brought unto him, and had heard she was betrothed to a worthy lord, rewarded her, and sent her back to her sweetheart." Lord Lyttelton ("Dialogues of the Dead") does not think much of the business altogether. "I will not so dishonor," says he, "the virtue of Scipio, as to think he could feel any struggle with himself on that account. A woman engaged to another, by affection as well as vow, let her have been ever so beautiful, could have raised in his heart no sentiment but compassion and friendship." Perfectly satisfied with this conclusion, which he thinks will be agreed to, *nem. con.*, he winds up with two profound truisms:—"To have

* "Συνεδωρτες Φιλοφυνη τον Πορπλιον."—lib. x.

† "Et juvenis, et castus, et victor."

* We wonder whether it still exists in any French museum, or if it has disappeared in the turmoil and plunder of revolutions.

violated her would have been an act of brutality, which none but another Tarquin could have committed. To have detained her from her husband would have been cruel." Rather, my lord; yet in any similar case of practice *versus* philosophy, we suspect you would find at least twenty Tarquins to one Scipio. Lord Bolingbroke ("Patriot King") denies the story altogether, on the faith of a certain obscure Valerius Antias, quoted by Aulus Gellius; so true it is that no human reputation can escape calumny. "Now, the reputation of the first Scipio," says the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of Pope, "was not so clear and uncontroverted in private as in public life, nor was he allowed to be a man of such severe virtue as he affected, and as that age required. Nævius was thought to mean him in some verses Gellius has preserved, and Valerius Antias made no scruple to assert, that far from restoring the fair Spaniard to her family, he debauched and kept her to himself."*

A MELANCHOLY completeness, says the "Daily News," has now been given to the pictorial record of the exploits of the great Duke, which the proprietors of the *Gallery of Illustration* in Regent street have been for some time exhibiting to the public. It will be recollected that its opening sketch is a view of Dangan Castle, the duke's birthplace; the closing one is now the chamber at Walmer in which he breathed his last. An exterior view of Walmer Castle by moonlight precedes this last sad memorial, and it is hardly necessary to add that both are objects of the deepest interest to the visitors. For the plain—almost homely chamber in which the illustrious dead spent his last moments, all that was required was fidelity, and that has been observed as religiously as if the subject to be delineated was some holy shrine. The little iron bedstead without curtains, the spare blanket with which the duke indulged himself only on extremely cold nights, the plain table covered with correspondence from the great and little of the earth, and the elbow chair into which he was removed from the bed to facilitate that respiration which was so soon to cease forever—all these things are preserved on the canvas, and all were yesterday objects of reverential curiosity to the audience. It was quite touching to notice the grave silence that was preserved throughout the sitting. The routine description of the duke's victories with the usual claptrap allusions to the national valor, passed without a cheer, although it was evident that the most trivial facts relative to "The Duke," were greedily devoured. It appears that his Grace visited the picture only a few weeks before his death. His visit was a private one, and, being unexpected, there was no descriptive music accompanying the lecturer's description, and, as a consequence, the latter had no difficulty in hearing the duke's observations, made in his usual loud tone. He now embodies them in his lecture; and as everything connected with his Grace is deeply interesting to the public, we have noted down one or two which struck us as characteristic. While a romantic episode of the Mahratta war was being described, the adoption of the deceased chief's child by the duke, his Grace said suddenly, "Oh, I remember all about that. They ran after my horse with the child. He was brought up in the camp, and got a commission, but he was spoilt by the officers, and turned out a great vagabond." So much for reality against romance. Again, he stopped a labored eulogium on the military genius displayed at the battle of Assaye by saying bluntly, "There was no military

genius at all—nothing of the kind. I found two great armies confined where they could not escape, and without leaders. It was merely a question of common sense." Of the passage of the Douro his Grace spoke highly as a military manœuvre, but would not admit that the battle of Talavera, although it occupied two days' hard fighting, was his hardest day's work. A lady in his party having observed, "Your Grace must have been very much fatigued," he replied, "No; the hardest day's work I ever had was in India, where I had two sieges and the conduct of a treaty going on at the same time." The duke was, it appears, quite warm in his commendation of the beautiful tableau of his triumphal entry into Madrid. In this picture he is seen on horseback, hat in hand, in the act of saluting a grand procession of ecclesiastics, which is just seen emerging from the city gates, while beautiful girls strew flowers in his path. On being asked whether the Spanish ladies had really exhibited such enthusiasm, he said, "Quite true; they not only strewed flowers, but took off their costly shawls and scarves, regardless of the cost to their husbands, and spread them under the horse's feet. And their enthusiasm did not end with the day, for some days after, meeting a group of ladies, the first suddenly embraced me, and handed me over to her companions, until I had gone round them all." And so his Grace went on from grave to gay, showing everywhere the accuracy of his memory, and mercilessly smashing every incident, however romantic, which was not strictly consistent with fact. Every remark was carefully treasured by the intelligent lecturer, Mr. Watson, and is now listened to with delighted attention by his numerous audiences, who seem as if they never would tire of doing homage to the memory of a man who, in his long and perfectly fulfilled career, "exhausted nature and exhausted glory."

THE *National Era*, published at Washington, is the ablest Anti-Slavery paper in the United States. Conducted with consummate skill—meeting every issue fairly, and with sound reasoning, instead of declamation, it enjoys the confidence and represents the views of the great body of those in the Northern States who seek to bring the political power of the North to bear steadily and effectually against slavery. Yet, in the last number of that paper, we find the following explicit declaration of opinion:

There is progress in the South; and, after all, to whom are we to look for the emancipation of the negro race, if not to its citizens? We declare that our only hope for the peaceful redemption and improvement of the slave population is in the South itself. Congress can do nothing more than withdraw federal support from the system; it has no constitutional power for its abolition. The free states cannot legislate on the subject—their citizens can do no more than discuss the question, and separate themselves, politically and ecclesiastically, from all responsibility for it. Farther they have no right to go. Where, then, is the hope of the slave? We may talk of the right of resistance, of rebellion, of revolution. Our fathers resisted the despotism of Britain. They would have been dastards had they submitted; they would have deserved chains had they not succeeded. They had intelligence; they had trade; they had the mechanic arts; they had arms and soldiery; they had government; they had free institutions; and the despotism which oppressed them was across an ocean three thousand miles wide. The slaves have none of these advantages, and resistance by them would result in a war of horrible extermination.

Where, then, we again ask, is the hope of the slave? So far as we can see, it is, under God, in

* See, on this subject, a very interesting number of "The Tatler," by Sir Richard Steele, where the story is told with peculiar grace and eloquence.

the free citizens of the South. Peaceful, successful emancipation must be their work. The public opinion that shall originate the movement, carry it forward, shape it, direct it, accomplish it, wisely and beneficently for all concerned, must be a *Southern public opinion.*

When the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the country takes this shape, it ceases to be formidable to the interests or the rights of any section. It is rational, constitutional, and therefore safe. And the South itself can neither dread it nor complain of it. And to that shape, in our opinion, it is rapidly coming everywhere. There will continue to be, of course, fanatical movements in various sections—reckless of rights, of interests, and of all solemn sanctions;—for such extremes are necessary incidents of freedom of action and of thought. But they will take no hold upon the great mass of the people, and will not be at all felt in the grand movements of our national affairs. We firmly believe, therefore, that, until some new aggressions of pro-slavery ambition shall arouse new jealousies, and awaken new resistance, ultra Abolitionism will cease to be felt as a disturbing element in our national politics.—*N. Y. Times.*

SCENES AT NEW ORLEANS.—I made a point of going to some of the quadroom balls. I had heard a great deal of the splendid figures and graceful dancing of the New Orleans Quadrooms, and I certainly was not disappointed. Their movements are the most easy and graceful that I have ever seen. They danced one figure, somewhat resembling the Spanish fandango, without castanets, and I never saw more perfect dancing on any stage. I wonder some of the opera lessees in Europe do not import some for their *corps de ballet*; the expense, I conclude, is against it. A handsome quadroom could not be bought for less than one thousand or fifteen hundred dollars! though the market is well supplied at that price. These balls take place in a large saloon; at the entrance, where you pay half-a-dollar, you are requested to leave your implements, by which is meant your bowie-knives and revolvers; and you leave them as you would your overcoat on going into the opera, and get a ticket with their number, and on your way out they are returned to you. You hear the pistol and bowie-knife keeper in the arms-room call out, "No. 45—a six-barrelled repeater;" "No. 100—one eight-barrelled revolver, and bowie-knife with a death's-head and cross-bones cut on the handle." "No. 95—a brace of double-barrels." All this is done as naturally as possible, and you see fellows fasten on their knives and pistols as coolly as if they were tying on a comforter or putting on a coat. As I was going up stairs, after getting my ticket, and replying to the quiet request, "whether I would leave my arms," that I had none to leave, I was stopped and searched from head to foot by a policeman, who, I suppose, fancied it impossible that I should be altogether without arms. Notwithstanding all this care, murders and duels are of weekly occurrence at these balls, and during my stay at New Orleans there were three. There are more murders here than in any other city in the Union. In the first place, everybody drinks hard, and every man is armed; and a man who does not avenge an insult on the spot is despised. It is a word and a blow, and not unfrequently the blow without the word. The southern men are naturally hot-blooded, and duelling is part of their creed; and the northern men, who come down south, what with drink, gambling, and the excitement of speculation, are not apt to be very backward in taking up a quarrel. A "difficulty," as it is called, took place in the bar-room of the hotel where I was staying,

between two young men, and one of them was killed. There were about a hundred men present, but not one of them interfered to stop it; nobody arrested the homicide, and after quietly wiping his knife, he walked away. I asked one old gentleman who was present whether he would not be arrested and tried. He said they would have him up before the magistrates on the morrow; but that his opponent had called him a liar, which was quite a sufficient provocation for stabbing him. He said there was a glorious expression of public feeling in New Orleans in favor of justifiable homicide, and that no jury could find a man guilty who, as in this case, had any provocation.—*Sullivan's Rambles.*

A HAPPY FAMILY ON THE PRAIRIE.—We passed to-day through a large village or settlement of the prairie-dog (*Arctomys ludoviciana*), extending in length not less than half a mile. These little animals are very shy, and, at the least approach of a stranger, hide themselves with all speed to their holes, in which they partly bury their bodies, leaving only their heads visible just above the surface of the ground, where, so long as the alarm lasts, they keep up a continual barking. The note somewhat resembles the bark of a small puppy, but is, nevertheless, so peculiar as to be instantly recognized ever afterwards by any one who has once distinctly heard it. They are very hard to get, as they are never found far from their holes, and, when shot, fall immediately into them, where they are generally guarded by a rattlesnake—the usual sharer of their subterranean retreat. Several were shot by us in this situation, but when the hand was about to be thrust into the hole to draw them out, the ominous rattle of this dreaded reptile would be instantly heard, warning the intruder of the danger he was about to incur. A little white burrowing owl also (*Stryx cucularia*) is frequently found taking up his abode in the same domicile; and this strange association of reptile, bird, and beast seem to live together in perfect harmony and peace. I have never personally seen the owl thus housed, but have been assured of the fact from so many, so various, and so credible sources, that I cannot doubt it. The whirr of the rattlesnake I have heard frequently when the attempt was made to invade these holes, and our men at length became afraid to approach them for this purpose.—*Capt. Stansbury's Expedition.*

SHOWING THE DEAD.—There is a curious custom at the Havana, of laying out bodies in state during the night before burial. They are placed close to the open window, fronting the street, on a couch raised four or five feet from the ground. The corpse is surrounded with high wax tapers, and the whole room illuminated. Frequently, when returning from a *tertulia* or a ball, I have been startled by seeing the fixed and rigid features of some old gentleman or lady, dressed in their best attire, and apparently reclining before the window. It used to appear an unnecessary mockery of death, dressing out a corpse in a new suit of clothes, with tight patent leather boots, and white neckcloth. I remember one night in particular, I was returning home through one of the bye-streets, when, seeing the lower windows of a house illuminated, and concluding there was a body lying in state, I went towards it. There, close to the window, so close that I could have touched it through the bars, lay the body of a young girl about fifteen years of age. She was dressed as for a ball, with flowers in her hair, and white satin shoes on her feet; her hands crossed on her breast, her eyes closed, and her mouth slightly opened; and altogether her face and expression was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen.—*Sullivan's Rambles.*

From the Spectator.

STIRLING'S CLOISTER LIFE OF CHARLES THE FIFTH.*

THE more inquiring and critical character of the present age bids fair to disenchant history both of its fable and its romance, to the great loss of rhetoricians and rhetorical moralists. The supposed neglect of the Emperor Charles the Fifth during his retirement in the convent of Yuste has furnished a fruitful theme for reflections on the folly of resigning power and the shameless ingratitude of mankind. The story of his attention to mechanics (highly exaggerated) has produced another well-known story illustrative of the tolerating spirit that was induced in the imperial mind by watching in retirement the movements of watches. It turns out, that beyond an accidental absence of attendants on his first landing, and a delay on the part of Philip the Second to communicate his treaty with the Pope, because he feared his father would disapprove of it, there is no foundation for the tale of neglect. He was consulted on every great occasion, and his opinion followed, as well by the regent and ministry of Spain as by his son Philip in Flanders; while, so far from the emperor being in want of money, he had a strong box which in spite of hints he declined to open for the pressing financial wants of Spain, but directed an application to be made to churchmen for the needful. For the spirit of philosophical toleration ascribed to him, there are, unhappily, no grounds whatever. He was much more bigoted in the cloister than on the throne. What he regretted was, not that he had persecuted, but that he had not persecuted more. When the pursuit of heretics broke out in Spain, he urged the Inquisition to greater promptitude than that body displayed, and wrote and spoke with the virulence of a bigot.

To the king (Philip) in Flanders he wrote in a similar strain, insisting on the necessity of vigor and severity. And as if the letter penned by the secretary were not sufficiently forcible and distinct, he added this postscript in his own hand—"Son, the black business which has risen here has shocked me as much as you can think or suppose. You will see what I have written about it to your sister. It is essential that you write to her yourself, and that you take all the means in your power to cut out the root of the evil with rigor and rude handling. But since you are better disposed and will assist more warmly than I can say or wish, I will not enlarge further thereon. Your good father, Charles."

After reading this letter and postscript, Philip wrote on the margin this memorandum of a reply for the guidance of his secretary—"To kiss his hands for what he has already ordered in this business, and to beg that he will carry it on, and [assure him] that the same shall be done here, and [that I will take care] to advise him of what has been done up to the present time."

During the progress of the hunt after heretics,

* The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. By William Stirling, Author of "Annals of the Artists of Spain." Published by Parker and Son.

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Charles frequently conversed with his confessor and the prior on the subject which lay so near his heart. So keen was his hatred of the very name of heresy that he once reproved Regla [his confessor] for citing, in his presence, in proof of some indifferent topic, a passage from a book by one Juan Fero, because that forgotten writer was then known to have been no Catholic. In looking back on the early religious troubles of his reign, it was ever his regret that he had not put Luther to death when he had him in his power. He had spared him, he said, on account of his pledged word; which, indeed, he would have been bound to respect in any case which concerned his own authority alone; but he now saw that he had greatly erred in preferring the obligation of a promise to the higher duty of avenging upon that arch-heretic his offences against God. Had Luther been removed, he conceived that the plague might have been stayed, but now it seemed to rage with ever-increasing fury.

Even when he knew he was on his death-bed, the same intolerant spirit was uppermost. His codicil, executed within a fortnight of his death, contains a charge to Philip, "by his love and allegiance and by his hope of salvation, 'to take care that the heretics were repressed and chastised with all publicity and rigor, as their faults deserved, without respect of persons, and without regard to any plea in their favor.'"

The means by which Mr. Stirling has been able to throw a new light on the closing years of this great monarch have been, in part, a wider examination and a more critical weighing of published authorities. The chief source of his knowledge is a manuscript in the Foreign Office at Paris, to which he obtained access by an order of the president of the republic, and the assistance of M. Drouyn de Lhuys, which it seems was necessary to get the order obeyed by "the unwilling officials of the archives." This manuscript was compiled by the late Don Thomas Gonzalez, Keeper of the Royal Archives (of Spain) in the Castle of Simancas; its most valuable portion, as far as related to Mr. Stirling's object, consisted

... almost wholly of original letters, selected from the correspondence carried on between the courts at Valladolid and Bruxelles, and the retired emperor and his household, in the years 1556, 1557, and 1558. The principal writers are Philip the Second, the Infanta Juana, Princess of Brazil and Regent of Spain, Juan Vazquez de Molina, secretary of state, Francisco de Eraso, secretary to the king, and Don Garcia de Toledo, tutor to Don Carlos, the Emperor, Luis Quijada, Chamberlain to the Emperor, Martin de Gastelu, his secretary, William Van Male, his gentleman of the chamber, and Mathisio and Cornelio, his physicians. The thread of the narrative is supplied by Gonzalez, who has done his part with great judgment, permitting the story to be told as far as possible by the original actors in their own words.

The letters of the Chamberlain Quijada and the Secretary Gastelu are very frequent; and contain minute particulars of the habits, health, and daily doings of the emperor, as well as of the feelings and opinions of his attendants, most of whom neither liked the place nor the friars.

From his own researches and the information of this valuable document Mr. Stirling has composed one of the most agreeable and interesting pieces of historical biography we have met with. The occupations, the opinions, the behavior, and the amusements of the emperor, are described with a fulness which brings his life and habits completely before the reader; the account stopping well short of the over-detail which tires. The landscapes of Yuste and its neighborhood are described from personal inspection, as well as the present neglected and ruinous condition of the building where one of the greatest of monarchs lived in sought privacy and breathed his last. The accommodations and furniture of the so-called palace, when Charles resided there, are painted chiefly from the business documents and inventories preserved by Gonzalez. The changes of the weather, the visitations of sickness, and many other traits of the hourly comforts or discomforts which make up the sum of daily life, are presented from the private letters or gossip official reports of chamberlain, secretary, and physician. Mr. Stirling has varied these domestic details by glimpses of public events, so far as they are necessary to understand the questions that engaged the attention of the emperor, as well as by brief notices of the lives and characters of his attendants; all of whom, as may be supposed, were remarkable men. The whole of the book is animated by a lively, pleasant manner, relieved by various knowledge illustrative of the subject, derived from extensive reading among authors who have treated of the man and the age.

Nor is the subject itself without an interest, apart from that liberal curiosity which impels us to search into the habits and demeanor of distinguished men. Pope has ascribed the emperor's retirement to an "adust complexion." The true cause seems to have been that which Charles himself assigned to the States of Flanders—his growing infirmities, which rendered him unequal to the labors of government. It is satisfactory to think that he enjoyed his retreat, so far as his broken health permitted. The pomps and vanities of sovereignty he had never cared for; of public business quite enough came to him to occupy his mind with its habitual employment; and though his infirmities prevented any active sports, his natural tastes found amusement in gardening, music, and the arts; for he carried with him a choice collection of pictures and curiosities, as well as the Italian mechanician Torriano. His religion, no doubt, degenerated into a bigotry for which neither his age nor his education can furnish an excuse, any more than they can for Calvin; since other men in the same circumstances were not actuated by the same atrocious spirit. His weakness was a love of good things, which prevailed over him all his life, and, coupled with his labors of mind and body, undoubtedly shortened his days. Mr. Stirling thus describes his table:—

In this matter of eating, as in many other habits, the emperor was himself a true Fleming. His early tendency to gout was increased by his indulgences at table, which far exceeded his feeble powers of digestion. Roger Ascham, standing "hard by the imperial table at the feast of Golden Fleece," watched with wonder the emperor's progress through "sod beef, roast mutton, baked hare," after which "he fed well of a capon," drinking also, says the Fellow of St. John's, "the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of them, and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish

wine." Eating was now the only physical gratification which he could still enjoy, or was unable to resist. He continued, therefore, to dine to the last upon the rich dishes against which his ancient and trusty confessor, Cardinal Loaysa, had protested a quarter of a century before. The supply of his table was a main subject of the correspondence between the mayordomo and the secretary of state. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to change his route, that he might bring, every Thursday, a provision of eels and other rich fish (*pesado grueso*) for Friday's fast. There was a constant demand for anchovies, tunny, and other potted fish, and sometimes a complaint that the trouts of the country were too small; the olives, on the other hand, were too large, and the emperor wished instead for olives of Perejon. One day, the secretary of state was asked for some partridges from Gama, a place from whence the emperor remembers that the Count of Osorno once sent him into Flanders some of the best partridges in the world. Another day, sausages were wanted, "of the kind which the Queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making in the Flemish fashion at Tordosillas," and for the receipt for which the secretary is referred to the Marquis of Denia. Both orders were punctually executed. The sausages, although sent to a land supreme in that manufacture, gave great satisfaction. Of the partridges, the emperor said that they used to be better; ordering, however, the remainder to be pickled.

The emperor's weakness being generally known or soon discovered, dainties of all kinds were sent to him as presents. Mutton, pork, and game, were the provisions most easily obtained at Xarandilla; but they were dear. The bread was indifferent, and nothing was good and abundant but chestnuts, the staple food of the people. But in a very few days the castle larder wanted for nothing. One day the Count of Oropesa sent an offering of game; another day a pair of fat calves arrived from the Archbishop of Zaragoza; the Archbishop of Toledo and the Duchess of Frias were constant and magnificent in their gifts of venison, fruit, and preserves; and supplies of all kinds came at regular intervals from Seville and from Portugal.

Luis Quixada, who knew the emperor's habits and constitution well, beheld with dismay these long trains of mules laden, as it were, with goat and bile. He never acknowledged the receipt of the good things from Valladolid without adding some dismal forebodings of consequent mischief; and along with an order he sometimes conveyed a hint that it would be much better if no means were found of executing it. If the emperor made a hearty meal without being the worse for it, the mayordomo noted the fact with exultation; and he remarked with complacency his majesty's fondness for plovers, which he considered harmless. But his office of purveyor was more commonly exercised under protest; and he interposed between his master and an eel-pie, as, in other days, he would have thrown himself between the imperial person and the point of a Moorish lance.

The stoic doctrine, that we can call nothing our own of which Fortune can deprive us, goes too far, unless its interpretation be narrowed to the popular meaning of the term; since health and sanity itself are dependent upon extrinsic circumstances. In reverses of fortune, in broken health, and in declining years, we must depend for relief from vacancy upon those tastes and habits we have cultivated in ourselves. Charles had such. His early education had been neglected, and he never had time to repair the neglect; but he loved and admired literature, and was fond of eloquence, especially of the pulpit. He also loved music, and was no mean connoisseur.

Music, ever one of the favorite pleasures of Charles,

here also lent its charms to soothe the cares which followed him from the world, and the dyspepsia from which he would not even try to escape. A little organ, of exquisite tone, was long kept at the Escorial, with the tradition that it had been the companion of his journeys, and the solace of his evenings when encamped before Tunis. The order of St. Jerome being desirous to gratify the taste of their guest, the general had reinforced the choir of Yuste with fourteen or fifteen friars, chosen from the different monasteries under his sway, for their fine voices and musical skill. In the management of the choir and organ the emperor took a lively interest; and from the window of his bedroom his voice might often be heard to accompany the chant of the friars. His ear never failed to detect a wrong note, and the mouth whence it came; and he would frequently mention the name of the offender, with the addition of "*hideputa bermejo*," or some other epithet savoring more of the camp than the cloister. A singing-master from Plasencia, being one day in the church, ventured to join in the service; but he had not sung many bars before orders came down from the palace that the interloper should be silenced or turned out. Guerrero, a chapel-master of Seville, having composed and presented to the emperor a book of masses and motets, one of the former was soon selected for performance at Yuste. When it was ended, the imperial critic remarked to his confessor that Guerrero was a cunning thief; and, going over the piece, he pointed out the stolen passages, and named the masters whose works had suffered pillage.

He was likewise an observer of nature, and partial to what Bacon calls "the purest of human pleasures."

The emperor gave much of his leisure time and unemployed thought to his garden. He had ever been a lover of nature, and a cherisher of birds and flowers. In one of his campaigns, the story was told, that a swallow having built her nest and hatched her young upon his tent, he would not allow the tent to be struck when the army resumed its march, but left it standing for the sake of the mother and brood. From Tunis he is said to have brought not only the best of his laurels, but the pretty flower called the Indian pink; sending it from the African shore to his gardens in Spain, whence, in time, it won its way into every cottage-garden in Europe. Yuste was a very paradise for these simple tastes and harmless pleasures. The emperor spent part of the summer in embellishing the ground immediately below his windows; he raised a terrace, on which he placed a fountain, and laid out a parterre; and beneath it he formed a second parterre, planted like the first with flowers and orange-trees. Amongst his poultry were some Indian fowls, sent him by the Bishop of Plasencia. He also caused a couple of fish-ponds to be formed with the water of the adjacent brook, and stored one of them with trout and the other with tench. It was evidently his wish to make himself comfortable in the retreat where he had a reasonable prospect of passing many years.

His death is described with minuteness, day by day; and is a narrative of deep interest, forming in its peacefulness a striking contrast to that of many kings and conquerors. He was struck by his last illness on the 31st of August, 1558, and at once felt it to be fatal. He lingered to the 20th of September; surrounded by attached servants, of whom the most devoted perhaps was his chamberlain. An extract from the journal of the day before his death will illustrate Mr. Stirling's manner and Quixada's feelings.

September 19th.—Mathisio announced that the hot and cold fits continued with great violence, and that

his pulse was getting feebler and feebler. Dr. Cornelio had been ill and feverish all yesterday, and was no better to-day. At eight in the evening, Quixada wrote that a servant of the Archbishop of Toledo was just come to say that the primate might be looked for immediately; but it was now of no consequence when he arrived, as all hope of the emperor being able to attend to business was past. Called to the sick-room, the writer laid his pen down, and resumed it in three-quarters of an hour. He wrote thus—"The doctors say the fever rises and his strength sinks. Ever since noon I have been keeping them from giving him extreme unction. They have been with me again to say it is time; but I have sent them to feel his pulse once more, and I will not allow the thing to be done until the necessity for it is quite plain. Thrice have they thus tried to bury him as it were, and it goes to my very soul to see it." The course of the pen was once more checked. "I had written thus far, when the doctors came and urged me to make haste. We have, therefore, given his majesty extreme unction. It seemed to me premature; but I yielded to the opinion of those who ought to know best. You will understand how I, who have served him thirty-seven years, feel at seeing him thus going. May God take him to heaven! But I say again, that, to my thinking, the end will not be to-night. God be with him and with us all! The ceremony is just now over, nine at night, Monday, September 19th."

The last day is still more minutely painted; but the close of it must suffice for us. The emperor's favorite preacher had been holding forth in a consoling and laudatory strain, when Charles interrupted him.

At last the emperor interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics, which he had long kept in reserve for this supreme hour. The one was a taper from Our Lady's shrine at Montserrat, the other a crucifix of beautiful workmanship, which had been taken from the dead hand of his wife at Toledo, and which afterwards comforted the last moments of his son at the Escorial. He received them eagerly from the archbishop, and, taking one in each hand, for some moments he silently contemplated the figure of the Saviour, and then clasped it to his bosom. Those who stood nearest to his bed now heard him say quickly, as if replying to a call, "Ya, voy, Señor!" ("Now, Lord, I go.") As his strength failed, his fingers relaxed their hold of the crucifix, which the primate therefore took and held it up before him. A few moments of death-wrestle between soul and body followed; after which, with his eyes fixed on the cross, and with a voice loud enough to be heard outside the room, he cried, "Ay, Jesus!" and expired.

From the Examplar.

This is a genuine and able book, full of unhacknied matter, gathered with diligence and used with judgment and discretion. The subject is so striking, and presents so many aspects upon which the mind must dwell with pleasure, that a man would have deserved no censure who should have put together an account drawn from the most familiar sources of this quiet little book that lies so close to the broad road of history. Mr. Stirling, however, writes with higher authority and from a full knowledge, and is able to supply in abundance those minute details which put the breath of life into an image of the past. He has used printed accounts furnished by contemporaries, such as were supplied by Fray Joseph de Sigüenza, and by others who had speech or written communication from men personally concerned about the cloister life of Charles the Fifth. But chiefly and

notably he has been indebted to a manuscript account of the retirement of the emperor, hitherto an unworked mine of information.

This account is entitled "The Retirement, Residence, and Death of the Emperor Charles the Fifth in the Monastery of Yuste; a Historical Narrative founded on Documents." It was prepared and fairly copied for the press by Don Tomas Gonzalez, Canon of Plasencia, to whom, at the restoration of Ferdinand VII., the archives of Spain, preserved in the Castle of Simancas, near Valladolid, were entrusted. Out of these, Gonzalez drew materials for a long paper on the relations between Philip the Second and Queen Elizabeth, and compiled also this narrative concerning Charles V. At the death of Gonzalez his books and papers, together with his post of custodian of the archives, reverted to his brother Manuel. By the revolution of La Granja, in 1836, Manuel was displaced and reduced to poverty. Then, hoping to raise money upon the work left to him by his brother, he offered the account of the last years of Charles the Fifth to the governments of France, Russia, Belgium, and England for about 400*l.*, and sold it finally, in 1844, for less than half that sum—both the original MS. by Gonzalez, and the fair copy enriched with notes in his own hand—to the archives of the French Foreign Office, of which M. Mignet was then director. The bulk of the memoir is composed of original letters, selected from the correspondence carried on between the courts at Valladolid and Brussels and the retired emperor in his household in the years 1556-7-8. The thread of the narrative is supplied by Gonzalez, but he permits the original actors, wherever he can do so, to speak in their own words.

During last winter Mr. Stirling, with the permission of the President and the assistance of Lord Normanby and M. Drouyn de Lhuys, "who kindly interested themselves in getting the order obeyed by the unwilling officials of the archives," made ample use of his opportunity of studying the curious documents thus deposited in the French Foreign Office. Original letters he was not allowed to copy, and such consequently are not included in the present work; but they have been closely studied, and at the same time many other authorities bearing directly or indirectly on the subject have been consulted. Mr. Stirling is known by his former writings as a good Spanish scholar, and a discerning critic of the arts, no less than a man of keen and just discrimination of character; and he is also acquainted through personal inspection with Yuste, and the scenes of which he speaks. It will be perceived therefore that he has not only good and, in many respects, new matter to indite, but that he was thoroughly qualified to turn it to the most valuable account.

The subject has lost nothing by his treatment. The style of the book is vigorous and careful; it contains no verbiage and it is never dull. Mr. Stirling's estimate of the character of Charles V. is indicated in the following passage, with which we may preface one or two illustrations of the cloister life, to the depiction of which the volume is devoted:—

He stood between the days of chivalry, which were going out, and the days of printing, which were coming in; respecting the traditions of the one, and fulfilling many of the requirements of the other. Men of the sword found him a bold cavalier; and those whose

weapons were their tongues or their pens, soon learned to respect him as an astute and consummate politician. Like his ancestors, Don Jayme, or Don Sancho, with lance in rest, and shouting Santiago for Spain! he led his knights against the Moorish host, among the olives of Goleta; and even in his last campaign in Saxony, the cream-colored genet of the emperor was ever in the van of battle, like the famous piebald of Turenne in later fields of the palatinate. Some historians have contrasted Charles with his more showy and perhaps more amiable rival, Francis the First, making the two monarchs the impersonations of opposite qualities and ideas; the emperor of state craft and cunning, the king of soldiiership and gallantry. Francis was, no doubt, oftener to be seen glittering in armor, and adorning the pageants of royalty and war, but Charles was oftener in the trench and on the field, scenes for which alone he cared to don his battered mail and shabby accoutrements. His journey across France, in order to repress the revolt of Ghent, was a finer example of daring, of a great danger deliberately braved for a great purpose, than is to be found in the story of the gay champion of the field of gold. In the council chamber he was ready to measure minds with allcomers; with the northern envoy who claimed liberty of conscience for the Protestant princes; with the magnifico who excused the perfidies of Venice; or with the still subtler priest, who stood forth in red stockings to gloat in defence of the still greater iniquities of the holy see. In the prosecution of his plans, and the maintenance of his influence, Charles shrank from no labor of mind, or fatigue of body. Where other sovereigns would have sent an ambassador, and opened a negotiation, he paid a visit and concluded a treaty. From Groningen to Otranto, from Vienna to Seville, no unjust steward of the house of Austria could be sure that his misdeeds would escape detection on the spot from the keen, cold eye of the indefatigable emperor. The name of Charles is connected, not only with the wars and politics, but with the peaceful arts of his time: it is linked with the graver of the Vico, the chisel of Leoni, the pencil of Titian, and the lyre of Ariosto; and as a lover and patron of art, his fame stood as high at Venice and Nuremberg as at Antwerp and Toledo.

The admiration which was raised by the great events of his reign, was sustained to the last by the unwonted manner of its close. In our days, abdication has been so frequently the refuge of weak men, fallen in evil times, or the last shift of baffled bad men, that it is difficult for us to conceive the sensation which must have been produced by the retirement of Charles. England is among the few nations of Europe to whose thrones there are no pretenders expiating in exile the sins of themselves and their sires; perhaps the sole nation whose royal house has no member who has put off, or has declined to put on, the hereditary crown. Now that the divinity which doth hedge a king has become a bowing wall and a tottering fence, it is almost impossible to look upon the solemn ceremony which was enacted at Bruxelles with the feeling of the eyes of the sixteenth century. The act of the emperor was not, indeed, a thing altogether unheard of, but it was known only in books, and belonged to remote ages, or, as the Spaniard used to say, "the days of King Wamba." The knights of the fleece, who wept on the dais, around their Cæsar, knew little more about Diocletian than was known by the farmers and clothiers who elbowed each other in the crowd below. It was only some rare student who remembered that a Theodosius and an Isaac had submitted their heads to the razor, to save their necks from the axe or the bowstring; that a Lothaire had led a hermit's life in the forest of Ardennes; that a Carloman had milked the ewes of the Benedictines at Monte Cassino. The act of Charles, therefore, was fitted to strike the imagination of men, by the novelty of the

occasion, by the solemnity of the circumstances, by the splendor of the abdicated crowns, and by the world-wide fame with which they had been worn.

Here is a glimpse of the great Charles, drawn from the letters of Von Male, the poor scholar of his retinue, whose position at the court and in the cloister Mr. Stirling sketches very happily. Of the letters of Von Male, published at Brussels nine years ago by M. Reiffenberg, we are told that

These letters were written for the most part in 1550, 1551, and 1552, sometimes by the emperor's bedside, and often long after midnight, when his tossings had subsided into slumber. Lively and agreeable as letters, they are invaluable for the glimpses they afford of the every-day life of Charles. In them we can look at the hero of the sixteenth century with the eyes of his valet. We can see him in his various moods—now well and cheerful, now bilious and peevish; ever suffering from his fatal love of eating (*edacitus dam-nosa*), yet never able to restrain it; rebelling against the prudent rules of Baersdorp and the great Vesalius, and appealing to one Caballo (*Caballus*, which Van Male called *onagrus magnus*), a Spanish quack, whose dietary was whatever his patient liked to eat and drink; calling for his iced beer before daybreak, and then repenting at the warnings of Von Male and the dysentery; now listening to the book of Esdras, or criticizing the wars of the Maccabees, and now laughing heartily at a filthy saying of the Turkish envoy; groaning in his bed, in a complication of pains and disorders; or mounting his favorite genet, matchless in shape and blood, to review his artillery in the vale of the Moselle.

Men who dine largely often quarrel with their cooks; and, since cooks are their worst enemies, perhaps they may be held excusable if they feel now and then bitter against them. Charles, however, as became a man who had retired from the world, and was devoting his last days to religion, bore the greatest sufferings and indignities to which he could be exposed with a most exemplary spirit of forgiveness.

While the emperor's servants were surprised by his familiarity with the stupid friars, the friars marvelled at his forbearance with his careless servants. They noted his patience with Adrian, the cook, although it was notorious that he left the cinnamon, which his master loved, out of the dishes, whereof it was the proper seasoning; and how mildly he admonished Pelayo, the baker, who, getting drunk, and neglecting his oven, sent up burnt bread, which must have sorely tried the toothless gums of the emperor. Nevertheless, the old military habits of the recluse had not altogether forsaken him; and there were occasions in which he showed himself something of a martinet in enforcing the discipline of his household and the convent. Observing in his walks, or from his window, that a certain basket daily went and came between his garden and the garden of the friars, he sent for Moron, minister of the horticultural department, and caused him to institute a search, of which the result was the harmless discovery that the caperous Flemings were in the habit of bartering egg-plants with the friars for double rations of onions. He had also been disturbed by suspicious gatherings of young women, who stood gossiping at the convent gate, under pretence of receiving alms. At Yuste, the spirit of misogyny was less stern than it had formerly been at Mejordana, where the prior once assured Queen Mary of Castile that if she opened, as she proposed, a door from her palace into the conventual choir, he and his monks would fly from their polluted abode. Charles, however, who had been wont in old times to shut his window if he saw a pretty woman in the street, determined that neither he himself nor his hosts should

be led into temptation. Complaint to the superior not sufficiently suppressing the evil, it was repeated to the visitors when they came their rounds. An order was then issued that the conventual dole, instead of being divided at the door, should be sent round in certain portions to the villages of the Vera, for distribution on the spot. And although it was well known that St. Jerome had sometimes miraculously let loose the lion, which always lies at his feet in his pictures, against the women who ventured themselves within his cloisters, it was thought prudent to adopt more sure and secular means for their exclusion. The crier therefore went down the straggling street of Quacos, making the ungallant proclamation that any woman who should be found nearer to the convent of Yuste than a certain oratory, about two gunshots from the gate, was to be punished with a hundred lashes.

A sketch of the present state of the Royal Monastery, whose past occupants are reawakened, and the most impressive of whose past scenes are repeated in the book before us, must be our last extract from its entertaining pages.

When I visited it in 1849, it was inhabited only by the peasant-bailiff of the lay proprietor, who eked out his wages by showing the historical site to the passing stranger. The principal cloister was choked with the rubbish of the fallen upper story, the richly carved capitals which had supported it peeping here and there from the soil and the luxuriant mantle of wild shrubs and flowers. Two sides of the smaller and older cloisters were still standing, with blackened walls and rotting floors and ceiling. The strong granite-built church, proof against the fire of the Gaul, and the wintry storms of the sierra, was a hollow shell, the classical decorations of the altar, and quaint wood-work of the choir, having been partly used for fuel, partly carried off to the parish church of Quacos. Beautiful blue and yellow tiles, which had lined the chancel, were fast dropping from the walls; and above, the window through which the dying glance of Charles had sought the altar, remained like the eye-socket in a skull, turned towards the damp, blank space that was once bright with holy tapers and the coloring of Titian. In a vault beneath, approached by a door of which the key could not be found, I was told that the coffin of massive chestnut planks, in which the emperor's body had lain for sixteen years, was still kept as a relic. In his palace, the lower chambers were used as a magazine for fuel; and in the rooms above, where he lived and died, maize and olives were gathered, and the silk-worm wound its cocoon in dust and darkness. His garden below, with its tank and broken fountain, was overgrown with tangled thickets of fig, mulberry, and almond, with a few patches of potherbs, and here and there an orange-tree, or a cypress, to mark where once the terrace smiled with its blooming parterres. Without the gate, the great walnut-tree, sole relic of the past with which time had not dealt rudely, spread forth its broad and vigorous boughs to shroud and dignify the desolation. Yet in the lovely face of nature, changeless in its summer charms, in the hill and forest and wide Vera, in the generous soil and genial sky, there was enough to show how well the imperial eagle had chosen the nest wherein to fold his wearied wings.

Mr. Stirling has thanks to receive from many quarters for a book which furnishes much new and pleasant information to the student, and will be welcome to all men who read for pleasure, and can properly enjoy a volume on a quaint topic written in a terse and healthy style.

A SUB-EDITOR'S MORRO (*On a Daily Paper*).—
"Always to put off till to-morrow the things that cannot be published to-day."—*Punch*.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A "SPLENDID" WRITER.

THE vaulting ambition of "fine" diction too often overleaps itself, and falls o' the other side. *Professus grandia turget*. Modern critics retain Horace's distrust of the *purpureus pannus, latè qui splendet*. "Brilliant speakers and writers," says Archdeacon Hare, "should remember that coach-wheels are better than Catherine-wheels to travel on." * Tickling the fancy may be an amusing operation—occasionally; but tickling of any kind soon wears out the energies, and, be the tickler never so accomplished and unwearied, the *ticklee* will speedily sicken of his attentions. Painted roses, and violets with a superadded artificial perfume, are not "the thing." My Lord Noodle, indeed, may admire, in flowing lyrics,

Mighty Mr. Sol,
So tilted out, so glorious,
Glittering like a beau in a new birthday embroidery ;†

but weaker eyes are fain to put up with a lesser light than that demanded by the sun-gazers of Noddledom. Mr. Lockhart figuratively remarks, in reference to *bravura* displays of conversational prowess, that in passing from a gas-lit hall into a room with wax-candles, the guests sometimes complain that they have left splendor for gloom; but let them try by what sort of a light it is most satisfactory to read, write, or embroider, or consider at leisure under which of the two, either men or women look their best.‡ Which things are an allegory. In the long run, no "splendid" writer will find his *panni* respected (except in Rag-fair), be they never so *purpurei*. Profusion of epithets does not always betoken opulence of thought;—for though an epithet is an addition, an addition (as a witty author observes) may easily be an encumbrance, as even a dog finds out, when a kettle is tied to his tail. "Stuff a man into a feather bed, and he will not move so lightly or nimbly. Yet many writers cram their thoughts into what might not inappropriately be called a feather bed of words." § This is one of the splendid sins of splendid writers. And all bookworms have a deep interest in inserting into any revision of the liturgy, should it come to pass, a litanical deprecation (*libera nos!*) of *illud genus omne*.

If dissenters and Scotchmen—to speak generally—or if certain sections of them—to speak more accurately—are to be credited, British literature is at this present enriched with a "splendid" writer, in the person of Mr. George Gilfillan, of Dundee. "Waverley" enjoys no monopoly of the Gifted Gilfillan. Again and again have we perused glowing panegyrics, obstreperous eulogies, hyperbolic laudations of this gentleman's literary performances. How could bookworm resist appeals calculated to stir him as with the sound of a trumpet—though it be a penny one, and *that* cracked! And how, having read what he was summoned to read, could he, inveterate scribbler as well as insatiable bookworm, resist the *cacœthes scribendi* to which the original sin of this paper is imputable!

Mr. Gilfillan is quite aware of the fallacy of overdoing the splendid, at least in the pages of others. Sensibly he condemns that kind of writing

which consists in a succession of hops, steps, and jumps, as being in general productive of a feeling of tedium. "It teases and fatigues the mind of the reader. It is like crying perpetually upon a hearer, who is attending with all his might, to attend more carefully. It at once wearies and provokes, insults the reader, and betrays a fear of conscious weakness on the part of the author." * Can we laud, as a heaven-born judge, the "Daniel come to judgment" who ignores the heaven-descended *ἱερός δαίμων*; or worship as an impeccable sovereign the David who needs a monitor to whisper, "Thou art the man"—*de te fabula narratur*? Jean Paul, at the opening of a chapter in one of his novels,‡ entreats his readers to be indulgent for once, if they find in it an inordinate supply of metaphors and impassioned sentences; some such prefatory apology might be stereotyped for Mr. Gilfillan's use in his *opera* or *opuscula omnia*. For few of them but bristle

— with terms unsquared,
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,
Would seem hyperboles.‡

Southey compares exuberance of ornament to the style of French engravers, who take off the attention from the subject of their prints by the flowers and trappings of the foreground. "You think," he writes to Ebenezer Elliott, "you can never embroider your drapery too much; and that the more gold and jewels you can fasten on it the richer its effect must be. The consequence is, that there is a total want of what painters call breadth and keeping, and therefore the effect is lost." § A cornucopia of imagery often contains ill-assorted fruitage and flowers, and suggests by its heedless outpourings not a few yawns and smiles. To practise the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous is hazardous—yet too soon meets with success; for here too *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. By Pope's doctrine, it is only the cloud-compelling Queen of Dulness whom such performances delight:

Here motley images her fancy strike,
Figures unpair'd and similes unlike;
She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance;
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race.¶

And one of Mr. Gilfillan's transatlantic critics is fain to avow, that such a perpetual straining after the introduction of prettinesses and gorgeous imagery and inflated metaphors—such an inundation of rhapsodical phrases and transcendental fancies, as characterize that author, has never before occurred to his (the critic's) literary experience. "What a desperate passion for flowers one must have, who will not only cull roses, and pinks, and other blossoms, but will put into the same bouquet the dandelion, daunting poppy, and even the nightshade and the stramony!" ** In fact, Mr. Gilfillan's diction may not inaptly be described in words of his own, originally applied to a fellow-countryman and oratorical divine, as a "strange, amorphous, Babylonish dialect, imitative, yet original, rank, with a prodigious growth of intertangled beauties and

* "Guesses at Truth." Second Series.

† Fielding's "Tom Thumb."

‡ "Life of Scott." Chap. xii.

§ J. C. Hare.

* Second Gallery of "Literary Portraits."

† "The Invisible Lodge."

‡ "Troilus and Cressida." Act I.

§ "Life of Southey." A. D. 1809 and 1819."

¶ "Dunciad." Book i., l. 65-70.

** North American Review, July, 1861.

blemishes, enclosing amid vast tracts of jungle little bits of clearest loveliness, and throwing out sudden volcanic bursts of real fire amid jets of mere smoke and hot water."* From our adoption of the "saving clauses" and "redeeming points" in this description, it will be seen that we do not tax our author with the exclusive production of sheer bombast.

Some of his reviewers *do*. They can see in his florid complexion nothing but morbid ill-bloodedness. Whereas we are happy to descry and to acknowledge, in his flourishes, a not unfrequent felicity, however spoilt in the setting. He gives you his truth, it has been said, precisely as he gets it;—"it comes before you as pearls, which have succession, but which have been strung together you scarcely know how."† That he has some degree of imaginative power, and an over-teeming fancy, must be evident to all his readers; nor are we inclined to deny him "views not destitute of vigor, and certainly replete with point and vivacity, so that, for the moment, of some happy paragraph we could almost say, "*Ubi bene, nemo melius*." But, on the other hand, he is radically deficient in logical calmness, in steadiness of intellectual vision, in comprehension of view, in tact and taste, and in self-knowledge and self-restraint. The reputation of both Robert Hall and John Foster was singularly advanced by the *esprit de corps* of "denominational" and party influence; and, in like manner, the exalted honors to which Mr. George Gilfillan is, in some quarters, presumed to have attained, are due to a cognate cause. Indiscriminate and unconditional eulogists he has—*tant pis pour lui*; but they consist either of authorlings, criticasters, and poetasters, who have been praised by him in print, and who gratefully act up to their light of conscience on the "Caw me caw thee" principle; or of Caledonian *noncons*, proud of such a high-flying theologian, such a rhetorical critic, and such a "splendid" writer. Thus—one "Alastor," who has done deeds of dreadful note in prose and verse, affirms that the two "Galleries of Literary Portraits" (whose painter, by-the-way, had patted "Alastor" benignantly on the back) form a "waving forest of grand imagery;" and goes on to say, "no praise of mine could touch the pale of that awful Sinai, whose grand imagery hangs over and folds around it, even as that dread mountain when it shook with the thunder and lightnings of the immediate God-head; I allude to those grand outpourings of a majestic soul to the eternal, whose crystal floods are gathered within his last great work, 'The Bards of the Bible'"—which, *magnum opus*, we are subsequently assured, "is an altar raised to the great I am, piled with golden thoughts and flame-like utterances. . . . and over all gradually spreads the night-like majesty of Bible-wisdom, till its religious firmament is sanded with the brilliant stars of revelation, to which Gilfillan's soul is as the telescope, bringing whole hidden galaxies to view."‡ How these "splendid" writers appreciate one another!

Again, a critic of a more sober school, writing in a short-lived journal, of whose contributors Mr. Gilfillan, *magna pars fuit*, declares that to such a mind as *his* "all things are possible"—that he is at once the liberal clergyman, the candid critic, the

true poet, the laborious student, the grateful essayist, the keen censor, the mature philosopher, the speculative enthusiast, the trained theologian—and concludes with the assertion, "For such a mind we feel convinced there is no place of rest. For such a mind it is not a matter of choice or ambition, but of inevitable necessity, to ascend in due course that chair of which we have already spoken"—to become the 'common measure' of rising genius—the central truth in the intellect of our time."† O ye accepted worthies of contemporary literature—ye master-minds of living authorship—take at once this "notice to quit," and forthwith pale your ineffectual fires before this burning and shining light! Your vocation is gone. Your mission is fulfilled. And he that is least in the kingdom of this new prophet, is greater than you. The days of the *Quarterly*, Mr. Lockhart, are numbered;—the reign of *Maga*, O Sheriff of Orkney, is accomplished—henceforth be dumb, and keep still silence, ye singing-men and singing-women, ye Brownings and Tennysons—and barter your histories at the butter shops, ye Macaulays and Grotes—and light your pipes with your philosophy, ye Hamiltions and Whewells; for lo! at your doors, though ye know it not, is the Coming Man, in the form of a dissenting minister, who is prepared, in broad Scotch, to ask "at" you all sorts of posing questions, if you don't by-and-by get out of his way. He, the central Sun, being risen, what occasion is there for you to twinkle, twinkle, little stars!

But, is Mr. Gilfillan responsible for the *latría* worship of his idolaters? Nay; on the contrary, he is surely sagacious enough to be somewhat vexed by the absurd prostration and mummery of their *cultus*. But he is tolerably complacent, too; and it is the unwarrantable degree of his self-esteem which enholds us to this freedom of speech. Little likely is it his spirits should be dashed by ought we can indite. "Not a whit, not a whit." He may pair with Monsieur Trissotin himself in

Cette intrépidité de bonne opinion,
Cet indolent état de confiance extrême,
Qui le rend en tout temps si content de soi-même,
Qui fait qu'à son mérite inéssamment il rit,
Qu'il se sait si bon gré de tout ce qu'il écrit.‡

Furthermore, he is himself forward to justify critical censure, when there is a call for it; meeting the remark of Lord Cockburn's reviewer in the *Eclectic*, that it would not be graceful to point out the blemishes of the "Life of Jeffrey," by this elegant reply: "That is, you walk along Prince's-

* The "chair" in question is for him, the Coming Man; who shall "sit as moderator in the sublime assembly of this age," and who, according to the authority from whom we quote, "must tame us by the purged preeminence of fasting, and watching, and prayer, and knowledge, and patience," and "must stand before us as the virgin before the lion (!)—and must ride us as the ship the sea"—and must be at once "the critic, the theologian, and the philosopher, with the soul of a saint, and the smile of a friend, and the face of a man. This man—this angel in plain clothes (!)—this *νικη ἀντίποιος*—who shall recognize the children of light by the freemasonry of kin, is the literary want of our times." And that Mr. George Gilfillan, continues the oracle from which we quote, "possesses such powers, properties, and aptitudes for this office, as have been combined by no other modern author, is a conviction from which, we think, the impartial reader cannot escape."—*Palladium*, vol. i., pp. 30, 32, 35.

† "*Palladium*," vol. i., p. 36.

‡ Molière: "*Les Femmes Savantes*."

* First Gallery of Literary Portraits, p. 226.

† British Quarterly Review, No. xxi.

‡ *Excelsior*; or, the Realms of Poesie."

street, you see a gentleman whose coat has been torn, and, saying to yourself it would not be graceful to apprise him of such a vulgar accident, you pass forward, and allow the poor fellow to go on amid a general grin till he reaches the North Bridge." Upon this hint, we speak—albeit hopeless of persuading Mr. George Gilfillan that his black coat has an unseemly rent in it, and is in fact a coat of *too* many colors. To him it is a Joseph's coat, for he has dreamed Joseph's dreams, and seen his brethren bowing down to him, and is entirely persuaded that the *ὄραϊ ἰστίαι*.

But who is Mr. Gilfillan, now interjects a hitherto patient and much enduring reader; who is he, and what has he written to deserve all this fuss? His *début*, then, was in the part of a painter of "Literary Portraits"—of which he has thrown open to the public two "Galleries"—many of the heads being finished off with no little cleverness and originality, but nearly all marred by grotesque touches and queer "effects." The intensely complacent air of the artist gives him, all the while, the look of a charlatan; and we seem to hear him commenting on his labors in the language of Mascarille, "Les portraits sont difficiles, et demandent un esprit profond: vous en verrez de ma manière qui ne vous déplairont pas." More recently, he has produced what he calls a "prose poem," under the title of "The Bards of the Bible," and which is a tessellated mass of almost beauties and downright absurdities. Sometimes he gives you a paragraph of daring and dashing eloquence; but it either limps off with a lame and impotent conclusion, or is succeeded by some monstrous amalgam of crude conceit and exaggerated diction. Speaking for ourselves, we find little in this book that is calculated to deepen our reverence for the sacred oracles of which it treats:

Ἀκούε τὰνδρος τοῦδε, καὶ σκοπεῖ κλυτὴν
Τὰ σέμν' ἐν' ἡμέκῃ τοῦ θεοῦ μαρτυρήματα.†

To the periodical press of the day, Mr. Gilfillan is also a liberal contributor; his name and style being familiar to the readers of the *British Quarterly Review*, the *Eclectic*, the *Critic*, *Hogg's Instructor*, &c. He has also given notice that he is at present engaged on a history of the Scotch Covenanters; and has occasionally thrown out a hint of his design to perpetrate a novel in Longfellow's style, or an allegory in his own.

He is here presented as a mature specimen of the "splendid" writer—a class especially in demand among half-educated and fanatical dabblers in literature, who crave stimulants and excitement in the pulpit and the review, just as urgently as another class requires them in the melodrama and the romance. Mr. Gilfillan has talent that might be put to better uses. His fertile fancy, his often subtle insight, his singular range of language and wealth of illustration, might, if presided over by a correct taste and clear-sighted judgment, produce works of deep and enduring value. But, as it is, he wilfully outrages good feeling and good sense by wayward sallies of bombast. He loves to start an arbitrary analogy, and make it run all lengths, mad as a March hare; or he calls from the vasty deep of his chaotic fancy an imaginary antithesis,

makes it his hobby for a page or two, mounts it with the *furor* of a wild huntsman, and rides it to death.

Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar,
Over park, over pale, thorough flood, thorough fire.*

Such passages are frequently composed—as it has been observed of the *splendidi panni* of a celebrated French author—under the guidance of the ear, the truths glanced at being lost in a torrent of jargon and verbiage: the intellect "pauses not, to take cognizance of the value of the thought, and of the very partial and limited extent to which it is either correct or applicable." Links of affinity are forged wholesale, and bound together in hot haste and most admired disorder. A trope is used as crutch to a lame argument, and a halting reason is borne off triumphantly by a suite of similes. A simile of Mr. Savage Landor's fabric may serve to prop up our own arguments and reasons against such writers in general:—"They carry stem and stern too high out of the water, and are more attentive to the bustling and belying of the streamers than to the soundness of the mast, the compactness of the deck, or the capacity and cleanliness of the hold."† And a bad sign of the times it is, when such literature is in request among young, thoughtful, and inquiring minds. Of such—and this is no worthless compliment—we believe Mr. Gilfillan's audience mainly to consist. That the young amongst them will weary of his magnificence as they grow older, and the thoughtful as they compare notes, and the inquiring as they search below the surface, we are sufficiently convinced; but, meanwhile, serious injury is inflicted on the due adjustment and harmonious development of their faculties, intellectual and imaginative, by the diet of "forced-meat" piquancies, and over-spiced *cuisine* and honeyed sweetnesses, to which they habituate themselves in such a gorgeously decorated *salle-à-manger*. The climate and living of India do not improve the digestion or brace the constitution of its denizens. As little will the torrid splendors and "nest of spices" of the Gilfillan type of authorship invigorate the mental powers of any who are attracted thither by the report of gold mines and "diggings" extraordinary. "Blessed," as saith the Eastern proverb, "is he that expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed."

Of the torrid splendors and Indian temperature of Mr. Gilfillan's style, profuse illustrations might be given. His passion for the sanguineous in all its shades is all-absorbing, and indulges itself *ad libitum*. A schoolboy, coloring his first attempt at a map, is not more lavish of marine blue in painting the ocean, and bays, and lakes, than is this literary portrait-painter of red in all its mixtures—the glowing crimson—the flagrant vermilion—the flaunting scarlet. Anti-Romanist as he is, he could not *help* painting the Church as a scarlet lady. Glance with us, reader, in desultory fashion, over some ‡ of his ruddy sketches, and judge for

* "Midsummer Night's Dream," ii. 1.

† "Pericles and Aspasia," § cxxiv.

‡ This mode of treating Mr. Gilfillan's writings is objectionable to his admirers, naturally enough. "Nothing is more easy," says one of them, "than to pick out a few such *macule*, and parade them, as affording a fair specimen of his style." (*Palladium*, vol. ii.) "His very faults," says another, "on which some minor critics show themselves so large, are often faults which the said critics could not commit." (*Brit. Quart. Review*, vol. xi.)

* "Les Précieuses Ridicules." And our Mascarille, too, has, here and there, his Madelon to exclaim, "Je vous avoue que je suis furieusement pour les portraits: je ne vois rien de si galant que cela." (Scene X.)

† "Œdip. Tyrant." 961-2.

yourself his fondness for this hectic pigment—his fiery zeal for "rubric" and red letters—his relish for lightning, sheet or forked, it matters not.

The "Hellas" of Shelley, he tells us, is a "wild, prophetic impromptu, half white foam, and half red fire." The same poet's "Ode to Naples" travels "on storm wings of shadowy fire." Lord Brougham's eye "shines like a sunken pit of fire suddenly disclosed—his arms vibrate like sharp tongues of flame in the blast." Before the view of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," "some great mountain of past crime forever rears its forked and blood-red peaks." Pollok's "Course of Time" contains lines "memorable, as if written in red characters"—(according to which doctrine, Mr. Gilfillan's books will be very memorable, indeed); and his "descriptions of Hell show a man who had rolled the red idea in the furnace of his mind, till it was rounded into fearful distinctness of shape and symmetry." "The red source of Byron's genius, shut in death, sullenly opens at his (Pollok's) spell, and, dipping his pencil in it, the painter hastily limns him in burning colors." Thrice dear are such lines in Aird and others as describe Galilean demoniacs who already "dwell 'mid horned flames and blasphemy in the red range of hell," and gibbering ghosts, with "fire-curved, cinder-crustured tongues." One of Aird's prose works is "red with fiery and convulsive life," and precious fragments are quoted about "sounding rains of fire that come ever on," and Ambition "lashed with a bigger and redder billow," and Avarice with "its awful lava of fierce, but unregenerating fire;" while the same poet's "Devil's Dream" provides its delighted expositor with an interminable series of "red sheets of fire," "flakes of flame," "red bewildered maps" of sky-scenery, lakes like a "red and angry plate," "fiery coasts," "salted fires," "crested waves of grizzly gleam," &c. &c. Southey has a "flaming genius"—though a few pages later we are informed, "his genius emits a deep, steady, permanent glow—never those sharp tongues of flame, &c." Robert Hall's "Discourse on War" is pronounced "beautiful, but faint—done in water-colors, when he should have dipped his pencil in blood." Godwin "had not the huge one-glaring orb of a Cyclops, letting in a flood of rushing and furious splendor." "No devouring fire of purpose has hitherto been seen to glare in Sir Bulwer Lytton's eye." But the baronet's Pompeii novel "glows like a cinder from Vesuvius," and depicts "most gorgeously the reelings of that fiery drunkard." Byron's "very contempt is molten; his tears of laughter, as well as of misery, fall in burning showers." Carlyle's conversation "is a river of lava, red, right onward, and irresistible." Over Macaulay, writing in the War-office the Roman Lyrics, "the Genius of Battle might be figured bending, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page." To Tennyson, poetry "is not a morning flush in the sky of youth," but "it

is a consuming and imperishable fire"—"it is fact on fire." John Sterling's genius "dances on a brilliant and shapeless fire-mist." Under Wordsworth's "steadfast look," Windermere "has kindled into a new lustre—like a red western heaven glorifying its waters." Of Alison's Sermons, "few burning embers cling to our memories or our hearts." (Evidently Mr. Gilfillan has no horror of heart-burn.) The historian who wishes to be read, and to "send down a shrill from his red-margined page into the future," must write worthily of revolutionists. Marat was a scarecrow, "with inflamed noddle, and small, keen, blood-shot eyes." Danton's "blasphemies were sublime as those heard in the trance of Sicilian seer, belched up from fallen giants through the smoke of Ætna, or like those which made the 'burning marl' and the 'fiery gulph' quake and recoil in fear"—and Danton "did not dabble in blood," but only made "one fierce and rapid irruption into the neighborhood of the 'Red Sea,' and returned sick and shuddering therefrom." The Hebrew prophet's "dark eye swam . . . with the light of the divine afflatus"—he was "a meteor kindled at the eye, and blown on the breath, of the Eternal"—and the "fury of God glared in his eye." David, "firmly, with his blood-red hand, grasps the Book of the Law of God." The stone-tables provided by Moses, "received and cooled the red-dropping syllables of the fiery Law."

Almost equal is our author's attachment to such words as "shriek," "scream," "sob," "gasps," and all their kith and kin. Shelley discusses a point in Plato, under the twilight trees, "with far-heard shrieking voice"—and runs to his friend Hogg at Oxford, "shrieking out with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, 'I am expelled!'"—and is habitually fast and fervid in conversation, "skrieking out his winged words." Coleridge's verse combines "the softness of the breeze—the shriek of the rising gale." The author of "Satan" "rushes up, at first, with screams of ambitious agony." Lord Brougham's voice is "now exalted to a harrowing shriek, and now sunk to a rasping and terrible whisper." Towards the close of his career, Byron's "wild shrieking earnestness subsided into Epicurean derision." The same noble lord was a Laocoon, "covered from head to foot with snakes of supernal vengeance, bearing their burden with deep agonized silence, starting and shrieking upon the application of a thorn, which the hand of some puny passing malignant had thrust into his foot." King Lear "shrieks up questions to the heavens, which make the gloomy curtains of night to shiver."

As specimens of Mr. Gilfillan's lawless taste, in ambitious passages, take the following. Hamlet is said to "dance on his wild erratic way to his uncle's death," and that uncle to "hiccup aphorisms." "The great dramatist has used Hamlet as Turpin did Black Bess—he has drenched him with the wine of demi-derangement, and thus accomplished his perilous ride." "Strauss is a great blockhead—the last stench of the infidel spirit." In his Astronomical Discourses, Dr. Chalmers "now drifts across the red light of Mars . . . now bespeaks the wild comet, now rushes in to spike the guns of that battery against the Bible, the bold hands of sceptical speculators have planted upon the stars." Pollok's "description of the resurrection, though vivid and vigorous, is as coarse as though done by a resurrection-man." To be oratorical in praise when you stand before some

However, it is tranquillizing to reflect on the inevitable innocuousness of aught we can do in this direction; for we are assured, from the same quarter, that "such cheap and petulant criticism will ultimately do harm only to those who are mean enough to indulge in it. Mr. Gilfillan has taken too high a place in public estimation to be touched by such ill-fledged arrows." Happy man be his dole!

The "elegant extracts" which adorn the text, *ut supra*, are culled from the flower-show of his writings in general—including his uncollected contributions to *Tait*, the *Instructor*, the *Critic*, &c.

masterpiece of genius, "were nearly as absurd as to cheer the thunder or encore the earthquake." Allan Cunningham's mind wanders untamed, "like a giant of the infant world, striding with large uneven steps . . . laying his lubber length on the dry, bald, burning rock, and snorting out from his deep chest terrific slumber;"—and his "Michael Scott" "can be likened to nothing in earth, sea, or air, but the caldron of a Canidia or a Hecate, with which sparkles interpiercing a thick smoke, through which you see, or seem to see, amid a tremendous 'bubble and squeak,'—a hell-broth in the act of cookery, which a Cerberus might, with sputtering noise, reject." Ebenezer Elliott's "savage power has taught him to wield the hammer and the pen with little difference in degree of animal exertion and mental fury. We can never divest our minds as we read him of the image of a grim son of the furnace, black as Erebus, riving, tearing and smiting at his reluctant words." Aird's vision of the high hills seen reeling in sympathy with the breaking waves of the burning lake, is "a circumstance reminding us of Hogarth's houses in Gin Alley." A sigh is bestowed on the unhappy "laureate who must sweat poetry out of every birth, baptism, burial, and battle." Poetry itself is "a splendid ulcer." Men have frequently but injudiciously classed Byron and Shelley together, as two dissolute and disorderly blackguards, because the two found themselves together one stormy night in the streets, having both been thrust out by the strong arm from their homes. "One had been kicking up a row and kissing the serving-maids; the other had been trying to reform the family, but in so awkward a fashion, that in his haste he had put out all the lustras, and nearly blown up the establishment." As to Mr. Macaulay's theology, it seems "we might ask with much more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, 'Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?'" Punsters are a feeble folk; for, "what poor creatures you meet continually, from whom puns come as easily as perspiration." (Talk about "odorous" comparisons!) "Carlyle's invective sometimes seems the foul spittle of some angry god. It is a wild, lashing rain from above, like Isaiah in his wrath."* Inference to Byron's letters as illustrating his poems, it is interesting, says Mr. Gilfillan, "while these great cataracts are heaving on, to mark this attendant spray-sweat of their agony." (Prince Hal was not richer, surely, in the "most unsavory similes.") Dr. Croly's is a "galloping" style—at a "generous, break-neck pace"—"it is no vulgar intoxication—it is a debauch of nectar; it is not a Newmarket, but a Nemean race." Certain religious *littérateurs* of the day are satirized as "hanging around the majestic form of Christianity a dirty finery picked up from the cast-off clothes of second-rate poets, and sinking the mother-tongue of Heaven into the sickly whine of a mendicant, as though Isaiah had become an old Jew clothesman." A Mr. Anderson, of Glasgow, of pulpit prowess, "so paints perdition,

that you seem to hear the roar of its sleepless fires, and the tossing of the victims on the unmade beds of despair." Michael Angelo, "pious as he was, would have broken up the true cross for pencils, and studied chiaroscuro at Calvary." "The idea of *Doctor Milton* is ludicrous. As well speak almost of Dr. Isaiah, Professor Melchisedec, or—Ezekiel, Esq." "We can well fancy Adam Black, or John Murray, saying to Milton, 'Splendid poem, sir—great genius in it; but it won't sell, we fear—far too long—too many learned words in it—odd episode that on Sin and Death. If you could rub it down into a tragedy, and secure Macready for Satan, and Helen Faucett for Eve, it might take; or, if you could write a few songs on the third French Revolution, or something in the style of *Dombey and Son*. Good morning, Mr. Milton.'" Swedenborg's intellect "kept him cool amid the most fiery and horrible details of damnation; he was a mere meter to the gas of the everlasting fire." Æschylus was the laureate of that fallen house, "the Stuarts of the skies—till a dying cockney-boy, with power projected from eternity, with hectic heat and unearthly beauty, sang *Hyperion*." Shelley "was a hectic hero; a Titan in a deep decline." In his "Prometheus," the "thought is often drowned in a diarrhoea of words;" and the "last act is to us a mere dance of darkness." St. Peter is the "Oliver Goldsmith of the New Testament." And, to conclude—what thinks the worthy peripatetic *custos* in the Nineveh room of the British Museum, of the following *Éloge* of his department:—"You could talk under the dome of the Crystal Palace—the Ninevehitic remains, which seemed the *fragments of the blast of the breath of God's nostrils*, made you silent. . . What could you do but *gasp for breath, and cling convulsively to your seat*," &c., &c., &c.

But enough. It is a solace to know how impervious Mr. Gilfillan is to the criticisms of "puny, passing malignants," to which category he will doubtless consign us—and how sublimely impenetrable he must be to their disposition to hint a fault and hesitate dislike. Yet he does now and then evince a susceptibility to be "riled" a little; and this fact creates in us some apprehension lest even our obscurity should be assailed by a pitiless storm of the "fragments of the blast of the breath" of his vengeance. Mr. Macaulay has already incurred his personal displeasure, from some incapacity on the historian's part to appreciate his brilliancy. The *North American Review* criticized his "Bards of the Bible" in a manner "which did vex him;" and he waxed irate about "that stupidest of all Old Granny's effusions. . . . She has lost all her teeth, poor body; and her tongue is not very clean. I fear the worst for her." And because the *Athenæum* saw reason to speak slightly of Mr. Gilfillan, he denounces that journal as containing only "dry and sapless critiques. . . where ill-temper, spite, and mean jealousy are mistaken for honesty and truth; and the clique connected with which are, as a whole, destitute alike of insight, heart, and enthusiasm." Probably, we are fathoms and fathoms below Mr. Gilfillan's contempt; but if he should call us bad names, and meditate the ruin of the Magazine, we shall soothe ourselves with remembering the good company with which his anathema associates us.

Meanwhile, we have "nothing exaggerated," and are certain we have "set down nought in malice."

* Commend us to Mr. Gilfillan for making the metaphorical gruel thick and slab. What an exquisite synthesis this—of "foul spittle," "wild lashing rain," and the wrath of Isaiah! What does our fervid divine think of the *Ars Poetica* criticism,

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinium silvis appingit, fructibus aprum?

“THE NEW REFORMATION.”

TO THE EDITOR OF FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:—I beg leave to call the attention of your readers to two very remarkable books, neither of which, I fear, have yet obtained the credit which they deserve.

The one is, *The Sympathies of the Continent; or, Proposals for a Catholic Reformation*. By A. Hirscher, Dean of Freiburg, in the Breisgau. Translated by A. W. Cox, M. A.

The other, *Babylon and Jerusalem; a Letter to Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn*, on her joining the Romish communion; supposed to come from the pen of Dr. Abeken.

I have thought it best to put what I have to say about them into the form of a letter, in order that I might not make you responsible for any private opinions of my own on the very important subjects with which these books deal.

I have also thought it best to join the two books together, because to me they are tokens of the same important movement in two most opposite and unexpected regions.

But however important I may think either these books, or the movements which they betoken, I should hardly have dared to speak thus off-hand of either, but for their bearing on certain matters now agitating the English Church.

Allow me to speak first of *Babylon and Jerusalem*, not as more important than its compeer, but as more in unison with our English Protestantism, and so forming a half-way house on the road to Dr. Hirscher's Reformed Romanism. I was grieved, but not surprised, to find that this book had attracted no very great attention. For myself, I tender through you my hearty thanks to the translator, not only for the translated text, but for the preface. I have learned from both curious and new phases of psychology; and I have been made more hopeful for Germany and Protestantism. But I felt, as I read and enjoyed, that the book would be caviare to the many; not because they were less wise and good than I, who pretend to be neither, but because they could not be acquainted with the mental and moral diseases, the pathology of which the book treats so wisely. At least, I had a right to suppose so much, from the difference between the tone of Dr. Abeken concerning Romish converts, and that of the anti-Popish party in our country. In Dr. Abeken I found a ready confession that the countess' conversion to Rome had been simultaneous with a conversion to God. I found understanding, toleration, sympathy, discrimination. I am sorry to say, that these are not qualities which we English are given to display towards those who leave a Protestant communion for the Romish one. We have a zeal against Rome, and a just one; but not one according to knowledge; for we know nothing of her but her defects. Of her strong points we are very ignorant. Of her good points we have not yet suspected even the existence. Hence our impotence against her. We compass sea and land to make one proselyte—and—I will not finish the text; but I cannot but feel inclined to do so, when I hear a man admired by clapping crowds, who, after having been a Romish priest, dares to reproduce to the ears of educated Englishmen so ribald and exploded a calumny as that which calls the Countess Matilda the mistress of Pope Hildebrand. Such is our method. Ignorant denunciation. Ignorant, not because the facts which we allege against Rome

are false—for they are in the main true—but because we do not know why they are true. We do not know what made the Middle Ages cling to Rome—what makes half Europe cling to her still; still less what makes educated English gentlemen and gentlewomen seek in her something which they cannot find here. In the popular anti-popish books and lectures I find a crass—I had almost said, a wilful ignorance on these points. Hence a prurient readiness to listen again and again to bestial accusations, which, true and false both, are quite notorious enough already. I do not see why men should have liberty, when accusing Rome, to talk and write filth which would in any other case render them amenable to the police. If needy persons wish to get their bread, there are other methods open to them than that of Holywell-street.

But I could excuse even this, did these denunciations of Rome convert Romanists to a purer faith. But they do not. The Irish famine is now doing for the cause of Protestantism what all Rotunda word-battles have failed to do; and the sins and misgovernment of a Protestant domination are—so mysterious are the ways of God—converting thousands, whom argument and ridicule have failed to touch. I can well conceive why. I glory in those very mixed motives which some men hastily cast in the teeth of the Irish converts. What if they find that the Irish Church pays them better than the Romish? Let Protestants who trust their own creed answer, that if it be a truer faith it ought to pay them better; and rejoice in this fresh proof that the reformed creed is the creed which leads naturally and inevitably to prudence, self-respect, industry, civilization—in a word, to the development of true manhood. But, though such convictions may be forced on the minds which have to deal with the degraded Irishmen, they have not yet spread far in England. We have not yet faith enough in Protestantism to believe that it is really able to meet Romanism in fair field, or to believe that a thorough understanding of Romanism, and a thorough appreciation of any good which may be in it, is anything but a dangerous tampering with our own insular creed. We forget that the less cannot conquer the greater, and that one rational being is always less than another, till he understands and comprehends that other. So we make a merit of not comprehending a Romanist, and then wonder that we cannot convert him. It is easy to call his error a delusion of the devil. But we forget that the same book which teaches us to believe in the devil, teaches us that he has no power over any person, except on account of some mental disease of that person which gives him scope. And what that mental disease may be in the case of a Romish convert we will not ask. In our arrogant self-satisfaction, we cry, “He is a fool to have gone over.—What is the use of speculating about a fool's thoughts?” But also, fear has a good deal of influence in keeping us from the examination. We have a dim suspicion, which we dare not confess to ourselves, that Romish perversions are in part the fault of Protestants—our own fault, in short. The decadence of German Lutheranism, the imbecility of French Protestantism, the infidelity which has replaced Genevan Calvinism, frighten us lest some such end be approaching us also. Why it should come to us, we cannot tell. Why it should not come to us, we can tell still less. . . . And in perplexity and anxiety, old women of both sexes lend

a ready ear to those who inform them that the end of the world is coming in the year after next—that what they see around them is "only" the spread of infidelity foretold as the forerunner of that event, and that after it, of course, Protestantism will be miraculously exhibited to heaven and earth as the one and only true faith. And in the mean while, as a natural consequence, all that we have to do, either with infidelity or Popery, is to shriek and curse at them in the mingled rage and fear which ignorance inspires, as dogs run away barking from a stranger.

To such a temper of mind as this, and even more to that common and far more manly lay temper which takes its stand on English nationality, and says, "I am no controversialist; but I'll have no Italian priests domineering over John Bull"—such a book as *Babylon and Jerusalem* will be not only unintelligible, but, as far as they can understand it, dangerous. They will get angry with it, because it seems to them to blow hot and cold in the same breath. Who can show more eloquently than Dr. Abeken that modern Romanism, in professing to bring heaven down to earth, everywhere and all day long, has practically built up an iron wall between heaven and earth? But it will be utterly marvellous to John Bull to find him in the same breath confessing to affection and respect—as indeed I do myself—for the image of the Blessed Virgin under the lamp at the street corner, and the lonely Crucifix upon the vineyard slope. Who, again, can defend more eloquently than Dr. Abeken the wisdom and righteousness of the German reformers, in tearing ruthlessly away the scurf and moss of the Catholic tree, even in breaking off some of its fairest fruit and flowers, that they might get at the tree itself, and stand face to face with truth and God? But what can he mean by lamentations over "how much they took away from poor suffering humanity!—how many connecting links between God and man, and heaven and earth, they tore asunder!—how much poorer and void of color and ornament they have made, not only the churches, but earth itself!—how much less of heaven's radiancy the life of man reflects!—how much further earth has been removed from heaven, and man from God, since the time of the Reformation; and, I am free to confess, by means of the Reformation!" Or what will John Bull make of an author who, while he declares himself, and to judge from every line of his book, evidently is a staunch and vitally-convinced Lutheran Protestant, tells a lady that she has really found, on her entrance into the Romish communion, that "conversion," and "pardon," and "saving faith," which Protestants suppose to belong exclusively to themselves; and that he "cannot think of recalling or estranging her from the church of her adoption, and indeed would not, if he could, convert a Romanist to Protestantism! . . ." What is to be done with so anomalous, eclectic, contradictory a thinker? cries John Bull.

Two things may be done with him, in my opinion; curse him—or read him. It is my hope that there are many, especially of those Protestants who, like me, are not ashamed to call themselves Catholics also, who will take the latter course, and profit by it.

My hopes and my fears for the success of Mr. Coxe's able translation of Dr. Hirscher run in the same channel. To those who are accustomed to call Rome Apostate and Antichrist, and to believe practically (and therefore really), though they may shrink from putting their thoughts into words,

that to die within her pale ensures something very like eternal punishment—to such men, how strange, how irritating it must be, to find a Roman Catholic divine as aware as they are of all the existing abuses of his church, and yet, so far from showing the least wish to leave her, and throw himself into their arms, calmly proposing to reform her from within; and not to reform her by altering her groundwork, but by taking stand on it, believing it to be divine, and following it out faithfully! "What," cries Exeter Hall, with one voice—"a man casting out devils, and yet he followeth not us! . . . Let us hope that that is impossible; that he will find out his mistake, and copy the Achillis and Gavazzis!" And then will arise an evil hope—too easily, alas, entertained by any human soul when it gives itself up to party bigotry, that Rome may be worse than Dr. Hirscher thinks, in order that we may have the pleasure of finding it as bad as we think it. I fear, sir, there are some in England now who would be sorry to see any reform in the Church of Rome succeed, lest not only their interpretation of the prophecies, but also their daily bread, should come ignominiously to an end. The majority, however, of English readers will find a simple solution for so strange a problem as Dr. Hirscher's book. He must be a Jesuit of course, or in the hands of the Jesuits, one of whose strong holds, as we all know, is Dr. Hirscher's town and university of Freiburg. Ah, that is it! And the book is a sham, and its proposed reformation is a sham, and a decoy, a piece of "paternoster tackle," baited with a gudgeon for German democrats, in its talk about yielding to the constitutional tendencies of the age, and a delicate little worm for English High Churchmen, in its proposals to make the Catholic Church in Germany most alarmingly like the Catholic Church in England. He wants each party to meet him half-way, the cunning fellow! Pooh! Does he think he can take in John Bull?

So poor John Bull; while, like the proudly-striding worthy of the *Walpurgis Nacht*—

Er schnopert was er schnopern kann,
Und spürt nach Jesuiten.

But to those whose scent is not so wholly occupied in Jesuit-hunting, I humbly recommend to take these two books, and putting them side by side, as each the complement of the other, see if they do not help somewhat both toward explaining why people go over to Rome, and why people go over to Protestantism, and why wise and truly good men on both sides, though deeply dissatisfied with their own church, stay where they are, and work.

As Abeken feels of Lutheranism, so does Dr. Hirscher of German Romanism. They have both degenerated into mere religions. They must be revived into churches. They have been occupying themselves too exclusively with what they, and too many in England, forgetting the good old Church Catechism and its present "state of salvation," have chosen to define as "the salvation of souls;" which term they restrict to the obtaining of certain pleasures, or avoidance of certain pains, after death. In the mean time they have neglected the education of their members in right life, either personal, family, political, or social, for the present world. Hence they have gone down, as time rolled on, into "superstition"—pedantic care about *id quod superstat*, what is hanging over men hereafter. In the Lutheran Church this has taken

the form of dry dogmatic word-battles about the proper methods of obtaining rewards and avoiding punishments; in the Romish, that of juggling tricks to be practised on God and the laws of God, for the same purpose. The Romish superstition is the more practical, the Lutheran more intellectual. Spiritual they neither of them are, for both have the same simple aim—to show men how to "win heaven" without being spiritual, that is, good men. But the voice of the laity, in both communions, has risen in protest. "We are men, husbands, fathers, masters, tradesmen, citizens. We want to know how to be good ones; not merely to get through those functions as necessary evils, with the minimum of danger and loss to our future prospects; but to fulfil them, to do them thoroughly, because they are right functions, integral parts of God's appointed constitution for mankind." To this demand, the German Lutheran clergy have been making less and less answer since the time of Luther. Luther made good answer enough; but his successors have forgotten it, till now they can only say, with the Romish priest, "We do not, and ought not, to understand these carnal and secular matters. We profess to tell you how to perform these functions without endangering the salvation of your souls. We can, moreover, invest them with a borrowed sanctity by telling you that they are 'types' of higher and spiritual relations, and call that 'consecrating' them. But as for 'fulfilling' them, as if they were anything holy or divine in themselves, we really do not understand this new longing of yours. A 'devout' life we can form for you. As for a 'human' life, we do not know what you mean by it, unless you wish to return to the theocracy of the old Jews, with their temporal rewards and punishments, forgetting that they were a peculiar people, under the especial government of God."

To which the laity of both communions has been answering more and more for the last century and a half—"Then we do not want you or your doctrines. We want to be taught to be men. We are here, now, in this world. If you could tell us what to make of this life, we might suspect that you know something about the next life. But if you cannot explain to us the works, and purposes, and successes and failures, which happen under your very eyes, do you suppose that we are going to believe you about matters which are not to happen till the day of judgment? Farewell, priests and preachers. We must go about our work, patch up for ourselves the best theory we can of what life and man mean, and what they are intended to produce. You say that we, considered not merely as 'souls,' but as men and citizens, are not under the especial government of God. Then we must govern ourselves as well as we can without." And hence has arisen, both in Protestant and Romish Germany, a very wide-spread infidelity. It may be wise for English clergymen to consider whether a certain similarity in their answers to the same questions may not, if much longer persisted in, lead to similar effects here in England.

Now both these authors, as I have said, confess, in the boldest terms, the evils of their respective communions. And an Englishman, reading either of these books, would see at once that to reform these confessed evils would be to make both churches very like the Church of England, both as to what she rejects and as to what she accepts. But he will remark, also, that Dr. Abeken is unable to propose any practical reform for his church.

He has no hope from the laity, none from the present ecclesiastical organization, none from any future amendments thereof. "These," he says, "will never fill the veins of the Church with fresh blood." That, he believes, must be done by a fresh outpouring of God's Spirit, which he trusts and hopes is at hand, to unite divisions which he confesses to be past human reconciliation, and disentangle confusions from which he sees no escape, orthodox and God-fearing man though he is, and asserting, and truly, that a vast amount of faith and piety, and well-doing, still remain in the Lutheran Church. And this with him is no lazy expectation of a *Deus e machina*, which is to excuse present idleness. No, he says; despise no temporary shed, however poor, to keep the rain out. Support, foster every attempt at coöperation in religion or good works. Thank a prince who will assume a protectorate over the Church, and who will endeavor to find ways and means for its independence and unfettered action. But from none of these, and least of all, one would hope, from the last somewhat self-contradictory form of help, does he expect deliverance. It must come from above, and we must work and wait, as best we can, in a dark and evil time. So says he, eloquently; pathetically, in words every one of which bears the impress of the highest Christian virtues.

Now mark the contrast of Dr. Hirscher's tone. He, too, believes that deliverance for his Church must come from above. But he believes that it has come; that it has been here always; that Romanists have only to make use of it. Therefore, he does not begin by those complaints of frightful abuses by which, toward the latter part of the book, he justifies almost all our English abhorrence of the present state of Romanism. On the contrary, before he mentions the disease, he starts with his remedy, and sets that forth in detail, with a plain good sense, and honest acceptance of things as they are, which is worthy of an Englishman; for his remedy is simply the organization common to the Roman Church with those of England and America. There are four instruments, he says; the primeval apostolic ones—bishops, priests, deacons, laity. Purge their relations to each other of the injustices, and tyrannies, and exclusions, which have distorted them for centuries, and all will come right of itself. Let your bishops do nothing without hearing the counsel, not of their own palace spies and eaves-droppers on promotion, but of the whole body of priests in their dioceses; and let neither bishop nor presbytery decide on anything without the counsel and assent of the communicant laity of the diocese. Thus you will become a living and united body again, because your acts will express the collective wisdom and virtue of the whole body. You will interest the laity in all you do, because they will help you to do it; and then, whether the government for the time being pet you or rob you, it will be immaterial; you will be a self-governing, self-helping, self-contained body, and not a mere organized party of religious missionaries.

You ought to do this, says wise Dr. Hirscher, because it is just and right between man and man. You can do it, without infringing in the least on the divine constitution of the Catholic Church; for, as I have proved to you by irrefragable authorities, it and no other is that very divine constitution—as one would have expected it to be. The early Church was free and constitutional in its form. The laity were as much members and senators thereof as the priesthood or the bishops.

Each had his function, but all worked together, because all worked. Finally, says Dr. Hirscher, you must do it, or, whatever becomes of the Catholic Church, that branch of it existing in Germany will end. This is an age of freedom. You cannot make the laity obey you as children any longer; for they are grown into men. You cannot exclude them any longer from your deliberations; for they are become strong enough to deliberate without you, stop the supplies, and go elsewhere for teaching. You cannot arrogate to yourselves any longer a personal superiority over them, for they are now as good as you, and as well-informed—perhaps on some points better informed. In short, "pure monarchy has become an impossibility in the State, and that is equally true of the Church. The purely monarchical direction of a diocese, for instance, runs in a direction so opposite to all the characteristics of the age, that its perpetuation, side by side with the constitutional and popular vitality of the State, appears possible in no other way than by the apostasy of the entire intelligence of the community, or by the prevalence of a religious indifference the most complete." Let no one depend on a synod composed exclusively of ecclesiastics. It would be "a farce in the eyes of the people." "Let no one depend on voluntary church unions; they only represent individual tendencies, and have no catholic impress or church mission, but rather a separatist character." And we priests ourselves, says the wise dean, as delicately as he can, should learn as well as gain by this return to the apostolic form of the Church; for we should then become not mere "parsons," a class parted from the laity, ignorant, as we are now, of their wishes, their temptations, their modes of thinking and judging. We should be taught by contact with them no longer to see everything through pedantic ecclesiastical spectacles: in short, to use words which Dr. Hirscher, perhaps, would not have dared to use, we shall become less of monks, and more of men. Though he dare not use the expression, however, his bold proposition for abolishing the forced celibate of the clergy, and his considering its present ill effects as "too notorious to waste words on," make me suspect that he would fully understand their meaning.

And with this ecclesiastical reform Dr. Hirscher thinks—as indeed I do—would come a practical reformation. The laity, once admitted to counsel, would help the ecclesiastics to reform colleges, schools, charitable institutions, and, above all, family life. The "priest in the family" would be no longer a suspected and intriguing intruder from another world, trying to establish an *imperium in imperio* over the women and children, to the utter destruction of family life; because he would be a fellow-counsellor, a fellow-worker, and, above all, what he is not now, a fellow-man with the master of the household, with the politician, the landlord, the merchant, the tradesman, the farmer; and thus the improvement would be not merely external, but vital; not a mere lopping off of certain abuses, but a discovery of methods by which Christian doctrine and Christian method might interpenetrate and leaven the whole life and conduct of the laity. In short, to use my own nomenclature, Romanism in Germany would cease to be a mere religion for the next life, and reappear as a living, practical Church for this life, and therefore for ever-present eternity.

Such is a very hasty outline of two of the most wise and cheering books which I have read of late; and I heartily wish that a copy of them were in the

hands of every English clergyman and educated layman, both High and Low Church. Many of the former, who are emptying their churches and alienating their parishioners by that very "recurrence to mediæval principles and practices" which to Dr. Hirscher appears "a gross and a perilous mistake," may profit by the warnings of a good man, who has had practical experience of that method such as they never can have. Many of the latter, who are inclined to view episcopacy as a mere accident and adjunct of church discipline, may learn, from the contrast between Dr. Hirscher's and Dr. Abeken's practical suggestions, that there is something more divine, permanent, and living in it than the good men whose *soi-disant* disciples they are, gave it credit for possessing; while those of the laity who connect the whole form, and the very name, of Catholicity with "priestcraft," "spiritual tyranny," "absolutism," and "retrogression," may begin to suspect that the Proteus of Catholic organization has still life enough in it to assume a new outward shape, and adapt itself to the wants of this age, as it has to those of preceding ones, without losing its identity or original inward form; and that The Church which freed mankind in the first century, by proclaiming, for the first time in the world's history, the sacred right of each and every man to come face to face with God, still stands on that ancient ground of individual conscience for which the martyrs shed their blood, but which is now paradoxically assumed to be incompatible with the existence of that very creed which first awoke it into being.

I have the honor to be, sir,

Your faithful servant,

A. B.

A PARTY OF INDIAN WOMEN.—The valley of Ogden's Creek, or Ogden's Hole (as places of this kind, in the nomenclature of this country are called), has long been the *rendezvous* of the Northwest Company, on account of its fine range for stock in the winter, and has been the scene of many a merry reunion of the hardy trappers and traders of the mountains. Its streams were formerly full of beaver, but these have, I believe, entirely disappeared. Some few antelopes were bounding over the green, but the appearance of fresh "Indian signs" accounted for their scarcity.

During our ride through the valley we came suddenly on a party of eight or ten Indian women and girls, each with a basket on her back, gathering grass-seeds for their winter's provision. They were of the class of "root-diggers," or, as the guide called them, "snake-diggers." The instant they discovered us an immediate and precipitate flight took place, nor could all the remonstrances of the guide, who called loudly after them in their own language, induce them to halt for a single moment. Those who were too close to escape by running hid themselves in the bushes and grass so effectually that in less time than it has taken to narrate the circumstance only two of them were to be seen. These were a couple of young girls of twelve or thirteen years of age, who, with their baskets dangling at their backs, set off at their utmost speed for the mountains, and continued to run as long as we could see them, without stopping, or so much as turning their heads to look behind them. The whole party was entirely naked. After they had disappeared, we came near riding over two girls of sixteen or seventeen, who had "cached" behind a large fallen tree. They started up, gazed upon us for a moment, waved to us to continue our journey, and then fled with a rapidity that soon carried them beyond our sight.—Capt. Stansbury's Expedition.

From the Christian Observer.

ON THE DEGREE AND MANNER IN WHICH
YOUNG MINISTERS MAY PROFIT FROM
OTHER MEN'S LABORS.

WHEN our universities are annually sending forth their hundreds of young men to the work of the ministry in the Established Church, it cannot but be regarded as an object of great importance to aid in giving a right direction to the minds and the pursuits of so large a class of persons placed at an early period of life in a situation of solemn and even awful responsibility. Without pretending to traverse the wide field of observation to which this remark might lead, I may be permitted to single out one topic as worthy of special attention on the part of those of my brethren who are just entering or have recently entered on an office to which many years of my own life have been sincerely though unworthily devoted. And I would speak, not as one who has actually done all that he recommends others to attempt, but as one who has learned through his own failures, as well as through some measure of success, what appears to be the most effectual method of securing one necessary element of usefulness in the Christian ministry.

I would endeavor to show, first, that it is lawful to avail ourselves of other men's labors in the discharge of our office; and that it is a duty incumbent especially on young and inexperienced ministers to do so. It will then be necessary to point out, in a general way, the limits to be prescribed to the actual employment of such helps.

First. It is lawful for all ministers, and especially necessary for those who are young, to make use of other men's labors. To dispute such a position would be to argue against all analogy. For, what science is there, what subject of inquiry or research, what profession or pursuit, in which the young are not required to learn from those older than themselves, or to resort to some means whereby they may derive advantage from the labors of other men? The higher we ascend in the scale of literary or scientific pursuit, the more obvious is the necessity for this deferential regard to the judgment, the talents, and the productions of the master minds which have laid the foundation, or reared the superstructure of some new monument of intellectual power. Our most celebrated painters have spent their days and nights and years in the study of the deathless productions of Raffaele, Titian, Guido, and other celebrated masters of a former age. Our most profound natural philosophers rest upon the basis laid by Newton, and avail themselves of the discoveries made in the wide field of nature by his successors, in their attempts to investigate the subtle laws by which the universe is governed. Poets feel the necessity of familiarizing their minds with the thoughts and style of the great poets of antiquity. And it would be strange if, regarded even merely as a study, theology should not need to be approached with a similar close examination of the productions of men who have brought the strongest minds to bear upon this most deeply interesting of all subjects to an immortal spirit.

The fact that God has furnished us with the written record of His own will, in a volume constructed, as the Bible is, of an infinite variety of materials, contributed by different persons and at different periods, is a proof that we must avail

ourselves of other men's labors in our search after the very rudiments of religious knowledge. And no doubt is entertained (by those who believe in Divine revelation) that we must learn all that we would know accurately and beneficially on religious subjects from the labors of those holy men of old "who spake as they were moved from the Holy Ghost." It is granted that none others can speak like them; none have the same authority; none come to us with the same high credentials; and therefore none can lay equal claim with them to implicit confidence and unreserved submission. Yet they who would confine all their attention to the Holy Scriptures run into an extreme, though comparatively a safe one, and lose opportunities of acquiring knowledge which no amount of application to the only true source of knowledge will supply. The private Christian, who is employed all day long in the necessary occupations of his worldly calling, may do well to turn aside from other books to that which alone infallibly directs his way to heaven. But the man of leisure, and still more the man whose office it is to teach others, has need of all the subsidiary aid he can acquire to enable him, from a full-stored mind, to bring forth "things new and old," that he may be able rightly to "divide the word of truth," and to give to every man his portion of spiritual food "in due season."

Rejecting with abhorrence the presumptuous notion of development insisted upon by our recent perverts to the faith of Rome, as implying that the revealed will of God in the Holy Scriptures is not in itself a perfect system of sound doctrine, which admits of no addition or improvement on the part of man; we may, nevertheless, maintain that the Scriptures are full of germs of thought, capable of being expanded and amplified as they pass through the medium of intelligent minds, and are reflected upon, from age to age, by a succession of pious writers; so that while doctrines remain immutable, and truths stand firmly on their own basis, the application of these truths and doctrines leads to an infinite variety of combinations and distinctions of thought, which open a wide field for profitable investigation, and tend to multiply, as time rolls onward, the materials for the instruction and edification of succeeding generations. Thus the fathers to the children shall make known the truth, and the accumulating capital of knowledge daily become more and more available for the general good. None are more bound to avail themselves of the advantages thus afforded and the perpetual increase of the stores of knowledge, than the young ministers of Christ. They have the greatest of all theories to publish, the most essential of all motives to see that they do their work faithfully, and to the best of their ability. If they neglect the opportunity afforded them of having their minds thoroughly furnished for their work, either because they deem that work too easy to require much close and diligent application, or because they are relying upon certain facilities which they happen to possess of expressing themselves with ease and fluency, even when they have made little or no previous preparation, their fund of knowledge will soon be exhausted, and their ministry, after having attained perhaps a temporary popularity, will become dull, monotonous, and wearisome. The Christian minister should set out with the determination that, in whatever other knowledge he may be deficient, he will not be behind his age.

in that knowledge which is necessary to make him "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." This, at least, is essential to his legitimate influence over the minds of the flock committed to his charge; and without this, however diligent he may be in his attention to parochial duties, he will not be able to command the respect due to the ministerial office and character, nor to gain the confidence of those who ought to look up to their minister as their guide and counsellor in spiritual things.

But in urging the necessity of furnishing the mind with all such knowledge on divine subjects as may be gathered from the labors of holy and devoted servants of God, we are not to forget that there are *limits* within which researches even of this character must be confined. To a few general remarks on these limits I would now request the reader's attention. The minds of men are so differently constituted by nature, and are so differently moulded by early habits, that it becomes equally necessary to guard against overdoing on the one hand, and underdoing on the other. If it be needful to testify against that indolence of disposition which would induce young ministers to adopt a careless and slovenly style of thought and of composition, against that dispicable vanity which prompts them, because they can speak with readiness, to assume a tone of dictation on subjects crudely digested and little understood—it is also needful to testify against that complete absorption of mind in the study of other men's thoughts, which produces an unwillingness to enter on the active duties of the ministerial office, and at length even an incapacity for fulfilling them. If he who is always preaching and never reading, always giving out and never receiving, will soon pump his spring of thought quite dry; so he who expends all his energies in study may have his own cistern full, but it will never overflow for the benefit of others; the waters first become stagnant, then putrid. He reads and studies till he leaves himself no time for independent thought, and no disposition for useful action.

Preachers especially who have a tenacious memory, are very prone to save themselves the trouble of thinking, by giving vent to the conceptions and words of other men, rather than their own. In minds possessing such a faculty, and not restraining it, no intellectual progress is made. Memory usurps the throne of thought and invention. Other men's thoughts pass through it, as water through a sieve, unchanged and uncolored in the passage. Consequently there is none of that vigor, that earnestness, that pathos, that originality of conception and expression, which characterize the discourses of one who studies that he may think, who weaves up the raw material which he receives, who passes the fact or thought in every form before his view, and then adopts it with suitable modifications, additions or abatements, clothes it in his own natural language, and pours it forth as the genuine sentiment of his own heart. Then it becomes a living thought, and they who hear it, feel and acknowledge its power. Thoughts thus generated and thus expressed, have all the authority of age combined with all the vigor and ardor of youth. They are fresh as the verdure of spring, and rich as the fruits of autumn.

If men who read much would exercise sufficient self-denial to make them pause over what they

read, instead of hurrying onward to see the end, and would turn over every important thought till they had not only mastered but appropriated it, how much would their intellectual wealth be increased, though the actual amount of their reading would be greatly diminished! There would be all the difference between actually taking possession of a country, and merely travelling through it, and taking a survey of its landscape.

Again: let those who thus resolve to incorporate what they read with their own thoughts and reflections, also endeavor to ascertain the limits to which their efforts in this direction should be confined; let them be deeply sensible of their obligations as ministers of Christ to use with fidelity, for the benefit of others, whatever gifts, talents, and advantages they may have received. Regarding themselves as "stewards of the manifold grace of God," let them know that they are not only to receive, but rightly to use, this "manifold grace" to the glory of Him who gives it, and for the purposes for which it is expressly imparted. If, then, study fills up our whole time, we hoard treasures which our Divine Master requires us to expend. We become useless by the excess of that which is necessary to our usefulness. And this very excess becomes eventually injurious to our own minds. It is treasure rusting and cankering in the miser's coffer. The mind becomes debilitated by over-exertion of thought, without the counteracting and remedial agency of active labor for the benefit of others.

Besides, great loss is sustained by that neglect of social intercourse with mankind in which studious persons are prone to indulge, and which too often induces a real disability to make any application of the knowledge acquired by reading to the practical duties of the Christian ministry. Who is so unable to understand and to enter into the feelings of the man of business, or the poor, or the young of his flock, as he who devotes his whole time to study? Who has less sympathy with the common sufferings of mankind? or who is less able to administer the needed instruction, consolation, or warning which such cases require, than the man who thus buries himself among his books, or thinks every moment lost which is not employed in abstract thought, or in busy intellectual pursuits? How many persons under deep spiritual convictions of sin, and anxious for Christian counsel and direction, are yet afraid to go to their minister, lest he should deem their call an intrusion on his hours of study; and how often has the countenance of the minister, when waited upon by such applicants, indicated the restlessness and annoyance occasioned by this interruption of his favorite employment! We may be certain, that whenever such discountenance is given to the most frank and open communication between a pastor and his flock, the pastor is sacrificing duty to inclination, and is seeking his own pleasure, where it never can be found, in a virtual neglect of one of the most indispensable duties of his office. It is a very necessary rule for the direction of the studies of every Christian minister—and more especially of every young minister—to engage in no sedentary occupation which shall unfit the mind for the external labors of the ministry; to pursue none so far as to injure his own health, and thus disable him for the due fulfilment of his appointed work. The mind, when too much stimulated by study, becomes a sword too sharp for the scabbard of the

body in which it is sheathed; and when the body is exhausted, the mind sinks with it, and "much study becomes not only a weariness to the flesh," but a destroyer of the mental powers by which it had been cultivated.

But to pass from this high and strenuous use of other men's labors, which is the familiar practice of the most comprehensive class of minds, we may notice that humbler use of them, which may be made with advantage, under due regulation, by those ministers who have much to do in the external service of religion, and comparatively little time for close study, and perhaps not much ability for severe mental application of any kind. What use may such persons lawfully and profitably make of the writings of other men? That they may be greatly assisted by the use of sound commentaries, and that they will do well to consult them with care, and often form their sermons upon them, will hardly be disputed. That they may also, with great advantage, at times, read over some excellent sermon, and then write under the impression of what they have read, borrowing many thoughts, yet perhaps not remembering or copying a single sentence, will also be generally granted. Such a mode will serve to enlarge gradually the mind of the youthful preacher; and will also save him from the common fault of his class, namely, that of pouring forth his own crude conceptions, to the pain and grief of many of his more advanced and experienced hearers. Supposing, however, that he has to preach often, even this labor may be more than he can accomplish in a suitable manner. He is then tempted to scribble rather than write his sermons; his style becomes careless, his arguments inconsequent; his illustrations incongruous, his figures unhappily chosen and incorrectly applied; his train of thought broken and dislocated, till he bewilders not only his audience but himself, unless perhaps the slovenly habit he is hastily contracting keeps him in a happy unconsciousness that he is all the while talking nonsense.

This is, at all hazards, to be avoided. It were better to take another's sermon entire, than to launch out on such a sea of absurdities. But it is not desirable that a young minister should be shut up to such an alternative. He ought, in ordinary circumstances, to find time for the composition of one carefully digested sermon in the week. If he must preach more, let him, if he has no stock to fall back upon, borrow thoughts, if not words, from others; but still let him cast these into his own mould, and filter them, so to speak, through his own mind. In quoting passages, it may be well to intimate that he is quoting, though it may not be necessary to mention in the pulpit the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken; otherwise, he will scarcely be exonerated from the charge of plagiarism. Above all, let him shun the despicable practice which a few preachers have been known to adopt, of taking some of the most eloquent sermons in the language, and preaching them as if they were their own. The vanity which leads to such an attempt to shine in borrowed plumes, generally brings its own punishment; for it seldom long escapes detection; and when once the fraud is discovered, all respect for the author of it is gone forever.

After all, godly simplicity and sincerity of purpose will prove the best guide to the young student in the necessary preparation for his ministerial labors.

This will preserve him from all ostentatious display of talents, real or imaginary; from all undue self-reliance on the one hand, and all undue appropriation of other men's labors on the other; from all wish to appear great rather than to be really useful; and from all danger of thinking more highly of himself than he ought to think, or of acting under the influence of any of those mean and sordid motives which, sooner or later, ruin the brightest hopes, and falsify the most promising anticipations of ministerial success.

The man who borrows from others for the purpose of enlarging his own mind, or of bringing some known truth home in a new and more powerful method to the hearts of his flock, is in a very different position from him who borrows because he is too indolent to think, and who then retails what he has read with the indifference of a school-boy going through his task.

Above all things, prayer must blend itself with all ministerial labors. Nothing, indeed, makes a thought derived from others more certainly our own, than the attempt to make it a subject of serious and earnest petition. This gives a new and a somewhat original cast to the thought itself, and it flows from the mind and from the tongue with a mild yet winning force which few hearts are able to resist. To a preacher who thus combines study and devotion, though he may give no signs of extraordinary genius, the hearers listen—they know not why—and are impressed by his preaching in a manner they can scarcely understand. The secret of his influence is, that God is with him, and makes whatsoever he does to prosper. K.

From the National Era.

OCTOBER.

BY HARRIET N. NOYES.

ALL day the leaves from the maples
Have been leisurely drifting down,
Of their summer glories leaving
But branches bare and brown.
They're lying in drifts by the hedgerows,
They've come in at the open door,
Gently and noiselessly falling
In the hall, on the parlor floor.
They've donned, for the green of summer,
Purple and crimson and gold;
And some are yellow and faded,
And some are sere and old.
And the night has gathered early,
And damp with a chilling rain,
That is beating heavily, steadily,
Upon the window pane.
And the wind comes wailing with them,
And drearier grows the night—
No lights through the storm-clouds gleaming,
And the stars are out of sight.
But the light of my fire seems brighter,
And the cricket's a merrier tone,
For the night of deeper darkness,
For the rain and the wailing moan.
Sweetly, soothingly, softly,
The pattering rain-drops fall,
For a soul where melodious voices
Ring clearer and brighter than all—
Voices that are cheerily bidding
My spirit be firm and strong,
And gently calling each other,
Thro' the rain, the whole night long.

From the Bombay Telegraph and Courier, May 17, 1852.

THE OPIUM TRADE.

WE remember to have been told, when expressing admiration at the immensely lofty warehouses of Liverpool, that the bricks were cemented by the blood of the African slave.

In examining the colossal institutions of British India, we may in like manner be told that they are partly maintained by the life-blood of the Chinese. In other words, we sell them opium, whereby sooner or later they destroy themselves, and, by the profits of the trade, we support the political, juridical and educational institutions of this vast country.

Whether we consider the few lacs of rupees annually appropriated to native colleges and schools, or the crores expended on the maintenance of governors and councils, magistrates and collectors, judges and police, generals and armies, it is an indisputable fact, in Indian finance, that a very considerable portion of these sums is received from the Chinese as an equivalent for a pernicious drug.

This fact is fraught with much interest. As an article of commerce opium stands out without a parallel. From the skilful management and cultivation of about 100,000 acres of land, the East India Company produces an article which, sold at a profit of several hundred per cent., yields to them a net revenue, annually, of nearly three millions sterling. We do not here include the Malwa opium—a seventh of the whole revenue of the country, raised from an extent of *more than a million of square miles*.

From the transport of this drug by a few vessels named opium clippers, a few mercantile houses are also realizing magnificent profits, while the Chinese themselves, the grand consumers of the drug, part with five or six millions pounds sterling per annum.

The most astounding fact of the opium trade needs yet to be specified, viz., that Christian sensibilities have not yet been adequately roused in relation to its iniquities and horrors.

That a professedly Christian government should, by its sole authority and on its sole responsibility, produce a drug which is not only contraband, but essentially detrimental to the best interests of humanity; that it should annually receive into its treasury crores of rupees, which, if they cannot, save by a too licentious figure, be termed "the price of blood," yet are demonstrably the price of the physical waste, the social wretchedness and moral destruction of the Chinese; and yet that no sustained remonstrances from the press, secular or spiritual, nor from society, should issue forth against the unrighteous system, is surely an astonishing fact in the history of our Christian ethics. This fact can, however, be easily explained.

There is a prestige about this great trade which serves to hide its intrinsic repulsiveness.

On the principle whereby the slayer of an individual is execrated as a murderer, and the slayer of "ten thousand" is treated as a hero and half deified, we can understand how a trade, which, if carried on by one or two of "the baser sort," would be denounced as smuggling and piracy, is divested of its illegal and immoral characteristics by the patronage which emblazons it, the numbers connected with it, the immense capital embarked

in its prosecution, the glittering private fortunes realized by it, and, more than all, the immense addition to government finances.

We find it very difficult to entertain the idea that a traffic whose mainspring is in government regulations, whose affairs are conducted by government officials, whose sales are in the flush of day, at public auctions in a city of palaces, whose dealers are princely merchants; which employs as its transports splendid clippers, whose commanders are "educated men," and, still more, whose return-freights are *solid, weighty silver*; and, to crown the whole, whose operations from beginning to end are sanctioned by the explicit enactments of the Imperial Parliament, can be—as we dare venture to say it may be demonstrated to be—*commercially suicidal, politically inexpedient, nationally dangerous, juridically contrary to the law of nations, ethically unjust, and, in relation to that God who desires "mercy and not sacrifice," wholly iniquitous and abominable*. And yet, however difficult it may be to entertain the idea, "God is true, though every man a liar;" moral principles are unswerving and moral statistics are unvarying.

Right and truth depend not on time, or place, or people. No prestige can make falsehood truth, or evil good. Although it were true that none but "honorable men"—from the official who measures the land, to the collector who receives the proceeds of the sales—from the porter who carries the chests, to the merchant who realizes a fortune—are engaged in this trade, yet would the trade itself be just as iniquitous. All the "pomp, pride and circumstance," which now encompass it, cannot make it one jot less corrupt than it would be, and would be seen to be, if divested of all its present adventitious attraction.

We remember, when within two days' sail of Bombay on our outward voyage, we were all summoned on deck to see that interesting sight at sea, "a sail." It was indeed "a sail"—a vessel with all its snowy canvas set before the wind, and with a speed that seemed to defy the resistance of the waves, as well as an elegance of motion that attracted all eyes. We wondered who the stranger was; its whole appearance distinguished it from all the previous vessels we had seen. In a short time, from the strange "sail" came a boat, well manned. The crew plied the oars with wonderful dexterity, and with remarkable speed they reached our ship, and delivered us letters for Bombay. They then rejoined their own ship. Our captain said to us, "Gentlemen, every man on board that vessel is furnished with arms to the very teeth." Why? Was it a time of war? Did pirates infest the seas, and molest our trade? No. Reader, this strange sail was an "opium clipper," bound to China. Not one of us said, "God speed!" We felt that it was a smuggler's craft, going with sword and pistol to furnish a drug-enslaved people with what their own government has prohibited by every sanction that lay in its power.

These remarks are introductory to our notice of "An Essay on the Opium Trade," by an American Physician*—condensed in matter, perspicuous in style, forcible in argument, strong in indignant feeling, but withal impartial.

An American, accustomed to receive from us im-

* An Essay on the Opium Trade, including a Sketch of its History, Extent, Effects, &c., as carried on in India and China. By Nathan Allen, M. D., Boston, 1850.

passioned arguments against his own nation, on account of slavery, might well be pardoned were he to say to us, with somewhat of intemperate feeling, "Physician, heal thyself," and to expose with bitterness the awful inconsistency of Britain's vehement denunciation of American slavery, while, by most deadly measures, furthering Chinese demoralization. While he writes with the indignation of a man, and the faithfulness of a Christian, he shows nothing of the partiality of an American citizen. He has been at great pains to collect facts from Calcutta and Bombay as well as China, to illustrate his subject, and has altogether produced a pamphlet which certainly ought to be circulated extensively among the European residents of this country. To its contents we now apply ourselves.

We are constrained to say, that

The opium question, as one of right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient, is beset with no difficulty.

It not only seems impossible to defend it, but it is also extremely difficult even to *obscure* the subject by any specious reasoning. It stands out so thoroughly defined that no mists can involve it. Slavery, which is the only monster evil that can be compared with it, had many specious arguments at its command. The present advocate of American slavery can in a moment propound questions which will make a sober man pause and hesitate, although he may not yield an inch of ground in arguing as to the intrinsic evil. The advocate of the opium trade can, it seems to us, advance *nothing*. His best argument is silence. His greatest safety is *retreat*. He must have the genius of one of Milton's fallen spirits, whose tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason,

before he can "perplex and dash" the simplicity of this question.

We feel it therefore almost gratuitous to argue against it. Its facts are its most condemning arguments. Let us, however, present a summary of the whole case.

The opium trade is undoubted smuggling. Who can contend with the author, when he says (page 58),

All enlightened and even civilized nations have ever regarded it as a fundamental principle, that a nation may enact whatever laws of commerce its interests may be supposed to require. It has a right to permit or restrict, to encourage or prohibit, any articles of merchandise it may deem necessary. Any known or intended infringement or violation of this right by another nation is and should be considered one of the greatest national crimes.

And to take advantage of the peculiar circumstances of a nation, and force it to yield partially, or wholly, this right, to its great detriment, is, to say the least, highly dishonorable.

The Chinese government has, in the exercise of an undoubted right, prohibited the introduction of opium. The statute contained in the XI. vol. of its penal code, has never been repealed. We quote it from the pamphlet as follows:—

Dealers in opium shall be exposed with the wooden collar about their necks one month, and then sent to the army on the frontier. Accomplices shall be punished with a hundred blows and transported three years. Masters of boats, constables, and neighbors shall be punished with a hundred blows and three

years' transportation. Officers of government at court who buy and smoke opium, shall be dismissed from the service, receive a hundred blows, and be exposed with the collar about their necks two months. Soldiers and common people who buy and smoke opium, shall be punished with a hundred blows and exposed with the collar one month.

This was never designed to be a dead letter. On the contrary, the government has endeavored with wonderful consistency to carry out the enactment, and maintain their principle. They involved themselves in the miseries of war, because they would not sanction the trade. They evinced their principled consistency in *burning* the opium which they had righteously confiscated, and from the sale of which they might have realized *twelve millions of dollars*. They endeavored, but in vain, after the conclusion of the war, to secure a measure whereby the drug should be formally recognized by the English as illegal, and as such prohibited. They have, up to the present day, prohibited the cultivation of the poppy in the empire. They have systematically refused to make the trade legal, and have thus deprived themselves of an immense and easily collected revenue, which a tax on so popular an article would certainly furnish.

A writer in the Chinese Repository for 1840. says:—

The opposition of the Chinese government to the opium trade has been steady and strong during a period of forty years, and the measures to carry them into effect, as vigorous and constant as the combined wisdom and power of the emperor and his ministers could make them.

But, alas, neither their wisdom has availed against the craft of English cupidity, nor their power against the prowess and might of English "men of war" on one hand, and the dexterous skill of fast-sailing clippers, and the P. and O. Company's steamers on the other. The Chinese government, unable to defend its extensive line of coast, still less able to preserve its own officials from venality and corruption, and its subjects from the fascination of a deadly drug, has egregiously yet nobly failed. Its failure is the disgrace of England. And we are led by this remark to assert:

That the opium trade is not mere ordinary smuggling, but it is smuggling of the worst possible order, and under circumstances of the utmost aggravation.

China afforded an unparalleled illustration of a heathen government, at great sacrifice, striving to uphold the morals of its people.

We do not ourselves know, either in profane or sacred history, aught more admirable in principle, as emanating from a government, than is embodied in the language of the Emperor of China. "It is true," said he,

I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men, will for profit and sensuality defeat my wishes; but *nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people.*

What treatment has this grand effort to maintain the welfare of an empire met with from Britain? Should not this resolve of the Chinese Emperor have elicited the sympathy of a nation pledged in so many ways to the amelioration of human condition, and the civilization, not to say

the evangelization of the world! Should not the sentiment firmly but despairingly propounded by a heathen ruler, sacrificing a revenue on the altar of consistency, have been cordially responded to by a Christian nation? The law of nations alone demanded that we should not send to China a contraband article. The law of our own national consistency demands that we should not send *such* an article. There is a final consideration which makes this smuggling additionally base, viz., that the transport of this drug is continued notwithstanding a war which originated in this very cause; that it is only because the Chinese have been conquered and are utterly helpless, that we now dare to send it; that, had they been the conquerors, and able to dictate terms to us, the abolition of the traffic would have been the first article of peace; that, as it happened, the question was *blinked* by us as conquerors, and passed over by them as helpless.

Whilst, therefore, it would have been no extraordinary magnanimity in us, as conquerors, in deference to their known wishes, from respect to their known principles, and sympathy with their known sacrifices, to have abolished the traffic, it is an act of supreme cowardice to continue it—the only conditions of its prosecution being our own strength and their weakness.

In this age of British supremacy, and grandest effort, we are called to witness the anomaly of a people intimately acquainted with jurisprudence, whose diplomatists are in every court, and consuls in every port—a people lining the whole English coast, at an amazing expense, with an extensive apparatus to prevent smuggling, ready themselves to resent vindictively every infringement of its excise laws—sending, or allowing to be sent, in armed vessels to China, an article known by the whole world to be contraband.

"What a spectacle!" says our author:—

An enlightened nation, having interwoven into the very texture of its government the principles of Christianity, and yet, in view of all the nations of the earth, not merely trifling with, but trampling in the dust, a great national acknowledged right!

What was said by cool and dispassionate men at the time of the late war, is, alas, as applicable to the case now as then.

"It is real smuggling," says W. H. Lindsay, P. M., "accompanied by all its worst features of violence, and must frequently be attended with bloodshed and loss of life." The representative of the English government, signing an official despatch, said, "I see little to choose between it and piracy, and it is rapidly staining the British character with the deepest disgrace." (Page 33.)

We plead, therefore, that things may be resolved into their proper elements and designated by their proper names. Let the opium trade be called a national smuggling concern. Let it not bear the honorable name of commerce. *Let it not dare to advertise its smuggling vessels in a professedly religious newspaper* (see Bombay Guardian, March 7, 1851).

Let its present dignity, arising from the rank and so called "respectability" of those engaged in it, be esteemed its most damning feature. Let every act of violence committed by the armed buccaneers, be reputed piracy, and every life taken murder. We can feel for the poor smuggler, who, to obtain a precarious existence for a starving family, can,

amidst the cold winds and sleet of wintry nights, coast the English shore, and hide his boat in some obscure creek, from the Argus-eye of some preventive officer. We can say to him, "Poor wretch, acting in opposition to our nation's laws, in bringing a contraband article, we *pity* thee." But we know of no feeling, save that of indignation, with which we can view these wholesale smugglers, urged by no necessity, yet unblushingly despoiling a nation of its rights, and without moving in their respective spheres amongst their own countrymen, without shame or compunction.

But we have still heavier charges to bring. We say that *the opium trade is a systematic and organized aggression against the temporal and spiritual welfare of multitudes of our fellow-creatures*. We are aware that the design of the trade is mere *lucre*, but were we to view it in its results, and charge them on its traffickers, we should be constrained to call it a gigantic scheme for the destruction of the health and morals of the empire, and through them of mankind;—a confederacy on the part of the Indian government and a few wealthy merchants to poison the life-blood and corrupt the hearts of millions of people.

And here an interesting inquiry suggests itself. How many opium-smokers are there in China?

Our author says:—

From a careful and somewhat extended inquiry . . . it was ascertained that on an average each person consumed a little upwards of seventeen grains per day. According to these data 10,000 chests would supply one million of persons, and for the last six years there have been 45,000 chests of opium annually consumed in China.

We have thus *more than* four millions of opium-smokers. Imagine more than the whole population of Scotland given up to a vice like this!

But here some one will be at issue with us, and be inclined to say, "Well, if there are four millions of opium-smokers, what then? We doubt very much the deleterious effects of this drug, as the Chinese use it; we do not believe the impassioned statements of a few so called philanthropists; we do not see that it is such a curse to body and soul as some are pleased to represent it."

Thus, in the palmy days of slavery, the planters often tried to persuade us that slavery was not such a monster of cruelty and lust as missionaries and others represented it; that it was often merciful and mild, and that sundry blessings were in its train.

Now, for our own part, "we are not careful!" to answer this question by an appeal to the statistics of China.

It has been our lot to mingle very freely with opium-eaters and smokers in India. From painful experience, we are quite competent to say that if there be any vice more completely demoralizing of the *soul*, and more generally ruinous in all its bearings and consequences than another, it is the habitual use of opium. There can be no greater obstacle to all efforts to civilize, render moral, and Christianize a people than these pernicious habits.

We have seen it only on a small scale, and our experience has been with the *eaters* rather than of the *smokers* of opium. But, from what we have seen, we are induced to draw fearful conclusions as to its effects on the Chinese.

Our author presents us with the following physiological remarks illustrative of the relative evils of eating and smoking this drug:

When opium is taken into the stomach, besides its local effects, its influence is communicated both by the sentient nerves of the stomach to the cerebro-spinal system, and thence to the whole animal economy, and by absorption into the blood through the veins and lymphatics. But when opium is inhaled into the lungs, it comes in direct contact with a far more extended and delicate tissue, composed in a great measure of nerves, and not only enters the circulation more or less by absorption, but at the same time, by its inherent nature, contracts the air-cells of the lungs in such a manner as to prevent the blood from receiving its due proportion of oxygen. The manner of smoking opium differs materially from that of tobacco. The process consists in taking very long whiffs, expanding the lungs to their utmost capacity and communicating the influence of the drug to all the air-cells, and, at the same time, retaining it there as long as possible. This secret explains in part the almost instantaneous and powerful effect which it exerts on the whole system.

Our author quotes native and European testimonies respecting the actual evils inflicted by this drug. The latter comprise the statements of medical men, of government officials, and of missionaries.

Witness the following. Doctor H. G. Smith, who resided some years as a surgeon at Penang, describes the effect of opium-smoking in the *Medico-Chirurgical Review* for April, 1842, as follows :

The hospitals and poor-houses are chiefly filled with opium-smokers. In one that I had the charge of, the inmates averaged sixty daily ; five sixths of whom were smokers of Chandoo. The baneful effects of this habit on the human constitution are conspicuously displayed by stupor, forgetfulness, general deterioration of all the mental faculties, emaciation, debility, sallow complexion, lividness of lips and eyelids, languor and lack-lustre eye, appetite either destroyed or depraved. In the morning, these creatures have a most wretched appearance, evincing no symptoms of being refreshed or invigorated by sleep. There is a remarkable dryness or burning in the throat, which urges them to repeat the opium-smoking. If the dose be not taken at the usual time, there is a great prostration, vertigo, torpor, and discharge of water from the eye. If the privation be complete, a still more formidable train of phenomena occurs. Coldness is felt over the whole body, with aching pains in all parts. Diarrhœa occurs ; the most horrid feelings of wretchedness come on, and, if the poison be withheld, death terminates the victim's existence.

Mr. J. Lay, who accompanied Buckey's expedition as naturalist, states in his journal while among the Chinese, that the opium-smoker may be readily identified by his lank and shrivelled limbs, tottering gait, sallow visage, feeble voice, and the death-boding glance of his eye ; these are so superlative in their degree, and so closely blended in their union, that they at once bespeak him to be the most forlorn creature that treads the earth.

Montgomery Martin says :—

No language would convey a description of the sufferings of those to whom opium has become a necessary part of existence ; no picture could impress the fearful misery which the inmates of an opium shop exhibit. Those who begin its use at twenty may expect to die at thirty years of age ; the countenance becomes pallid, the eyes assume a wild brightness, the memory fails, the gait totters, mental exertion and moral courage sink, and a frightful marasmus or atrophy reduces the victim to a ghastly spectacle, who has ceased to live before he has ceased to exist.

Lord Jocelyn, Military Secretary in 1840, thus describes an opium shop :—

In these houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day ; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe, whilst the couches round are filled with their different occupants who lie languid with an idiot smile, too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast emerging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in this traffic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead house, where lie those who have passed into the state of bliss, which the opium-smoker madly seeks—an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying.

What unutterably solemn testimonies are these ! What triumphs of "unrighteous mammon" do they not display ! What recklessness of human interests, and of human life do they not testify ! If it be true, as some writers specify, that the victims of this vice do not live on an average more than ten years, after they have once fairly given way to the habit, *our opium trade sends from a mighty multitude of four millions of these enslaved people, four hundred thousand, year by year, to a premature grave.*

What unparalleled destruction ! The immolations of an Indian Juggurnath dwindle into insignificance before it ! We again repeat, nothing but slavery is worthy to be compared for its horrors with this monstrous system of iniquity. As we write, we are amazed at the enormity of its unprincipledness, and the large extent of its destructiveness. Its very enormity seems in some measure to protect it. Were it a minor evil, it seems as though one might grapple with it. As it is, it is beyond the compass of our grasp. No words are adequate to expose its evil, no fires of indignant feeling are fierce enough to blast it.

The enormous wealth it brings into our coffers is its only justification, the cheers of vice-enslaved wretches its only welcome ; the curses of all that is moral and virtuous in an empire of three hundred and sixty millions, attend its introduction ; the prayers of enlightened Christians deprecate its course ; the indignation of all righteous minds is its only "Godspeed."

It takes with it fire and sword, slaughter and death ; it leaves behind it, bankrupt fortunes, idiotized minds, broken hearts, and ruined souls. Foe to all the interests of humanity, hostile to the scanty virtues of earth, and warring against the overflowing benevolence of Heaven ; may we soon have to rejoice over its abolition !

Let us now glance at a few of the modes of defence, if, indeed, they are worthy of that name, of this traffic. The defendants are government on one hand, and English merchants on the other. Merchants may respond—

"If we do not send opium to China, others will ; we may, therefore, as well have the profits as others." Again, "Although the effects are in many cases as deleterious as you have described them, yet we imagine they are not so in the great majority." Further, "If the Chinese government be too weak to enforce its own laws, it must take the consequences." Lastly, "If the trade be wrong, let government set the example, and forbid the produce." We think these objections—and if there be others, we shall be glad to hear of them—are all too puerile, and some too unprincipled for us to attempt a reply. Government, however, has at command an argument which it behoves us to

respond to—an argument which always carries weight, being *financial*. It is a revenue of three millions that turns the scale of justice, and sanctions a dire iniquity. It is the fear of a defalcation of resources for carrying on our Indian empire, and of consequent political disasters, which perverts the moral judgment of Indian directors and British statesmen. The E. I. Company would not furnish China with elements of destruction and death, were it not that, in doing so, it is, or imagines it is, building up its own institutions. It would not send “streams of flowing poison” were it not that it thereby opens up for itself the veins of Chinese silver mines. The finance question is the all in all, and demands attention.

“In the present state of the revenue of India,” says the parliamentary committee, as quoted by the essayist:—

It does not appear advisable to abandon so important a source of revenue—a duty upon opium being a tax which falls principally upon the foreign consumer, and which appears upon the whole less liable to objection than any other which could be substituted.

The *Friend of India*, as also quoted by our author, speaks out very plainly. He says:—

The clear profit of the British government of India, from the consumption of opium by the Chinese, at the end of the official year 1848-9, including of course the tax on Malwa opium at Bombay, will be found to have fallen little short of three crores and twenty lacs of rupees, or three millions two hundred thousand pounds sterling. It is the most singular and most anomalous traffic in the world. To all present appearance, we should find it difficult to maintain our hold of India without it; our administration would be swamped by its financial embarrassments.

The parliamentary committee, whose report we have above quoted, blinks the question altogether of the illegality of the trade, and pronounces the abandonment of the monopoly by the Company as unadvisable, from the very same reason whereby revenue from any legal articles, as indigo or hemp, might be justified, viz., the tax falling on the foreign consumer.

In reply to this statement, we might urge that any measure whereby wrong is inflicted on our neighbor is “unadvisable,” whatever benefits accrued from it; we might insist that were the Company shut up to this mode of revenue alone, and unable to lay hold of any other resources, it would not be justified in supporting itself by what is demonstrably wrong. But we will waive every moral and Christian consideration, and we do contend that on no just principles of political economy (using this term in its widest application), is a revenue from this source advisable.

An administration is stable, or otherwise, as it secures the affection of its own subjects and the good-will of other political powers. No country is politically strong which raises its revenue in a way which gives disaffection to other countries. Home and foreign relationships must both be amicable in order to stability. Now, how does this bear on the trade in question?

The opium trade arms against us the moral sense of nations.

We are pursuing a course, which, if it were to prevail among the nations of the earth, would lead to the utter ruin of governments and people. In doing that to China, which we should not dare to do to any of the European nations, we lose the respect of such nations. We declare ourselves to

the world as acting from expediency, and not from law and principle. The foundations of national respect are thereby weakened. Our moral stature, and with that our political prestige in the great aggregate of nations, are impaired. By ourselves taking the lead in the violation of law, we are taking a sure method of having our own laws violated by others. From all the analogy of history, and the denunciations of the Scriptures, we may rest assured that, in the righteous awards of Providence, we shall ourselves suffer wrongs from the hands of others, in lieu of those which we have ourselves inflicted. No nation can disregard another's rights, and not suffer an infringement of its own. History tells us, on every page, that the wronger is eventually wronged, and the spoiler sooner or later spoiled. A nation “armed in honesty” is alone fortified against assault. Universal rectitude is the only basis of international relationships.

A nation had better have its coasts unfortified, than its rectitude assailable. If we arm the moral sense of nations against us we may not indeed at once feel its effects. Interest may for a while lead to the suppression of indignant feeling, but sooner or later it will express itself, in terms such as have been already used by an American traveller, and which we quote:—

That the government of British India should be the prime abettors of this abominable traffic, is one of the greatest wonders of the nineteenth century.

The proud escutcheon of the nation that declaims against the slave trade, is thus made to bear a blot broader and darker than any other in the Christian world.—“*Dr. Malcom's Travels*.”

Surely, of all countries, our own should most feel the force of this argument. Its preëminent position has qualified it to mediate, direct, and advise in international affairs; it should therefore have “clean hands” and a “pure heart.” The weakest diplomatist is he who is sensible of having inflicted a wrong. How shall British diplomacy ever consistently appeal against the oppressor, while Britain stands out as itself the oppressor of China? How shall it endeavor to vindicate British rights, when British obligations to China are manifestly violated?

But we advance another consideration.

The opium trade arms against us the interest of commercial countries. The chief party interested in this question is America. This country is sensible that opium-smuggling is acting with great detriment to lawful commerce. The “oozing out” of silver from China for this drug alone, to the amount of five or six millions sterling, is utterly incompatible with the interests of a lawful trade. Four millions of opium-smokers care not generally for manufactures or indeed any article. The opium is their life. They care for little beyond. Besides this the prejudice against commerce with foreigners, on the part of the whole Chinese Empire, is chiefly sustained by this very contraband trade. Our author says:—

Had the influence of this drug never been felt in China, we have good evidence to believe that it would have proved the best market in the world for the sale of European and American manufactures.

The opium trade has been for fifteen years nearly fifteen millions of dollars in excess of the regular exchange of commodities, and the drainage of the country for this balance will probably go on as long as the taste for this pernicious narcotic continues, or there is specie to pay for it.

America, therefore, sees in our present operations the greatest barrier to the prosecution of her own commerce.

There is a final consideration as regards our foreign relationship :

Our dependence on the opium trade for a seventh of our income, is an exposure to the world of the essential weakness of the East Indian administration, and as such weakens our political standing.

No country can be politically strong, whose finances are saved from bankruptcy only by the profits of smuggling. An empire comprising more than a million of square miles, and extending over more than one hundred million of people, cannot be politically strong, when the fact is as broad as day, that a seventh of the expense of its whole administration is dependent on the proceeds of an opium lottery.

Is it fit for Russia and France, whose wondering and perhaps envious eyes have been keenly fixed on our Indian empire for the last half century, to know, with the certainty of arithmetical computation, that our administration is mainly dependent on the reception by Chinese neighbors of a fascinating drug? Will their confidence in the strength of the successors to the Mogul dynasty be enhanced by being told that our colossal army of more than two hundred thousand soldiers is dependent for its integrity on the gains derived from the insatiable cravings of the Chinese for a contraband article? And will not our weakness at all times invite their aggression?

Surely, when the press of India can give utterance to such a statement as this—"British India now really seems to be supported by the cultivation of a poisonous drug, and selling or smuggling it into China."*—a statement which none can gainsay—there is enough to make a patriot alarmed lest an empire, resting on so unstable a base, should ultimately be pulled down by envious hostile powers.

The intercepting of a few of our smuggling clippers, in the Chinese seas, by some hostile "men of war," would be as serious a financial detriment as the abandonment of half the land revenue of the N. W. provinces of India.

Who shall wonder if, in future years, our Indian empire receives its severest shock, by the medium of this very trade which now forms its firmest but most unhallowed dependence?

Let us now briefly investigate the bearing of this question on our interests at home. Is it a wise policy to be dependent on this medium of finance, and with all its moral objections and its precariousness?

It is not all revenue which is riches. It is not all resources which are really availing. As with individuals, so with nations, their riches are frequently their poverty—their strength becomes their weakness. There are, we think, three valid objections against this trade on the score of finance :—

1. *The trade itself, and with it all its finance, is liable to be swept away by the indignant feeling of Christian Britain.*

The Christians of Britain have not yet been roused on this subject. Not more than one in a hundred knows the real character of the trade. They wait to be instructed and roused. They are slumbering because ignorant.

There is a power in England, which, when concentrated, is irresistible by Parliament and by "Com-

panies," the power of Christian sentiment and feeling—the power of enlightened "public opinion." This it was which swept slavery from the isles of Western India. This it is which, if once roused, will sweep government opium-smuggling from Eastern India. Before the principled determination of Christian philanthropists the difficulties of finance will be as nothing. They have already given twenty millions of pounds sterling to set Africans free; they will on the same principle let go a revenue of three millions, to emancipate China. The tide of sentiment at home against the trade is beginning to set in; its surges are heard advancing, and when it shall reach its full, it shall sweep away this detestable system.

Let not, therefore, the government rely on so precarious a resource.

2. *The opium trade is injuring our own commerce.* "China expends, for this simple article, a larger sum than any one nation on the globe pays to another for a simple raw material, with the exception of what Great Britain pays to America for cotton." Let our Manchester and Glasgows look well to this, and bestir themselves.

More than half of the civilized globe is found in the Chinese empire—more than three hundred millions of people, who need only be brought into free communication with us, to appreciate the legitimate articles of our diversified commerce. What an unbounded sphere of commercial speculation! We have already treated of the opium trade as conflicting with interests of commerce generally, and shall therefore merely append a few authorities quoted by our essayist.

The Canton Circular, for 1846, remarks.—"With respect to the opium trade, as at present conducted, it is certainly a great evil and indirectly injures the sale of other merchandise." "Mr. Dunn, who spent many years among the Chinese, says they possess a strong predilection for commerce and a great taste for foreign manufactures. The principal barrier to the consumption of British goods is, I conceive, the opium trade. Stop this and you will have their warmest friendship—a friendship that will so facilitate and increase the consumption of your manufactures, that a few years only would show them to be your best customers."

Mr. M. Martin inquired of one of the chief officers at Changhai how trade could be best promoted; he immediately and with great sternness, answered, "Cease sending us millions worth of opium, and then our people will have more money to purchase your manufactures." There cannot be a doubt that a few "clippers" and the P. and O. Company's steamers, are keeping out a fleet of merchant vessels.

Lastly. *The tendency of the opium trade, by the fact of its producing, with little effort on the part of government, a large revenue, is to make government neglect the real and stable resources of the country.* It is true of governments as well as of individuals, that they will not work unless they are obliged. No one will be industrious, who can secure an income without an effort. His powers will become paralyzed, and the resources he may possess will fail.

Government, able to meet its present exigencies by an opium revenue of three millions a year, is no doubt by that very fact less assiduous to hunt out, and to work up, the resources of British India. To open up spheres of labor, to stimulate industry, to advance capital, to procure statistics, to induce amendments of the old, and to originate

* Bombay Gazette, Nov. 20th, 1849.

new economies, is a *task*, and a task to which government is less likely to apply itself, from the absence of a sharp necessity.

A few hundred chests of opium yield, without any pains, more than would the profit of some arduous scheme, pursued for the improvement of the country. But it must be remembered that the resources induced by the latter will be perpetual; while those of the former are evanescent.

Without increasing the taxation of the country, let government seek to raise its three millions from eliciting the natural resources of India, and stimulating the appliances at hand, rather than the cultivation of the poppy, and surely we are not too sanguine in saying, they shall not be defaulters.

From Chambers' Journal.

A CORNISH CHURCH-YARD BY THE SEVERN SEA.

PERHAPS there is no county in all Great Britain less known to the bulk even of the more intelligent portion of the community than Cornwall. Its geographical position has hitherto isolated it, and it will probably be very long ere railways introduce any material alteration either in the character of the people or in the aspect of the land. The knowledge of Cornwall popularly diffused in England usually amounts to this—that it is a desolate peninsula, barren and treeless; that it contains inexhaustible mines, extending far under the sea; that its miners and peasantry speak a *patois* quite unintelligible to the people of any other part of England; that it boasts a St. Michael's Mount and a Land's End; and that its natives have, from time immemorial, enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of being merciless *wreckers*, devoid of the milk of human kindness. How unmerited this last stigma is, as applied to modern Cornishmen, the anecdotes we have to relate will sufficiently indicate.

The church of the remote village of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, is close on the Severn Sea, and the vicar's glebe is bounded by stern rifted cliffs, four hundred and fifty feet high. Orkney or Shetland itself perhaps does not contain a more wild and romantic place than Morwenstow. "Nothing here but doth suffer a sea-change." Fragments of wreck everywhere attest the nature of the coast. If an unfortunate vessel is driven by a north-west or a south-west gale within the Horns of Hartland and Padstow Points, God help her hapless crew! for she is doomed to certain destruction. Along the whole coast there is no harbor of refuge—nothing but iron rocks. Here the roar of the ocean is incessant, and, in stormy weather, appalling. Mighty waves then fling themselves against the giant cliffs, and, bursting with thundering crash, send their spray in salt-showers over the land. The life led by the dwellers near these solitary cliffs can be but dimly imagined by the inhabitants of inland cities. During the long, dark nights of winter, they listen between the fierce bursts of the tempest, expecting every moment to hear the cry of human agony, from the crew of some foundering bark, rise above the wild laugh of the waves; and, when morning breaks, they descend to the rugged beach, not knowing whether they may not find it strewn with wrecks and corpses. So tremendous is the power of the sea on this particular part of the coast, that insulated masses of rock, from ten to twenty tons in weight, are frequently uplifted and hurled about the beach. Whatever stigma once attached to the people of

the coast as wreckers who allured vessels to destruction, or plundered and murdered the helpless crews cast ashore, a character the very reverse may most justly be claimed by the existing generation. Their conduct in all cases of shipwreck is admirable, and nobly do they second the exertions of their amiable and gifted vicar, the Rev. R. S. Hawker, whose performance of his arduous duties is appreciated far beyond the boundaries of old Cornwall.

Many a startling legend of shipwreck can the worthy vicar tell you; and he will show you at his vicarage, five figure-heads of ships, and numerous other melancholy relics of his "flotsam and jetsam" searches along the coast of his parish. In his escritoire are no less than fifty or sixty letters of thanks, addressed to him by the relatives of mariners whose mortal remains he has rescued from the sea, and laid side by side, to rest in the hallowed earth of his church-yard. Let us visit this church-yard with him, and we shall see objects not seen every day "among the tombs;" and hear stories which, melancholy as they are, give us reason proudly to own the men of Cornwall as our fellow-countrymen.

Not to speak of the numerous scattered single graves of drowned sailors, three entire crews of ships here rest together. Nearly all their corpses were found by the vicar in person, who, with his people, searched for them among the rocks and tangled sea-weed, when the storms had spent their fury; and here they received at his benevolent hands solemn and befitting Christian sepulture. As a local paper well remarked at the time: "Strangers as they were, receiving their last resting-place from the charity of the inhabitants upon whose coast they were thrown, they have not been piled one upon another, in a common pit, but are buried side by side, each in his own grave. This may seem a trifle; but reverence for the remains of the departed is a Christian virtue, and is associated with the most sublime and consolatory doctrine of our holy religion. They who thus honor the dead, will seldom fail in their duty to the living." We cordially echo this sentiment.

At the foot of one group of graves stands the figure-head of the *Caledonia*, with dirk and shield. The gallant crew sleep well beneath its shade! The *Caledonia* was a Scotch brig, belonging to Arbroath, and was wrecked about ten years ago. Fast by reposes the entire crew of the *Alonzo*, and near the mounds which mark their resting-place is a boat, keel uppermost, and a pair of oars crosswise. Full of melancholy suggestiveness are these objects, and the history the vicar tells us fully realizes what we should anticipate from seeing them in a church-yard. The *Alonzo* was a large schooner, belonging to Stockton-on-Tees, and came down this coast on her voyage from Wales to Hamburg with a cargo of iron. Off Morwenstow, she encountered a fearful storm, and, despite every effort of seamanship, drove within the fatal "Points."

Pilot! they say when tempests rave,
Dark Cornwall's sons will haunt the main,
Watch the wild wreck, but not to save!

Her race is run—deep in the sand
She yields her to the conquering wave;
And Cornwall's sons—they line the strand—
Rush they to plunder!—No, to save! *

* Echoes from *Old Cornwall*; a beautiful little work, by the vicar of Morwenstow.

But, alas! no effort of "dark Cornwall's sons" could now avail. The captain of the *Alonzo*, a stern, powerful man, is supposed to have been overmastered by his crew in the awful excitement when impending destruction became a dread certainty. At any rate, he and they took to their boat, and forsook the wreck. What a moment was this for the spectators! For a few fleeting minutes, all was breathless suspense—the boat now riding on the crests of the mad billows, now sinking far down in their mountainous hollows. One moment, it is seen bravely bearing its living freight—the next, drifting shoreward, swamped! Hark! a terrible cry of despair echoes over the raging billows: it is the blended death-cry of the perishing mariners. Captain and crew, nine in number, all were lost, and all are now sleeping side by side in their last long home, with their boat rotting over their heads. One of the owners of the vessel posted to Morwenstow to identify the bodies of the crew. This was done chiefly by comparing the initials on their clothes and on their skins with the ship's articles which were cast ashore. One of the crew was a young Dane, a remarkably noble-looking fellow, six feet two in height. On his broad chest was tattooed the Holy Rood—a cross with our Saviour on it, and his mother and St. John standing by. On his stalwart arm was an anchor and the initials of his name, "P. B."—which on the ship's list was entered Peter Benson. Three years after his burial, the vicar received, through a Danish consul, a letter of inquiry from the parents of this ill-fated mariner in Denmark. They had traced him to the *Alonzo*, had heard of her wreck, and were anxious to know what had become of his remains. His name was Bengstein, and he was engaged to be married to his Danish *pige*, or sweet-heart, on his return home. Poor *Pige of Denmark*! Never more will thy lover return to claim thee as his bride. Thy gallant sailor rests from all his wanderings in a solitary church-yard in a foreign land. In heaven thou mayst meet him again—on earth, never!

Another anecdote related by the vicar deeply affected us. The brig *Hero*, from Liverpool to London, drove in sight of Morwenstow Cliffs in a terrible storm, and drifted towards Bude, a small, dry haven to the southward. Her crew unhappily took to their boat, were immediately capsized, of course, and every soul perished. The ship itself drove ashore at Bude, with the fire still burning in her cabin. They found in one of her berths a Bible—a Sunday-school reward. A leaf was folded down, and a passage marked with ink *not long dry*. It was the 33d chapter of Isaiah, and the 21st, 22nd, and 23d verses. There was a piece of writing-paper between the leaves, whereon the owner of the Bible had begun to copy the passage!

And who was he who possessed sufficient nerve and presence of mind to quote this striking passage of Holy Writ when on the very brink of eternity—conscious, as he must have been, that there was hardly a shadow of hope that he would escape the fate which actually befell him almost immediately afterwards? He was a poor sailor-lad of seventeen, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. A letter from her was also found in his berth. His body was cast ashore near Morwenstow.

The wreck of the *Hero* occurred about a year prior to that of the *Caledonia* of Arbroath, before mentioned. One man was saved from the latter wreck, and he was the only mourner who attended the

funeral-sermon preached by the vicar of Morwenstow after the interment of his messmates. On this occasion, the vicar took for his text the verses quoted by the sailor-boy, and every hearer wept.

We might go on with the reminiscences suggested by many a sailor's grave, but we have said enough to indicate what romantic and pathetic histories of real life are interwoven with this wild and solitary Cornish church-yard. Many a gallant mariner, who has battled with the breeze of every clime, here calmly sleeps his last, long watch; and with him are buried who shall say what hopes and loves of mourning friends and kindred!

HOUSES OF SAND.—Chemistry, that most wonderful of all practical sciences, whose plain, prosaic facts far outrun the most ideal imaginings of the poet, has lately given birth to another marvel; it has taught us, not, perhaps, to make ropes of sand, but to build houses as imperishable as the pyramids of this mobile material.

The "Siliceous Stone" of Mr. F. Ransome is an artificial substance, formed of sand united into a solid mass, by a most ingenious application of a well-known chemical principle. Sand, flint, quartz rock, and many other minerals, are composed almost entirely of a substance termed silica, which, as is well known, is remarkable for its unalterable character, not being acted on in the slightest degree by the combined influences of air, water, and frost; when flint, sand, or silica in any form, is heated with either of the alkalies, potash or soda, the materials melt, and on cooling, if proper proportions have been observed, it is found that the well-known substance, glass, is the result; the properties of which, as to insolubility, hardness, &c., are too familiar to be insisted on. If, however, the soda is in considerable excess, a compound is found, which, whilst it retains many of the properties of glass, differs in being soluble in water: it has, in fact, been manufactured to some extent, and sold under the name of soluble glass, to be used, when dissolved, as a varnish for wood-work, which it renders incombustible. This substance may also be formed by boiling powdered flints in a strong solution of alkali, at a high temperature, in a boiler under pressure, when a thick, gummy solution is obtained. In Mr. Ransome's process, sand is slightly moistened with this solution, and kneaded in a mill until the whole assumes a putty-like consistence; it is then forced with great pressure into moulds of the required shape, and when removed is allowed to dry, after which it is heated to redness in a kiln. By this means the water is driven off, and the soluble glass, uniting with some of the silica of the sand, becomes changed into ordinary or indissoluble glass, which acts as an indestructible cement, binding indissolubly every grain of sand together.

The stone so produced is an artificial sandstone, capable of being formed of any degree of fineness, or coarseness, and which may be made harder than any natural stone of the same character. In durability, as it is not affected by acids, water, or frost, it may be regarded as almost imperishable, and from the ease with which it may be moulded into any form, it is of great use in architectural ornamentation. In addition to its employment in these instances, this solidified sand has been put to humbler uses; grindstones and scythe stones are extensively made of it, and it forms a most valuable filtering material. A company has recently been formed for working the patent on a large scale; and as the stone can be manufactured at a low price, we may hope shortly to be dwellers in houses of sand. The estimation in which this sandstone is held by practical men may be judged of from the fact, that a vast quantity of ornamental work has been ordered for the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

From Tait's Magazine.

A HOMŒOPATHIC MIRACLE.

My friend, Charles Stretton, was once a very amusing, intelligent and companionable fellow; but since he has taken to metaphysics there is positively no bearing with him. Nothing can change him when he is in one of his disputative moods; the fine idealism which he used to develop is now exchanged for a desperate tinkering upon the human soul, as though it were an iron pot or a brass skillet, to be beaten about as the experimenter listeth. Often when I hear him at his sophistry, using all sorts of ingenious stratagems, and beating about the bush most industriously, to catch that which never can be caught, but which constantly allures by offering itself to the grasp, the lines of Schiller recur to me:—

Wahrheit, wo rettetest du dich hin vor der wüthenden Jagd?
Dich zu fangen ziehen sie aus mit Netzen und Stangen,
Aber mit Geistesritt schreitest du mitten hindurch.

We were walking on the sea-shore the other evening; he was so dreadfully dull and metaphysical that, after several useless efforts to change the conversation, I gave it up in despair. In vain I called his attention to the magical hues of the sunset, the grand swell of the monotonous waves, the flowing hither and thither of the spectre-sailed ships, the delicious purity of the breeze, the multitudinous bathers—nothing in that range of subjects could tempt him to abandon his favorite theme. I tried some other points—politics, walking-sticks, botany, Alderman Muggins' new villa, with a doorway ludicrously small, and windows as large and staring as those of his mercery shop in — street; still unsuccessful. Then I tried to put up a scene with his terrier "Quiz," who is wonderfully knowing; but this made matters worse! My friend began to argue with amazing profundity and extreme nicety of distinction between reason and instinct—"the original use of the synthetic acts of the understanding, excited by the impressions made by the exterior world of Noumena upon the receptivities of sense, which, being arranged under their proper categories, are referred to the absolute ideas of Reason," and "the simple, discriminative, explorative, defensive, and constructive series of vital efforts of the inferior races of creatures," as he termed these operations of the intellect of man and the — (what shall we call it?) of brutes.

"Ah," said I, "the science of phrenology may be said to reconcile and accommodate the seemingly conflicting opinions we cannot help forming on these subjects. Phrenology teaches us that all the wonderful efforts of different species of creatures are due to a development of matter called *brain*; the ganglionic centres of the insect are created for and perform the same functions as the human brain. Every living creature is on a perfect equality in being organized; and the rudest mass, the minutest speck of living tissue, is removed by worlds from the inorganic substance. The organization, therefore, determines habit and instinct; we are superior to the brute in soul—we are superior in nothing else; and all the inferior promptings are only secretions of a particular form of matter."

(Dear reader, I must be candid with you; I believe no more in phrenology than yourself; and I expressed myself as above only because I would spite him.)

He answered quite warmly, as I expected: "The science of phrenology! a pretty science—a pretty absurdity! My dear friend, the mind itself has no other connexion with matter than by the senses; it dwells apart in the region of pure ideas; it is far removed from matter; strip it of this outer garb of membranes and tissues which now envelops us, it would perform its functions better, far better, than it does now; and how could that be (which you, I know, will admit), if it were a 'secretion' from any 'form of matter'? Without the matter, where could be the secretion? Without the 'organ of the mind' (as rash and impudent theorists call it), what would become of the mind itself? The whole thing bears the impress of falsity and illogicality on its front. To believe it one must believe that the mind dies with the body—that this beautiful frame of intellect, so delicate in its impressions, so lovely in its dreamings, so pleasing in its very sophistries, has no more of life than was tacked to the slimy form of the whelk that formerly tenanted this bleached and broken shell. That is a principle to which I will never subscribe."

"But," I ventured to suggest, "other forms of matter, imperceptible to our senses, may become the medium of mind and thought."

"Ah! yes," said he, laughing, "make the spiritual world the world of sense, at once. It is no more than mere chemical inference to say, however highly a species of matter may be refined, other species may be refined so as to reach to the perception thereof; therefore nothing is gained, it is still matter. No; such a theory cannot be true; we cannot reconcile it with the assurances of our own reason. I admit that the principle and the vehicle are so delicately blended that it is impossible to define where the material ends and the spiritual begins; and that is a question so full of interest that I am never tired of studying it. But I will not trench on it now; I will only assert that, as wholes, mind and matter are totally separate and distinct, and must forever remain so."

"But," said I, "there evidently is an incorporation in every human being."

"There is a synthesis, but no amalgamation," replied he.

"Well, how do you account for the development of the reasoning faculty, according to the progressive growth of the creature?" said I. "From infancy to manhood a wonderful development certainly does take place, which it seems impossible to account for except phrenologically."

"Now," replied Stretton, "I dispute both your positions. I believe that, as far as the mind itself is concerned, there is no actual development; therefore phrenology is not needed to explain such a phenomenon. What is the mental development of which you speak? Take it in its very highest sense, analyze it with the greatest care, and you resolve it into two elements—Memory and Logic. The first is nothing more than a store of intuitions received through the senses and refined by the understanding, which different individuals have different degrees of aptitude for acquiring; the second is actually the mind itself, which each individual has in full operation from the earliest speech-life. I grant that before the advent of the speaking faculty the mind is folded up and inoperative; but when to the animal is added this miraculous mode of transmitting (otherwise inappreciable thought, the mind springs into complete, though perhaps not perfect action. Why, have

you ever studied the ways of children? Do you know the vast intelligence, the wonderful acuteness, the exquisite idealism, they commonly possess? If you do not know these things, go into the streets and watch them at play; or recall, if you have the happy power, the impressions of your own childhood; or recall any series of events in which you have figured a year, a month, nay, a week ago, and tell me whether the ideas which then determined you to a certain line of conduct, appear, by the light of the present, to be more satisfactory than those which guided you at the earliest period of your reminiscences. Alas, my friend, we have lost much by education; we had, before, ingenuousness, reason, and conscience; we have now only the dry formulas of the schools. You, who are an attendant at the forum and the judgment-hall, believe that nothing can equal the refinements of thought and subtleties you there listen to; every variety of argument, every delicate shade of truth, is defined with mathematical precision; and human judgment seems to have reached its acme of excellence. But there are other centres of humanity where you may perceive operations of the natural mental faculties equally surprising, if not so prominent. The mart, the quays, the market-place, are rife with examples. Frequent those places where the lower classes congregate; they are mostly untaught children of a larger growth; you will see many remarkable events, evidently the result of deep calculation and shrewd reasoning, which will teach you how truly small is the obligation of Reason to Education. Upon a question of the value of her commodities, you would find the apple-woman a match for the greatest speculative philosopher that ever lived; she might be, as Browning says, 'divinely flustered' at one of his harangues; but on a question of fact she may be trusted equally with him. Why, the very principle of the system of juries springs from this great fact of the equality of human ratiocination. I may sum up by saying, the mind is the same at every stage of the animal growth; in the earliest stages the feelings and propensities may have a larger influence upon it; in the later stages it may acquire higher degrees of logical facility; it may go on constantly adding to the store of intuitions, conceptions, and ideas; but concretion is not development, its original volume is neither increased nor diminished; the constitution of the mind is not accretive, but fixed and unalterable."

"The preponderance of animalism admitted in the first proposition, and the accumulation of intellectual notions advanced in the second, prove two things," said I; "first, that the *physique* possesses a remarkable influence over the spiritual part: secondly, that there must be some receptacle, independent of mind, for the ideas so accumulated. Physical development, concurrent with mental development, is thus implied by a very singular process of reasoning."

"It is not competent in me to deny, against the evidence of my senses, a physical development," said he, "but I have already expressed my opinion that, properly speaking, there is no such thing as a development of mind. The mental faculty is capable of embracing a whole universe of intellectual notions; but a whole universe cannot give it an idea of reason. Reason is mind-sprung and eternal. I have also admitted that there is so exceedingly delicate an adjustment of the animal and mental functions of the subject

that it is altogether impossible to define the limits of either. All I wish to deny is that they are identical."

"A strange notion has just entered my head," said I. "If it were possible for a human being advanced to years of maturity to grow young again, how would his mental faculties be affected?"

"*Pros Dia!*" said he, laughing, "we will debate that question very carefully some fine day; it now reminds me that I have a most extraordinary circumstance to communicate to you—nothing less than an account of an old man who did actually grow young again, by the use of certain rare and strange vegetable compounds. My friend, Dr. E., you know, formerly practised at one of the public hospitals in Boston, U. S., and it was there he met with the individual to whom so wonderful an experience had been vouchsafed. The doctor took down the relation in the man's own words; and knowing the insatiable curiosity I have upon such matters he lent me the MS.; we are now at my lodgings; step in and let us peruse this almost incredible chapter of human destiny."

We were soon seated in my friend's little parlor; and, taking the MS. from his desk, Stretton proceeded to read as follows:—

"I was born in London, in the year 1730. My father was a merchant of considerable standing, who, having amassed a large fortune by his trading-speculations, and having gained considerable influence with the leading political party of the day, had determined to bring me up to the profession of the law, never doubting that, with application on my part and interest on his own, I should one day reach the judicial bench. But, alas! whatever grounds for such pleasing anticipations the intelligence and docility of my childhood may have afforded, the waywardness of my youth completely destroyed. I launched into a career of horrible dissipation, extravagance and crime; and after completely exhausting the affections and the hopes of my family, it was determined (as a last attempt to rescue me from destruction) to send me on a sea-voyage. An uncle of mine was captain of a vessel in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and it was hoped the rigors of this voyage, the absence of my former vile and wicked associates, and the reflections which occasional solitude would give rise to in my breast, would work a reform in my character. Accordingly, in the spring of 1749, I embarked at Gravesend. Oh, the bitter pang that shot through my wretched heart as I beheld my beloved country disappear behind the restless waves! What grief I felt for the evil courses into which I had been led! How, with scalding tears upon my cheeks, I prayed for forgiveness! How I besought Heaven to wake me up from this present suffering, as from a dream, and restore me to my dear home, which I vowed never more to pollute with base actions! Alas! it proved no dream; our ship, the *Good Defence*, bounded gallantly across the ocean, and at length bore us to Port Nelson, in Hudson's Bay, afterwards taken by the French, and called Fort Bourbon. We had expected to meet a cargo of furs and peltries, ready for shipment, but in this we were disappointed, and consequently were compelled to wait until supplies came from the Company's outposts. During our stay in port I formed acquaintance with several of the merchants, and one of them, M de Senneville, took a great fancy to me, and offered me a situation in his establishment. This offer appeared so advantageous to my uncle that he

readily agreed to it. Accordingly, I was taken into M. de Senneville's family, where I remained three years; during which period I conducted myself so as to gain the entire confidence of my kind patron. At the end of this period, however, I grew weary of the monotonous kind of existence I passed at Port Nelson; and my curiosity and adventurous spirit having been both greatly excited by the extraordinary narrations I heard from Indians and French trappers, I besought my employer to send me to one of the Company's posts in the interior. I was accordingly made lieutenant of a brigade of thirty trappers, of which Mr. Francis de Senneville, my patron's brother, was captain. We were bound to a post on the Missouri; and there, after tasting the usual hardships, and meeting with the usual adventures, we arrived. What I had seen, however, of the trapper's life gave me a keen relish for it. I determined to set up as a free trapper; and, having communicated my intention to the young men of the brigade, five of them agreed to join me. In vain the captain urged me to remain at the post; in vain he represented to me the grief and anxiety my kind patron would suffer on my account; I was bent on a scheme which had entered my head, and nothing could turn me from it. Beyond the Jefferson Fork of the Missouri nothing was then known of the Indian country, except a few particulars gathered from the trading Indians who brought peltries to the camp. It was my ambition to become the pioneer of this country; I burned to explore its wonders, to reap its adventures and its profits. I knew well the ferocity and treachery of the Indians who peopled these regions; but this only sharpened my desire to throw myself into an arena so full of excitement. Accordingly, having purchased some fine fleet horses, the gaudy caparisons so dear to the trapper's heart, and all other necessary equipments, we started on our expedition.

"I pass over five years of dreadful hardships and privations to which we were exposed; I pass over the savage warfare, the scenes of danger, the deeds of blood, of which I was either witness or agent. At the expiration of that period I found myself kneeling one evening by a camp fire, in the great wilderness to the west of the Rocky Mountains, supporting the agonized frame of the only friend my heart ever knew, Rupert Willis, the last of my brave band of trappers. We had been engaged, together with twenty-five warriors of the Shos-ho-koes, in a desperate skirmish with another branch of the great tribe of Snake Indians. In that fatal affray I received many wounds, but my poor friend was wounded mortally. Well, he perished; and I, left alone in the heart of the Indian country, had no resource but to link myself with them. During my illness, Araseesha, the daughter of a Shos-ho-koe warrior, tended me with such care and gentleness that I became deeply attached to her; and on my recovery we were married after the Indian fashion.

"The Shos-ho-koes, or 'Root-diggers,' received this appellation from their subsisting, not solely on game, as is the case with most other Indian tribes, but also on certain edible roots which they collect. Their knowledge of plants, however, extends much further than this; the 'medicine-men,' as their sages are termed, are acquainted with the hidden virtues of plants, and attribute miraculous powers to certain vegetable compounds which they prepare—not without some degree of truth. My curiosity was excited with what I

heard; and, having ample leisure, I undertook the study of these things. A-ra-ko-seesh, the father of Araseesha, was deeply learned in the vegetative lore of the tribe, and imparted much of his knowledge to me. Among other things, he taught me the properties of a certain plant called Ko-ta-mon-rsho, or 'the Root of Old Age,' the knowledge of whose virtues was confined to three families of the tribe. The powder of the bark of this plant is a slow poison, and kills a person within six months after being received into the system; and, what is most extraordinary, it not only destroys life, but actually brings on premature old age—the person who receives it, however young, healthy and robust he may be, rapidly becoming decrepit, tottering and shrivelled, and dying with all the marks of extreme age. Of its effects I had ample proof during my residence with the tribe, the chiefs employing it against those who were obnoxious to them. From curiosity I collected a large quantity of the bark of the plant, and put it by very carefully. I lived with these people twelve years, at the end of which period a warrior, with whom I had been on very friendly terms, and who had absented himself from our camp for nearly two years, came to me one night in a mysterious manner, and told me he had just returned from the Californian mountains, where he had discovered immense quantities of the 'yellow metal,' and urged me to go back with him to collect a store of it. He produced a sample of his findings, which I perceived was indeed pure gold. In an instant I was seized with a desire to quit the home in the wilderness; visions of wealth, of happiness, of station, rose before me; I burned to return to the haunts of civilization; I despised the miserable existence I led. Hastily awakening Araseesha, I explained to her the prospect that now opened before us. Her whole form quivered with the agony of grief when she understood she must leave the free Indian life; but she clung around my neck, and imprinted a tearful kiss on my lips as a token of her willingness to abandon all for my sake. We quickly prepared for our excursion; horses were equipped; effects stowed; guns and belts slung; and ere the morning dawned we bade a silent and eternal farewell to the Shos-ho-koes. We encountered less interruption than we had anticipated, until the twentieth day after our departure, when we discovered that some Indians were on our track. We pressed on with desperate energy, but on the third day five Blackfeet overtook us. The struggle was terrible; I was wounded severely; Araseesha received a shot in her heart which was intended for my wretched self; my Indian friend escaped. Three of our antagonists were shot dead; one was wounded, the other fled. Oh, with what agony I bent over the form of my beloved! how bitterly I reproached myself for dragging her from her happy Indian home to die a violent death in the wilderness! I tore the bandages from my wounds, desiring to share her lonely grave; and when I recovered from my illness and reached the mountains, the springs of desire for gold seemed dried up. However, I did amass immense wealth; I returned to cities, which I haunted like a spectre; I awaited death with impatience.

"But though my soul was corroded with the anguish of the past, and my body wearied with its fatigues, my health never suffered to any extent, until I had passed the 'three-score years and ten,' when the effects of a violent cold brought on an attack of asthma, and that death which I had

so long courted seemed slowly approaching. Yet now I quailed before it! I trembled at the dissolution which a few years before appeared a harbor of refuge from my sorrows. All the terrible passages of my life's history rose before me like fiends of accusation; horror-stricken, I turned with mad anxiety to escape the inevitable doom. I summoned the aid of the most eminent physicians; they pronounced my case hopeless; then I recalled the long-forgotten medical knowledge which I had acquired among the Shos-ho-koes; but this availed me nothing. I read with avidity the medical treatises of the day, in the hope of meeting something even to buoy up my hopes; but all appeared useless; and death and despair seemed about to wrap me in a double shroud of horror. About this time there arose a great man, who, after devoting many years to the study of disease, felt himself bound to come forward as the apostle of new principles of pharmacy. Though in the ordinary circumstances of the external world cause and effect are exactly proportioned, and like causes always produce like effects, it appeared to this man that as disease was unnatural and abnormal, the human frame, while under its influence, was subjected to laws the very reverse of those which obtained in health. From these radical ideas he built up a system of pure pharmacy which will endure as a monument of medical faith and genius. I heard of this system; at first it seemed wild and visionary, but, on examining its details more carefully, I was seized with strange hope. A vision of renewed youth, of eternal immunity from illness and pain, was suddenly unfolded to me! The Ko-to-mon-rsho, the horrid drug of age, appeared capable, by this theory, not only of saving me from the death which I so dreaded, but even of restoring the breath of youth, the springs of energy, the joy of strength. I collected my fortune, I set sail for Europe. I saw the great Hahnemann; from him I learnt the principles of the homœopathic system, and the mode of preparing infinitesimal doses, and, at the end of a few months, thoroughly broken down in health, I retired to a quiet village in England to put into practice the daring experiment I had conceived. From a small fragment of the Ko-ta-non-rsho I compounded a thousand globules, of which I commenced taking four a day. The change wrought in my constitution, in a few days, exceeded the most sanguine hopes I had ventured to form—it was indeed marvellous. The violent asthmatic attacks, the dreadful lassitude, the tremors of age left me; I became hale and hearty. At the end of a week I was able to walk a mile, which the week before would have been an impossible act. At the end of a month, the change wrought in my personal appearance was so great that I found it necessary to remove to another part. And after undergoing this homœopathic course for three months I found I was restored to an equal degree of strength and energy as I had possessed in the wilderness. But joyful as I felt at this renewal of health and vigor, I longed to proceed further with the process, and recall the feeling and passion of my youth; it appeared, however, for a time, that the drug was incapable of effecting this: to the point whence I had declined it restored me, but further power it did not seem to possess. The sensations of my body during this period much resembled that mingled pain and pleasure, spasmodic joy and languishing weakness, which one experiences when recovering from illness. Yes, my mind was, at times,

strangely affected during this period; frequently, events of my life would pass before me with such fearful distinctness and reality that they seemed actually occurring again; they were something more than memories, they were burning mind-pictures. Sometimes, too, for many nights in succession, I suffered most extraordinary and startling dreams. Dark and disjointed portions of my life were combined into such hideous phantasma that I writhed with terror in beholding them.

"I was determined to effect entire rejuvenation; and, accordingly, I took the globules at shorter intervals, so as to excite the renovating principle within me more frequently. I was successful. But now a terrible judgment overtook me for this impious reversal of the decrees of Providence. Every part of my body became a prey to violent pain; often during the day my frame was literally rent with agony; and at night my heart and brain seemed as if undergoing compression—sensations too horrible for expression. Sometimes I feared mental derangement would overtake me while suffering these paroxysms; therefore I sequestered myself in the remotest part of my residence. But I persevered in spite of these sufferings; and at the end of six months I felt that age had been completely eradicated from my nature—that I was again young. Yes; young, bodily; but, alas, the mind never regained its freshness of impulse; memory trammelled feeling, experience overwhelmed energy. Then I became a violent prey to remorse; the consciousness of being a criminal against Nature pursued me like an avenging angel. I had reversed the decree which saith, 'The dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.' Age, venerated and sacred as it is, I had pronounced a curse; I had cast it out by unholy jugglery. Restless and unhappy, I fled from place to place, but my guilt was heavy upon me; there was a sting in every happiness, a poison in every pleasure. To me the world was a huge charnel-house of dead hopes. The past and present were equal curses. Into the future I dared not look; or, if I dared; it threatened either the death I had so ignominiously avoided, or a more awful destiny still, a destruction concurrent with the flaming end which is prophesied of the Universe. At length I became tired of the Old World, and determined to return to America. This thought suddenly occurred to me as I sat looking out, with an eye of hate, on a scene that administered no joy to me—the Lagoon at Venice—Venice, glittering with sunshine, beauty, and laughter. The day I entered that city a storm and the shock of an earthquake vibrated through her; she recognized the guilty one as her shivering crystals discovered poison. I quitted Europe with disgust; I committed myself to the ocean with terror. The hand of God indeed followed me. The packet took fire within sight of these shores, and speedily became a burning mass upon the waters. I escaped with life—I lost all besides. I had not the opportunity of saving even the drugs on which my existence depended. The loss of these has doomed me to a speedy death. I have come here to die."

[This patient was admitted September 23rd, 1846, and was suffering from a complication of diseases, of which ossification of the heart was most prominent. His appearance was most remarkable; youth and extreme age appearing con-

From Hogg's Instructor.

WHO WAS JUNIUS ?

WE fear that some readers may turn away from these pages with alarm, if not with disgust, when they notice the title of the present article. "Tell us who was Junius, indeed! As well pretend to square the circle. As well, and better by a thousand times, revive the old puzzle of the Iron Mask, and affect to settle our opinions thereon. Better awake the manes of King Jamie, and assume to remove all doubt from the Gowrie Conspiracy. Better attempt to assure us about the Kraken, or the Sea-serpent. Better—" But there is no end to the "betters" which may possibly be emitted on this theme. Of this we are fully conscious, and yet venture to ask a hearing in relation to the subject of Junius. Our chief plea or apology is, that, after having wavered for many and many a day, like the whole world, we ourselves have at last come to a clear and definite conclusion respecting old *Nominis Umbra*, that memorable "shadow of a name." Our individual opinion may, indeed, be of little consequence; but it is still something to have attained to settled views on this point, seeing that the very men who have argued, and written books, on one and another side, have uniformly doubted (if not actually disbelieved) the soundness of their own averments. Every man of them has been at sea, and floundering, plainly and unmistakably.

Proceeding on the principle that every writer of popular literature should start *ab initio*, and consider his readers entirely ignorant of the matter to be discussed, we may (though here it is stretching the point) state, preliminarily, that "Junius" was the name or signature adopted by a writer, who published, at intervals between 1769 and 1772, a series of Political Letters on the leading questions and men of that day. They appeared in the newspaper called the "Public Advertiser," and attracted immense attention, partly from the high position of the characters assailed (among whom was George III. himself), and still more from their brilliancy of style, their boldness of tone, and the tremendous severity of the invectives conveyed in them. The letters are still models of that species of writing, though it has since risen to such a point of excellence generally, as would greatly weaken the force of any similar phenomena, if appearing in our day. However, from the monarch to the meanest of his subjects, all men were impressed deeply at the time by the letters of Junius, the mystery attending their authorship adding largely to their influence. It was a mystery at the moment, and remains a puzzle still. Not even the publisher, Woodfall, knew who his correspondent was, or, at least, not certainly. Yet all the world felt the letters to be the work of no common man. Their most remarkable feature, indeed, was the intimate familiarity with high people and official life which they so clearly evinced. "A traitor in the camp!" was the cry of the leading statesmen of the period. Hence, it occurred that almost every person of talent and eminence then living fell, or has since fallen, more or less under the suspicion of being Junius. But his own words to Woodfall have as yet proved true. "It is not in the nature of things that you or anybody else should know me, unless I make myself known." He adds, that he never will do so. "I am the sole depository of my secret, and it shall die with me." If it has not

died with him, he, at least, has gone to the grave without its divulgement by himself. But there may still be circumstantial evidence sufficient to betray him, in despite of all his secretive care.

The reader, of course, remembers the twelve years' riddle of "The Great Unknown." How silly all the fuss on that subject appears now! There is no one but sees that Sir Walter Scott must have been the man, simply because no other existing human creature *could* have written the *Waverley Novels*. Much in the same way, in our humble opinion, will the Junius riddle be ultimately viewed. There lived but one man, in those times, from whom the famous letters could possibly have emanated. *That man was the elder William Pitt, the "great Earl of Chatham."* The mere ability to produce such letters, it may, indeed, be granted, might lie in others of the epoch, as in Edmund Burke, for example, or, perhaps, Sir Philip Francis; but for the grand causes of their production, and of the mystery maintained, as well as of other essential circumstances in the business, we can find no perfect solvent reasons, unless we turn the authorship upon Lord Chatham himself. More especially, in his case only can we discover sufficient grounds for the long-continued *secrecy*, which is, to say the truth, the most important feature of all. The epistles were singularly able ones, certainly, and we should scout the idea of ascribing them to any save individuals known to be of singular ability; but the latter half of the eighteenth century was rich in political pens, and, as observed, we might be willing to admit either a Burke or a Francis to have been capable of emitting such compositions. But Burke *disavowed them*, and Francis *would have avowed them*, sooner or later in his life. To find an explanation of the pertinacious concealment, in short, we must cast our glance in another direction; and we shall find no perfect satisfaction unless we rest it on the "Great Commoner," or him once so called.

This may be deemed by some a hasty conclusion, considering the hosts of persons to whom the Letters of Junius have been ascribed. Volumes on volumes, absolutely, have been written in favor of the several claims of Colonel Barré, Edmund Burke, Hugh Macaulay Boyd, Charles Lloyd, Henry Flood, Henry Grattan, Sir William Jones, Richard Glover, John Wilkes, John Horne Tooke, Horace Walpole, Edward Gibbon, W. G. Hamilton, General Lee, M. de Lolme, Lachlan Maclean, Samuel Dyer, George and James Grenville, Lords Chesterfield, Shelburne, Camden, Ashburton, Temple, and Loughborough, with the Duke of Portland, and several others, all of them men of note or rank. The Earl of Chatham, too, has always had some supporters. Sir Philip Francis, however, and Lord George (afterwards Viscount) Sackville, have more steadily kept the field than any of these foregoing candidates. It is wonderful, at the same time, what an amount of literary and scholarly labor has been devoted to the support or examination of their various claims, the very weakest not excepted. Though some of the men named were not strikingly or publicly eminent, the entire list shows the general conviction that Junius was to be sought for in the ablest quarters. The publisher, Woodfall—who really seems to have suspected the true man—conducted himself towards him, in their regulated and mystic correspondence, with as much deference as he could have shown to a monarch. The very con-

oealment, so sedulously kept up, shows that there was something of the first moment to conceal. The veil was not that of affected coyness, but a veil meant really to *hide*; and it has, at least, maintained a mystery, though in our opinion it constitutes, at the same time, the very key to its own recesses. No pains are needed to conceal an object of petty bulk; Junius must have been a *great thing*—much greater than a Boyd, a Lloyd, or a Maclean. This is the true scent to follow up.

The claims of Sir Philip Francis to the authorship of Junius have generally been preferred to all others, and not without plausible reasons. They have been thus stated by Mr. T. B. Macaulay, in an article in the "Edinburgh Review," so ably penned, that it was for a time thought to have settled the question: "As to the position, pursuits, and connections of Junius, the following are the most important facts which can be considered as clearly proved: first, that he was acquainted with the technical forms of the secretary of state's office; secondly, that he was intimately acquainted with the business of the war office; thirdly, that he attended debates in the House of Lords, and took notes of speeches, particularly of speeches of Lord Chatham; fourthly, that he bitterly resented the appointment of Mr. Chamier to the place of deputy secretary at war; and, fifthly, that he was bound by some strong tie to the first Lord Holland." Now, Francis, says Mr. Macaulay, was personally in both the home and war offices, took notes of speeches, certainly resigned his place because of Mr. Chamier, and, finally, was introduced by Lord Holland to public life. "Here are five marks that ought to be found in Junius, and they are all five found in Francis. We do not believe that more than two of them can be found in any other person whatever." So reasons Mr. Macaulay; and he adds, that the handwriting of Junius (which has been preserved) is like that of Francis, "disguised." On the whole, Mr. Macaulay concludes, that the external evidence on the side of Francis might "sustain a verdict in a civil, nay, in a criminal proceeding."

This *dictum* certainly comes from high authority, and it is of decisive weight against most of the pseudo-Juniuses put forward; but it is of little or no weight against the claim of Lord Chatham. All that could or can be said, indeed, in favor of the claim of Francis, in the matter of official knowledge and experience, might and may be said, with tenfold force, in respect of the great earl. He had, at that date, obtained a thorough acquaintance with both war offices and peace offices. As observed, however, the test of Mr. Macaulay assuredly confutes the pretensions of three-fourths of the (involuntary) claimants of the honors of Junius. Mr. Burke, in fact, took himself from the field by a distinct denial. Gibbon, Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and others of the more eminent claimants, fulfilled few or none of the requisites for making up (and out) a Junius, and have long since been given up. Admitting the ability in all of their cases (and it is a liberal admission), they had not the opportunities necessary; and some of the parties named had even died while Junius continued writing. It is remarkable enough, that some of the most insignificant of the lot have been the most obstinately argued for—as, for example, Charles Lloyd, private secretary to George Grenville. Dr. Samuel Parr has left his opinion on record in favor of this

gentleman. "I tell you, peremptorily," says the doctor to a friend, "that the real Junius was Lloyd." But Parr was no great conjurer in the matter of literary puzzles, as he showed when he treated as genuine the wretched Shakspeare-forgeries of the boy Ireland. Lloyd had literally no pretensions to the honors of Junius, saving what arose from the fact that old "Umbra Nominis" always spoke well of George Grenville, and that he (Lloyd) died about the time that Junius ceased to write. Another comparatively insignificant personage—General Lee—was once the favorite in the Junius field. The weight of evidence in his favor rested mainly on the admission of the real letter-writer, that Lee (who published some epistles under the signature of Junius Americanus) was plainly "a man of abilities." That is the entire evidence for Lloyd and Lee; and from these examples our readers may gain some idea of the petty threads that were grasped at, in the hope of penetrating through them the Junian labyrinth. The inquirers, in these cases, were led to look in precisely the wrong direction, and to assume that comparative insignificance in the writer of the letters could alone explain the mystery of their authorship. It was, on the contrary, unless we err much, the very greatness of the writer that rendered secrecy so necessary from the first, and enabled him to maintain it to the last. Of all the men named, moreover, it is difficult to conceive of a single one (saving only one) going out of the world without claiming, and claiming with pride, the authorship of Junius, or leaving behind him, at least, clear *proofs of his right*. To think of any obscure person not doing so, seems to us ridiculous. Edmund Burke, indeed, might have kept on the veil, having latterly accepted a pension from George III.; but he solemnly disclaimed the epistles in his familiar intercourse with Dr. Johnson; and his word might be taken, even were it not supported (as it is) by other evidences of weight. Burke alone, we repeat, of all the ordinary band of presumed Juniuses, had intelligible reasons for concealing the authorship at his decease, or *could afford to throw away such a passport to literary immortality*. Let this latter point be weighed well. The real Junius must have been of such a stamp, standing, and name among men, that he could let go without a grudge the renown due to these remarkable letters; or rather, indeed, a person placed so high as to feel that they would but impair his otherwise acquired repute. Burke being (by himself) set aside, there is but one other personage, of all on whom suspicion has ever fallen, who can be said to answer these conditions—and that man is Lord Chatham.

Sir Philip Francis died, and "made no sign." He lived up to 1818, thoroughly conscious, of course, of the position in which he stood in relation to this great enigma of literary history. He had been in India, and had returned with a perfect and unassailable independence. In the latter years of Sir Philip, George III., though still alive, was past feeling or resenting injuries from man; and all the Gravons and Mansfields, erst assailed by Junius, had long been in their graves. The Letters had become, in truth, matters of curiosity merely, and had ceased to excite deep personal interest in any one living. Even George IV. (Prince Regent in 1818) would scarcely have taken the trouble to expend one royal frown on Junius, had he discovered himself. Moreover, Sir Philip Francis was ambitious to excess, up to his

dying day, of literary fame, and never *devoulded* (as the emphatic Scottish word goes) from writing pamphlets and letters of all sorts, and on all subjects. Yet did he die, as said, and make no sign. He had made no great, or, at least, no brilliant reputation by his avowed writings; and the settled fame of Junius was exactly what he might have been supposed eagerly to covet. He had, besides, done nothing to be ashamed of (to speak the plain truth), as Burke perhaps had done, in accepting a regal pension. He had nothing to fear, if the whole truth had been revealed. Accordingly, taking all these things in a common-sense light, we cannot imagine a shadow of a reason for the perseverance of Francis in silence. That he did persevere, however, is determined by some late revelations of Lord Campbell. His lordship, it seems, applied to Lady Francis, the widow of Sir Philip; and the lady declared, that her spouse had never said, even to her, that he was Junius. It is to his credit; for he assuredly was not the man.

The claims of Lord George Sackville (or Germaine), best known as Viscount Sackville, may be dismissed in a few words. He was a man of some talent, early embittered by mischances as a soldier, and afterwards recognized as worthy of a secretaryship of state. Nothing in the world, however, could have fixed the honor (or the odium) of the Junius letters upon him, if he had not chanced to be, in his earlier career, a disappointed man, only done partial justice to in the end. He never showed either the talent or the spirit requisite to make up such a being as Junius. His position only, we repeat, rendered him a tolerable party to settle upon, in the course of the efforts made to solve this literary and historical conundrum.

Back we come again, in search of some one of first-rate consequence, in his day and generation, who corresponds to all that is desired in Junius; and still that single man is Chatham. Let the reader attend here to the history of the case. The boast of Junius, that he alone possessed his secret, is disproved by absolute facts. The existing material of his correspondence clearly shows, that at least two persons (if not more) were engaged either in its composition or transcription. One of the hands-of-writ, indeed, is that of a lady. Think of Junius being a lady! The idea is absurd; and therefore the famous epistolarian only made an empty (though not purposeless) vaunt, when he said that he was "the sole depository of his secret." It was a *ruse*—though a *ruse*, as after circumstances have proved, practised by a master of strategy, and destined so far to success. But the truth will come out at last; and, indeed, it is already "looming" in the view, not to say "in the distance."

There exist but two objections of moment to the conclusion that the Earl of Chatham was Junius. The first is, that the latter attacked the "Great Commoner"—indeed, made the attack in the very first letter known to have come from his pen, though the signature then adopted was that of "Poplicola." The letters published under that name, however, form a key almost, in our opinion, to the Junius secret. They were fingering feelers, put forth to test the public pulse; and the whole hand by and by followed, in the shape of a doubled fist, striking right and left. The Junian affair was obviously one of cool design from first to last; and what preliminary mode of concealment could be devised more likely to effect the end in view,

than an assault by Chatham on Chatham himself! Besides, the injury was completely nullified, long before the close of the epistolary series, by manifold admissions of the justice and greatness of Lord Chatham's policy. If we look closely at the mode in which Chatham is spoken of by Junius, we shall see, in fact, that the attacks on him were just of the very kind calculated to ward off suspicion, without seriously lowering the party assailed. His "gout" is sneered at; he is condemned for joining himself with Bute; he is even styled a "lunatic;" but, when all is summed up, it will be found that his honor, his public services, and his genius, are never once really called in question. The politics of Junius are precisely the old whig politics of Chatham. If Junius varied (as on the American war), so did Chatham. The letter-writer, in short, always talks of himself as if with the chances of discovery hanging over his head, and both blames and praises with studied *finesse*. Sir Walter Scott might early and easily have been detected as "the Great Unknown," by his non-allusions to himself. Chatham played a bolder game, having more serious work on hand. He spoke of himself with apparent freedom; and with good reason. His very *life* hung on the maintenance of his secret. Ay, gentle readers! we of the current time may marvel at the Junius mystery, sitting at ease by our firesides; but had Junius not kept up that mystery with care in his time, his "Letter to the King" might alone have cost him his head. At all events, the Duke of Grafton, the minister whom he pilloried so fearfully, would have taken some pains to send him to the scaffold. Human beings have always strong reasons for strong actions. Junius wrote under cover *perforce*. He himself says, that, if detected, he knew that he should not be allowed to survive "three days," or, at least, might expect instantly to be "attainted by bill." These words alone suffice to betray the greatness and high place of the man. For the continued preservation of the secret, we must look to other motives and causes.

The second argument of moment against the supposition of Lord Chatham being Junius, hinges on his relation to parties attacked in the letters, on his holding place with them, and so forth. All this reasoning may be answered in the memorable words of Grattan, descriptive of the elder Pitt: "*The secretary stood alone*. His august mind over-awed majesty." It is farther said, that he was "overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable." This is the character of the man who alone could have written the letters of Junius. If we are told, again, that such or such a personage, vituperated by Junius, was the friend of Chatham, we shall just go on to quote Grattan: "The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great." If we are further informed, that, while Junius was engaged in writing busily, Chatham was laid up with excruciating fits of the gout, we shall cite Lord Chesterfield, who, in a letter of 1768, says: "Some say he (Lord Chatham) has a fit of the gout, which would probably *do him good*; but many think his worst complaint is the head, which I am afraid is *too true*." The whole of the minor objections to the hypothesis here adopted may, in like manner, be easily disposed of, or, if not easily, may be referred to the artifices necessary to keep up the Junius mystery.

On the other hand, the evidence in favor of the supposition that Chatham was Junius is strong, most convincingly strong. Every one whom Junius assailed with his whole heart and soul—for light and passing strokes, as has been said, must be looked on as mere subterfuges—may be shown to have been hateful, from one or another cause, to Lord Chatham, who was certainly, what Johnson liked, “a good hater.” Nor is there a single individual praised with obvious heartiness by Junius, who cannot be shown to have been a close and true friend of Chatham. The Duke of Grafton and Lord Mansfield, two of the leading victims of Junius, had drawn on themselves the deep dislike of the “Great Commoner.” Wilkes has left it on record, that the latter personally told him, “the king (George III., another victim) was the falsest hypocrite in Europe.” Again, the Grenvilles—for “always speaking well” of whom Junius was thought by Parr to have been Charles Lloyd—were actually the near relatives of Lord Chatham. In short, the politics of Junius were, in the main, those of William Pitt, and alike also were their friendships and enmities. At the same time, allowances are always to be made for seeming discrepancies, in consideration of the necessity of maintaining secrecy. Some readers may think that we ask too much in begging for such allowances. Let them remember that Junius avowedly wrote with the halter hanging over his head, or the axe before his eyes; and that deception on his part was needful in the extreme. Being so, it was practised by him with such skill, as to have hitherto hidden his name itself from the world.

The evidence in favor of our present theory becomes more and more weighty, when the opinions of contemporaries respecting Junius are considered. Sir Philip Francis, if he wrote the famous letters, must have written them betwixt the ages of twenty-seven and thirty-two. He had at that time been for some years in the offices of state, as a head clerk, and was certainly a man of promise. But would Burke, and Horne Tooke, and Wilkes, and Draper, all of whom certainly suspected the true letter-writer, have spoken of him as they did, holding him to be no more than young Philip Francis? The thing is incredible. Burke deemed Junius worthy of an attack in Parliament, and an attack in his loftiest style. “After carrying our royal eagle in his pounces (said he, speaking of the famous letter-writer), and dashing him against a rock, he laid you (the senate) prostrate. King, lords, and commons, are but the sport of his fury.” The words of Wilkes are still more remarkable. “I do not mean to indulge in the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our time—the author of Junius. I will not attempt, with profane hands, to tear the veil of the sanctuary. I will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness.” The popular English idol of the hour would never have spoken thus of a presumed Francis. Horne Tooke, the “Parson Horne” of Junius, speaks with equal respect, while he points to the mark more directly. “The darkness in which Junius has shrouded himself has not concealed him. Because Lord Chatham has been ill-treated by the king, and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is to be the pillow on which Junius will rest all his resentments.” Sir William Draper, even when struggling on the “bed of torture” to which Junius (as the poor knight himself said) had bound him,

evinces a perfect consciousness that he was dealing with an enemy mighty otherwise than through the mere letters published by Woodfall. All the able persons of the time, in short, in speaking of Junius, show that they conceived him in their hearts to be a man of the very highest note—a man of such note, in truth, that the names of neither Earl Temple, nor the Earl of Shelburne, nor Lord Ashburton, nor even Lord Camden, can explain or justify the deference paid to him by his very victims. Beyond question, his more clear-sighted contemporaries felt assured of his identity. But he had covered himself so closely, that they feared to make the allegation; and, moreover, the allegation would have perilled the happiness, if not the life, of one most dear to England. Nay, we shall go farther. The king himself, George III., could scarcely have been ignorant of his assailant. Our opinion is, that he well knew Chatham to be the man, at least latterly; but that he had not sufficient proofs at command, and dared not risk a public investigation of uncertain issue. Had Junius been less careful, a bill of attainder would assuredly have furnished the “last scene” in the career of Chatham, in place of that so ably painted by Copley.

We have but one or two closing remarks to make. Had Sir Philip Francis no share in the Junian letters? He certainly was privy, we imagine, to the *whole business*; and, indeed, very probably wrote some of the earlier and less important epistles. He had been private secretary to Chatham at one time, and was his friend, or rather idolizing follower, through life. But he was not Junius. He may even have begun the epistolary series, and may deserve the credit, perhaps, of having suggested the idea of so operating on the public mind. But still was he not “*Nominis Umbra*” himself. In answering the queries of Lord Campbell, Lady Francis, while owning that Sir Philip never called himself Junius to her, assumes, nevertheless, that he was that mystic being, but adds, that, after he had begun the letters, a “new and powerful ally” came to his assistance. The whole mystery is here laid bare. Lord Chatham is clearly the ally meant, and the testimony of Lady Francis, therefore, founded on the revelations of her husband, may be held as fully establishing our present hypothesis.

But why did Chatham leave the matter a mystery? Admitting that secrecy was necessary during his entire life, why did he not take steps for its subsequent disclosure? That he did not do so, is perhaps the strongest proof that he, and he only, was Junius. The disclosure of the secret would have given fresh fame to any other man of the time, but it would have lessened, rather than increased, the reputation of Chatham. Moreover, George III. was then but entering on his long reign, and William Pitt the younger was only starting in public life. Many great persons, smitten by Junius, were also in existence. For the sake of his son mainly, we believe, did the great earl take steps to maintain the Junian mystery after his decease. He may even have exacted pledges of fidelity from those of his relatives who were cognizant of the truth. The Grenvilles, for example, made no sign, though they knew all, beyond question. But the grand reason for silence has been stated. Had Lord Chatham spoken out before the world, indeed, the pride of George III. would certainly have revolted against taking as a minister William Pitt the second.

It has been said that many men seem to have

suspected the Junius secret during the lifetime of the Earl of Chatham. Observe what Lord Kames says, for example, in a note to his "Sketches of Man," of date (emphatically marked) "August, 1775." Speaking of the fomenters of civil discord, "men terming themselves Britons," the Scottish Judge remarks—"Reader, deliver them over to self-condemnation. The punishment will be severe. Wish them repentance. Extend that wish to the arch-traitor, now on his death-bed, torn to pieces with bodily diseases, and still more with those of the mind."

Lord C——, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand; make signal of thy hope;
He dies, and makes no sign!"

Such are the words, such the quotation, of Lord Kames, which we have only chanced to notice since this article on Junius was written. It is clear as day that Chatham was pointed to, and why he was pointed to. The arch-traitor had just then thrown abroad his firebrand letters; and the Scottish Judge had no difficulty in saying "Ecce homo!" But, consistently with the powerful character of Pitt, "he died, and made no sign."

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

MADAME DE STAEL.

ANNE LOUISE GERMAINE NECKER, the celebrated daughter of a celebrated father, was born at Paris, April 22, 1766. In her earliest years she manifested uncommon vivacity of perception and depth of feeling; and at the age of eleven, her sprightliness, her self-possession, and the eager and intelligent interest which she took in all the subjects of conversation, rendered her the pet and the wonder of the brilliant circle which frequented her father's house. Necker himself, though he delighted in promoting the development of his daughter's talents, was a watchful critic of her faults: "I owe," said she, "to my father's penetration, the frankness of my disposition, and the simplicity of my mind. He exposed every sort of affectation; and, in his company, I formed the habit of thinking that my heart lay open to view." She repaid his care and tenderness by a passionate and devoted affection, such as scarcely seems to belong to the relationship which existed between them. Throughout his life, the desire to minister to his pleasure was her first object, and his death threw a permanent shade of melancholy over her spirit.

Madlle. Necker paid the usual price of mental precocity, in its debilitating effects upon her bodily constitution. At the age of fourteen, serious apprehensions were entertained for her life; and she was sent to St. Ouen, in the neighborhood of Paris, for the benefit of country air, with orders to abstain from every species of severe study. This course of life was more favorable to the development of that poetical, ardent, and enthusiastic temper, which was the source of so much enjoyment, and so much distinction, than to the habits of self-control, without which, such a temper is almost too dangerous to be called a blessing. Her character at this period of life is thus described by her relation and biographer, Mad. Necker de Saussure:—"We may figure to ourselves Mad. de Stael, in her early youth, entering with confidence upon a life, which to her promised nothing but happiness. Too benevolent to expect hatred from others, too fond of talent in others to anticipate

the envy of her own, she loved to exalt genius, enthusiasm, and inspiration, and was herself an example of their power."

Endowed with such qualities, the effect which Madlle. Necker produced upon her introduction to society was as brilliant as her friends could desire, though the effervescence of imagination and youthful spirits sometimes led her to commit breaches of etiquette, which might have been fatal to the success of a less accomplished *débutante*. At the age of twenty, in 1786, she married the Baron de Stael Holstein, ambassador of Sweden at the court of France. He was much the elder, and the matter seems to have been arranged by her parents, with her acquiescence indeed, but without her heart being at all interested in the connection. And we trace the effect of her ruling passion, love of her father, in the Baron de Stael's engagement not to take her to reside in Sweden without her free consent. During a large portion of their married life they were separated from each other by the baron's absences from France; but when age and sickness weighed him down, she hastened to comfort him, and his last hours (in 1802) were soothed by her presence and watchful care. By this marriage Mad. de Stael had four children, of whom only a son and a daughter survived her; the latter became the wife of the Duc de Broglie; the former inherited his father's title, and has won for himself a creditable place in the literature of the age.

At the beginning of the revolution, Mad. de Stael watched the new prospects opening on her country with joyful anticipation; but she was shocked and disgusted by the ferocious excesses which ensued. Her love of liberty was too sincere to let her justify the policy, or join the party of the court, but, with an admirable courage, she used the powerful influence of her talents and her connections to save as many as possible of the victims of that frenzied time. She arranged a plan for the escape of the royal family from the Tuileries; and after the death of Louis XVI., she had the boldness (for so it must be called) to publish her "*Défense de la Reine*."

Having passed safely through the Reign of Terror, Mad. de Stael hailed the establishment of the Directory, in 1795, as the commencement of a settled government. Through life she devoted a large portion of her attention to politics, which she designated as comprehending within their sphere, morality, religion and literature. Her brilliant conversation drew around her the ablest and most accomplished men of the French capital; and in Paris, where the public opinion of France is compressed into a narrow space, wit or beauty has always had an influence unknown to the more sedate nations of the north. To this period of her life belong the treatises—more interesting as specimens of her genius, than important for the truth of her theories—*De l'Influence des Passions sur le Bonheur des Individus et des Nations*, published in 1796, of which only the first part, relating to individuals, was completed; and *De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales*, published in 1800;—subjects, it has been truly said, which demand the observation and study of a whole life. It is not on these, therefore, that her fame is based. But the latter has the great merit, according to the testimony of Sir James Mackintosh, of being the first attempt to treat the philosophy of literary history upon a bold and comprehensive scale.

But she could not aspire to "direct the storm,"—

without running some danger of being caught in it; and it is probable, as indeed she herself admits, that if she had foreseen the troubles which political influence was to bring upon her, she would have been well pleased to resign all pretension to it. At the end of 1799, Bonaparte rose to power on the ruin of the Directory. That remarkable man inspired Mad. de Stael from the first with an indescribable fear and dislike, which she has expressed throughout her very interesting work, entitled, *Dix Années d'Exile*; and as she saw at once the danger to which the cause of rational liberty was exposed by his ambition, and feared not to express her sentiments, her house became the focus of discontent. Benjamin Constant, then one of her intimate associates, having prepared and communicated to her a speech to expose the dawning tyranny of the First Consul, warned her that, if spoken, it would necessarily be followed by the desertion of the brilliant society which she loved, and by which she was surrounded. She replied, "We must do as we think right." It was accordingly pronounced on the following day, on the evening of which her favorite circle was to assemble at her own house. Before six o'clock she received ten notes of excuse. The speech was followed by an intimation from Fouché, that Mad. de Stael's retirement from Paris for a short time would be expedient.

In the spring of 1800, Bonaparte's absence upon the campaign of Marengo, and the publication of her work on literature, brought Mad. de Stael again into fashion. From that time until 1802, she remained undisturbed, and divided her time chiefly between Paris and her father's residence at Coppet, on the Lake of Geneva. In the latter year (in which she published *Delphine*), her intimacy with Bernadotte caused the First Consul to regard her with suspicion, though the dread of being banished from the delights of Parisian society had taught her prudence. "They pretend," he said, "that she neither talks politics, nor mentions me; but I know not how it happens, that people seem to like me less after visiting her." Prudence, or the warning of her friends, detained Mad. de Stael at Coppet during the winter of 1802-3; but when war broke out, and she thought that Bonaparte's attention was fully occupied by the proposed descent upon England, she could not resist the thirst of conversation which always drew her to Paris. She did not venture to enter the city; but she had not been long in its neighborhood, when she was terribly disconcerted by a peremptory order not to appear within forty leagues of the metropolis. The rest of France had no attraction for her, and she determined to visit Germany. Weimar was her first place of abode, where she became acquainted with Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller, and, under their auspices, commenced her study of the German language and literature. In 1804, she proceeded to Berlin; but she was suddenly recalled to Switzerland by the illness and death of M. Necker.

Shortly after, she visited Italy for the first time. The grand and solemn remains of antiquity harmonized with the melancholy of her mind; and in this journey was developed a love of art, and, in a less degree, a taste for scenery, of which up to this time she seems to have been strangely deficient. The fruit of her travels appeared in *Corinne*, written after her return to Coppet in 1805, and published at Paris early in 1807, which raised her to the first class of living writers. Sir James Mackintosh, who read it in India, in a translation,

says—"I swallow *Corinne* slowly that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination." Dictated by the same leading idea as *Delphine*, but far superior in depth and truth of sentiment, as well as eloquence, and genuine poetic ardor, it was also free from the moral objections to the former novel. Each heroine, according to the lively author first quoted, is a transcript from the author herself. "*Corinne* is the ideal of Mad. de Stael; *Delphine* is her very self in youth."

Before the publication of *Corinne*, Mad. de Stael had ventured into the neighborhood of Paris. The book contained nothing hostile to Napoleon; but the new wreath of fame which the author had woven for herself revived his spleen, and she soon received a peremptory order to quit France. This was a bitter mortification. We have mentioned her ruling love of conversation; and to her, Paris was the world; beyond its limits life was vegetation. "Give me the Rue de Bac," said she to those who extolled the Lake of Geneva; "I would prefer living in Paris on a fourth story, with a hundred louis a year." The chief studies of her exile were German literature and metaphysics. In 1808 she returned to Coppet, to arrange the materials for her great work on Germany. Having devoted nearly two years to this task, she went to France in the summer of 1810, the decree of exile being so far relaxed, that she was permitted, as before, to reside forty leagues from the capital. Her principal object was to superintend the printing of her work, which was to be published at Paris. After passing safely, though with many alterations, through the censorship, the last proof was corrected, September 23. Scarcely was this done, and 10,000 copies struck off, when the whole impression was seized and destroyed. Mad. de Stael fortunately was enabled, by timely warning, to secrete the manuscript. This blow was accompanied by an order to quit France without delay. America, which she had expressed a desire to visit, and Coppet, were the only places offered to her choice; an attempt to reach England, which was her secret wish, would have been followed by immediate arrest. She chose to return to her paternal home. There the emperor's persecution, and her hatred of him, reached their height; and though not to be ranked with the graver offences of tyranny, his treatment of her was of a most irritating character, and unbecoming any but a low-minded despot. It was intimated that she had better confine her excursions to a circle of two leagues; her motions were watched, even within her own house; to be regarded as her friend was equivalent to a sentence of disgrace or dismissal to any person dependent on the government; her sons were forbidden to enter their native country: M. Schlegel, their domestic tutor, was ordered to quit Coppet; and, worst of all, her two dearest friends, M. de Montmorency and Mad. Recamier, were banished France for having presumed to visit her. These, and more trifling delinquencies, are set forth with most stinging sarcasm, in her *Ten Years of Exile*.

Harassed beyond endurance, she resolved to make an attempt to escape from these never-ending vexations. But whither to go? She could not obtain permission to reside elsewhere; and if Napoleon demanded her, no continental power, except Russia, could give her an asylum. To obtain a conveyance to England was impossible, except from some port to the north of Hamburg; and to

reach that distant region, it was necessary to traverse the whole of Europe, in constant danger of being intercepted and detained. After eight months of irresolution, she found courage and opportunity to make the attempt; and, quitting Coppet secretly, she reached Berne in safety, obtained a passport for Vienna, and, hastily traversing Switzerland and the Tyrol, arrived at the Austrian capital, June 6, 1812. But this was neither a safe nor pleasant resting-place. The emperor was in attendance on his son-in-law at Dresden; and the Austrian police thought it fit to pay their court to Napoleon, by following up the example of annoyance which he had set. Mad. de Stael, therefore, hastened on her route to Russia, through Moravia and Galicia, honored all the way by the especial attention of the police, on whose happy combination of "French machiavelism and German clumsiness," she has taken ample revenge in her *Ten Years of Exile*. She crossed the Russian frontier July 14, and, in the joy of having escaped at last from the wide-spread power of Napoleon, she sees and describes everything in Russia with an exuberance of admiration, which the position of the country at that moment, and the kindness which the writer experienced, may well excuse. The French armies had already crossed the Vistula, and the direct route to St. Petersburg being interrupted she was obliged to make a circuit by Moscow. After a hasty survey of the wonders of that city, she continued her route to St. Petersburg, where she was received with distinction by the emperor and his consort. But England was still the object of her desires, and towards the end of September, she quitted the metropolis of Russia for Stockholm. There, during a winter residence of eight months, she composed the journal of her travels, and in the following summer she arrived in London.

She was received in the highest circles of our metropolis with an enthusiastic admiration, which no doubt was rendered in part to the avowed enemy of Napoleon, as well as to the woman of genius. Sir James Mackintosh, in his journal, gives a lively description of the manner in which she was *fêted*. "On my return I found the whole fashionable and literary world occupied with Mad. de Stael—the most celebrated woman of this, or perhaps of any age. . . . She treats me as the person whom she most delights to honor. I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon; I have in consequence dined with her at the houses of almost all the cabinet ministers. She is one of the few persons who surpass expectation; she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular if in society she were to confine herself to her inferior talents—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature, which are so much more suited to conversation than her eloquence and genius." A very characteristic observation was made by the late Lord Dudley—"Mad. de Stael was not a good neighbor; there could be no slumbering near her—she would instantly detect you."

The publication of her long-expected work on Germany, maintained the interest which Mad. de Stael had excited, during the period of her residence in England. It is comprised in four parts—on the aspect and manners of Germany—on literature and the arts, as there existing—on philosophy and morals—and on religion and enthusiasm. For an analysis of it we may best refer to the elaborate criticisms of Mackintosh, in the *Edinburgh Review*, No XLIII.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, Mad. de Stael returned to France. She stood high in Louis XVIII.'s favor, who was well qualified to enjoy and appreciate her powers of conversation; and he gave a substantial token of his regard by the repayment of two millions of francs, which the treasury was indebted to her father's estate. At the return of Napoleon, she fled precipitately to Coppet. She was too generous to countenance the gross abuse lavished on the fallen idol; and some sharp repartees, at the expense of the time-servers of the day, seem to have inspired Napoleon with a hope that he might work on her vanity to enlist her in his service. He sent a message, that he had need of her to inspire the French with constitutional notions; she replied—"He has done for twelve years without either me or a constitution, and now he loves one about as little as the other."

Concerning the last three years of her life, our information is very scanty. She had contracted a second marriage, with M. Rocca, a young officer, who, after serving with distinction in the French army in Spain, had retired, grievously wounded, to Geneva, his native place. For an account and apology for this much-censured and injudicious connection, the date of which we have not found specified, but which should seem to have been previous to her flight to Coppet, since Rocca accompanied her on the occasion, we must refer to Mad. Necker de Saussure, that though she must have been more than forty, and the gentleman was twenty years younger, she had inspired Rocca with a devoted and romantic passion. "Je l'aimerai tellement," he said to one of his friends, "qu'elle finira par m'épouser," and he kept his word. The union, though generally believed to exist, was not avowed until the opening of her will, which authorized her children to make her marriage known, and acknowledge one son who was the fruit of it. The decline of M. Rocca's health, which never recovered the effect of his wounds, induced her to take a second journey to Italy in 1816. At that time, her own constitution was visibly giving way. She became seriously ill after her return to France, and died, July 14, 1817, the anniversary of two remarkable days of her life:—these were, the commencement of the French revolution, and the day on which, by entering Russia, she finally escaped from Napoleon. M. Rocca survived her only half a year. He died in Provence, January 29, 1818.

Mad. de Stael's last great work, which was published after her death, is entitled "*Considérations sur les principaux Evénemens de la Révolution Française*,"—a book, says Mackintosh, "possessing the highest interest as the last dying bequest of the most brilliant writer that has appeared in our days, the greatest writer, of a woman, that any age or country has produced." That it was left unfinished is the less to be regretted because it was not a regular history of the revolution, but rather a collection of penetrating observations and curious details, recorded in the true spirit of historic impartiality, and therefore a most valuable treasure to the future historian. The scope of the book, in accordance with her warm admiration through life of the English constitution, is to show that France requires a free government and a limited monarchy. The catalogue of her works is closed by the *Cœuvres Inédites*, published in 1820, of which the principal is *Ten Years of Exile*. They are collected in an edition of eighteen volumes, 8vo, published in Paris, in 1819–20.

The leading features of Mad. de Stael's private

character was her inexhaustible kindness of temper; it cost her no trouble to forgive injuries. There seems not to have been a creature on earth whom she hated, except Napoleon. "Her friendships were ardent and remarkably constant; and yet she had a habit of analyzing the characters, even of those to whom she was most attached, with the most unsparing sagacity, and of drawing out the detail and theory of their faults and peculiarities with the most searching and unrelenting rigor; and this she did to their faces, and in spite of their most earnest remonstrances. 'It is impossible for me to do otherwise,' she would say; 'if I were on my way to the scaffold, I should be dissecting the characters of the friends who were to suffer with me upon it.'" Though the excitement of mixed society was necessary to her happiness, her conversation in a *fête-à-lête* with her intimate friends is said to have been more delightful than her most brilliant efforts in public. She was proud of her powers, and loved to display and talk of them; but her vanity was divested of offensiveness by her candor and ever-present consideration of others. Of her errors we would speak with forbearance; but it is due to truth to say, that there were passages in her life which exposed her to serious and well-founded censure. As a daughter and mother she displayed sedulous devotion, and the warmest affection. A genius like hers, and so directed, is the only missionary that can work any permanent effect upon the upper classes of society in modern times—upon the vain, the learned, the scornful and argumentative, "who stone the Prophets, while they affect to offer incense to the Muses."

From the Spectator.

MISS SINCLAIR'S BEATRICE.*

THE Bible *versus* the Breviary, or rather *versus* the alleged practices and principles of Romanism, is the subject of Miss Sinclair's novel; as its object is to raise a warning voice to the ladies of Britain against the snares and delusions of the Papists, as well as to point out the difficulties and something more in which conventual life may involve them if they weakly yield themselves to it. Like many fictions in which the story is postponed to some didactic purpose, the elements of *Beatrice* are derived from books rather than from life. There is the common enough incident of the rightful heiress being kept out of an estate through the cupidity of a relation, except that a Jesuit does the work of the lawyer, and even goes beyond him: Father Eustace persuades Lord Eaglescairn to ignore the Protestant-bred Beatrice when she arrives from abroad, as a duty to the Church; the same worthy personage having previously burned a false light and extinguished the true beacon to wreck the vessel that carried her. In like manner, the Popish priests and their flock are drawn from their own theological books and the newspapers of the day, with some of the cell and dungeon incidents of the Radcliffe school of romance superadded. Exeter Hall, the *Times*' reports, &c., furnish matter both for outline and coloring as regards pastors and flocks, and an Irish election and an Irish mob are transplanted to the Highlands of Scotland. The conduct of the Papal

Church just now, especially in Ireland and France, is deserving of very little indulgence; and bitterly will her clergy have to rue their deeds on the next continental revolution. They are open to any attack that the politician, the polemic, or the philosopher may choose to make; but in fiction, the writer must paint from general life, not from gross and occasional exceptions; and we think Miss Sinclair rather heightens the color even of the *Scarlet*. It is a graver fault in a critical point of view that her Papists are too clever and her Protestants too foolish. A youth thoroughly trained in the Bible and the great English divines, under an Episcopalian minister—with the hortations of Sir Evan M'Alpine, a Highland chieftain, and his English aunt, to beware of Jesuits—nay, a Scottish Episcopalian minister himself—are perverted by men whose very look would induce the least suspicious to stand upon their guard.

In other respects, *Beatrice* must rank as the first of Miss Sinclair's novels. It is written with great, indeed with conscientious care; the importance of the subject to the writer's mind, having, apparently, stimulated to unwonted exertion. The elements of the story are not very new; but they are varied and elaborated with painstaking thought and embodied in forms of the present day. This elaboration, combined as it is with theology, produces a degree of slowness in the progression, and there is frequently a didactic tone which reminds the reader of the juvenile tale. The great deficiency of this author's previous fictions has been want of dramatic life. The persons have acted and spoken too much like automatons. This defect is perhaps beyond the writer's power to remedy altogether; and traces of it will be found in the level scenes of *Beatrice*, increased by the fact that a theological object is as present to the writer's mind as the conduct of her story. In scenes of description or emotion, Miss Sinclair has taken a step forward, and exhibited a spirit which we have not recognized before. As an example, part of Lord Eaglescairn's death-bed may be taken.

In a lofty and spacious room hung with tapestry and pictures, and on a bed hung with curtains of the richest velvet, which were thrown widely back for air, lay the dying man, in a state of bodily and mental suffering that his worst enemy, if he had one, might have pitied. No language can describe the ghastly anxiety expressed in his features, as he gazed at Father Eustace, who sat beside him alone, sprinkling his face occasionally with holy water from St. Victor's well, and holding up a blessed chaplet in articulo mortis. The religion of human coinage was here exhibited in all its feebleness and deformity. No mourning relatives were permitted to approach the expiring sufferer, no sympathizing friends; but he had received the last offices of his church, and nothing was left for him now to do but to die. His pale lips quivered, his mouth was open, his looks wandered from place to place, as if in search of consolation, till at length he turned his face to the wall in speechless anguish, and shunned the eye of Father Eustace, which had been sternly fixed upon him, while he muttered inaudibly Latin prayers for the agonizing, which might as well have been in Chinese or Hindoo, for any appeal they made to the heart or conscience. At length, unable any longer to control his emotions, Lord Eaglescairn with sudden strength sat up in bed, gazed anxiously around, as if in search of some one, and then said, in accents of piercing agony, "I cannot die in peace with my secret untold! From the day of that shipwreck, when you persuaded me, for the interests of the church, to de-

* *Beatrice*; or the Unknown Relatives. By Catherine Sinclair, Author of "Sir Edward Graham," "Jane Bouverle," &c. In three volumes. Published by Bentley.

fraud that girl of her inheritance, never has my miserable mind known one moment's peace. You tell me, like the Duke of Burgundy's confessor, that you will take upon yourself the punishment due to my crime. That promise seemed very sufficient when I was well; but now!"—Lord Eaglescairn covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud with agony and apprehension.

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
He deals on his own soul.—Byron.

"Remember," said Father Eustace in a consolatory tone, "you have there a crucifix blessed expressly by the Pope for a happy death."

Lord Eaglescairn raised his livid face, gazed upon it for a moment in the hands of his confessor, with a look of unutterable woe; then pushed it hurriedly away, and buried his face in the pillows.

It was the dead hour of midnight, and all was still. The fire had gone out, the candles burned low in their sockets, and dark were the shadows in every distant corner of that large room in which the confessor and his penitent were alone.

"My son," said Father Eustace, "you know despair is in itself a sin."

"Yet hope must be denied to a being of crime and impenitence like mine!" exclaimed the dying man. "Had I relied on my conscience, it would not have deceived me; it would never have ceased to reproach me; it would have judged and condemned me; but you put my conscience to sleep, or rather to death, and offered me the use of your own. My sins, during health, were like caged lions, that could not reach me till now; but a dying memory lets them loose to-night, like wild beasts in a desert. Yes, my sins have found me out. I must confess all."

"My son," said Father Eustace, assuming a tone of gentle remonstrance, "you have confessed"—

"No, no, no! I need not confess to you, my accomplice," interrupted Lord Eaglescairn, with a look of dull horror—"you who were my instigator. There are no disguises in death. Who can warrant me that your absolution is ratified?—that your bail is accepted? No! Call my son. He already suspects something. He must be told all. He will do justice!"—

"Not to-night," replied Father Eustace, in a tone of authority. "Dr. Cameron ordered you till to-morrow the strictest silence and solitude."

"To-morrow I shall have the unbroken silence and solitude of the tomb. For me, the next hour that strikes is eternity. The first yawning grave shall be mine. Let my son be summoned now."

"Impossible. I owe it to my church and to myself that you do nothing so rash and presumptuous as to act against the advice of your confessor," replied Father Eustace, observing with imperturbable calmness the frenzy of anguish and despair painted in the wan features of Lord Eaglescairn, now pinched and sharpened by approaching death. "You are excited and nervous. Take this composing draught, and we shall talk over all your desires and fears afterwards."

"At a more convenient season which will never come!" muttered Lord Eaglescairn, grasping the bedclothes with a look of livid despair. "My poor disinherited son, from whom I have alienated all in my power to your church! What will he think? What can he do? Send him to me now, and torment me no more with your false promises and pretended miracles. Can you maintain that, by an absolution such as yours, the dark mass of my crimes could become whitewashed like an old house? No! My whole existence of late has been a lie. I have acted a part too long, but I will act no more. My conscience has been chloroformed, but it is now most fearfully awakened. Send my son instantly. It is no man's affair but my own how I die."

"It is the affair of the church; and it is my affair

that you do not injure her by an unseemly death," said Father Eustace, in a low tone of fierce determination; his whole form expanding with rage, while a gleam of intense wretchedness shot through the features of the dying man. "Do not forfeit the merit of a whole life by nervous terrors now, by open disobedience and disbelief. Let your dying testimony be a crowning effort, so that your family, servants, and tenants may see an example—"

"Not an example, but a warning!" exclaimed Lord Eaglescairn, in a voice of deep despair. "Let there be an end, now, of my atrocious deceptions. Have you the audacity to speak of my merits? Alas, alas! conscience is awake now, and will sleep no more through a long eternity."

Lord Eaglescairn's voice had become hoarse and low from intense emotion, and he grasped the arm of Father Eustace with a look of desponding anxiety; but there was nothing to hope from the calm, stern eye of the priest, who silently held out the sleeping potion, saying, "Remember, the first of duties is obedience. You are not to judge whether I, who command, am right or wrong, wise or imprudent, holy, or imperfect; but I come in the name of our order, and your sole care must be to obey. You must give up all if you would gain all."

"I cannot sleep. I have not time to sleep!" exclaimed the dying man, rejecting the potion with fearful earnestness: "a world of gold for a moment of time! Do not oppress me in the last struggle of nature. The sharp stings of memory are tortures enough now."

"Then," replied Father Eustace, "listen to these words from the Breviary—'If the winds of temptation arise, if thou run upon the rocks of tribulation, look to the star, call upon Mary. If, disturbed with the greatness of thy sins, troubled at the defilement of thy conscience, affrighted at the horrors of the judgment, thou beginnest to be swallowed up in the gulf of sadness, the abyss of despair, think upon Mary.'"

The patient now unwillingly received the draught, recommended by Father Eustace, in his hand, but with a fixed determination not to expend his few remaining moments in sleep. By a sudden gesture he directed the eye of Father Eustace for an instant towards the door, and during that moment secretly poured the whole potion noiselessly on the bedclothes. He then laid his head back on the pillow, and seemed in a few minutes buried in most profound almost deathlike repose.

"UNCLE TOM" LITERATURE.—*Norton's Literary Gazette* ciphers up the number of volumes, relating directly or indirectly to the subject of Slavery, which have appeared since the publication of Mrs. Stowe's remarkable work. Three separate editions of that book itself are published in this country, and it is reported that a pamphlet edition has appeared in California. In England, no less than *nineteen* editions have been brought out, including Bosworth's, in which Mrs. Stowe has an interest. Tauchnitz has issued an edition at Leipzig, and the book is undergoing translation into French and German, for further European circulation. In the class of stories similar to *Uncle Tom* there are *seven* candidates for public favor, comprising, among others, Mrs. Hale's old tale of *Northwood*, just republished, and Hildreth's *White Slave*. Other works relating to *Uncle Tom* have appeared, in the shape of Reviews, Letters, etc., to the number of a round half-dozen; while Mark Lemon and Tom Taylor are dramatizing the original production, for the Adelphi at London—Mad. Celeste to take the part of *Cassy*. Nearly forty books from different publishers, all on one engrossing theme, indicate a fever of book-making that has seldom been created by a single work. Mrs. Stowe has started a ball that bids fair to keep rolling.

From the Examiner.

Rambles and Scrambles in North and South America.
By EDWARD SULLIVAN, Esq. Bentley.

MR. SULLIVAN, the son of a rear-admiral, having some money and time at his disposal, joined one or two friends in a pleasant ramble over to New York and Niagara; westward about the prairies, and among the Indians; down the Mississippi to New Orleans; over to Cuba, and in a yacht about the Spanish main to South America; up the Essequibo for a peep at the Victoria Regia, and then home by Surinam, Caraccas, and Venezuela. Having found his ramble pleasant to himself, he has put it upon paper, and so put it upon paper that it will no doubt be considered pleasant by the public. His book, though written in the lightest vein, has plenty of good metal in it; and though it has the faults of youth—a somewhat flippant positiveness of opinion on grave matters, and a very decided tendency to accept an anecdote in its most striking form, without much inquiry whether it may be the truest, being his chief defects—the best characteristics of youth are also in the book, and very much preponderate. There is plenty of true, fresh vivacity, energy, generosity of mind, quickness of observation, and instinct for fun. There is no kind of cant or affectation, and there is no book-making. By the exclusion of a dozen very old Joe Millers, and of some explanations of the winds and tides, flying fish, and such things that are not wanted, an excess of about fifteen pages might be got rid of, while there would still remain four hundred filled with facts—often apocryphal, no doubt, but always gathered on the spot—and with the fair gossip that belongs to travel, gossip without its usual prolixity.

Some of the merit and all the fault of the book will be found represented in the following extract, anent Boston:—

Directly a young lady leaves school, at fourteen or fifteen, she "comes out," and is then a responsible agent, giving and accepting invitations to balls, &c., entirely on her own hook, without consulting mamma, who is only employed to find the *ready*. It is considered quite correct for a *nice* young man to call and take a young lady out for a walk, or to the theatre, or to a ball, without any *chaperone*. The young ladies marry very young, often at fifteen or sixteen, and fade almost before they bloom; at three-and-twenty they look three-and-thirty, and get very spare. A lady, however handsome, once married, loses her place in society; very little attention is paid her; all is immediately transferred to the unmarried "angels;" however, it is not so much the case as it used to be. One charming old lady of about sixty told me that I was the only young man who had honored her with ten minutes' conversation for the last ten years.

The society of Boston is quite literary; as one young lady told me afterwards in the West country—"In Boston we have an aristocracy of soul; in New York they have an aristocracy of money; in England of blood;—which is most worthy of an enlightened country." The same young lady (a *smart* one and no mistake) told me that Boston was the only place in the world where "the feast of reason could be enjoyed in perfection, combined with the proper amount of flow of soul." In New York and Paris, for instance, you can enjoy the flow of soul—in Cambridge or Oxford the feast of reason (is that all you know of it? thought I), but Boston is the only true combination of the two. The young ladies in the Northern and Eastern States have an extraordinary fashion of visiting every corpse within reach. A gentleman I met, who resided at Boston, told me that his father-

in-law had died and been laid out, when the next day he was surprised at the arrival of ten or fifteen young ladies at the door, and on asking their business they said: "Oh! they only wanted to see the body;" and when they had gone many more came. The American ladies are generally possessed with the idea of the great robustness of the English, and imagine that almost every Englishwoman hunts, shoots, and plays at skittles, a striking contrast to their own fair dames, who are occasionally so die-away and lackadaisical that they would not walk a hundred yards to pull their husbands or lovers out of the water. A case of the kind really occurred at Boston quite lately, when a lady-like Pelham stood still and screamed for assistance, when with the slightest exertion she might have saved her husband a very lengthened immersion.

There being no Established Church in America dissent and unbelief flourish in their rankest growth, and Boston takes the lead in the manufacture of new religions. Owing to the influence Dr. Channing exercised at Boston, the Unitarians compose a large majority; but as in arithmetic unity is next to nothing, so in religion the belief of a Unitarian is very close to no belief at all. A new sect of Unitarians, calling themselves Transcendentalists, and embracing a majority of Unitarians, are nothing more nor less than Free-thinkers. They find it very easy, after reasoning themselves with a great deal of labor into a disbelief in the existence of Two persons in the Trinity, to extend the doubt to the Third Person. The ease with which the Abbé Siéyes promulgated fresh constitutions is a joke to the celerity with which the popular preachers of Boston propound fresh religions. They are quite above following in the old paths of Christianity, and unless they have some new idea for their audiences every Sunday their popularity would soon be on the wane.

The Roman Catholic is the next most powerful sect—then Baptists, &c., the Episcopalians coming fifth or sixth. In America, the Baptist, Unitarian, and Episcopalian congregations appear to be composed equally of all classes of the community, and the preponderance of any one class is not remarked. I am quite convinced from what I have seen in America that an Established Church is the only, certainly, the best means, of ensuring the proper amount of order and decency in the conduct of divine service.

THE OPERA AT HAVANA.—The opera is really first-rate, and the house the most beautiful one I have seen in all respects; it holds five or six thousand people, nearly as large as the Queen's Theatre in London. The fronts of the boxes are open brass-work, and are divided from each other in the same way, which gives the house a wonderfully light appearance. The pit is composed entirely of stalls, and very comfortable ones too. The ladies promenade behind the boxes between the acts, and their lords smoke cigarettes. There was a very good *corps artistique* during the winter 1850, 1851. Mdles. Steffanoni, Bozzi, —the latter not known in Europe, but very good—Salvi, Marini, Bettini, and a very good orchestra, the whole under the direction of Bottesini, the miraculous performer on the biggest of all big fiddles, one of the most extraordinary instrumentalists since the days of Paganini. A Cuban audience is the most enthusiastic I ever saw, applauding and encoring in the most reckless manner. They throw pigeons decked with ribbons without end on the stage to their favorites, and as most of the pigeons have doublebills tied under their wings, the attention is appreciated. It used to be a great amusement, sitting in the boxes and watching the swells in the stalls, with their baskets full of pigeons. I have seen as many as twenty or thirty on the stage at once.—*Sullivan's Rambles.*

From Household Words.

THE FAMINE TIME.

I WAS looking, with some amusement, into a back-yard in a little Irish town, from the window of a house next to that to which the yard belonged, when my hostess explained to me that the beggarman whom I was watching was irremovable. He had been turned out by the shoulders again and again, and always came back, refusing to work, and preferring to lean against the corner of the wall to beg. There was in the yard a more active beggar; the pig. Two stout, merry girls, bare-legged and untidy, were sitting on the ground, before a great heap of potatoes and a mighty iron pot. They were sorting potatoes; the better sort for human eaters, the worse for the black pig. The pig was in a hurry, poked in his nose, and had to be driven away. There was a third girl sitting on some steps with her arms crossed, looking idle, and provoking the others—one of whom got into a passion, and showed it as Irish people do when they get angry.

"Ah!" said my hostess, "we see strange people and strange doings in that yard; and it is not the pleasantest place to overlook. But we are glad enough to see anything like those potatoes and that pig, and people who can laugh, after what we saw in the famine time. For months together that yard was crowded—so crowded, that you could not have thrust in a hand among them—with people groaning and wailing day and night; some dying, and others bringing their dead, till our hearts were almost broken."

"I wonder how you lived through it," said I.

"So do we. But we had to rouse ourselves, and do our duty. There were only my husband and Mr. Zachariah (the clergyman) to give out the relief by which the whole country side was kept alive. I was often at home, with that yard full of people before my eyes, while my husband was absent—gone to see to the landing of the meal—and I uneasy about him—the people grew so violent! There was always an escort of constabulary to guard the meal from the ship hither; but the people were ready to tear them to pieces to get at the meal. It was bad enough at first, when the government insisted that the men should work on the roads to earn their share. The poor fellows could no more work on the roads than my baby could; and they were dropping and fainting by the roadside as soon as they tried. We thought that the worst sight we had ever seen till we saw worse. We knew that the government could not be aware of the real need, if they could make such a condition; and we were afraid to look forward. It was just then that Mr. Yarding—a gentleman of one of the most ancient families in Ireland—brought home his bride to his estate, close by the town. He drove her through the town in as pretty a turn-out as you could see; and a neighbor said to my husband, when he looked from the carriage to the people in the street, 'Mr. Yarding will repent that pair of horses before six months are over.' And so, no doubt, he did. The value of his land sunk to nothing; he could not meet the calls upon him, nor pay his rates; and now he is shut up in his own place, the gates locked day and night (Sundays and all), and he dares not look through the bars into the road."

"And how did you get food for yourselves?" I asked; "and how did you eat it, with that multitude of starving people before you?"

"We never enjoyed a meal during that year. There seemed to be a poison over everything. There was no flour to be had good enough for us to give the children; and the officers, and agents, and servants employed in the distribution, were forbidden to buy any of the meal that was sent. This was hard and unjust, and, in fact, it could not be carried out. They got it by sending their servants and buying for one another; and, paying properly for it, they did not feel it was wrong. There were no vegetables to be had but the black, rotting potatoes. We could get a sheep for five shillings, because there was nothing to feed sheep with; and for that reason the mutton was hardly eatable. Nothing seemed to have its proper taste or to be real food at that time or for long after. You were laughing to-day at the flocks of geese along the road, spreading their wings and straddling away before the car. Well, among all those deserted villages that you passed through, there was not a goose in those days. There was not a pig, nor a donkey in all the district, from sea to sea."

"What became of the donkeys? The people did not eat them, I suppose."

"Indeed but they did. My husband saw the meat hanging out of their pockets. And worse creatures than donkeys disappeared in the same way. There was, after a time, not a living creature but human beings to be seen from sea to sea, except the horses that brought the meal from the ships. The second time that we thought we had seen the worst was when the meal was sold at half-a-crown the stone. Think what a price that was! But it was paid as long as there was any money in the district. That yard was as crowded then as afterwards. My husband and his men could not get through the business of serving it, though, to save time, every buyer must tie up his half-crown in the corner of the bag he handed in. It was astonishing the number of bad half-crowns we took in the course of a few weeks; there was no time to look whether the money was good or bad; but my husband had to account for it, of course, as if it was all good. The men would begin at daylight (what a sight it was to open the shutters and see the people who had been waiting all night!), and they went on kindly all day. Towards evening the men would grow silent, and sigh; and at eleven or twelve o'clock they would say, 'Sir, you can't get more out of me than is in me; I can't do it, sir. I have had no refreshment all this day, and I'm done up. I am willing to stand by the people as long as I can, but I can't do more than I am equal to.' Then my husband would say, 'Well, go to your supper, and my wife and I will turn to again for an hour, lest some of these people should die before morning. But we will shut up in an hour; by that time the worst will be served.' We did shut up in an hour, leaving, perhaps, sixty or seventy people outside. But when the men had sat down for a while, and had had their supper and their pipe, they would cheer up; and then they agreed to what my husband said: 'There are only sixty or seventy. Let us send them away, and then we can, perhaps, go to sleep, having done our best.' So we opened again, and went on till two or three in the morning. But that, you see, was while people were still able to pay."

"How could things be worse when the money was gone?"

"What it was about was to know when

hunger was, without being told, than to have it come before our eyes. We knew pretty well how matters were with some good many people who ceased to send for meal, and who were never to be seen in the daylight; people who lived in good houses, full of good furniture, which of course they could not sell. My husband mentioned this to the Friends' Relief Committee, and they immediately desired him to do what was necessary for such persons, in the way in which they could receive it. So, when the day's work was done, we used to put up bags of meal, and my husband would have the horse put into the cart, and he would go round and drop these bags at the proper doors in the dark. A difficulty came out of this, however. They supposed they owed these gifts to my husband; and it was not an easy matter to explain at the time. But—I don't know—perhaps some sights were worse than knowing things that we did not see. People would come to that window with two baskets, one before and one behind, and—and—a dead child in each."

After a pause she went on—

"My husband and I used to think that it was the people's way—they thought it right, of course—to sacrifice one child to give a chance to the rest. We used to observe that one child was particularly petted—always in its mother's arms—and *that* one was always excessively emaciated, and died presently; and we used to think its share was given to the others, and——"

"This is unbearable!" I exclaimed. But in a moment I considered what it must have been to see it, and was ashamed. I asked her to go on. She did. It was a relief to her.

"It was a terrible thing to have to go out at that time, and afterwards, when the fever and cholera followed the famine. The dead and dying used to lie in one's path. One lady, crossing a field through the long grass, found a child—a little girl—hidden there, alive but insensible. She was saved; and so was a little orphan creature of two years old, who had strayed away by himself to a dunghill on the road, where a pig seized him, and would have destroyed him but for a car happening to come up at the moment. There were cases every day of little creatures being found among the nettles, or squatted under turf-stacks, or asleep at the door of a cabin where the last of their relations lay dead within. One of these saw the old roof tumbled in on his mother's corpse. Some neighbor, who had just strength to do that, did it, because there was nobody to bury her!"

"Has not the lowest class of cabins disappeared since that time, or nearly so?" I inquired.

"Yes. The unroofed cottages, with their stone gables standing up bare—a sight which you think so sad and forlorn—were houses of a better order than the mud cabins you have read so much about. These stone cottages were inhabited by tenants who have gone to America and elsewhere, as well as by people who died of fever and famine. The mud cabins have melted away. Some, which you suppose to be dunghills or mud heaps, are plainly ruined cabins to our experienced eyes. No doubt many of them are graves of uncoffined corpses. The bones will be turned up by the plough or the spade some day; and then, when they are found, singly or in families, men will say, 'These are people who died in the famine.' There are many children now in the orphan school who, the last survivors of their families, know that one parent was just hidden in the ground in a bag and the

other without any covering at all, while the brothers and sisters lie under the ruins of the cabin. But, dreadful as is the reason and fearful the way, it is true that the lowest order of dwellings has nearly disappeared; and may they never be seen more."

"Never, indeed!" I replied. "Those that remain are wretched enough. And when you used to shut the shutters at night," said I, "were you able to think at all of other things—to sleep—to cheer one another?"

"Why," replied she, "I cannot say we were, during the worst—the latter—part of that dreadful year. There were reasons why, with our house full of good children, home was worst of all. There was a fine young man—an excellent fellow indeed he was, and very clever—an officer in the commissariat department, who had been for some time engaged to our eldest daughter. She was very young, to be sure—only eighteen that year; but they knew one another very well; and, in short, everything was ready, and we were getting the license—for we did not like to make them wait longer—when he took the fever. Nothing could keep her from him. He was in a lodging in the town, and lay in a close inner room. I did not know which way to turn myself; but her aunt went with her; and there she nursed him, very quietly, saying little to anybody. One day Dr. A. came to my husband, and said, if she remained in that inner room with a fever patient, so closely as she nursed him, she would be down in it presently. So her father and I went, and brought her away home to dinner. She made no particular objection when we had once got her away, and we said no more about it, but kept on talking as cheerfully as we could; and she seemed reconciled, and ate some dinner. Soon after, she had disappeared; and we knew where she was. But, by that time, her aunt had taken the fever."

"And did the young man die?"

"O yes, he died! Her father and I were there; and we brought her away—she, in fact, not knowing at the moment that he was dead. She had to pass the bed, too; but we took her between us, and got her past without her looking in. You would hardly think what happened afterwards."

I was in no condition for anything but receiving what I was told.

"At first, she seemed to take it quietly; whether because of her aunt being very bad in the fever, or what, I don't know. But, after a little while, she suddenly went mad—perfectly mad—for nine days. And there were we, with the people in the yard, as usual; and her aunt in the fever at one end of the house, and she mad at the other. That was a time to go through!"

"And did they die too?" I asked.

"They! O no! She is the daughter who was married, nearly two years ago, to the curate of X. She recovered by degrees, till she was quite well. And her aunt recovered too; but it was a great struggle."

"And how cheerful you look now!"

"O, yes! You see, we have always so much to do; that is a great thing for people who have had to go through such a season. The poor creatures who had to die are out of their pain, and buried away; and those who had to emigrate are gone. You observed this morning how healthy the country-people look; and so they do. The women have careworn faces; some of them thinking of their dead children, perhaps; and if you were to

see them in June, before the cropping begins, you would not think quite so well of their looks as you do now. And it is sad to see the grass-grown roads to depopulated villages; and to see brambles choking up the doors where neighbors used to go in and out; and nettles growing tall where many a woman that I knew used to sit and spin, with her children playing round her—half of them now dead, and the rest in the orphan school or the workhouse."

"I saw potatoes growing on the floor of one roofless house, and cabbages in another."

"Very likely. There is no want of heart among the Irish, as I am sure I need not tell you. But, if the hungry can get food out of a dead neighbor's hearthstone, they must do it, without too much refining. I dare say the cheerfulness of our house may grate a little on your feelings, after all I have told you; but —"

"Do not say a word about that," I exclaimed; "I am too glad to see it; I know too well how natural it is, to have one critical thought, to presume —"

"It is natural," replied she, in her sprightly tone. "Our children are going out into the world—marrying, or otherwise settling, very happily. And there is no very pressing misery about us now, though there is more distress than you see, and the prospects of the district are far from being even what they were before the famine. But it is harvest time now; and we are gay at harvest time. My husband and I say, however, now and then, that we hope there will be no more famines while we are here; for we do not think we *could* go through it again."

From the Detroit Advertiser.

LINEs ON THE DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY D. BETHUNE DUFFIELD.

From out old Ocean's broad and heaving breast
There comes a wail profound,
And now on autumn winds from east to west
It pours its dirge-like sound.

From all New England's heaven-pointing spires
Peals forth the mournful bell,
And like the music of a thousand choirs
Their plaintive chimings swell.

New Hampshire's giant mountains all are hung
In Heaven's dark drapery,
And o'er our Eagle's path a cloud is flung,
That drives him from the sky.

Fast by the altars that our fathers laid
A nation pours her grief,
And round the brow of weeping man and maid
Is wreathed the cypress leaf.

For lo! the GREAT AMERICAN is gone,
Gone from his pen and shield;
And now the Constitution stands alone—
His pen no hand can wield.

Well may old Ocean lift his plaintive cry,
And autumn winds their wail;
Well may the bells with echoes fill the sky,
The hills their tops unveil.

Well may our Eagle pause amid his flight,
And all the people weep;
For he who climbed the nation's proudest height
Is wrapped in Death's cold sleep.

Yes, weep! But while our country's altars last,
Or stars shall gem the sea,

The name of Webster, like the trumpet's blast,
Shall henceforth be
A glorious watchword to the Free,
The harbinger of Victory.
Detroit, November 1, 1852.

From Tait's Magazine.

A DIRGE.

SLOWLY, heavily falls the rain
On the silent grass below;
Let me rub the window-pane
And the state of matters know.
I look out, but nothing see
Save plashing lawn and dripping tree.
Heigho! heigho!

On the lawn there is a seat—
Yesterday I lingered there,
Softest turf beneath my feet,
Dewy odors in the air.
All around was sweet and bright:
Now I shiver at the sight.
Heigho! heigho!

Yonder lie the garden beds,
Filled with many a fragrant flower;
But they hang their graceful heads
Weary with the ceaseless shower;
And their blossoms strew the clay—
All their sweetness washed away.
Heigho! heigho!

Yesterday each little bird
Warbled in the greenwood shade;
And my inmost soul was stirred
With the melody they made:
Now the kettle sings alone,
Till I hate its drowsy tone.
Heigho! heigho!

Yesterday the sun shone bright,
Summer breezes waved the boughs;
And a murmur of delight
From the earth to heaven arose:
Now I hear but shuddering leaves,
And the drippings from the eaves.
Heigho! heigho!

Winding down the misty road
Sluggish carts creep slowly on;
And two green umbrellas nod
O'er the wall—and now they're gone,
On the walk there sounds a tread—
'Tis but the baker with the bread.
Heigho! heigho!

Now a drooping sparrow hops
From her nest within the shed;
She must fill her children's crops
Ere she tucks them into bed:
And she hastens through the rain,
Wishing she were back again.
Heigho! heigho!

Wearily, slowly pass the hours—
Hill and vale are wrapt in gray;
I could wish for smarter showers,
Even a thunder-storm, to-day:
'Tis enough to make one sick
Just to hear that clock tick—tick!
Heigho! heigho!

If the children would but sport,
Or the cook begin to scold;
But 't is lesson-time in short,
And the latter has a cold:
All against me must conspire—
Come, close the shutters, mend the fire!
Heigho! heigho!

S. R. W.

Back of the Pentlands,
said Pentlands invisible in the mist.

From the Spectator, 23d Oct.

WHAT WOULD BE AT STAKE IN A GENERAL WAR.

CONVERSATION in Vienna as well as in London and Paris, in Berlin, Brussels, and Rome—in New York and Washington—to say nothing also of Cape Town and the Australian capitals—is concerning itself with the prospect of a general war. The continental veterans of the last war, the Germans and Austrians especially, are speaking as if their old experiences were rising to a premium, and they are laying down the law as to the probabilities of such occurrence with great vivacity. They are considering the probable results of this or that combination when the outbreak may happen. Louis Napoleon, they say, will not be able to stick to peace by his own will; his army and entourage will force him into hostilities. A war between France and England would be pleasing to Austria, especially if Prussia joined England; for then Austria might make war in Germany and strengthen her own empire. We attach no great importance to the speculations of old gentlemen whose political views are based mainly upon the state of affairs thirty or forty years ago, and who find great difficulty in bringing the understanding of 1815 to bear upon 1852 or 1853. The general tendency, however, to talk of a subject, although of no great moment at any particular place or time, becomes clearly significant as soon as it extends over successive years and many countries. If people in places so far apart as those which we have mentioned for two or three years persevere in discussing war as an imminent probability, it is all but certain that they are moved by some common impulse resting upon reality. If a Viennese general, an Italian patriot, a Cape rebel, an Australian colonist, a 'cute Yankee, a French adventurer, and a London trader, all find their minds inclined to run upon the same idea, there must be some real and solid fact at the bottom, upon which they all really stand, and of which they are conscious. It does not matter that the fact may lie below the surface, may be vague, and difficult for us to scrutinize and describe. We all feel it is there; it is the common cause of the common thought in so many different communities and understandings. The general concurrence, therefore, of superficial signs indicates that this war-talk has in it a reality; that war is a thing to be, at no very distant day.

But if war is to fall upon the world, what does it involve? What are the main things at stake, if Europe should be involved in a general contest? This is a question which concerns us not remotely, not lightly; because, in the brief interval allowed between that event which all concur in expecting, the position of our own country in the conflict—the things in which it takes the most lively interest—may be materially influenced.

The first thing that appears to us to be at stake is freedom. The freedom of Europe is preëminently at stake, especially according to our English understanding of the word. Although the modern idea as to the "rights of the people," prevalent upon the whole in England and in those countries which have been endeavoring to copy her institutions, is of comparatively recent growth, yet for some century or two, or even more, Europe has upon the whole been adopting a civil rather than a military form of government. It is sometimes said that this progress of civil freedom is endan-

gered and checked by outbreaks like those of 1848; and as a fact it may be so; but, as a matter of logic, the result is not creditable either to the state of intelligence in Europe or to the moral courage of those who support constitutional freedom. The excesses of an uneducated populace and its especial friends have no logical force against the merits of regulated liberty; as little as the excesses of arbitrary government can be taken to defend freedom of any sort. It is the business of those who uphold regulated liberty to see that their doctrines be maintained in the face of both opposing extremes; and it argues little for the conviction, the moral courage, or even the practical intelligence of men, when they flinch from maintaining their principles at the time when those principles are most peremptorily challenged. The revolution of 1848, and the reaction of 1849, were exactly the times when the upholders of constitutional freedom should have used their utmost exertions; and it was exactly at those times that they most especially drew back from their opportunity. The struggle has been left to the extremes. One extreme has vanquished; arbitrary rule has pressed with such iron force on the populations, that a chronic rebellion is maintained by counter irritation; and in the case of a general war, it is probable that provocatives of the same kind, on both sides, would be sufficient pretence for increase to the aggressive spirit of arbitrary rule. Immense armies have been formed for the maintenance of that rule; they are all now engaged in practical encroachments; a period of general disturbance would give them the opportunity of extending those encroachments and confirming them. Although none of us can determine the ultimate results of a general commotion in Europe, the first result seems tolerably certain—the establishment of a military machinery is the ordinary rule of government. An illustration of that is seen in Northern Italy, where even municipal affairs are administered by the soldiery of the empire. If freedom is at stake, therefore, in the next European war, the most obvious danger which threatens it is the general establishment of military administration.

The next thing which England more especially has at stake, in case there should be any general conflict, is her commerce. This is assailed in many ways. Her intercourse with countries quite willing to trade with her might of course be stopped by any power able to intercept that intercourse, especially if England failed, by the peculiarity of the position that she might assume, to engage on her side the good-will of any such community. Northern Italy and Hungary, for example, have signified their desire to extend commercial relations with this country, and we know that their resources for that purpose are ample. But, in the case of a war, it might be quite possible for Austria to intercept even the existing trade of England with both these countries. Her commerce at sea would be much more manifestly endangered. The Australians already perceive that; and in the Australian newspapers, as well as in private letters brought by the last mail, we find a sombre reflex of the reports from Europe that a war might probably break out. The Australians are alarmed for their own produce trade; for the gold traffic; for the trade from England; and, in short, for commerce in any form. Freights and insurances, they say, will rise. Of course they would. The long voyage even more than the short would be

menaced by a state of the world which should let loose the maritime powers and privateers against our trading ships.

In these respects England stands in a perfectly different condition from what she did before. At one time, her sailors were exclusively her own; but since that period, great progress has been made in manning with English sailors the navy of a foreign country—the navy of the American Republic. At a more distant period, it was highly amusing for British privateers to intercept Spanish argosies bearing gold to Europe. At the present day, the great argosies are English; and, amusing as it might be to bring a Spanish gold-ship into London or Bristol, the countenances in London and Bristol would look very blank at hearing that an English gold-ship had been carried into New York or Brest. Yet the contingency is by no means impossible. Much, indeed, would depend upon the question who were our enemies or our foes. Some we need scarcely fear; others would turn the scale against us, or for us, in an immense proportion. The underwriters would be able to tell the mercantile equation of dangers like these, but they could not form the estimates until they knew the distribution of animosity or amity.

Using the word in a very high sense, commerce would be attacked still more vitally in another form; and the Australians foresee it. A general war would put a stop to emigration—emigration to Australia, emigration to America. A general war, in other words, would stop the outlet of our people and the inlet of our wealth; that is to say, if we had arrayed against us strong maritime powers. This check to emigration would have its effects not only upon us at home—it would injure our colonies and our remote dependencies; it would exasperate them, and our relatives and allies might be so disgusted as to see no value in longer alliance. A general war in Europe might materially affect the political geography of the British empire. But much, as we have said before, would depend upon the distribution of animosity or amity. The insurance-broker could not exactly furnish the mercantile equation for this contingency; the statesman may have some idea both of its importance and its bearing.

Although contingencies not less momentous than these might be included in the possibility of an European conflict, it would be a very false policy to let the recognition of that truth render us timid. There is counsel in courage as well as in caution. By a timid policy we might court the dangers which we deprecate. England will not obtain any safety in a troubled future except that which she can secure *for herself*. The distribution of amity or alliance may affect the facility of that insurance, but the effect of insurance or perdition must depend upon England. If she cannot defend herself, and all that is precious to her, it might prove the most *paying* policy to declare herself politically insolvent, at once give up her place amongst the nations to some more wealthy ruling power, and accept the protectorate which any state may be willing to give her on reasonable terms. There may be commercial men who would jump at this suggestion; we trust there are few statesmen who cannot look beyond it.

OLD MAID.—One of the favored subjects for exercising the courage of the coward and the wit of the witless.

From the Spectator, 23d Oct.

SILENCE IS PEACE.

FEAR is hypocritical, not only towards others, but towards itself. A correspondent learns, "with a mixture of astonishment and dismay," that, as we said last week, "the most general feeling manifested in the press, in the conversation of the city, the club, and the drawing-room, professes to be that the 'Empire' will confer 'stability' on France, and therefore peace on Europe." "Irenæus," however, notices and corroborates the distinction which we then made: we will not say that the feeling *is* so, but that it *professes* to be so, and professes for special reasons. We do not believe, indeed, that in the bottom of their hearts, men, either East or West of Temple Bar, really feel that the institution of Louis Napoleon, whether called empire or not, will be more stable for the change of epithet. But a great fact does exist and is recognized; the usurper has accomplished the full grasp of that power which he partially seized on "the 2d of December"; and, holding that power in his hand, he is regarded with fear.

Usage, of course, will demand that any "empire" should be treated with an official respect. It is a part of the routine to do so, and it would require something more than revolution to discontinue the practice in this country; but the spontaneous servility in London goes beyond that homage. There is a feeling that if the usurper be angered he may do mischief, and therefore "the city" is anxious not to anger him. If he were to do mischief, it might for the moment arrest trade; and that is the calamity which the city must avert. Hence, although not thoroughly trusting in the stability of the empire, the city professes to put trust in it, partly as an outward concession to his pretensions, and partly as a pretext for its own servile acquiescence.

The people in the city must know as well as Irenæus, though few of them perhaps can state it so well, that those who desire war can always find a pretext; and that Louis Napoleon, like his uncle, with the sounding profession of peace, no doubt contemplates its antithetical accompaniment. They must know, as well as our other correspondent, R. G., that if Louis Napoleon should contract a loan in London he would probably pay it by the repudiation of a general war. Still there is one resource for helpless incompetency—it is to shut the eyes. Many a sagacious creditor who has a spendthrift debtor continues to lend money even after he has lost faith in repayment, on the mere principle of acquiring present comfort by help of an absolute blindness to the future. So a very timid man, who sees an enemy approaching with threatening aspect, obtains at least an instant's comparative ease of mind by shutting his eyes to the shocking object. It is precisely by that process that the city acquires its present confidence in Louis Napoleon. The only hope is, that he may be fed well, sleep well, and be kept in good-humor.

Irenæus remarks that "the habit of bearing arms," which is the largest reliance for national self-defence, is wanting amongst us. It is so; for that reason we only name it alternatively; and we see a practical difficulty in the proposal to make good our lost time in that respect. Those who rely on blindness and silence will be in no mood to tolerate practice in the use of arms; arms make a noise.

From the Spectator, Oct. 30.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

To be meddled with at all, is for Turkey almost the same with being overturned. She has no position capable of being maintained except by sufferance. An exile from the heart of her own people, Turkey maintains a precarious rule over alien provinces; and there is not one of those provinces in Europe which does not hold by a stronger inclination to some other allegiance. You may begin the survey where you like. The Pansclavonian intrigues of Russia in Grahova, behind the Bocca di Cattaro, have raised expectations and orthodox sympathies; and Grahova desires to unite with the Montenegrines; objects and influences which sway that small but important district much more than the Turkish allegiance. In Bosnia, a Mussulman nobility rules a Slavonian peasantry from mediæval castles, and a chronic rebellion smoulders. Along the military frontier, where such active hostilities were going on in 1836, the Slavonians have fraternized with the guards of Austria; and upon the whole it may be settled that the angle of Turkey stretching into the Austrian empire inclines to annexation, if the Slavonian subjects of that Austrian border should not rather annex themselves to their brethren. Slavonianism generally prevails along the great basin of the Danube; and the Danubian Provinces retain strong sympathies with the Bucharest scheme of 1848. Mismanagement has impaired the influences which Austria might have had both in the east and west of this region. Stratimirovich, the Serbian chief, who, under the impulse of border nationality and military order, fought so stoutly for Austria against Hungary, has been rewarded with a paltry lieutenant-colonelcy. The same kind of slight has rewarded Yanku, the popular chief of the Transylvanian Wallachians; who was invited to Vienna, was patted on the shoulder by the emperor, received promises, and found, after his return home, that the reward of his people was an increase of taxation!

Turkey itself is but a corner of the empire that bears its name; and when we come to the very capital we find still the most startling disproportion. Of the 700,000 inhabitants, 300,000 probably are not Turks. The coasts round the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the Greek Sea, are thickly strewed with Greeks, the holders of the commerce, the wealth, and the energy of the country. With finances utterly confused, compelled to seek a loan and then to disavow it at the dictate of this or that banker, of the French or the Russian ambassador; burdened with factories of cloth, silk, or iron, and with model-farms destitute of farmers, enterprises that are no more than expensive toys; governed by an emperor who means well, tries to introduce European improvements, but thinks chiefly of pleasure, and is cheated on every side—Turkey presents the anomaly of a very small minority, without political convictions, governing much more numerous populations, with nationalities, convictions and objects of their own.

The practical stamina of Turkey must be sought on the Asiatic side of the Black Sea, around Broussa, the destined abode of Abd-el-Kader, just released by the politic Emperor Napoleon III. from his captivity in Christian France. But here, where we find the stamina of Turkey, we find also in full play those qualities of the Mussulman character which absolutely prevent it from acting in Euro-

pean politics—the rivalry of small military chiefs, the totally individualized selfishness of the Mussulman, the ignorance of external relations. The followers of Othman invaded Europe as armed hordes by mere force of military impetus; but unless it were to a victory, not destined for repetition, they can hardly issue from their own quarters; they have not the generalship, nor the geography, nor the commissariat, nor anything that is needed for external warfare.

Turkey, indeed, has her organized army at Constantinople; she can assemble 50,000 men or more within sight of the city—and they look brilliant under review, with their bright apparel and dashing manœuvres; but it is very questionable whether there are amongst them any men of superior generalship; or whether they could resist the strong force which Russia keeps ready on the further shore of the Danube mouth, to be marched upon Turkey at the shortest notice. The Pruth is practicable at any part, the Danube is a Russian river, and the Balkan itself has proved to be no obstacle in the road to Constantinople.

Within the limits of the Turkish empire all is confusion; and though it is easy to foresee that any jar to the existing régime would set the whole loose in the most intricate commotion, it is impossible to see through that storm to the settlement beyond, unless we assume as unquestioned issue the overwhelming mastery of Russia. But if we look beyond that comparatively narrow region, we shall see other influences, not altogether to be despised. To begin with Greece; there is a strong Russian party, *rather* supporting the present régime *for* the present; but there is also the party of Young Greece, dreaming of the restored Hellenic empire, classically republican, and not without sympathies in the provinces still nominally Turkish. With a southern fleet shut up in the Black Sea, Russia aspires to be a naval power, but is only a naval impotency. The Czar has long endeavored to obtain from Austria the cession of the Bocca di Cattaro, which would give a great port for his fleet outside the Dardanelles; but, instead of making a cession so suicidal, Austria has developed that peculiar company of "Lloyd's," which has its agents extending through Asia even to Thibet, and in the Adriatic a fleet of more than fifty steamers—not, indeed, war-steamers, but able to transport troops and having strong ports along the eastern shore as places of refuge and defence. Since the last European conflict, Austria has developed a strong power in the Adriatic, with the great harbor of Pola as an impregnable pivot, commanding the Quarnero, and the Gulfs of Venice and Trieste.

The eastern half of the Mediterranean is divided from the western by the strait of which Malta is the key; but France is already encroaching on the southern shore; she possesses Algiers, threatens Tunis and Tripoli, and hankers after Egypt. Were France advancing with hostile intentions against Turkey, she must ask the assent of the power that possesses Malta, or force the passage. But even if that passage could be denied to her, the independence of Turkey would scarcely be the better secured. If Turkey were to venture upon *any* war, Russia would seize Constantinople as an act of grand reprisal. If France or any other power were the aggressor, Russia would possess Constantinople, to "protect" it; and once in, there would be the utmost difficulty in dislodging her. Persuasion would scarcely prevail. An Eng-

lish fleet might force the Dardanelles, and the great city lies at the disposal of any commander ambitious of a *feu d'artifice* on a grand scale; but, however magnificent the conflagration, the Russians would not be dislodged, and Constantinople would not be *twice* burnt down. Once in command of the portal between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, Russia would not abstain from dictating, in a much more peremptory voice, on such subjects as the Egyptian transit. Could England, single-handed, defend her interests in that quarter? The question *may* become a practical one.

Vast as is the Ultra-Oriental power of Russia, it is still not so unquestioned as it might at first appear; and although polite diplomacy may hold itself precluded from alluding to the other influences latent in that region, practical speculators know that they exist, and that in times of necessity they would not be ignored. Austria looks very big from the Bocca di Cattaro or from the plains of Lombardy; but we all know that slights are felt, not only by neglected Slavonian allies like Stratimirovich, not only by jealous Bohemians, but even within her own army, where there is a growing sense that the supreme administration is stupid in its treatment of dependent nationalities and meritorious services. Russia has not yet subdued the Caucasus; she might be brought to an unexpected pause if new opportunities and combinations were to array against her the insurrectionary resources of that heterogeneous region called "Turkey," which she has traversed with her intrigues, has inflamed with her incentives, but has not reduced to discipline.

From the Spectator, 30th Oct.

FRANCE AND THE EAST.

AGAIN an Eastern question is thrown open by France, and in a manner far more formidable than the aspect of affairs presented in 1840. Although the money-market dispute respecting "the Turkish loan" burst upon the public suddenly, it has been only by degrees that we have come to understand that something more than a money question is in agitation; but we can now form a conjecture as to the actual state of affairs. The present crisis may be said to take its origin in three different sources. One of them is a chronic cause of uneasiness—the overwhelming power of Russia, generally aided by her rival Austria. The acute and more immediately exciting causes are the disorganized state of Turkish finances, and the new operations of France.

The Sublime Porte labors under difficulties which aggravate the usual irregularities of Mussulman tax-gatherers. Of the amount collected from the people in semi-barbarous countries the portion that usually reaches the central treasury is small; but to this general characteristic we may add, that the Sublime Porte is bound to maintain a very sublime splendor of state—that newfangled attempts at imitating European improvements in commerce and manufactures have been made under court patronage, and have only become new opportunities for official robbery—and that the necessities of the state have drawn around its government a host of mercantile sharks. The finances of Constantinople labor under the two almost incompatible infictions—the constant tendency of the revenue to leave off, and the no less constant tendency of the regal expenditure to go on. In the bank of Constanti-

nople was vainly expected an instrument for bringing finance to a better condition.

The other of the exciting causes must be sought in Paris. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, whom we do not know at present whether to call president or emperor, overtly confesses to the dream of carrying out the projects of his uncle, and in respect to the East he has marked the purpose of his future career by proposing to call himself "Protector of the Holy Places." His ambassador, M. de Lavalette, made good his entrance into the Bosphorus in an armed ship, against the rules of international law and the protests of the Turkish authorities; and he claimed to do so on the score of the peculiarly tender interest of France in Oriental affairs.

M. de Lavalette took up his abode in Constantinople; and, finding his friend the Sultan in difficulties, what more natural than to offer assistance and advice? We next find these concurrent facts: M. de Lavalette urgently advises his friend in difficulties to seek assistance in the willing money-markets of Paris and London; and the Bank of Constantinople, in which we believe there is a French partner, is authorized by the Sultan to contract a loan of 200,000,000 piastres—2,000,000*l.* sterling—in those markets. The money would have come very opportunely; but, in the mean time, a difficulty occurs.

Probably—for we have only the results and no statement of the causes—the representative of Russia took alarm at the singularly intimate position of the French ambassador, who came to save the Sultan as his master had saved society; and we next find the Sultan, confessedly under Russian influence, withdrawing his sanction for the loan. Speculators in the London and Paris markets are in a rage, for they are disappointed; but so are the Ulemas and the conservative party of Turkey, who have prejudices against money dealings, especially with infidels. France is angry; Russia and Austria come to the support of the Sultan; and the English representative, it is said, now takes the same side.

Thus the matter stands at present. The French ambassador threatens to withdraw. The Sultan and his supporters adhere to the status quo. The occasion which has allied Austria and Russia so intimately on Turkish ground must be one of grave importance; and in this Oriental crisis about a paltry money loan, the advocates of "peace at all price" should see how little depends upon the mere negative will of this country. The crisis exists; the consequences cannot be calculated; and England must be prepared for what may happen.

In Paris, Louis Napoleon sits at the receipt of theatrical representations, which reduce studied adulation to a *tableau vivant*; and odes are flung at him from the stage, impudently echoing as eternal truths his Bordeaux professions; a complicity of *niaiserie* which he receives with the characteristically impenetrable silence. He acts, and others are left to criticize, with no aid from his countenance or tongue.

The elucidatory comments on his proceedings come at times in the shape of distant events. The suddenly disclosed intrigues in the East throw a light of conjecture on his conduct in liberating Abd-el-Kader. Wronged by France and her former rulers, the Arab Sheik leaves Europe by favor of his new benefactor, to take up his abode at Broussa, in the very centre of the true Turcoman region.

A fanatic to his faith, he was regarded in Mauritanian Arab by a sort of sacred veneration—a feeling exactly the reverse of that entertained by sound Mussulmans towards the Europeanizing Abd-ul-Medjid. From Broussa to Bagdad is but an easy journey—from the abode of the prisoner on parole to the seat of the Kalifs of Bagdad. The wronged Algerine may hate France; but the promoted adventurer might forgive to the conqueror of Paris the defeat of Algiers, avenged on the 2d December. And if “the Protector of the Holy Places,” mediating between Christendom and Islam, were to have for his protégé the restored Kalif of Bagdad, the event would not be wilder than the dream of either Napoleon, nor than the project of the 2d December would have seemed if the silent adventurer had divulged it otherwise than in its accomplishment.

From the Examiner.

LOUIS NAPOLEON AND ABD-EL-KADER.

WHAT a scene must that have been between Abd-el-Kader and M. Louis Napoleon! How must the man of the 2d December have looked when the unbeliever held forth on the stringent obligation of an oath binding in all cases without exception, and when he pointed out in the Koran the condemnation of any one violating sworn faith, even with infidels! What back-handed blows were all these proofs of superior Mahometan morality! By what had Abd-el-Kader's liberator been bound! How had the favorite, the adulated of the Jesuitry of France, observed his sworn faith! Had he been an Arab, would the Koran have bound him, as the Scripture did not bind the professed Christian!

Then, on the other hand, how must Abd-el-Kader have kept his countenance when the president told him that if France was mistress of Algeria, the reason was that God so willed it! Must it not have occurred to him that it might be God's will also to restore Algeria to Algerines; and that a present triumph does not always, or often, denote the ulterior purposes of Providence? In former days it might have seemed God's will that the Algerine pirates should make slaves of all on whom they could lay their hands; but the overthrow of that iniquity pleased Providence, and the instruments of that purpose may, in turn, experience a reverse through the same pleasure. M. Louis Napoleon's plea of the will of Providence is only another expression, and not a more reverent one, of the proposition “Whatever is, is right.” And so it once was right that Napoleon should sway France, to the subjugation of half Europe, and the humiliation and terror of the other half; but, in the course of things, and turn of the wheel of fortune, it also became ultimately right, or the will of Providence, that the same Napoleon should be overthrown, deposed, cast away, and finally a prisoner, fretting away his last hours in bickerings of the most pitiful nature with his gaoler. There was a Scotch lady who always spoke of the misfortunes of her neighbors as judgments, and of her own as trials; and the French, with similar discrimination, are ever in the habit of tracing the will of God in the triumphs of France, while they lay all her reverses to the account of the heathen Fortune, or Destiny.

A POLICE IN B SHARP.—An example furnished by the authorities at Leipzig might be followed in our own metropolis. Much indignation is levelled at barrel-organs, bands, and other æsthetic and peripatetic recreations for the vulgar; refined taste and tastelessness equally pronounce a ban upon the street musician; and “the police” are repeatedly invoked, but without avail. There is a dim sense that *some* music is better than none, and that the purveyors have a certain right in their trade. So, indignant folks grumble; a box of melodies is occasionally forced to “move on;” but the familiar sound continues.

Now Leipzig is visited at its great fair-time with “bands”—*bad* bands, lawless bands of rebels to musical order, who defy the dominant, and play, not in a key, but in a bunch of keys; who resolve no dissonances, but only resolve to be dissonant; and delight to seek a final repose on a diminished fifth. The police are invoked also at Leipzig; but how? Not to “put down” bands which are down enough already; but to regulate them. They examine the candidates for street favor, and turn back the incompetent. A strolling musician must take his degree of Mus. Doc. at the police-office.

It is a good plan. If our police would only make barrel-organ boys and Belgian trumpeters or Scotch pipers tune their instruments, the difficulty would be settled. Justice would be vindicated without any breach of public harmony.

It is true that the Metropolitan Police is not yet qualified for such an office. One would not exactly trust X 147 to pronounce on the pitch or tuning even of a jew's-harp. But special detectives might be introduced into the force; with the incidental advantage of thus affording a congenial employment to “native talent.”—*Spectator*.

THIRST IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—The use of snow when persons are thirsty does not by any means allay the insatiable desire for water; on the contrary, it appears to be increased in proportion to the quantity used, and the frequency with which it is put into the mouth. For example, a person walking along feels intensely thirsty, and he looks to his feet with coveting eyes; but his sense and firm resolutions are not to be overcome so easily, and he withdraws the open hand that was to grasp the delicious morsel and convey it into his parching mouth. He has several miles of a journey to accomplish, and his thirst is every moment increasing; he is perspiring profusely, and feels quite hot and oppressed. At length his good resolutions stagger, and he partakes of the smallest particle, which produces a most exhilarating effect; in less than ten minutes he tastes again and again, always increasing the quantity; and in half an hour he has a gum-stick of condensed snow, which he masticates with avidity, and replaces with assiduity the moment that it has melted away. But his thirst is not allayed in the slightest degree; he is as hot as ever, and still perspires; his mouth is in flames, and he is driven to the necessity of quenching them with snow, which adds fuel to the fire. The melting snow ceases to please the palate, and it feels like red-hot coals, which, like a fire-eater, he shifts about with his tongue, and swallows without the addition of saliva. He is in despair; but habit has taken the place of his reasoning faculties, and he moves on with languid steps, lamenting the severe fate which forces him to persist in a practice which in an unguarded moment he allowed to begin. . . . I believe the true cause of such intense thirst is the extreme dryness of the air when the temperature is low.—*Sutherland's Journal*.

He has not a little of the devil in him who prays and bites.

From the Economist.

History of the Restoration of the Monarchy in France. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. Translated. Parts V. and VI. Vol. III. Vizetelly and Co., Fleet street.

M. DE LAMARTINE is carrying on his history with great vigor, and in that occupation he finds a more tranquil and enduring delight than in mixing in the troublesome politics of the time, though he should again play in them the first part. Not that he has, like many of his colleagues in the revolution of 1848, anything more to reproach himself with than some of the ordinary failings and errors of almost all statesmen—failings and errors which they continually commit in the most quiet times, without ever approaching or dreaming of those heroic exertions which he, more than any other Frenchman, made to conduct that revolution to a peaceful, if it turned out in the sense of the revolutionists to be a most unfortunate, issue. His spirit of exaggeration, his vanity, his eloquence, by which he led vain men, are the attributes of his countrymen. M. de Lamartine is a true but a noble Frenchman; and without the petty errors and petty faults of which we English accuse him, he could not have led his kindred men, in safety to himself, and in comparative safety to them, through the anarchy of 1848.

The two present parts of his useful, well-timed, and admirable history—which he appropriately describes as the civil, in contradistinction to most of the other histories, which are military histories of France—commence with the flight of Bonaparte from Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and end with his death. The two parts, making a volume, embrace a period of nearly six years. It appears appropriately to throw light on the character of the man on whose reputation another empire is now to be founded. On his return to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, Bonaparte, utterly upset by his reverses, seems entirely to have lost his head. He was a specimen of a man—which frequently occurs in private life—being suddenly cut off from all his previous pursuits, and then having within himself no resources whatever to fall back on. In private life the individual degenerates into a drunkard or an idiot, or takes refuge in suicide. Bonaparte's downward career was different, but not much less pitiable. His personal proceedings at Paris before taking refuge on board the *Bellerophon* have never before been so fully and fairly described as in this volume. Fouché having been nominated president of the provisional government—the genius of low intrigue—to introduce into France that government which was to be distinguished only by the lowest intrigues for the whole period of its existence, Bonaparte departed from Paris on June 25, 1815, and took up his abode at Malmaison. He there published an address to his army, which was remarkable for still using the language of a conqueror to men defeated and dispirited, and who knew, as he must have known, unless he were hopelessly blinded by the glare of his former glory, that there

was no hope of reuniting the scattered armies of France and saving the country from occupation by the allies. What he could not do with all his forces, and before he was defeated, no subordinate general, with a broken army, and an adverse government, could do, and no other man could possibly achieve. Brave hearts and enterprising spirits there were amongst his followers. General Exelmans, for example, commanded an army in the north, and supplicated the emperor to join him. There was a hope by that means of rallying the rest of the forces and making better terms, at least for Bonaparte and for France. But the emperor was completely spirit-broken. He had played the part too long and too exclusively to play any other, and he gave himself up to indecision the instant he had ceased to reign. For Europe the prostration of his intellect was fortunate. It put an immediate end to war, if it degraded France and humiliated her for her attachment to him and to war. One point we must notice with surprise in M. de Lamartine's observations. After accurately describing Bonaparte both before his flight and after his residence at St. Helena—after saying that “he wasted France and Europe without imparting to them an idea, a liberty, or a virtue”—M. de Lamartine says: “He made her illustrious—he made her renowned with the splendor of his own name.” M. de Lamartine, then, while fully sensible of the weaknesses and vices of Bonaparte's character and government, like a true Frenchman is filled with admiration for the power that wasted France. Such an inconsistency belongs, however, rather to human nature dazzled by a little glare than exclusively to Frenchmen, and they are only a little farther behind in the march of reason and justice than some other men. Perhaps the source of Bonaparte's prostration is to be found in his conviction that he had become unpopular and was forsaken. “I arrived at Paris,” he said to Benjamin Constant, “to combine our last resources. I have been abandoned with the same facility that I was received.” When he left Paris it was in disguise, and there was a dread that he might be assailed by mobs on his way. To attract attention from him, who travelled *en civilian*, General Gourgaud, in another carriage, was in full uniform, ready to bear the brunt of any outrage that might be offered to the emperor. With such a knowledge and such convictions, his irresolution excites little surprise. His fate was different, however, from that of any other man who obtained great power, then lost it, and neither forfeited his life to the hand of an assassin nor sacrificed it himself. M. de Lamartine says:—

NAPOLÉON AT MALMAISON.

At noon on the 25th, he quitted the *Elysée* for his residence at Malmaison, the scene of his most prosperous years of power, of glory, and of happiness; but now filled with mourning for his great reverse, and with bitter recollections of his first wife, the Empress Josephine Beauharnais, who died there. His step-daughter, Hortense Beauharnais, whom he had loved sufficiently to elevate her to the throne of Hol-

land, and to destine the empire for her son, had gone before and awaited him at Malmaison; a faithful adherent whom he had protected as a child, whom he had made a queen, but whose mother he had divorced. After the first abdication she had solicited from Louis XVIII. the title of Duchess of Saint-Leu, and permission to remain in the country. She had eagerly desired the return of Napoleon, kept alive the fanaticism of the empire, through feeling or ambition, in the hearts of the young officers by whom she was surrounded; but, faithful to him in his fall, she devoted herself to soothe the last hours of separation, and assisted him to descend with less violence from the lofty height to which he himself had elevated her. The mother had smoothed his ascent to unlimited power, the daughter sweetened for him the road to exile.

"The Chambers," he said to a visitor, "obey the wishes of Pouché. If they had given to me what they have lavished upon him I should have saved France. My presence alone at the head of the army would have done more than all your negotiations!" He forgot that he had himself quitted that army, where, by his presence, he might, in fact, still have fought or negotiated. "I alone," he incessantly repeated, "could retrieve all; but your plotters would rather bury themselves in the gulf than save themselves with me."

These plotters, however, were all men who had issued from the 20th of March as his ministers, his marshals, his generals, his partisans, who had sacrificed with him and for him the last army of France. But ambition never deems itself sufficiently served unless the country itself is offered up as its victim!

The affectation he displayed in considering himself at perfect liberty to prolong his residence at Malmaison, had evidently for its object to await still some vicissitude of events in his favor. In the secret outpouring of his thoughts to his most intimate confidants, Caulaincourt and Maret, he already spoke of retiring to England, and demanding there the hospitality of a free soil. Maret dissuaded him from this step. Caulaincourt advised him, if he meant to adopt it, not to lose a moment to assure its success; to embark on board a smuggling vessel, to land on the English coast, to appear before the first magistrate at the place of his landing, and to invoke for him the protection which England affords to every stranger who touches its soil. He began again to deliberate with himself, and seemed inclined to go to America. He demanded of the naval minister a list of the American vessels at anchor in the French ports, and it was sent to him.

NAPOLEON A PRISONER.

The government and the Chambers, informed of the vacillations of Napoleon, and fearing, from the multiplied indications which they received from Malmaison, that these vacillations and tardy proceedings were nothing more on his part than manœuvres to gain time, and to find an opportunity of having himself carried off by a body of his army, or to place himself of his own accord at the head of a military insurrection, which would relume the conflagration, and overturn the Chambers, decided on having him watched by a military commandant of his household, merely half disguising his captivity under the honors due to his former rank. General Becker, brother-in-law to General Desaix, who was killed at Marengo while deciding Napoleon's first victory, received orders to repair to Malmaison, to assume there the command of the emperor's guard, under the semblance of a guard of honor, charged with the safety of the deposed prince. But he was, at the same time, charged with the duty of preventing any one from making use of the name or the person of the emperor to excite disturbance.

Davoust, minister of war, and invested with the command in chief of the army since the abdication, intimated to General Becker the orders, at once re-

spectful and severe, which suited such a mission. Becker, who was attached to Napoleon, but more attached to his country and to his duty as a soldier, received these orders with grief, and executed them with decorum. But their meaning could not escape Napoleon. He saw in them the first menace of the extremities to which his obstinacy or his indecision might impel the Chambers, his enemies, and even the friends he had in the government. He was at first indignant as at Fontainebleau and at the Elysée; he then yielded with an appearance of indifference, and even of grace, as if he wished to conceal his abasement from himself, and to seem still to command at the moment he was compelled to obey. His adherents anticipated some sinister order, and arrest and imprisonment were spoken of. Gourgaud, an enthusiastic young man, in whose breast, as with all noble natures, adversity augmented devotion, vowed to immolate the first who should dare to lay a hand on his master.

Becker, affected at sight of the emperor, ashamed of his rigorous mission, and but ill-concealing the emotion which the sight of his downfall excited in his sensitive heart, accosted Napoleon with a respectful compassion. He seemed to ask pardon of him for the severities and reverses of fortune. Napoleon drew him into the garden, and asked him, with the indifference of familiarity, what was passing at Paris. Becker replied to him with that considerate adulation which compassion authorizes towards irremediable adversity. He could not, however, conceal from his former general that if he had not abandoned his army after Waterloo, he might have, if not conquered, at least intimidated at the same time both Paris and the foreign powers, at the head of his troops, or behind the ramparts of Strasbourg; and thus, by giving time for negotiation, have secured the inheritance for his son and conditions for France. "I expected better things from the Chambers and from France," said the emperor in his own exoneration; "but I soon discovered that all were exhausted and demoralized!" Becker assumed the command of the emperor's residence.

On the following day he conversed again with Napoleon, whose thoughts had undergone a change in the night, and who now spoke of nothing but his departure. He sent Savary to the government to hasten the preparation of the two frigates.

HIS LINGERING HOPES.

Preparations were now ostensibly made for departure, but everything around Napoleon still indicated that these preparations and this resignation were only a feint, and that a pretext was still looked for to revolt against necessity. The emperor had been willing to relax as far as Malmaison the links which attached him to the empire, but he could not resolve on severing them altogether by a departure. He waited for chances, he hoped impossibilities. The first corps of Grouchy's army were approaching nearer and nearer to him, driven back by the Prussians and the English. A brave and enterprising general of cavalry who only recognized the camp as his country, and the emperor as its government, meditated the abduction of his former general, to replace him at the head of his squadrons, to collect around him the 80,000 scattered men, the remnants of the campaign, and to co-ordinate once more to his genius, behind the Loire, the death-struggle with the foreign invaders. This was Exoelmana.

The emperor reflected, and, as had been constantly the case for the last four months, he scarcely saw the prospect of realizing his hopes when he abandoned them for others, and eventually fell back upon obstacles and resignation. "Thank your general for me," he said to Exoelmana's envoy, "but tell him I cannot accept his proposition. I should require the whole support of France; but everything is unsettled, and no body cares

any more about the matter! What could I do alone with a handful of soldiers against all Europe?" Thus he confessed with the sincerity of the soldier what he incessantly denied in the official language of the politician, in the face of the government, the Chambers, and the people. To these he affirmed that he alone could save all, and restore all; to Exelmans he acknowledged that he could do nothing more for the country, for the army, or for himself.

HIS LAST MILITARY BURST.

He could hear the cannon from the midst of his gardens. The noise appeared to reanimate him; he called for his horses and his arms, as if the resolution of dying with those who were dying in his cause so near him had at length conquered in his breast the lethargy in which he had languished for so many days. He summoned General Becker into his cabinet, and, excited by the fever which the sound of the cannon produces in the soldier's breast, he exclaimed in an accent of despair, "The enemy is at Compiègne, at Senlis! To-morrow he will be at the gates of Paris! I cannot understand the blindness of the government. He must be either a lunatic or a traitor to his country who doubts for a moment the bad faith of the foreigner. Those persons," he added, speaking of the Chambers and of the government, "know nothing of their business."

He expected some sign of approval from General Becker, who held his tongue, however, neither wishing to accuse the emperor of these disasters, nor to encourage him in thoughts which might still further aggravate them. The emperor affecting to take this silence for an acquiescence in his ideas, "Everything is lost—is it not?" said he to Becker. "Well, then, in this case, let them make me general; I will command the army; I will apply for the command." Then taking the first step as it were, and suddenly assuming that tone of command which forbids objection by the authority of the tone; "General," said he, "you shall take my letter to the government. Depart at once—a carriage awaits you. Explain to them that my intention is not to repossess myself of power; that I only wish to fight the enemy, to crush him, to force him by a victory to grant better conditions; and that when this result is obtained, I shall pursue my route. Go, general; I reckon upon you." Then, as if desirous of holding out a lure to the infidelity of Becker by the perspective of high favor, the reward of his complaisance, he added, as he dismissed him, "You shall not quit me any more."

Becker, uncertain of his position, but influenced by the ascendancy of that voice which he was accustomed to obey, did not venture to oppose him to his face, and set off to accomplish a mission of which no one felt the absurdity more than himself. On arriving at the Tuileries he timidly presented to the assembled government the message of his prisoner, which was couched in the following terms:—

"In abdicating power I have not renounced the noblest right of the citizen—the right of defending my country. The enemy's approach to the capital no longer leaves the least doubt as to their intentions or their bad faith. In these grave circumstances I offer my services as general, still looking upon myself as the first soldier of the country."

This letter, derisive in its purport, though noble in its language, sufficiently betrayed the popularity-seeking intention with which it had been written. Who could have doubted that the enemy, assaulted on a foreign soil by Napoleon himself, would follow up their victory by repelling the aggressor upon the French soil? What bad faith could be attributed to Wellington and to Blücher, as conquerors, having agreed to no armistice, in advancing upon Paris? And, finally, how could Napoleon, as a general, have had more ascendancy over fortune at the head of the fragments of the army abandoned by himself some

days before, than he had possessed as emperor and general at the head of unbroken armies, warlike and united under his hand?

Fouché, as president, received the letter from the timid hands of Becker, read it aloud to the council, with the accent and gesture of one wearied with lunacy; then throwing it on the table, "Is this man amusing himself at our expense?"

During the short absence of Becker, the emperor, either believing, or feigning to believe, in the consent of the government, had dressed himself, assembled his aides-de-camp, bade farewell to Hortense, and had his chargers bridled and saddled, and kept in readiness at the palace gate.

Becker, on arriving, gave him the reply of the government, which he read and threw away with disdain. "I knew it beforehand," he said. "Those people have no energy! Well, general," he added, addressing Becker as if he had made sure of him, "since that is the case, let us go! Come on!"

Becker, more and more embarrassed, was silent and motionless. The emperor then called M. de Flahaut, a younger man, more decided in yielding everything to the emperor, or bending everything to his will. Napoleon ordered him to hasten to Paris, and to arrange with the government for his positive departure for the army. M. de Flahaut obeyed. On entering the Tuileries he stumbled on Marshal Davoust, minister of war, a military man, faithful up to that point when fidelity became treason to his country. Davoust, firm in resolution, and rough in language, energetically repulsed the mission of Flahaut to the government. "Your Bonaparte," he said to him, with an accent of impatience and disgust, "does not wish to go away! But he must decide on it, for his presence disturbs and complicates everything. We can neither fight nor negotiate with him! If he flatters himself that we shall take him again for our master and our chief, tell him he deceives himself! Let him depart immediately, or we shall be compelled to arrest him. If necessary to save the country and the army, I shall arrest him myself!"

The emperor's aide-de-camp replied that he had too much respect for himself, and also for Marshal Davoust, to deliver to the emperor such menaces, on the part of one of his generals, who, only a week before, received his orders, and lavished upon him his seal. Davoust answered him with all the authority of a minister of war over a subordinate officer, and directed him to proceed to Fontainebleau, and await there his orders. "I shall not go there," said M. de Flahaut; "I shall not abandon the emperor, but will preserve for him to the last moment the fidelity which others have sworn him." "I shall punish you for this," cried Davoust. "I deprive you of the right to do so," replied the young man. "I resign my commission, and henceforth I have only to obey my honor."

HIS CONTRADICTORY VIEWS.

From time to time he regained, or affected to regain, his energy after a depression of spirit, like Tiberius negotiating with the Senate, sometimes with resignation, sometimes with insolence. "But why should I allow them to reign?" he exclaimed with a sudden excitement of mind and body. "I have abdicated for my son; but if this name is to be lost, I would rather lose it on the field of battle than motionless here! I can do nothing better for my son or myself than to throw myself into the arms of my soldiers! My appearance will electrify the army and confound the enemy!"

He no longer recollected that only the evening before he had on reflection rejected this step, offered to him by the heroic temerity of Exelmans.

One of his confidential secretaries, whom he had sent in search of news, informed him that the enemy's troops were touching the walls of Paris on three sides, and that it was time to think of his personal safety.

"I shall fear nothing from them to-morrow," he replied; "I have taken measures to depart this night; I am weary of myself, of Paris, and of France. Prepare yourself to follow me!" The secretary excused himself on account of the age and infirmities of his mother. Napoleon pretended to be satisfied with these excuses, which multiplied around him from hour to hour. "I want nothing more now than a good wind and good fortune," he said, with an accent of resolution resigned to fate. "I shall go to America, where they will give me some land, or else I shall purchase it, and we shall cultivate it. I shall finish where man has commenced; I shall live on the produce of my land and of my flocks!" To some objections offered by his confidant, touching the proximity of Europe and the United States, "Well, then," he continued, "I shall go to Mexico, and put myself at the head of the Independents! I shall go, in short, from shore to shore, and from sea to sea, until I shall find an asylum against the resentment and the persecution of men. In reality, what would you have me do? Would you have me allow myself to be taken like a child by Wellington, to adorn his triumph in London? I have only one course to adopt—that of retiring from the scene. Destiny will do the rest! Certainly I could die! I could say, like Hannibal, 'Let me deliver them from the terror with which I inspire them!' But suicide must be left to weak heads, and souls badly tempered! As to me, whatever may be my destiny, *I shall never hasten my natural end by a single moment!*"

The government never ceased for an instant to desire and hasten the departure of the man who embarrassed at once the peace, the war, and the free movements of the country, from his arrival at the Elysée till the 29th of June; and these ten days lost by Napoleon in feeble longings for the dictatorship, in abdicating, in resuming his thoughts of empire, in calculated delays, in irresolution, in contests with necessity, with the government, and with himself, would have given him time and means enough for security in his flight. We have also seen that when once engaged in negotiations with the victorious enemy, the government could not, while it was treating, or perhaps after having treated, permit Napoleon, the sole cause of the war, to return to the territory which he had freely quitted, and to renew the contest after a capitulation, the very first condition of which was his removal. It was not the fault of the Chambers that Napoleon fluctuated for ten days between the different parties; allowing the power to escape him in Paris, the enemy to approach the capital in masses and by forced marches, and the light troops of Wellington and Blücher to occupy Compiègne and Senlis, and to turn the flank of Malmaison.

HIS DEPARTURE.

He again consumed the whole of the 29th in vague hopes, in desperate expectations, in fruitless glances cast towards Paris, and towards every point of the horizon, in walking in his garden, in conversing with his confidants, and in lengthened farewells to his family and his friends. At five o'clock in the evening he was informed that the two carriages which General Becker had ordered awaited him in the park. He embraced Queen Hortense, who was overcome with grief, made a melancholy sign of farewell to the officers and soldiers of his guard, and plunging into the park alley, at the extremity of which the carriages were stationed, he turned round several times to contemplate that dear abode of his youth, of his happiness, and of his glory; and at length entered a plain summer calash with General Becker, his grand marshal of the palace, Bertrand, and Savary.

Two other carriages, which were to proceed to Rochefort by another road, were filled with his suite, consisting of Gourgaud, the wife and children of General Bertrand, M. and Madame de Montholon, M. de

Las Cases and his son, young Emmanuel, besides several servants. Napoleon, Becker, Bertrand, and Savary had laid aside their uniforms, and assumed travelling dresses, to escape observation and avoid mobs on the route. Gourgaud alone travelled in full uniform, in a gilded carriage of the emperor, in order that the people's attention, deceived by this luxury and display, might attract to this carriage alone the snares and dangers of the road, if the perfidy of the emperor's enemies had prepared any, or if by the spontaneous commotions of the populace he might incur them.

Passing over his journey to Rochefort, which was not without interesting events, bespeaking both great attachment and lively resentment—his embarkation on board the Bellerophon, made with great dignity and a careful preservation of the honor of France, by not allowing a French officer to accompany him—giving himself up as a prisoner—his stay at Plymouth on board that ship—his transfer to the Northumberland, and his arrival at St. Helena—we will quote his first act on touching the soil there, which is what most men who had the power and were accustomed to riding would do on coming to the end of a long voyage:—

HIS LANDING AT ST. HELENA.

During the long passage of the Northumberland which conveyed him to the Island of St. Helena, Napoleon had won the admiration of the English crew, by the ascendancy of his name, by the contrast between his power of yesterday and his present captivity, as well as by the calm freedom of his attitude. He landed, however, with the convulsive eagerness and precipitation of a man impatient to see the prison that has been prepared for him, and to conjecture the fate in store for him in his exile. He had scarcely put his foot on the shore when he mounted his horse galloped over the roads which led to the summit of the island, that he might take it in with a single glance, and choose a residence there to suit his wishes and his taste. The aspect of this mass of volcanic rocks, interspersed with hollow dells, pastoral slopes, and rustic villas, where the passion of the English for nature had forced the verdure of some budding plantations, together with naked pinnacles and lofty summits covered with heath and cork trees, a small commercial town, and a fort animated by the arrival of vessels on their passage from India to Europe; this island, in short, so lost in an immense and dazzling sea, often dotted with sails, under an ardent sky, but in a climate tempered by the elevation and the clouds of the mountains, did not make that sinister impression upon him which weariness, acrimony, illness, and the complainings of his companions in solitude subsequently changed into imprecations against this Corsica of another ocean. He had such a longing for the air of the mountains, for the isolation of nature, for estrangement from places inhabited by crowds, for solitude, and for liberty of thought and action, that he refused to descend again to the town, even for a single night, but established himself in the country cottage of an English family of the island, named Balcombe, whither he had his bed and books brought to him. A tent gave shelter to his servants. He lived there for two months in a degree of leisure that seemed to refresh his soul, occupying his time in reading, working, riding and walking to different situations in the island, and in agreeable intercourse with the family of his host.

He had a good house built for him; he had all the advantages the island could afford; and, though there is much diversity of opinion as to the treatment of the illustrious exile by the English government, M. de Lamartine does it justice.

Napoleon was even at St. Helena the destroyer of his own happiness :—

HIS SELF-SACRIFICE.

The active mind sooner tires of repose than of labor. The monotony of this life, without any other events than his own thoughts furnished, soon wearied Napoleon. The divisions, the rivalships, the discontents, and the murmurs of some of his servants, saddened and embittered his own mind. He suffered in seeing others suffer impatiently for him and around him. There was gossiping at Longwood as there had been in the Palace of the Tuileries. Too close an intimacy produced antipathies and grievances. Wounded spirits are all the more susceptible, and overwrought sensibility makes us unjust. Napoleon's temper, spoiled by this domestic uneasiness, excited him against a captivity which made even his friends seem importunate to him. He turned to poison the tolerance and freedom of his residence. He persisted, with an affectation, which his flatterers consider heroic, but which history will judge as puerile, because it is a misconception of his fortune, in exacting the titles of *emperor* and *majesty*, which England, never having acknowledged the empire, was not officially bound to give him. He appealed to Heaven and earth against this breach of etiquette. He dictated notes on this trifle, as he would have done on the conquest or the loss of Europe. . . . After having debated, without exhausting it, this text of altercation for several years with the authorities of the island, he declined the recreation and respect which the visitors from both worlds bore to him in his solitude, if they did not conform to this protocol. He soon after refused to himself his rides to the different parts of the island, that he might not suffer, as he said, by the presence even at a distance of the officers of the governor, the appearance and humiliation of captivity ; as if the island under his feet, the ocean before his eyes, and even the sky above his head, were not walls and witnesses of his banishment. He thus restricted with his own hands the circuit of his residence, and changed by little and little his country residence into a prison. His health, which required motion and horse exercise, as his mind did an extensive prospect, suffered from this change of temper. He pursued slowly and obstinately the suicide of his captivity.

The greater portion of the period of this captivity was consumed in these interminable quarrels between the captive and his guardian, the rest in occasional conversations with the companions of his exile, which were evidently intended to produce effect beyond his private circle and beyond the ocean, to palliate his memory, revive his posthumous popularity, tarnish his enemies, and inflame his partisans. These verbose and incoherent commentaries on his life, edited by partial hands, have neither the freedom nor the sincerity of the effusions of a heart indifferent to the empire and to posterity. . . . In these conversations Napoleon put forth as an oracle, enigmas or axioms of triple meaning, on the past, the present, and the future, so that destiny cannot belie the one without justifying the other. The tribune of the world, of whom this rock is the tripod, and who seeks from thence not to enlighten but to agitate Europe, he throws an echo to every wind, the repetition of which is Napoleon. Always an actor after the drama, he still performs a part when the curtain of the world is drawn upon him, forgetting that the only eternal part for man to act is man, and that the only immutable greatness is truth. Therefore, these conversations of St. Helena fanaticize but do not touch. They afford no evidence for history, but little interest for the human mind, and no emotion for the heart. Except for his idolaters, this man who has spoken for six years on the brink of his tomb, has spoken in vain !

HIS END.

His friends and servants wearied, not with duty, but of patience, tired of separation from their families, of the climate, of sickness, and of inquisition, quitted him, or tried to quit him, under pretence of being torn from him by the persecution of the governor, or of rendering him more useful services in Europe. Physical debility broke in upon him with despair. He felt increasing attacks of the malady which had shortened his father's life. "I sometimes have a desire to quit you," he said to his last companions, Monthon and Bertrand. "That is not difficult. I should escape from you the more easily by suicide, since my religious principles do not at all trouble me. I am one of those who believe that the punishments of the other world have only been imagined as an addition to the insufficient attractions we are promised there. After all, what harm is it to return a little sooner to God ?" He suffered from pain, from debility, from want of sleep, and from failing strength, which made the light of day as disagreeable to him as darkness. His mind alone was never enfeebled. He witnessed his slow destruction firm and impassible. His thoughts always dwelt upon himself and he prepared to die gracefully. "I vegetate, I no longer live," he said to his servants. Nature, however, prevailed at the last moment over the cold philosophy of his approaching end, in the numerous testaments and codicils he dictated to bequeath legacies to men and women who had left traces of affection, of service, or of gratitude in his life. His mother, who still lived at Rome, his brothers, his sisters, the companions and servants of his exile, his generals, their sons and daughters, those who had protected him in childhood, his college friends, his first military companions, and his favorites when in power, received sums of money from him, out of the millions he had left on quitting Paris in the coffers of M. Laffitte, his banker, and the statues, the pictures, the arms, the furniture, the manuscripts, the vases, the articles of domestic furniture, consecrated by the use he had made of them, a distribution from his heart, wherein the most distant reminiscences were sought for with tenderness at the bottom of his memory. Even his wife, who had forsaken him, was neither accused nor execrated. He recollected that she was the daughter of the Cæsars, and that the protection of Austria would be withdrawn from a son whose mother he might have insulted. This son, a prisoner like himself in the palace of Vienna, was the only great sentiment through which he survived himself upon earth, his pride, his dynasty, his name, his posterity. He never shed a tear but for him.

Whether it was a return of the dying man to those early impressions which revive towards the close of life, and bring us back to the practice of our boyhood's worship ; or, whether a political precaution of the founder of a dynasty affecting to die in official communion with the national faith, of which he had been the restorer, Napoleon, who never spoke of religion but as a political institution, the indifferent instrument of all governments, was desirous of dying as a Christian, and attested an authentic and, so to speak, an imperial faith, by the ceremonial of his death. The image of Christ dying on the cross, pressed close to his mouth, closed the lips of this martyr to ambition. At the moment when the soul separated from the body he exhibited no weakness unworthy of him. He awaited his death as an exhibition, and composed his attitude even to his last breath before the mirror of his frame. He demanded to be buried with his arms and in his military costume, under two willow trees near a spring, the shade and freshness of which had been grateful to him during his last days. He expired at length without pain and in silence, during a convulsion of the elements, on the night of the 5th of May, 1821. The last words he stammered out were *Army* and *France*, but it

could not be ascertained whether it was dream, delirium, or adieu.

It was apprehended that the transmission of his body to Europe might shake the continent, and he was buried, with military honors, under the willow trees indicated by himself. The intelligence of his death changed the immense terror, which had beset Europe during his life, into immense pity. When people ceased to fear him, they ceased to hate. Impartial minds began to do him justice. Genius and glory were not denied to him; but it was deplored that so much genius and so much glory had only been consecrated to the personal greatness of one man, instead of being devoted to the amelioration of the world. This is where he failed to his destiny, to God, to humanity, to France, and to himself. The fine part of his character was not equalled by the good. He was the greatest man of modern times, but he was also the most sterile in results for the human race. He wasted France and Europe for fourteen years, without imparting to them an idea, a liberty, or a virtue. He shook the world without displacing it. France, however, which owes him a severe judgment, owes him also impartial gratitude. He made her illustrious, he made her resound with the splendor of his own name, during the early part of a century, through the universe. It is a service to aggrandize the name of one's country, for the name of a people is a spell in time and history, and a certain claim to immortality.

The civil history of the Restoration comprised in these volumes is one series of petty vengeance, imprudent and unjustifiable cruelties, and low intrigues on the one hand, and insignificant though noisy opposition, petty conspiracies, and a monomaniacal assassination on the other. Unfortunately we know that nothing was done by the government in the subsequent period to redeem its character, and make it in the opinion of the French worth preserving. Through the 33 years which have elapsed since the exile of the man who "wasted France," who mowed down its people forced into his armies by a terrible conscription, and who, in the end, defeated and unpopular, escaped from a more degrading fate at the hands of Blücher by taking refuge in an English ship, nothing has been done by the government of France to efface the transient glory he shed on them from the memory of the French. The recollection of the man, revived and hallowed by his misfortunes, has a more favorable and powerful influence over them than his existence in the last days of his government. For 33 years the Bourbons were in power, and every year they did but add, by the contrast between their imbecility and his vigor, to the endearing recollections which the French had of their emperor. One of the strongest claims even which Louis Philippe made on their favor was to restore to France the heart of Bonaparte. For the Bourbons the great object should have been so to use the power of the government—improving and embellishing France, and making its people prosperous—the task all governments undertake—as to establish the superiority of wise, beneficent, hereditary rulers over the usurpation of the military despot, and extinguish all regret for the loss of the emperor and the empire. For 33 years they were allowed to labor at their work, and never in the world, as the return to power of Louis Napoleon shows, was there a more lamentable failure. In private life a similar occurrence would make a man or a family hide themselves with shame; but the Bourbons and their advisers and followers still put forth pretensions to govern France, and are

ready, if there were any hope of success, to excite even a war, that they might have another opportunity of exhibiting their established imbecility. Through the whole 33 years they did nothing but try to go back to the old monarchy or the empire; and they restored the evils of each successively without the ability to bring back the graces of the old court or the glories of the young empire. Their whole conduct strengthened the attachment of the French to the lost emperor, and they now have their due punishment in exile and disgrace. Peace has its triumphs as well as war; and a sovereign of France who had comprehended the condition of that country and of its people, and had had resolution and vigor to administer the government for their advantage instead of personal and family objects, might have made the French in 33 years forget by peaceful improvements the triumphs of war. Either the government has the power to effect such things, and has not done it—to its complete discomfiture and disgrace—or it has not the power, and then it is a mere delusion and a costly nuisance. M. de Lamartine's history convinces us that it had the power, but it wasted power and opportunity in the most worthless, frivolous, and mistaken pursuits. The results of 33 years' possession of dominion—the overthrow of two Bourbon governments—the transference of the government to the descendant of the emperor—warrant the conclusion that the Bourbon sovereigns and their advisers have wholly misapprehended the wants and the condition of the French.

THE FIRST-BORN.

THE first-born is a Fairy child,
A wondrous emanation!
A tameless creature, fond and wild—
A moving exultation!
Beside the hearth, upon the stair,
Its footstep laughs with lightness:
And cradled, all its features fair
Are touched with mystic brightness.

First pledge of their betrothed love—
O, happy they that claim it!
First gift direct from Heav'n above—
O, happy they that name it!
It tunes the household with its voice,
And, with quick laughter ringing,
Makes the inanimate room rejoice,
A hidden rapture bringing.

Its beauty all the beauteous things
By kindred light resembles;
But, evermore with fluttering wings,
On fairy confines trembles.
So much of those that gave it birth,
Of Father and of Mother;
So much of this world built on earth;
And so much of another!

By a decree of the local government of Erfurt, no persons are in future to be engaged in lucifer-match manufactories who have imperfect or partially decayed teeth. It has been found that the phosphorus used in the manufacture acts on the decayed surface, and spreads to the bones of the jaw, which are in bad cases consumed. The disease is called the "knochen-frass." All workmen who have defects in the teeth are to be dismissed.

From the British Journal.

A VISIT TO LOUIS NAPOLEON AT HAM.

[THE romantic visit, described in the following sketch, was paid to Louis Napoleon in 1845, by an American gentleman, who published a lengthy account of it in 1849,* after the prince was elected President of the French Republic. This volume we have compressed into an article, preserving the original form, and only using such liberties with the author's language as were necessary to give continuity to an abridged narrative. The author seems to have been more of an imperialist than a republican; or, rather, from his personal sympathy perhaps with "the prince," his opinions appear coincident with Bonapartism, which professes to unite both extremes, in an *imperial republicanism*.]

I.

IN passing from Philadelphia to New York, in the summer of 1845, just previous to my departure for Europe, I stopped at the princely residence of the late Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, to make *mes adieux* to the young Prince de Musignano. On leaving, the prince remarked, "You are going to France; why not make an effort to see my unfortunate cousin, Prince Louis?" During my stay in London I mentioned this to several of the prince's friends, who thought the idea rather quixotic, as the government suffered no relations of any sort to be kept up with the lone captive of Ham. Count D'Orsay alone was sanguine. I mentioned the difficulty of my being an American. "You have hit it exactly," returned this ready tactician; "just because you are an American, the government will be puzzled on what ground to refuse your request. I will tell you what to do; employ no influence, attempt no intrigue, and give no trouble to your ambassador, but simply write a letter to the Minister of the Interior, saying that you are a resident of the United States, an old acquaintance of Prince Louis, and from friendly motives desire to pay him your respects during a brief visit to France." This advice struck me as excellent, and I promised the count to carry it literally into effect. Perhaps it was a fortnight after my arrival in Paris, during which I had abandoned and resumed my project half-a-dozen times, that I suddenly, one day, sat down and wrote to the Minister of the Interior, in the way suggested. A week elapsed, and no reply. Returning to my hotel one day, I found that an officer of police had been there making inquiries about me; and next day I received a summons to repair to the *prefecture*. On the announcement of my name, my business seemed perfectly known, and I was conducted to the cabinet of one of the numberless under-secretaries, where I was received with great courtesy. "The government," he said, "had received my request—they were under the unpleasant necessity of refusing numerous applications to visit the prince, but in the present instance, no such objection existed."

"I am exceedingly happy to hear it," I replied, with a cordial salutation, "and when may I anticipate the favor of being allowed to set off?"

"I was just going to add," replied the official, "that the Minister would have taken great pleasure in acceding to your wish; but he has been informed that Prince Louis has declined receiving your

visit." "Indeed," I drawled out with an emphasis that conveyed my undisguised astonishment.

"Yes, I assure you," continued the functionary in his blandest manner, "the government would have deemed it quite unnecessary to interfere in this matter if his highness had manifested the smallest concern about it."

"Then I may rely upon that?" I asked, rather abruptly. "Oh, undoubtedly! I hope you will accept my positive assurance on that point."

"I do so most cheerfully, and with a view to prove my entire confidence in your word, have the goodness to read this;" handing him a letter I drew from my pocket. The secretary of the prefecture of police read it rapidly over, then turned it round, examined the post-mark, and exclaimed, in some confusion, "Why, this is a letter from the prince, dated yesterday, expressing his desire to see you at your earliest convenience!"

"Exactly so, *Monsieur*; I received it as I left my hotel to come here; and as there is now, by your declaration, no difficulty in the way of my departure, I need not assure you that I shall be greatly indebted to his excellency the Minister of the Interior, for permission to go as soon as possible."

"There must certainly be a mistake somewhere," returned the secretary, very much puzzled.

No later than the next morning a lancer galloped with considerable fracas into the court-yard, and touching his hat *à la militaire* to the porter, handed him a formidable-sized missive for Monsieur—. He took a look at my name, but galloped off again without venturing to pronounce it; for a Frenchman pronounces nothing which he can't frenchify. Yes, sure enough, here was a letter from the Minister of the Interior, signed and sealed with the arms of France, directing the commandant of the citadel of Ham to allow the bearer, named, to communicate with Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. "Now, Baptiste," turning to my servant, "have the carriage at the door to-morrow morning at nine o'clock, for I mean to reach Ham (a distance of thirty leagues from Paris) by nightfall."

"*Très bien, Monsieur.*"

II.

Baptiste was one of the most punctual of valets. Hardly had I finished my breakfast when the crack of whips announced the arrival of the postilion. Snatching up *Galignani*, I jumped in; Baptiste mounted the *impériale*, gave the word *en avant*, and away we went. "Going to see Prince Louis (said I to myself); but what are you going to see him for?" That was a puzzler. It was five years ago, in London, April, 1840, on my way to America, that I met him for the first time. I was forcibly struck by his military aspect, affable manners, intelligent face, pale, and slightly tinged with melancholy. He was living then in very luxurious style; occupying one of the finest mansions in London, on Carlton Terrace, overlooking that lovely park of St. James. His position was enviable indeed; surrounded by a species of court, fêted, and sought after by the highest rank of England; regarded with interest by the public in general; a great name, a romantic history, and imperial pretensions, he was a fortunate man. During his residence in London, he published a very striking book entitled, *The Ideas of Napoleon*, which made a great sensation at the time, and was translated into every language of Europe.

* Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, First President of France. Biographical and Personal Sketches, including a Visit to the Prince at the Castle of Ham. By Henry Wikoff. New York, Putnam; London, Chapman. 1849.

It was only a few months after the period of which I am speaking, that I learned the event which caused such universal astonishment—his rash attempt at Boulogne, and its signal and mortifying failure. As far as I could analyze my own motives in undertaking this visit, besides the honor conferred on me, it was to discover, if possible, the secret origin of those enterprises of Strasburg and Boulogne, which really seemed so reckless, and, at first sight, so unjustifiable. There are so many conflicting accounts and rumors of the character, sentiments, and very generally of the incapacity of Prince Louis, that I felt a very ardent anxiety to satisfy myself as far as possible on these points.

I was cordially welcomed to Ham, by the landlord of the only hostelry in this very old, but very small town. "Ah! *Monsieur*, how I envy you the privilege of seeing the Prince Louis!" I looked up in surprise: "Why, is it so common a thing for travellers (I inquired) to visit the citadel that you infer I came here for that purpose?" "Oh! *mon Dieu*, no; but everybody in Ham knew this morning that *Monsieur* was coming to see the prince." "Pray, allow me to ask, how 'everybody' got this information?" I said, considerably perplexed. "The police was telegraphed last night." "Indeed (I responded); it is really very good-natured in the minister to take so much pains about me. He evidently attaches more importance to my business than I do myself." My host was surprised at my plainness of speech, and opined that "*Monsieur* was not *Français*." "No, thank Heaven!"—looking out of the window to see what sort of a place Ham was. I was up betime next morning, and took a saunter through the town, which invited no particular remark, save that a place which had been so many hundred years growing, should have made so little progress. Immediately after breakfast I sent Baptiste off with my card to the commandant of the citadel, with my compliments, to know at what hour I should present myself for admission. Meanwhile, the landlord came in with the startling intelligence that there were a couple of *gensdarmes* at the door waiting to escort me to the police-office.

Here Baptiste shot into the room: "*Je l'ai vu!* I have seen him," was his only exclamation. "Well, what did he say?"

"Oh! I did n't speak to him (he replied, with his eyes flashing), but I saw him on the ramparts, walking with his hands behind him, just like the emperor."

"What, the commandant?"

"No, the prince, *monsieur*."

Baptiste forgot to deliver his message first, which was, that the commandant would be happy to see me at one o'clock. After a due inspection of my nose, eyebrows, &c., at the police-office, I made my way to the citadel, and had nearly got there before I espied Baptiste close in my rear.

"What are you about, Baptiste! you must go back." "Oh! (he exclaimed) only let me see the prince, but for a minute only."

"How absurdly you talk, Baptiste!—what privilege have I in the matter?"

All my remonstrances were drowned in a tide of prayers and supplications, so I gave up the point, and told him he might take his chance. I had still a few minutes to spare, during which I surveyed the fortress, which covers several acres of ground, and is of vast extent. It is a magnificent relic of the feudal age, and I was still curiously gazing at it with reflections on its eventful

history, when the clock of the citadel struck one. The drawbridge was down, and the portcullis up, as if a visitor were expected. Baptiste stuck to me like my shadow. The commandant received me with great courtesy. "I am sorry to inform you (he said) that I have orders to admit you but once, and that your interview with the prince must be limited to four hours. But who is this with you?" casting his eyes on Baptiste, who quivered under his stern gaze.

"It is a favorite servant, who begs your permission to —"

"Impossible; he must retire instantly."

I found Prince Louis seated at a table covered with books and papers, in a small room, dimly lighted by two apertures from above, secured by stout iron bars. He was sadly altered since I saw him last. His appearance betokened deep dejection, and a spirit bruised and sinking under constant reverses. The room was very small—the walls bare, and the floor without covering. Three or four wooden chairs, a single table, on which, among other objects, stood a student's lamp, constituted its principal furniture. In a recess, on either side of the chimney, were shelves running to the ceiling, filled with books, and here and there around the apartment were suspended several engravings. On the low, wooden mantelpiece stood a common clock, and a small looking-glass above it. The whole had very much the appearance of a common kitchen in some unpretending private house. After some preliminary conversation relating to friends and events, the talk turned to the enterprise which had consigned him to Ham. His own account of that and preceding events in his career, I shall now relate, as far as I can remember it.

III.

"It were useless (began the prince) to dwell upon all that preceded, and led me to engage in the enterprise of Strasburg. By means of trusty agents the regiments along the eastern frontier were all sounded, both officers and men. The only questions asked were, 'Are you content with the government?'—'No!' 'Will you follow a Bonaparte?'—'Yes!' Every day's information from various quarters of France, convinced me that it only needed the *prestige* of one victory to put an end to the natural hesitancy of hundreds of influential personages. At Strasburg, on the 30th of October, the outbreak was to take place; and at five o'clock in the morning of that day, the signal was given in the Austerlitz barracks. At the sound of the trumpets, the soldiers hurried down into the court-yard. They were drawn up in double line around it, and Col. Vaudrey took his post in the centre. A short pause ensued waiting my arrival, and a dead silence was preserved. On my appearance I was immediately presented to the troops in a few eloquent words from their colonel.

"Soldiers (he said) a great revolution begins at this moment. The nephew of the emperor is before you. He comes to put himself at your head. He is arrived on the French soil to restore to France her glory and her liberty. It is now to conquer or to die for a great cause—the cause of the people. Soldiers of the fourth regiment of artillery, may the emperor's nephew count on you?"

"The shout which followed this brief appeal nearly stunned me; men and officers alike aban-

doned themselves to the wildest enthusiasm. Flourishing their arms with furious energy they filled the air with cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* If misgivings had ever crossed me of the fidelity of the French heart to the memory of Napoleon, they vanished forever before the suddenness and fierceness of that demonstration. The chord was scarcely touched, and the vibration was terrific. I was deeply moved, and nearly lost my self-possession. In a few moments I waved my hand, signifying my desire to speak. Breathless silence ensued.

"Soldiers" (I said), "it was in your regiment the Emperor Napoleon first saw service; with you he distinguished himself at Toulon; it was your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him, on his return from Elba. Soldiers, new destinies are reserved to you. Here (I continued, taking the standard of an eagle from an officer near me) here is the symbol of French glory; it must become henceforth the symbol of liberty."

"The effect of these simple words was indescribable. I gave the word to fall into column; the music struck up; and putting myself at their head, the regiment followed me to a man. Meanwhile my adherents had been active elsewhere, and uniformly successful. Colonel Taillandier, on being told that the emperor's nephew was there with the 4th regiment, would not believe it. An officer of his staff cried out, 'It is not the emperor's nephew; it is the nephew of Colonel Vaudrey; I know him!' Absurd as was this announcement, it flew from mouth to mouth. The space we occupied was so confined that the regiments became confounded together, and the tumult was frightful. An unfortunate movement separated me from my officers, and threw me among the soldiers, who still remained doubtful of my identity, some of whom took me prisoner."*

"Nothing strikes me with more wonder (I observed) than the extreme facility which attended every step of the enterprise. It was a strange fatality, that singular delusion as to your identity, which arose at the very moment that victory perched upon your standard! If it were a ruse of some enemy, he deserves credit, at least, for his ingenuity."

"No," (replied the prince) "I do not think it was an invention to arrest the revolt, but it sprang naturally from the doubts of various parties, who, from negligence or prudence, had not been intrusted with the secret. It was, indeed, an unlooked-for result, and fortune played me a sorry freak."

The punishment inflicted upon the prince was a kind of Siberian exile to America! After a considerable talk on American affairs, my eye accidentally caught sight of the clock, which showed me that more than half of the four pitiful hours allowed me had already elapsed. I was exceedingly anxious to reach the affair of Boulogne, and in order to bring back the prince to the narration from which he had so pleasantly wandered, I asked him what was his motive in quitting America so early.

"The harrowing intelligence (he answered) of my mother's extreme illness, whose entreaty was, if I valued her dying blessing, to return instantly. I fled back to Switzerland, and had the melancholy satisfaction to watch by her bedside, till in a

few short weeks she breathed her last in my arms. Then came the announcement that the King of the French had appealed to the allied powers to unite with him in compelling me to give up my residence in Switzerland, and, in case of refusal, to employ force, if necessary, to effect that purpose. Once more a fugitive, I directed my course to London; but when the stirring announcement rang in the ears of Frenchmen, that the venerated remains of Napoleon were on the sea, wafted by every breeze still nearer to his once idolized France, there was an upheaving of the popular heart which would be as difficult for me to describe, as for a foreigner to understand. The emotions which had so long lain dormant, that all supposed they had ceased to exist, suddenly awoke with an energy and warmth that attested the eternal fidelity of the French heart to the memory of the emperor. It was an event highly favorable to the views of my partisans, and I was assailed daily by a torrent of entreaty and invocation that I was hardly in a condition of mind to resist. 'Is it fitting (it was asked, in the passionate language of the old followers of the emperor), is it fitting that the corpse of Napoleon should be insulted by the presence of that Bourbon family which united with Europe in chaining him alive to the rock of St. Helena; which vindictively condemned to death his greatest marshals; and still pursues his nearest relatives into ignominious exile?' I was conjured to present myself at the head of the funeral procession on its way to the capital, when all France would rise to recognize my just claims to the place of chief mourner. 'The sacred ashes of our French Cæsar (they cried) are crossing the sea, and will not young Octavius come to convey them back to Rome?'

"It was certainly a fearful risk (I remarked) that the Orleans dynasty incurred in yielding to the general wish for the restoration of the emperor's remains. But, if I recollect, it was before the arrival of the emperor's body that the landing at Boulogne took place."

"Yes, some months before (replied the prince), for my resolution could not be shaken on the point so vehemently urged of joining the funeral cortège on its route to Paris. No—was my constant reply—I will not mar the afflicting solemnity of such a spectacle by the rude intrusion of my private griefs. I will not disturb the awful silence which will brood over France on that sad and memorable day by a vulgar brawl, or perhaps a more tragic catastrophe. The most convincing statements were laid before me of the almost infallible success which awaited me; and, really, there could be no question of the favorable disposition of the people. At length I consented, and preparations were rapidly made for the attempt, which it was settled should take place in August, 1840. It so happened that every regiment upon whose devotion I could most entirely rely was scattered along the road from Dunkerque to Paris."

The prince here entered into some relations of the voluntary offers of service which had been made him by personages of the highest rank and influence, and of the various forces put at his disposal. It was made clear enough, that if he could only succeed in effecting an entrance into France, he might, on reaching the first garrison town on the road from Boulogne to Paris, count on the most effectual support. But the issue was adverse, and in its details remarkably similar to the affair of Strasburg. After reciting the circumstances of

* This substantially agrees with L. Blanc's account of this transaction in his History

the case, the prince proposed to take a turn on the ramparts. The view of the surrounding country from the top was commanding; but all was flat, monotonous and cheerless.

"It may be, *Monsieur* (I observed), that, fresh as I am from the world, and from the gay seductions of the capital, I feel more acutely the leaden monotony which seems to envelop like a mantle every object about me. To you the weariness of such a seclusion may have worn off in the five wretched years you have passed in this horrible place."

"I did not feel it so much at first. The excitement and the novelty diverted and sustained me for a long while; then I took refuge in my books, and planned a history of artillery, and other works, which again engaged my mind; but study and solitude make sad inroads on body and mind."

"It just occurs to me (I remarked) that you must find great entertainment in chatting with the soldiers."

"Yes, it would be an agreeable pastime to converse with those intelligent men, but the government has thought proper to forbid me such a privilege."

Turning to resume our walk, whom should I espy, to my surprise, on the opposite bank of the moat running round the citadel, but the indomitable Baptiste, who, in spite of *corps de gardes* and other risks, had contrived to work his way round to an excellent position for a full and uninterrupted view of the immediate object of his idolatry. I pointed him out, totally unconscious of my entertaining an imperial ear with a subject so insignificant as his valetship, when of a sudden, from a kindly impulse, the prince touched his military cap, and saluted him. Baptiste turned round with respectful gravity in search of the invisible personage likely to be the object of such an honor. I made a gesture to the effect that he was its recipient. The effect was electrical. Baptiste gave a start that I thought would carry him into the ditch. Off went his hat, and "*Vive l'Empereur*" was trembling on his lips, when the sight of the sentinel arrested in time his explosive enthusiasm: for the orders of the government were peremptory, to arrest, and shoot, if necessary, all persons loitering about the fortress, and uttering seditious cries. Baptiste had the keenest view of the consequences of proceeding a tithe further in his demonstrations, and there he stuck fast in the middle of his loyalty. In the teeth of calumny, Baptiste was a living proof that, in spite of his fiery impulses, a Frenchman can be prudent in critical circumstances.

IV.

"My time is up, *Monsieur* (I said to the prince, with less calmness than I write it), and the commandant doubtless expects punctuality."

"We live under military law here," he answered, smiling. We descended the terrace with a lively step, and walked towards the building which seemed as his prison in silence. There was nothing more now than to bid him adieu, but yet I lingered, reluctant to withdraw. Extending his hand, he cordially grasped mine, assuring me what pleasure he had received from my visit. I replied only by bowing; for really my emotion for the moment so mastered me, that language utterly failed me. I retired; and as I reached the head of the staircase, I turned round instinctively for a

last look at the spot I had just quitted, when I found the prince had followed to the door, and was looking after me. Nothing could have conveyed to my mind a keener sense of the desolation into which he was about relapsing, than this simple act. His face and attitude both bespoke the dreariness and melancholy which surrounded him. I raised my hat with an inclination of profound respect, and, descending, I saw him no more.

I next day set out on my return to the capital. I had not advanced far before I perceived, sunning himself on a stone bench by the side of the causeway, one of those battered relics of the "grand army," that never fail to excite my liveliest interest. The history of these men is a glorious romance, rife with daring exploit and miraculous escapes. In the eyes of the French peasantry their renown encircles them like a halo. They are dispersed all over France, and their influence is undisputed. I got out of the carriage to have a few words with him. He was a fine-looking old fellow, and wore the cross of honor on the breast of his faded coat—no doubt a gift from the hand of the emperor.

"*Eh bien, mon militaire*, how goes the world with you?"

"*Merci, Monsieur!* only so so; these are dull times, and we old soldiers are out of place. Ah, *mon Dieu!* what lives we used to lead!"—and he drew himself up at the recollection.

"Yes, those were glorious days, *mon vieux* (I said, humoring him)—what great battles and splendid victories!"

"Ah, *Monsieur* (returned the old guard, wiping his eyes), we shall never see those days again. How great was France then, and how low were her enemies!"

"The wars are over now—the emperor is gone—but see how much better off are those peasants yonder, tilling their beautiful lands, than bleaching battle-fields with their bones." I touched a wrong chord here, for the wooden leg of the *soldat d'Austerlitz* began to show signs of impatience. He took out his snuff-box, and plied his nose vigorously. I took a pinch, which seemed to soothe him.

"*Oui, mon voyageur, l'empereur n'est plus*" (said his old follower, raising his cap reverentially), the emperor is gone, but are we any better off for that? We work harder, we pay more taxes, and everybody may pull France by the beard now-a-days. If the emperor fatigued us in war, he did n't forget us in peace; for who built our post-houses, and our school-houses? who drained our meadows, and who ordered that stone-bridge there? Ah, *la paix*, they give us plenty of peace, but it costs us very dear.

"You don't seem to be in love with Louis Philippe," I remarked in a careless way. The imperialist eyed me almost contemptuously—said nothing, but kept up an incessant fire on his snuff-box. Not wishing to part coldly with him, I said, "Guess, if you can, my victor of Wagram, to whom I was talking of the emperor yesterday." He gazed at me in the utmost perplexity. "Well, if it shall be a secret between us (I observed, putting on an air of strong confidence) it was the Prince Louis I spoke to yesterday."

"*Monsieur* saw the Prince Louis yesterday?"

"Yes, I saw him yesterday, and I hope we shall both see him again one of these days, but not in that direction"—pointing to Ham.

"*Monsieur* (stammered out the fanatic, quite

stified by his emotions)—*Monsieur !*—” but he got no further.

I shook him cordially by the hand : “ *Adieu, mon brave.* ”

“ *Adieu, Monsieur !* ” and “ *Vive l'Empereur !* ” he shouted.

“ *Vive l'Empereur !* ” I responded.

“ *Vive l'Empereur !* ” cried Baptiste, who was looking on from his post at the carriage door.

“ *Vive l'Empereur !* ” screamed the postillions, cracking their whips, whilst the horses neighed and capered as if they wished to share also in the enthusiasm of the moment !

From Bentley's Miscellany.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

THERE is nothing so apparently easy for every one to arrive at and portray, and yet so impossible to obtain, as a genuine picture of private and domestic life. For the present, one scarcely prizes such a thing, it is so common-place, so universal. But have the private domestic life of one century or age daguerreotyped for the contemplation and amusement of the century after—this makes a *chef-d'œuvre*. Novels do not do this, or have not done it. Does Fielding give a true picture of his age ? I hope and believe not. Does Richardson ? We know he does not. Does Smollett ? A smile must answer. The memoirs of great people tell but the libels of the great, and these are told discreetly. Even amidst the ocean of French memoirs, how few are there that give a faithful and interesting sketch of private and domestic life ! Marmontel is charming, but his autobiography savors of the pastoral. Rousseau is abominable. We have on record the life of a soldier, that of a courtier, of a lawyer, of the artist and goldsmith, as in Benvenuto, of a man of letters, of the actor. But a vivid representation of *bourgeois* life, that we have not.

Had we been told that Alexandre Dumas would have treated the world to such a picture, we should not have believed it. The dramatist, always seeking to surprise, the novelist ever revelling in the fabulous, the portrayer of court and military adventurers and duellists, of all kinds of extraordinary and bustling scenes and character, to sit down and give us the picture of village life. George Sand may do that, we should say, but Dumas never. Yet it is this precisely that Dumas has done. He spent the first fifteen years of his life in a little town, Villers Coterets, about sixty miles north-east of Paris. And he has given a most detailed and pictorial history of this village, or rather town, during ten or twelve years, from the middle of Napoleon's reign to the middle of Louis the Eighteenth's. Dumas' memoirs are of course an *Olla Podrida*, a mixture of everything, politics, literature, courts and *coulisses*, dramas, and *coups d'état*. But amidst such a world of stirring scenes and personages there is nothing so charming or so interesting as the sketches from the life of the friends and acquaintances who illumined his young days, from the humble tradesman and smart *modisté*, to the lords and ladies of the *châteaux* in his vicinity.

In this minute picture of a French town, its habits, ways, troubles, prejudices, amusements, and opinions, there is nothing fabulous, improbable, exaggerated, or given for effect. It is the simple truth, told of himself and others, by one

who artistically knows that in the representation of that section of life, truth, the simple truth, is the greatest of all charms.

Considerable and universal laughter was indulged in at the expense of Dumas by his acquaintances, and even his admirers, when, on the occasion of a certain trial, he gave in his name as Davy Marquis de la Paillerie. His memoir commences with the proof of his right to this title. His great grandfather bore the appellation of Marquis de la Paillerie, and had been second to the Marshal Duc de Richelieu, in his well known duel with the Prince de Lixen. He sold his lands and emigrated to St. Domingo in search of fortune ; there, by a woman of color, whom, Dumas asserts, his grandfather married, he had the future General Dumas, the father of our man of letters. This mulatto giant, a Hercules in form, agreed but ill with his father, although they both returned to France together ; and when there, to be independent of his father, he enlisted in a dragoon regiment, dropping his claim to the future title of Davy de la Paillerie, and assumed merely the name of his mother, Dumas. The revolution found him a sergeant, but in a very short time made him a colonel and a general. Of the great courage, activity, and strength of General Dumas there cannot be a doubt. Commanding a division, or under any leader, he was invaluable, as he proved in Italy and in the Tyrol ; but as commander-in-chief he evidently had some defects or characteristics, which but too naturally escaped the discernment of his son, but which prevented him remaining even two months consecutively in command. That of La Vendée, indeed, the republican government were inclined to leave him ; but he declined the task of reducing the royalist insurrection of these provinces with a republican army, that had abandoned itself to cruelty and rapine. The capture of the Alpine forts of Piedmont, the siege of Mantua, and the advance through the Tyrol, from Botzen to Brixen, were the military struggles in which General Dumas chiefly distinguished himself. His defence of a bridge single-handed in the Tyrol, caused him to be presented to the Directory as the Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol. His son may be allowed some pious exaggeration in recounting these *faits d'armes*. Dumas claims for his father the merit of having surprised and seized, in the intestines of a spy, a letter of General Alvinzi's, addressed to the governor of Mantua, and announcing his intention of forcing the heights and fighting the battle of Rivoli. If so, Bonaparte had the advantage of entering upon that action, aware of the intention and manœuvres of his enemy. Bonaparte, however, gave Dumas no thanks, no promotion, not even a sabre of honor. Still he was too brave an officer not to be employed, and Bonaparte brought Dumas with him to Egypt, where his swarthy complexion and gigantic form commanded immense respect from the Egyptian race. His son gives him credit for having, by personal exertion, put down the insurrection of Cairo, whilst Bonaparte himself, after Kleber's assassination, *non erat inventus*.

Every one has seen the large picture of Girodet, representing the quelling of the insurrection of Cairo. When first ordered, General Dumas, the real hero of the day, was also to be the hero of the picture. But, by subsequent orders, he was omitted altogether, the fine figure of the French general being replaced by that of a fair-haired and gallant hussar, the likeness of no officer in the army,

and thus belying the historical fact which the picture was intended to illustrate. Dumas was so recalcitrant, so open-mouthed against Bonaparte and his ambition, that the latter allowed Dumas to set sail before himself to Europe. He was captured at Naples, thrust into prison, and made to endure all kinds of ill-treatment, of which continued attempts to poison him were the worst feature. General Dumas got free at the peace, but with a constitution destroyed by the drugs given him in the Neapolitan prison, and with all hopes of advancement cut off by the elevation of Bonaparte, between whom and him there was a gulf of enmity. Dumas could never get even the arrears of his pay accruing during his imprisonment. Neither could he ever obtain indemnity or employ. He retired to Villers Coterets, where he had married, and in the neighborhood of which he lived till his death.

Dumas' mother, the wife and widow of the general, was the daughter of the chief innkeeper of Villers Coterets, but nevertheless allied to the gentry of the country round, as well as to the *bourgeoise* of the town. And nothing can so fully depict the strange originality (to us) of French society, as the pictures of a young man, Dumas, equally intimate with Madame de Valence and her society, M. Deviolaine, Inspector of Forests, and his society, and withal the hail-fellow well met with every one, even the lowest tradesfolk, male or female, of the town. In England, with its rules of caste, this were impossible. In Villers Coterets it was quite natural. Not only did young Dumas go from a visit to Villers Hellon, and from the society of Madame de Valence and of M. Leuven to that of the worthy tradespeople of the town, but the persons of these different classes met at the same *fête* and joined in the same dance, many a time and oft, without the one derogating from their rank, or the other presuming upon the familiarity so as to cause an inconvenient result. One of the persons whom Dumas met in this society was Marie Capelle, then a child, grand-daughter of M. Collard, and descended illegitimately from Philip Egalité. Marie Capelle, the reader will recollect, was afterwards Madame Laffarge, and claimed relationship by descent with the family of Orleans, reigning at the time of her trial and condemnation. The death of Madame Laffarge has just been announced in the French papers, and it will be seen that a Mademoiselle Collard, to be noticed also in these volumes, attended her not only in her last moments but in her last years. Villers Coterets, it should be noted, was the country residence of the House of Orleans, was to it what Versailles was to the king. Hence all the people of Villers Coterets were especially interested in the family of Orleans, and it in them. So that Dumas is able, from the mere traditions heard by his juvenile ear, to give a great many anecdotes and particularities of the family. Young Dumas had even seen Madame de Monteson, wife and widow of the Duke of Orleans, father of Philip Egalité. Madame de Genlis was her niece. The duke returning home suddenly one day, found M. de Valence on his knees before his wife, Madame de Monteson. The marriage was one by the *left hand*, that did not make the lady a duchess. She conjured away her husband's surprise, by exclaiming that M. de Valence was on his knees to her, supplicating that she might use her influence to procure for him the hand of Pulcherie, daughter of Madame de Genlis by the Duke de Chartres. This saved M. de Valence from a scrape, and endowed him

with a wife. And hence the descent of these families, the Collards and Capelles, from Philip Egalité. Madame de Genlis used to pay visits now and then to her descendants at Villers Coterets. Dumas was present at one of these visits, and avows that the impression left on him by the authoress of the "*Veillées du Château*," was that of a witch.

The memoir contains some charming pictures of village *fêtes* and rustic festivities, with full-length portraits of the personages, so truly done as to interest the reader as much as if he had accompanied, and was destined to accompany them through sixteen volumes of a harrowing and diluted story. Another powerful portion of the volume consists of sporting stories—the description of the boar-hunts especially in the forest of Villers Coterets. Dumas gives minute portraits of every *garde chasse*, and does not spare us a dog, much less a boar, each of which is painted as Sneyders or Landseer might delight to do. These hunting expeditions are, indeed, *chefs-d'œuvre* in their way.

Among the most prominent in these sketches, of the living friends of Dumas, were M. Ribier de Leuven and his son Adolph. The eldest of these personages had been engaged with Ankerstrom in the conspiracy to kill the King of Sweden. The crime of this king, at least in the opinion and belief of his subjects, was his love of minions. A number of nobles did not fear to hint to the monarch their suspicions, and to declare to him their belief, that his flagitious conduct was the cause of there being no heir to the throne. Instead of indignantly rejecting the imputation, and avenging it on the utterers, the monarch, it is said, retaliated by introducing one of his minions, named Monk, to the queen, and recommending him as a gallant. The consequence was, that the crown-prince born soon after was considered illegitimate, was finally deposed, and died in exile, leaving behind him a progeny, called Princes and Princesses of Vasa, of one of whom lately the world has heard as likely to share the imperial throne of France with Louis Napoleon. Ribier de Leuven escaped with confiscation and exile, but, as a regicide, was driven from country to country, till he settled at Villers Coterets. His son Adolph, a little the senior of Dumas in years, but much his senior in worldly education, being given to versifying and dramatizing, inoculated our autobiographer at the time with those tastes and occupations, which have since constituted his profession and his renown. The De Leuven were intimate friends of Arnault, the Napoleonite poet and dramatist. There needed little more to decide young Dumas' vocation. An amusing chapter recounts a visit, in which Dumas accompanied his father to see Pauline, sister of Napoleon, then separated from Prince Borghese. She is depicted as very beautiful, very fair in skin, very small and weakly. The hounds in full cry having passed the windows of the *château*, the general proposed to her to get out and look at them. "I have no objection," Pauline replied, "if you convey me, but otherwise I would not take the trouble to move." And General Dumas accordingly carried the princess in his arms to the window, a circumstance that made its impression on our autobiographer.

Having picked up a smattering of Latin, with the knowledge of French literature, that always makes part of a youth's education in that country, young Dumas entered as clerk to a notary. His

father's half-pay dying with him, poor Dumas' mother and himself had nothing left but an insignificant sum, too small to produce any income at interest. Still they lived on, the boy gayly enough, his time divided between sporting, rhyming, and, of course, love-making; the scenes of the latter are about as un-English as could be well supposed. An interesting portion of these memoirs is the description of the political feeling which prevailed in a French provincial town from 1805 to 1820. At the commencement of this period every Frenchman was enraptured and in love with Napoleon, except, indeed, those who, like General Dumas, had known him intimately, and had crossed his ambition or his temper. A few years later the adoration was turned to execration, in the breasts, at least, of the female population. Mothers cursed him—there were hundreds in every town from whom their sons had been torn, without return or tidings. Heaven help Napoleon in those days, had he had to be tried for any offence by a jury of French matrons! they would have hanged him without delay or remorse. The male population remained, however, fascinated by his glory and exploits. Then came the Russian reverses—the German struggle—and the sentiments of the people, even of the women, rallied back to the great and now unfortunate commander, to the man who had represented the Revolution, and carried its conquests to the remotest parts of Europe. So generous, indeed, were the French to him, that new legions would have sprung up, at the stamp of his foot, to replace his perished veterans, had enough remained of the young population to furnish forth the legions. But the great campaign had exhausted the country, and in his last great expedition to Russia, with nearly a million of men, he committed the great military fault of marching forth his all, and leaving no reserve, not even in the growing youth of the land. The attraction of the Frenchmen for Napoleon is in no one better exemplified than in Dumas himself, whose gallant father Bonaparte not only grossly neglected, but cruelly injured. Still Alexandre Dumas flings up his cap for Napoleon upon a hundred occasions. He afterwards became a clerk or secretary in the household of Louis Philippe, then Duke of Orleans, and the place was given him by the duke out of a kind veneration for the memory of his father. Nevertheless, with every reason to revere Louis Philippe and execrate Bonaparte, Dumas does precisely the reverse, not from calculation or ingratitude, but from the French impulse, exaggerated, no doubt, by the susceptibility of the poet.

Although Madame Dumas got a tobacco shop, a place in the gift of the government, it did not suffice for her wants and those of her son, who had not steadiness or a vocation for the place of notary's clerk. The youth accordingly gathered up all the letters he could find, addressed by men in power to his father, when living, and set off with them to Paris, calculating that if one of them made a hit, it would repay the effort. Murat and Brune had been old friends of his father; but they had both perished. Marshal Sebastiani was another, and he was one of the first to whom young Dumas hied. But Sebastiani would have nothing to say to the son of his old comrade. Victor, Duke de Belluno, was another whose letters called his father friend. He wrote, and waited and rewaited on the Duke de Belluno, who could not

plead want of power, for he was minister of war. But the Duke of Belluno would not recollect the name of Dumas, or pay any attention to the claim of his son. Beaten down by disappointment, but driven on by hunger, the youth, as a last resource, tried General Foy. Foy saw him instantly, questioned him, took an interest in him. What did he know! what could he do? The answers were little satisfactory. But Foy was a man of heart and of his word, and but a few days passed, ere the general had procured for Dumas a situation of clerk, first at 48*l.*, soon to be 60*l.*, a year, in the office of the private affairs of the Duke of Orleans. Thus was achieved the great object of every young Frenchman's ambition, the getting livelihood and a *pied à terre* in Paris.

Admitted into the private *bureaux* of the Palais Royal, Dumas gives amusing sketches of his brother clerks, of the head *employés*, and of some of the habits and peculiarities of Louis Philippe, when Duke of Orleans. There was nothing about which he was more particular than about his correspondence; whilst Louis the Eighteenth wrote his billets and epigrams on the smallest pieces of paper, Louis Philippe seldom condescended to employ his serene pen on anything less than an in-folio page. Carlisle is said to have written his "History of the French Revolution," or his notes for it, on myriads of pieces of paper, each the size of a crown-piece, or a bay-leaf, so that a gust of wind often proved a serious derangement of his ideas. There was no fear of Louis Philippe's ideas being so deranged, at least those he placed on paper. The folding and sealing of a letter were also objects of grave care and consideration with him. And the only regret he is said to have expressed on Dumas' first leaving him was, that the fellow knew how to seal a letter in perfection. Louis Philippe was a great stickler for method and punctuality, and he had no idea of one of his clerks being anything but a clerk. Hence he was highly offended on learning that a young gentleman in his office had had the impertinence not only to write verses, but to compose a drama. His words were characteristic: "M. Alexandre Dumas has thought fit to turn to literature; he cannot possibly perform his duties as my clerk." Perhaps his royal highness was right as to clerkship; but he allowed his librarians, Vantout and Delavigne, to indulge in literature as they pleased. In his library this was not misplaced, but at the desk of a copying clerk it was.

The future king's taste came rather from a desire of patronizing the fine arts and the Muses, than from the intrinsic love of them. He was always in his *loge* at the "François" during a first representation, affecting to support the national drama, whilst he left the opera to the Duke of Berry and the ultra-royalists. In art he employed Horace Vernet to cover the walls of Versailles with canvasses painted *à la toise*. When a patron wants discernment and taste, what is to be expected of the artist? We hear a great deal of the universality and acuteness of French taste for the arts; and yet we find certain facts tell terribly against any such assumption. Such, for instance, is the story of poor Gericault, whose last moments, or last days, are told in these memoirs. Gericault could find no purchaser for his "Shipwreck of the Medusa," now one of the most incontestable ornaments of the Louvre. After his death the government was induced to pay an insignificant price for it, in order that they might

have the heads cut out to serve as models for the public schools of design. What Vandalism was here! For, if painter and picture were really not first-rate, why give his works as models to the rising generation? If he was first-rate, or even second-rate, why mutilate his picture? Gericault died of the same disease that poor D'Orsay died of, *carie des vertèbres*, which he got in a curious and negligent way. The French have a bad custom of wearing a steel buckle behind to tighten the waist-band of their trousers. As this would not fasten, Gericault tied his, and made a knot of the straps. His horse threw him; these made a bruise or wound on his back-bone, and it ended in a *carie* which carried him off.

Henceforth Alexandre Dumas gave himself to the drama, and gave himself to it, as a man ought to do in order to succeed, that is, with his whole soul. Any books that he ever wrote were subsidiary to the drama, or *excerpts*, bits torn or saved from it. Now, Dumas is an excellent dramatist; at least, he possesses some of the highest qualities of the drama, and had he sobriety, patience, taste, would have left *chefs-d'œuvre* for the stage. And yet, in our opinion at least, it is as a narrator, a *conteur*, that Dumas excels; that is, in the quality which is the reverse of the dramatic. There is no writer who can be so powerful or *entraînant* in narrating, as the readers of his interminable novels can tell. But there is no *corps* of novelists, no temple of mere letters; whereas there is a *corps* of dramatists, and they have not one temple, but a thousand. A dramatist or an actor is, therefore, in Dumas' eyes, the first character in existence, the first personage of his age, and as Corneille eclipses Richelieu, and the fame of Sophocles that of even Pericles, so Dumas would say to Thiers, to Guizot, or to Louis Napoleon himself, in their chairs of preëminence and state, "*Ote-toi, que je m'y mette.*" The autobiography of Dumas is thus, in truth, a history of the drama in France, its writers, and its actors. And in this history of them is a great deal to interest; there is also much that is *seccatura*. We willingly read accounts and anecdotes of Talma, Georges, and Duchesnois, as well as of three or four of the first dramatists. But of the *hoc genus omne*, of whom Dumas speaks, and at considerable length, the English reader at least cares not one button. There will thus be much to skip for a reader, to shorten for a translator. The portraiture of Talma, and the sketches of his conversations and acquaintances, are charming. Georges and Talma were, indeed, the only great *artistes* of Napoleon's age. He would have given millions for first-rate talent in any department of literature—that is, if the talent would make homage and obeisance to him, as Chateaubriand did, and as De Stael did not. But his reign produced, besides his own victories and civic achievements, nothing truly great or sublime, save an actor and three actresses. Strange, that there should be the rare coincidence in England and in France, of great theatrical talent, and such small dramatic genius to support or feed it. Our Kembles, Keans, and Siddons were unfortunate in having no Dumas to see them in his days of young enthusiasm, and theirs of mature perfection, in order to their being chronicled and depicted.

The literary sketches are fewer than the dramatic, but some of them are characteristic. That in Madame Girardin's saloon, where Hugo suggests to Theophile Gautier his verses on Corneille, which Arsene Houssaye, the director, demands, and which

the censor forbids, is a striking scene of yesterday life. The political anecdotes are neither good nor original. But the history of Maria Stella will be read with interest, as Dumas, from having copied the papers respecting her in the bureau of the Duke of Orleans, became fully aware of the facts. The story, often alluded to, but never told, is, that Egalité, Duke of Orleans, travelling in Italy with his family, his duchess was confined of her first-born. It was a girl, the story goes, and was exchanged for a male child, born at the same time to the wife of the gaoler of the town. It is an easily and, we believe, an oft-invented story. But the curious part of it is, that Maria Stella, who was trained up as the gaoler's daughter, brought her cause before the Italian courts, with such testimony to support it that she obtained judgment in her favor, pronouncing her the eldest child of the House of Orleans, thereby declaring Louis Philippe supposititious. Maria Stella came to France with these proofs, and Louis Philippe gave himself all the trouble in the world to refute them. In the midst of the dispute, he became king, and Maria Stella died in a garret, though certainly a well-conditioned garret, of the Rue Rivoli, looking on the Tuileries. Many may remember her windows, which were covered in front with wire, so as to form an aviary, and to attract whole legions of sparrows. This concourse of volatiles drew more eyes upon Maria Stella and her abode, than did her claim to be a princess of the house of Orleans.

This autobiography, which has appeared in the *feuilletons*, or the daily numbers of "*La Presse*," and which have only just been collected in volumes, have not as yet come down to 1830. The writer is still immersed in the theatrical and literary doings of Louis the Eighteenth's reign, including his own early dramas, and the struggle which he and Hugo undertook against the classics. *Apropos* of these he gives an interesting sketch of Madame Dorval, the great actress of the rising romantic school. In the pages of Dumas, she appears an angel of beauty and voice. In our recollection, she was one of the most powerful of actresses, but her features were vulgar, and the want, or the apparent want, of a roof to her mouth, gave to her voice an expression perfectly hideous, which it required all her talent to redeem. Dumas' career and successes as a dramatist deserve, however, to be treated specially and apart. He himself has as yet scarcely entered on the subject, and has but sketched the characters of his predecessors. His portraiture of Delavigne, rather of the harshest, has led to some controversy. For whilst St. Beuve in his "*Causeries de Lundi*" has partly taken up the defence of Delavigne, Salvandy has published a long essay in the "*Débats*," not merely defending but apotheosizing his friend. French writers of the present day, indeed, knowing they have been forbidden to touch on politics, have transferred their combats to the literary soil. And the merits of Paul Louis Courier or Chateaubriand have become the kind of topics, which engross the essayist and the critic.

Of the highest power in such a tournament, Dumas is not so successful on other topics. For example, when he sketches England, Dumas is rudely ignorant. He has three chapters on Byron full of nonsense and error. As many on the Emperor Alexander are mere book-making. And yet even in these there is that charm of vivacious and agreeable narrative, which compels the reader to continue. It is remarkable how intensely French,

one may say, indeed, how narrowly French some of the best French writers are. Dumas, Hugo, Sue, Scribe, are all French in their prejudices and ignorance, as well as in the higher qualities of vivacity, force, and dramatic power. Madame Sand is not so ultra-French, and Lamartine, the best writer of all, perhaps is cosmopolite. The most interesting part of this autobiography will be, no doubt, where it begins to treat of his illustrious cotemporaries, with some of whom he is on the worst, but, with others, on the best of terms. But Dumas is free-spoken. He promises full-length pictures of all his literary friends and acquaintances. And as the "Presse" owes its great vogue and sale to these publications, which are at the same time the main sheet of poor Dumas' resources in his present exile, we may expect even more life and interest from what is to come, than from the parts already written.

Part of an Article from Fraser's Magazine.

SOME ACCOUNT OF MRS. BEECHER STOWE AND HER FAMILY.

BY AN ALABAMA MAN.

THE family to which Mrs. Stowe belongs, is more widely and favorably known than almost any other in the United States. It consists of the following persons:—

1. Rev. Lyman Beecher, the father, a doctor of divinity, ex-president of Lane theological seminary, and late pastor * of a Presbyterian church at Cincinnati, Ohio.
2. Rev. William Beecher, pastor at Chillicothe, Ohio.
3. Rev. Edward Beecher, pastor at Boston, Massachusetts.
4. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, pastor at New York city.
5. Rev. Charles Beecher, pastor at Newark, New Jersey.
6. Rev. Thomas Beecher, pastor at Williamsburg, New Jersey.
7. Rev. George Beecher, deceased several years since. His death was caused by the accidental discharge of a gun. At the time he was one of the most eminent men in the western church.
8. Mr. James Beecher, engaged in commercial business at Boston.
9. Miss Catherine Beecher.
10. Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.
11. Mrs. Perkins.
12. Mrs. Hooker.

Twelve! the apostolic number. And of the twelve, seven apostles of the pulpit and two of the pen, after the manner of the nineteenth century. Of the other three, one has been swept into commerce by the strong current setting that way in America; and the other two, wives of lawyers of respectable standing, and mothers of families, have been absorbed by the cares and affections of domestic life. They are said to be in no way inferior, in point of natural endowments, to the nine who have chosen to play their parts in life before a larger public. Indeed, persons who know intimately all the twelve, are puzzled to assign superiority to any

* This word, though strange to English ears, is the only one used in the United States to designate a stationed minister of the Presbyterian and a few other denominations.

one of them. With the shades of difference which always obtain between individual characters, they bear a striking resemblance to each other, not only physically but intellectually and morally. All of them are about the common size—the doctor being a trifle below it, and some of the sons a trifle above it—neither stout nor slight, but compactly and ruggedly built. Their movements and gestures have much of the abruptness and want of grace common in Yankee land, where the opera and dancing-school are considered as institutions of Satan. Their features are large and irregular, and though not free from a certain manly beauty in the men, are scarcely redeemed from homeliness in the women, by the expression of intelligence and wit which lights them up, and fairly sparkles in the bluish-gray eyes.

All of them have the energy of character. restless activity, strong convictions, tenacity of purpose, deep sympathies, and spirit of self-sacrifice which are such invaluable qualities in the character of propagandists. It would be impossible for the theologians among them to be members of any other than the Church militant. Father and sons, they have ever been in the thickest of the battles fought in the Church and by it; and always have moved together in solid column. To them, questions of scholastic theology are mummeries, dry and attractionless; they are practical, living in the real present, dealing with questions which palpitate with vitality. Temperance, foreign and home missions, the influence of commerce on public morality, the conversion of young men, the establishment of the theological seminaries, education, colonization, abolition, and political obligations of Christians; on matters such as these do the Beechers expend their energies. Nor do they disdain taking an active part in public affairs; one of them was appointed, at New York city, to address Kossuth on his arrival. What is remarkable is, that though they have come in violent collision with many of the abuses of American society, their motives have never been seriously attacked. This exemption from the ordinary lot of reformers is owing, not only to their consistent disinterestedness, but to a certain Yankee prudence, which prevents their advancing without being sure of battalions behind them; and, also to a reputation the family has acquired for eccentricity. As public speakers, they are far above mediocrity; not graceful, but eloquent, with a lively scorn of the mean and perception of the comic, which overflow in pungent wit and withering satire; and sometimes, in the heat of extemporaneous speaking, in biting sarcasm. Their style of oratory would often seem, to a staid, church-going Englishman, to contrast too strongly with the usual decorum of the pulpit.

Nine of the Beechers are authors. They are known to the reading and religious public of the United States, by reviews, essays, sermons, orations, debates, and discourses on a great variety of subjects, chiefly of local or momentary interest. All of these productions are marked by vigorous thought; very few by that artistic excellence that conformity to the laws of the ideal, which alone confer a lasting value on the creations of the brain. Many of them are controversial, or wear an aggressive air which is unmistakable. Those which are of durable interest, and of a high order of literary merit, are six temperance sermons by Dr. Beecher; a volume of practical sermons by the same; the *Virgin and her Son*, an imaginative

work by Charles Beecher, with an introduction by Mrs. Stowe; some articles on Biblical Literature, by Edward Beecher; *Truth stranger than Fiction*, and other Tales, by Miss Catherine Beecher; *Domestic Economy*, by the same; *Twelve Lectures to Young Men*, by Henry Ward Beecher; *An Introduction to the Works of Charlotte Elizabeth*, by Mrs. Stowe; *The May-Flower*, by Mrs. Stowe, being a collection of stories originally published in the newspapers; and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. I am sorry not to be able to place in this category many letters, essays, and addresses on education, and particularly those from the pen of Catherine Beecher. Before Mrs. Stowe's last book, her celebrity was hardly equal to her maiden sister's. Catharine had a wider reputation as an authoress, and her indefatigable activity in the cause of education had won for her very general esteem. I may add, in this connection, that it is to her the United States are indebted for the only extensively useful association for preparing and sending capable female teachers to the West. She had the energy and the tact to organize and put it in successful operation.

Such is the family in the bosom of which Mrs. Stowe's character has been formed. We cannot dismiss it without pausing before the venerable figure of the father, to whom the honor of determining the bent of the children properly belongs. Dr. Lyman Beecher is now seventy-eight years old. Born before the American Revolution, he has been, until recently, actively and ably discharging duties which would be onerous for most men in the prime of life. He was the son of a New England blacksmith, and was brought up to the trade of his father. He had arrived at mature age when he quitted the anvil, and began his collegiate studies at Yale College, New Haven. Ten years later, we find him pastor of the church at Litchfield, and rising into fame as a pulpit orator. His six sermons on temperance extended his reputation through the United States; I might say through Europe, for they ran rapidly through several editions in England, and were translated into several languages on the Continent. Being now favorably known, he was called to the pastoral charge of the most influential Presbyterian Church at Boston, where he remained until 1832. In that year a project long entertained by that portion of the Presbyterian Church, whose active and enlightened piety and liberal tendencies had gained for it the name of New School, was put into execution; the Lane Theological and Literary Seminary was founded. Its object being to prepare young men for the Gospel ministry, such facilities for manual labor were offered by it as to make it feasible for any young man of industry to defray by his own exertions a large part of the expenses of his education. Dr. Beecher had long been regarded as the only man competent to direct an institution which, it was fondly hoped, would demonstrate the practicability of educating mind and body at the same time, infuse new energy into the work of domestic and foreign missions, and revolutionize the Presbyterian Church. A large corps of learned and able professors was selected to aid him. The doctor removed to his new home in the immediate neighborhood of Cincinnati, and remained there until 1850, with what success in his chief object we shall hereafter see.

A certain eccentricity of manner and character, and sharpness of repartee, have given rise to hun-

dreds of amusing anecdotes respecting Dr. Beecher. Some of them paint the man.

His lively sense of the comic element in everything, breaks out on the most unlikely occasions. One dark night, as he was driving home, with his wife and Mrs. Stowe in the carriage, the whole party was upset over a bank about fifteen feet high. They had no sooner extricated themselves from the wreck, than Mrs. Beecher and Mrs. Stowe, who were unhurt, returned thanks for their providential escape: "Speak for yourselves," said the doctor, who was feeling his bruises; "I have got a good many hard bumps, anyhow."

In many matters, he is what Miss Olivia would have called "shiftless." None of the Goldsmith family were more so. No appeal to him for charity, or a contribution to a good cause, ever goes unresponded to, so long as he has any money in his pockets. As the family income is not unlimited, this generosity is sometimes productive of inconvenience. One day, his wife had given him from the common purse twenty-five or thirty dollars in bills, with particular instructions to buy a coat, of which he stood in need. He went down to the city to make the purchase, but stopping on the way at a meeting in behalf of foreign missions, the box was handed round, and in went his little roll of bills. He forgot his coat in his anxiety for the Sandwich Islanders.

Well do I remember the first time I heard him preach. It was seventeen years ago. From early childhood I had been taught to reverence the name of the great divine and orator, and I had long promised myself the pleasure of listening to him. My first Sunday morning in Cincinnati found me sitting with his congregation. The pastor was not as punctual as the flock. Several minutes had elapsed after the regular hour for beginning the service, when one of the doors opened, and I saw a hale looking old gentleman enter. As he pulled off his hat, half a dozen papers covered with notes of sermons fluttered down to the floor; the hat appeared to contain a good many more. Stooping down and picking them up deliberately, he came scuttling along down the aisle, with a step so quick and resolute as rather to alarm certain prejudices I had on the score of clerical solemnity. Had I met him on a parade ground, I should have singled him out as some general in undress, spite of the decided stoop contracted in study; the iron-gray hair brushed stiffly towards the back of the head; the keen, sagacious eyes, the firm, hard lines of the brown and wrinkled visage, and the passion and power latent about the mouth with its long and scornful under-lip, bespoke a character more likely to attack than to defend, to do than to suffer. His manner did not change my first impression. The ceremonies preliminary to the sermon were despatched in rather a summary way. A petition in the long prayer was expressed so pithily I have never forgotten it. I forget now what reprehensible intrigue our rulers were busy in at the time, but the doctor, after praying for their adoption of various useful measures, alluded to their conduct in the following terms: "And, O Lord! grant we may not despise our rulers; and grant they may not act so that we can't help it." It may be doubted whether any English bishop has ever uttered a similar prayer for king and parliament. To deliver his sermon, the preacher stood bolt upright, stiff as a musket. At first, he twitched off and replaced his spectacles a dozen times in as

many minutes with a nervous motion, gesturing meanwhile with frequent pump-handle strokes of his right arm; but, as he went on, his unaffected language began to glow with animation, his simple style became figurative and graphic, and flashes of irony lighted up the dark ground-work of his puritanical reasoning. Smiles and tears chased each other over the faces of many in the audience. His peroration was one of great beauty and power. I have heard him hundreds of times since, and he has never failed to justify his claim to the title of "the old man eloquent."

Harriet Beecher was born in Litchfield about the year 1812. After the removal of the family to Boston, she enjoyed the best educational advantages of that city. With the view of preparing herself for the business of instruction, she acquired all the ordinary accomplishments of ladies, and much of the learning usually reserved for the stronger sex. At an early age she began to aid her elder sister, Catherine, in the management of a flourishing female school, which had been built up by the latter. When their father went west, the sisters accompanied him, and opened a similar establishment in Cincinnati.

This city is situated on the northern bank of the Ohio. The range of hills which hugs the river for hundreds of miles above, here recedes from it in a semi-circle, broken by a valley and several ravines, leaving a basin several square miles in surface. This is the site of the busy manufacturing and commercial town which, in 1832, contained less than forty thousand inhabitants, and at present contains more than one hundred and twenty thousand—a rapid increase, which must be attributed, in a great measure, to the extensive trade it carries on with the slave states. The high hill, whose point, now crowned with an observatory, overhangs the city on the east, stretches away to the east and north in a long sweep of table-land. On this is situated Lane Seminary—Mrs. Stowe's home for eighteen long years. Near the seminary buildings, and on the public road, are certain comfortable brick residences, situated in yards green with turfed grass, and half-concealed from view by acacias, locusts, rose-bushes, and vines of honeysuckle and clematis. These were occupied by Dr. Beecher and the professors. There are other residences more pretending in appearance, occupied by bankers, merchants, and men of fortune. The little village thus formed is called Walnut Hills, and is one of the prettiest in the environs of Cincinnati.

For several years after her removal to this place, Harriet Beecher continued to teach in connexion with her sister. She did so until her marriage with the Rev. Calvin E. Stowe, professor of biblical literature in the seminary of which her father was president. This gentleman was already one of the most distinguished ecclesiastical savans in America. After graduating with honor at Bowdoin College, Maine, and taking his theological degree at Andover, he had been appointed professor at Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, whence he had been called to Lane Seminary. Mrs. Stowe's married life has been of that equable and sober happiness so common in the families of Yankee clergymen. It has been blessed with a numerous offspring, of whom five are still living. Mrs. Stowe has known the fatigues of watching over the sick bed, and her heart has felt that grief which eclipses all others—that of a bereaved mother. Much of her time has been devoted to the educa-

tion of her children, while the ordinary household cares have devolved on a friend or distant relative who has always resided with her. She employed her leisure in contributing occasional pieces, tales and novelettes, to the magazines and newspapers. Her writings were of a high moral tone, and deservedly popular. Only a small portion of them are comprised in the volume—*The Mayflower*—already mentioned.

From Elisa Cook's Journal.

A SKETCH.

THE summer sun is stealing fast away,
And merry children join in noisy mirth,
Laughing and leaping in the golden ray,
The wildest and the gayest things of earth.

Fair forms are bounding rapidly about,
Light as the fairy imps in sylvan rings,
Drowning the blackbird's song with ringing shout,
And chasing down the moth with azure wings.

But there is one, in quiet lonely mood,
Taking a shadowy path apart from all,
Choosing the mossy margin, where the flood
Leads to the loud and dashing waterfall.

Slow, lingering—now to gaze upon the tide,
And watch the swelling ripples gliding by;
Now bending o'er the brooklet's shelving side,
With stiller breathing and a closer eye.

He muses with a long and earnest glance,
Noting the things his playmates never heed;
Pausing to see the water-lilies dance
To the soft music of the wave-splashed reed.

He wonders none beside himself can find
Something to wonder at in woods and streams,
And knows not that his fresh untutored mind
Is dreaming busily the poet's dreams.

He feels the immortal light of spirit live
Within his breast—but knows not that in years
To come, that warm and flashing ray will give
The brightest rainbow through the bitterest tears.

Life's sands run on, the wayward child is now
All that foreboding tongues erst prophesied;
Reflection's cloud has darkened on the brow,
And all youth promised, Time has not denied.

The cheeks have less of roundness and of red,
The gray eye has become more softly deep;
The lips are thinner, but the spirit shed
Around them tells that feeling does not sleep.

And still he takes the lonely way, and still
He saunters idly, seeming to love best
That which he loved of old—the wimpling rill
And the thick wood that holds the owl's nest.

Yet does he lean against the straggling tree
When summer flings her blossoms at his feet;
And still he thinks the whirring of the bee
And distant tinkling sheep-bell music sweet.

Yet does he wander on a starry night,
When crystal dew-gems glitter on the sod;
Still will he hold upon the mountain height
Close questioning with Nature and its God.

What is he? Hark! the busy voice of Fame
Sounds 'neath the household roof from heart to heart,
And heralds forth his glory and his name,
In notes whose echoes never shall depart.

What is he? Ask it of his own proud breast,
That glows amid cold poverty and wrong;
His lyre shall tell thee—he is bright and blest,
The worshipped and the poor—a Child of Song.

JOHN SERGEANT.

[Among the best subjects of pride belonging to the Philadelphians of the past generation, were the stainless and high characters of the three most eminent members of that Bar, and very intimate friends throughout their lives—Charles Chauncey, John Sergeant, and Horace Binney. We copy, with much sensibility, the words of the last.]

At a meeting of the Philadelphia Bar, held 26th of Nov., the Hon. William M. Meredith thus introduced resolutions, part of which we copy.

Before offering the resolutions which I am about to propose for the adoption of the Bar, I desire to state that they go beyond the tokens of respect and regret usual on similar occasions. On the loss of an associate of greatly more than ordinary merit, it is becoming that there should be an expression of something more than ordinary sensibility.

Mr. Sergeant was born in this city, and lived here for seventy-three years, during fifty-three of which he was, as an advocate and counsellor, one of the ministers of justice. He has been known and honored for half a century, and in ability, in learning, in integrity, in liberal fairness, and in habitual courtesy, he has maintained the reputation of the Bar of Philadelphia, and supported the inherent dignity of the profession.

In speaking of a few of the more prominent points of his character, I shall but give a voice to the feelings and opinions of all who surround me, among whom are included friends of his youth, associates of his manhood, and reverers of his age. Earnest and convincing as an advocate, he was wise and faithful as a counsellor, and remarkable as a lawyer for comprehension, vigorous and clear intelligence, for patience of investigation and force of argument. Truth, directness, and fidelity pervaded his character.

Immersed throughout life in great professional concerns, he found time to perform, with uncommon interest and ability, the duties that devolved on him as a citizen. His countenance, his wealth, his aid, his active and energetic exertions by word and deed, were given with devotion and effect to the support of all the primary interests of society; to every effort to uphold the cause of morals and order, or advance the progress of learning, or establish in permanent institutions the interests of humanity and justice.

On the larger stage of public duty, on which his career was long and his position conspicuous, he was always faithful to his country. Never neutral in his feelings—always decided in the expression of his opinions—often involved in the political heats of the hour, his earnest sincerity and manly frankness, while they conciliated the attachment of his political friends, commanded at all times the respect of those who differed from him most widely and most warmly in sentiment.

He who was so mindful of his duties toward man, could not well be otherwise than humble and true in his fidelity to the Almighty. He fulfilled his duties to society by the example of regular attendance on public worship, and lived and died as became a sincere and pious Christian. Therefore his age was pleasant and tranquil, and his death full of peace, and therefore he is mourned by the friends to whom he was endeared—by the profession which he adorned—by the community which he benefitted, and regretted by every citizen of our

common country who is capable of appreciating private virtue and public service.

It becomes us, the members of the Bar of Philadelphia, who have enjoyed the advantage of the bright example during his life, to strengthen and extend its influence by the honors which we pay to his memory.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That we lament the bereavement which this profession sustains in the death of John Sergeant, who for so many years has made part of its distinction and pride, and who, throughout his long and active career, has been eminent, not more for his abilities than his virtues, and is worthy of admiration, not more for his great devotion to his client than for his fidelity to Justice and the Law.

Resolved, That we honor the sense of moral responsibility and the spirit of diffusive benevolence by which our late fellow-citizen was so usefully connected with this community at large, which led him constantly to look beyond the possession of talents, to a comprehensive and beneficent use of them, and, while serving individual interests and justice in the unremitted labors of a long and active and most useful professional career, animated his efforts in every cause of social and public improvement.

Resolved, That, as a further token of respect to his character, the proceedings of this meeting be published in the papers of this city, in the National Intelligencer, at Washington, and, with leave of the Supreme Court of this State, and of the Circuit Court of the United States, be inserted as an obituary in the next volume of their printed decisions.

The resolutions were thus seconded by the Hon. Horace Binney :

I concur in these resolutions; I approve and second them with my whole heart, warmly and sincerely. They are beyond the common scope, as Mr. Meredith has observed, and therefore I approve of them. I do not do this as a ceremony, or in mere conformity with the custom which has grown up at this bar within the last thirty years—the custom of making some offering or tribute to every member of the bar that departs this life. The usage proceeds unquestionably from an amiable source, but I have never been able entirely to approve of it. It impairs the expression of spontaneity, cordiality, and sincerity, which every such commemoration ought to have, and must have, to be of any value. The death of Mr. Sergeant, if there had been no such custom, would have brought this bar together by an instantaneous and irrepressible emotion. They would have offered him these resolutions with one mind and one heart, and would have adopted them with one unanimous voice. I exclude from my mind all influence of the custom, which in ordinary cases is taken by the world as a mere formality, and produces a bad rather than a good effect. I yield to the influence and impulse of the occasion, and second these resolutions with my whole heart; I am sure they will be adopted by the bar with the same feeling and with entire unanimity.

I might, indeed, Mr. Chairman, spare myself the pain of saying any more, and you the trouble of hearing it, after having listened to these resolutions, which, comprehensively as well as specifically, draw the character of Mr. Sergeant, in its breadth, in its depth, and in its highest import. But I know what is expected of me, however painful it is for me to meet the demand. I know what is expected of me as his friend and contemporary. I know that it is expected of me to dwell not in

general terms of eulogy upon his character, but upon some of his individual characteristics, which have been exhibited to me in the course of a very long and intimate association with him. You expect from my long acquaintance with him, from our constant association for so many years, that some points of his character, some characteristics of his mind, which have struck me, and which were not always so discernible in the public demonstrations that he gave, should be made known to you. It is only for the purpose of adverting to these particulars that I ask your attention for a few moments.

Mr. Sergeant began, continued, and ended his adult life in the presence of some or more persons who are now in this audience. Its outset, you either know or have heard, was without censure, or reproach, or the shadow of either. His was an honorable and virtuous youth. And he continued from year to year, during his whole life, increasing his titles to respect and honor every day, until he achieved the highest degrees of both—as wise men estimate degrees of honor and respect—by merit, and not by accident, or fortune, or the breath of popular applause. He has rounded the whole circle of his life, fully, completely, perfectly. He has descended to his rest with the mild serenity and beauty of the setting sun, after a course as uninterrupted and regular as the annual movement of the earth round that orb itself. He has more than lived out what the Psalmist calls “the days of our age.” He has escaped the “labor and sorrow” that are foreboded to the strength that attains “fourscore;” and now from henceforth, by the necessity which makes the past unchangeable, there is to be no decline nor decay in his bright example. I regard Mr. Sergeant as a fortunate man.

I have said, Mr. Chairman, that his adult life was begun, continued, and ended in the presence of living witnesses that are before me. Most of you have seen a part of it. Some of you have seen a considerable part of it. There is one, and perhaps only one, who has seen the whole of it, and he is not the calmest to speak of it, nor the fittest to judge of it, and, it may be, is the least competent to represent it as it ought to be represented. But as I have known him long, and known him well, with an intimacy that was never surpassed between two men, it is my duty to exhibit my impression of it as it remains and ever will remain with me, as clearly as I can.

I knew him well; I respected him truly; I honored him faithfully; I honored and respected him to the end of his life; I shall honor and respect his memory to the end of my own. No trivial incongruities of feeling or opinion; no misinterpretations, however arising; no petty gust; no cloud of a hand's breadth, which may and will chill or overcast the common sky of the truest friends in a life of fifty-five years, ever for a single instant disturbed the foundations of my regard for him, or even reached the depths in which they were laid. These foundations were laid upon his principles, as I well knew them fifty years ago. They were laid deep upon that sure basis; and they were beyond the reach of change or chance, as his principles were.

Mr. Sergeant and myself were fellow-students in the office of the late Jared Ingersoll—a name that I can never mention without the profoundest veneration, as my master and guide in the law—and it was the good fortune of both Mr. Sergeant and myself to be raised under the eye of such a man,

at such a time. It may not be known to the present age, but it is an indisputable fact, that in that venerable man's person there were almost two distinct natures, of different qualities, though both of them excellent; his nature in reflection and his nature in action. In reflection he was, or appeared to be, rather slow, uncertain, deliberate—poising and balancing thought against thought, and authority against authority, as if he did not wish to approach the conclusion; and the consequence of it, I believe, was, that while he was generally, and for the most part right, if he ever was otherwise, it was because the truth of the conclusion was hurt by the slowness of the process. This was one nature. But when he came into action he was the most clear, decided, bold, acute, far-sighted man that I have ever seen in my life, as it regarded all the purposes of his cause; and he sprang to his conclusion instantly and fearlessly, as if he came to it by inspiration. In both of these natures, however different in their character, he was a fine example to the students in his office, whom he permitted to know him, and to trace, as it were, the steps of his mind even in its coldest operations; and often did we hear him, through the glass door of his office on the other side of the way, treading his regular steps across the floor, and soliloquizing the points of an opinion or a cause, for the purpose of giving himself the stimulus which he felt that he required. When he got before a jury, he was the most dangerous adversary that any gentleman could meet. In my perhaps partial opinion he was the ablest advocate of the bar before a jury, when he was in his prime and vigor, whether his cause was good or bad, and before the court also, if his cause was good, or probably so.

Mr. Sergeant was admitted into Mr. Ingersoll's office some few, perhaps half a dozen, months before me. We were of the same age within a short month. He was admitted to the bar a term in advance of me; he in December, 1799, and myself in the following March. In Mr. Ingersoll's office Mr. Sergeant was a faithful student—addicted to little pleasure—social, cheerful, and gay, with the friends whom he preferred; and giving to myself, without stint, all the leisure time that he had, by night and by day, for the purpose of refreshment, or of mutual benefit, in the course of our studies.

He had at that time, what all have since observed, an extraordinary quickness of thought, and an equally extraordinary grasp or comprehension of the thought or argument that was opposed to him. Whatever he studied, he knew well; and when he left the office was as accomplished a student as ever was admitted to the bar. Mr. Ingersoll's opinion of him was such that I recollect upon one occasion when I went to the master to solve a doubt which my ignorance had not comprehended, that he said to me, “Go to Mr. Sergeant; he has been over that, and he can tell you if anybody can.” I accordingly went to him, and he told me. This remarkable power of Mr. Sergeant's quickness of thought and grasp of comprehension of whatever was submitted to him, either on the same side or against him, you must have been familiar with. I saw it in its bud; you have seen it in its development. It was the same flower more fully developed; but having, from the strength of my first impression, no more freshness or beauty to me at any hour than when I saw it in its opening. He had, with this most striking and available faculty, another that was peculiar to him. He manifested more of

it when he was young and in middle life than he afterwards thought fit to use; because, perhaps there were at times some inconveniences arising from it. But I state it, as it will serve to show the character of his mind. He had the faculty of condensing in an adage, or in a colloquial expression, drawn from the mother-wit and humor of the people, an answer to a proposition that he rejected, which at least took out of the argument all the affectation it may have had, if it did not effectually overthrow it. At times this faculty was peculiarly effective with the jury; and it often cut as deeply into the adversary as it did into his argument. But with the increasing elevation of his walk and full ascertainment of his strength he made a more sparing use of it.

In addition to his quickness, grasp of thought, and power of comprehension, he derived, through an excellent education, the art of arranging his argument with perfect skill, according to the rules of the most effective logic; and he was able to penetrate the want of it in anybody that was opposed to him. He never split hairs—he never confused his premises and conclusion, by blending them together or involving them in any way; and he never permitted any one to do it against him; and he marched to his conclusion by a path or paths that he was willing to let everybody trace and examine after he had completed the passage; and it was not safe for any man to do otherwise with him.

His first striking success at the bar you all remember, or will remember it when I state that it was in the case of *Bender vs. Fromberger*, in 1806. I need not say what that case was; as often as I have thought of it, and of its effect upon him, I have thought of him as any person acquainted with the case and counsel will think when he refers to the case of *Ackroyd and Smith*, in Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*. It settled his position at the bar—it settled it with the court; for though, after gaining the cause upon matters of pleading, and gaining also one of the points, and an important one, upon the merits—that of the return of the purchase-money, with interest, upon a covenant of general warranty—he lost it upon the other, that is to say, the claim to indemnity to the value of the improvements; he gained more than he lost in the compliment that was paid him from the bench, and is introduced into the report, that, if any argument would have shaken the opinion of the judge, it would have been Mr. Sergeant's. That was fully equivalent to what Dunning said to Mr. Scott, when he rose to support a case at the assizes in opposition to *Ackroyd and Smith*. "Sit down, Mr. Scott; I will not hear you; are you not the Mr. Scott that argued the case of *Ackroyd and Smith*?" "Yes, may it please your lordship." "Then, sir, I will not hear you. I have read your argument in that case, and neither you nor any man living can answer it."

Mr. Sergeant, I need not say, advanced from that time, steadily and uninterruptedly, until he came to the position that he finally held. His progress was more rapid than that of some of his contemporaries, but at length they approached nearly to his position; and it was from being concerned myself frequently on the same side with him that I came at length to know the peculiar habits of his mind, to which, perhaps, some of the bar may be strangers. Any man, in any position, at that time could know what his powers were. No man

could so well know as myself the manner in which he brought his powers into action.

I have said that he was quick, comprehensive, logical; his mind was, moreover, altogether of a suggestive character. He did not like to read for the purpose of thinking; he thought for the purpose of reading to corroborate or to rectify his thoughts. Whether that would be the better way with minds less suggestive than his own is more than I can say. It was his striking way, and sometimes, while it exposed him to inconvenience, at other times it gave him a sort of electric power that was altogether marvellous. He was not, according to my impression, the best consultant in the world with his colleague. He would think (and that was his delight), he would suggest, and he would reason; but it was in a manner comparatively cold, and before he approached the true bearing either of the authorities or of the case. He always had this preference to the last day of his professional life; for I have witnessed it not many years before its conclusion. Wherever I was concerned with him I certainly relieved him from all the practical inconveniences of it. I relieved him, except upon one occasion, when, unfortunately and unexpectedly, the whole burden of an important cause was thrown upon himself.

But, then, as I understood, he raised himself up from under the whole weight, and cast it upon the opposite side with extraordinary effect, by the defensive exercise of his speculative power, to gain the time that was necessary for the more precise consideration of the case, and the authorities bearing upon it. I refer to the case of *Lessee of Livingston vs. Moore*. Upon that occasion, Mr. Sergeant and myself being together, this sort of adaptation of one to the other was perfectly well known and understood between us. The preparation of the case and general bearings of it were left to me, and he gave himself no further concern. He thought of it generally; he had the general principles of the law in his mind; he had suggested various matters, and, in fine, all the work that his mind had to do was done; but everybody knows that it is not the mind alone that must work at the bar, to work effectually. The cause was called on when Judge Hopkinson sat in that chair where Mr. Justice Gibson now sits. It was a cause of vast magnitude; it was a cause of great public interest; it was the *Nicholson* case; and the day before it came on I was stretched upon my bed with an acute inflammatory attack, which entirely disabled me. He sent for my eldest son, and asked what he should do. He made his motion to the court the next day for a continuation of the cause, in consequence of my illness; but there being another counsel engaged on the same side, the court refused his motion, and quite properly, too. Mr. Sergeant was, then, to go into that cause without the aid of a pioneer, trusting to what the preceding counsel, who was from the country, could furnish. That counsel had worked for his own mind, but not for Mr. Sergeant's. After he had spoken some forty minutes to the cause, and had said all that he thought material, but which was not all that was material for the cause, nor for Mr. Sergeant, who was to follow him, he said that no man of understanding would detain the court by speaking for a longer period in such a cause than three-quarters of an hour. There was the predicament; and how did he relieve himself from it? You know the discursive character of his reasoning

when he thought it necessary; you know the manner in which his pregnant mind would throw off suggestion after suggestion, always connected more or less with the subject, having the due character and order of ratiocination, tending apparently to the conclusion, even when he saw himself that it was something wide of it. This was his defensive speech against the order of the judge; and, after he had talked the clock round, he went into his office, and on the next morning—how much of the night he gave to it I do not know, if it were less than the whole—he came into court, and, as I understood from those who witnessed it, made a most clear, effective, and decisive effort, which gained the cause. During the session afterwards we argued the same case together at Washington, with the same success. That was the character of his mind. When the burden rested upon himself he prepared his causes well; but when he had his choice it was the delight of his mind to think, speculate, to suggest, and to leave to another mind the work of more precise preparation.

I need not say what was the extent of his learning or the effectiveness with which he handled every cause that was submitted to him; you have been the witnesses of that; but I may speak of what were the moral qualities of the man during his whole career at the bar. His honor and integrity in all that regarded the profession or the management of his cause were not only above impeachment or imputation, but beyond the thought of it. So distinct and universal was this impression that if any man had directed a battery of that sort against him, the recoil would have prostrated him to the earth. His heart, his mind, his principles, his conscience, his bond to man, and his bond to Heaven, which he had given early, and which, to the last, he never intentionally violated, would have made it, humanly speaking, impossible to him to swerve from his integrity. It is the best example for the rising generation to have before them. He was perfectly fair; there was no evasion, no stratagem, no surprisal, no invocation of prejudice, no appeal to unworthy passions; he was above, far above, all this. Mr. Sergeant had too much strength, indeed, to make use of such arts, to say nothing of his virtue. He was charitable in doing work at the bar without pecuniary compensation, though not without reward; he had that which in his judgment was the best. But he did not do it ostentatiously. He did not do it by proclamation, informing the court in the presence of the bystanders that he had not received a fee, but that it would make no difference with him. He never let his left hand know what his right hand did. Still less did he ever impose upon the left hand of others, by informing them of what his right hand had not done. He was in every respect internally, in the heart, a most kind man. I do not mean that he was kind by routine—kind by ceremonial courtesy. I mean that he was kind in principle, and kind in the affections of his heart. Mr. Sergeant was a man of a most refined, delicate, and susceptible organization. His instincts, quicker than his thoughts, would perceive, or think they perceived, the appearance of a disposition to assail or wound him personally; and he would sometimes repel or retort the injury or the sting where there was no intention of either the one or the other. But he was placable and not self-excusing. When the delicate tissue of his nerves was smoothed and quieted down, and

the language of the heart came forth, it was not only clear and plain, but the very countenance with which he expressed it was both attractive and seductive. It drew you more completely to him, and away from yourself. His best friends knew this quality, and that it was the accompaniment of a sensitive and rather susceptible nature, and it never diminished their regard for him.

Having spoken of his manners at the bar, and the example he gave to the bar, I ought to speak of the range of his mind as the conclusion of the whole matter. The range of Mr. Sergeant's mind was just as wide as the whole circle of his professional necessities. He knew the bearings of every part of the law, although he had not penetrated into every nook and corner of it. But he could draw his resources from every part with equal ease when it was necessary. And it was often a matter of doubt in my own mind with what branch of the law he was most conversant. He had acquired an early training in criminal law, and in that he not only went before his contemporaries, but he stood on one side of them, walking a different line. He was of course generally accomplished, as you may judge from what I have said. But if he had any predilection—and I think he had—the discursiveness of his mind inclined him to such questions as would not fetter him by the chains of authority, but would suffer him to choose for himself the path in which his own suggestive powers could work freely. Upon more than one occasion he rose to the highest degree of excellence in the class of constitutional questions. They were the best suited to him. But he worked with ease and vigor in many fields. It was not altogether so with our predecessors at this bar. Although they were all competent, able, and effective men, there was a marked difference in them in respect to their particular excellence. Mr. Lewis was the crown lawyer—the criminal lawyer by way of eminence. Mr. Tilghman was the lawyer for estates and tenures, devises and remainders. Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Rawle were most able advocates, and more able than others in the commercial law. And Mr. Duponceau was the prime leader in maritime and public law. At that time the preference was given by all of them to the leader in that particular branch upon which the case might depend. In modern times I believe this practice is forgotten and passed away. General finish and accomplishment prevail, and there is no one now can claim to himself a prominent ability in any particular branch. So much for Mr. Sergeant's professional character and professional life.

In early life he had a decisive attraction for politics and to political position. He left two of his contemporaries in making that selection, and he was gratified to the extent of his wishes by employments in public life frequently and generally, from the year 1805 to 1837; from 1805, when he was just known at the bar, to 1837, when he was at the head of the bar, and also at the same time at the head of the convention for reforming the constitution of the state. He had affinities for public and political questions, and felt a strong attraction to the incidents of public life. How nobly he maintained himself afterwards; how truly he proved his qualifications for the position; with what fine manners, pure morality, personal dignity, and exalted talents he maintained himself there; how extensively and constantly he gratified the pride of his constituents; what im-

mense profit accrued from his services to the city, the state, and the country; or how faithfully and strenuously he asserted the authority of the constitution, and of the whole constitution, I need not tell you. It was all a virtuous delight to him. He loved the stirring debate, the sympathetic combinations of men, the excitement, the agitation, the hopes, and the very fears of the pending issue, and the triumph of victory; and defeat was no depression to him, nor did it bring the least despondency. Nothing prevented him from immediately rallying with new tactics and new vigor for another campaign. I witnessed and sympathized with his delight, and he often spoke of it. But Mr. Sergeant was not a man of affectation; he had not a particle of it in his nature. He was himself, *totus atque veres*, as to all his duties, private, professional, and public. He reconciled every one of them with the others, and with as much ability as any man I ever knew. He reconciled all his public life with his professional life, and carried on a regular and extensive practice in the courts while he held one of the highest positions in Congress. I personally knew that he never lost sight of them; and, if he had, he knew that, in that sincerity which was the bond of our common intercourse, he would have received, and would expect to receive, an admonitory suggestion from myself. When he was offered the mission to Panama he consulted me in reference to it; for we were in a professional relation in important causes—one particularly—that if I had thought it had been wrong he would have thought it a desertion, and would have declined the appointment. He told me that he was prepared to do so. I told him to go, and that I should be happy in bearing any portion of the burden in his absence. He afterwards consulted me in regard to a mission to England, which, if my memory serves me, was a mission anterior to that which is said to have been offered him by General Taylor. He wrote me a letter from Washington, asking me what I thought of it in all its relations; and I wrote to him that if he could go to England, and afterwards leave the mission without returning to the bar, he ought to do so; but if he could not, that he ought not; and he refused it. He was a man who would never sacrifice his private or contracted duties to public life in such times as we have lived in. He was a man of too much discernment, and knew too well the state of things in which we live to have made a sacrifice there which would have involved a larger sacrifice elsewhere. He was, no one can doubt, possessed of a deep love of country, of patriotism in its highest sense, of the desire of extensive usefulness; but he never thought, and it would be gross injustice for any one to think, that a deep love of country, patriotism, and a desire of extensive usefulness cannot exist with a devotion to the concerns of private and professional life, and a rejection of public service. He had too much sense, reason, and justice for that. He would not surrender to rebuke in that way the friends that were by his side, and were never from his side. If this is a defensive word, gentlemen, let me remark that it is on behalf of the dead rather than the living. In all points of his character, Mr. Chairman; in all positions that he took; in all the manifestations of his mind, he was open, sincere, consistent, and faithful to that main principle within him, that he was bound, and ever bound, to all that he had assumed towards

his friends and towards his own family. That it takes an iota from his praise no one can suppose.

Mr. Chairman, I have gone over Mr. Sergeant's life, or parts of it, with as much detail as I can trust myself with at such a meeting and at such a time. I have endeavored to forget my own feelings, by going, more than is common on such occasions, into matters that were professional, and that have a general reference to his intellectual power and tastes. It has been a relief to myself, and I hope not uninteresting nor unprofitable to you.

Of Mr. Sergeant's relations to his family I need not speak—I cannot speak. While the artery of domestic love is bleeding as theirs must now bleed, I have no skill to bind it up—no styptic to staunch it. They have the deep, the most deep and sincere sympathy of the bar and of the public. They have higher and better consolations than this. They have *his* example, *his* teaching, *his* personal prescriptions for himself. They will look to all that, and that is all they can or need look to. They will look to God, the Saviour, and find the relief which he found. They will take hold of the staff that supported *him*, and it will support them. There is no other cure, there is no other relief for such a wound.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the bar, it has pleased God that I should survive my two contemporary friends of more than half a century—Charles Chauncey and John Sergeant. From the tenacity with which most men hold to life, such a survivorship may seem to be desirable; but it is not wisely desirable by any man, for it cannot be reverently asked of Heaven. Mr. Webster, in his beautiful letter to his old schoolmaster, Mr. Tappan, has himself said to this effect:—"Master Tappan, we may ask that God's kingdom may come and be universally established upon earth; we may pray that His will may be done by us and by all men; we may ask for our daily bread; we may pray for forgiveness of sins, for escape from the snares of temptation, and for deliverance from evil; but beyond this we hardly know for what good to supplicate the Divine mercy." Doubtless Mr. Webster thought that a prayer for *wisdom* was included in our Lord's prayer; and I do not deny it; but we may ask directly and expressly for wisdom, and if to the granted prayer there shall be added length of days, the prayer will consecrate the gift, and it will be safe. But we may not ask for length of days; we ought not to ask it; old age has its pains, its disappointments, its mortifications, and its evils, and unless this Divine wisdom shall overshadow and crown him, the boon he asks may make that age worse than the "labor and sorrow" which the Psalmist foreshadows for it. Ask it not. Ask for wisdom. Ask, if you please, for the one, and the other may be granted, if it is the pleasure of God. But ask not for length of days.

It has been my most grateful, most painful duty to declare to this bar, upon two occasions, the impressions that have been left upon me by the death of these two eminent men. Let no man envy me the task, however great its satisfaction (if I have met your wishes) may be, in short retrospect, to myself. Henceforth no such duty remains to me. I have uttered the last words at a bar meeting upon the departure of friends. I have probably uttered my final words to the bar of Philadelphia, except the expression of my most cordial regards and my most affectionate salutations to you all.

From the Examiner, 13th Nov.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

It is a painful sight, in the great transatlantic republic, to see its foremost political leaders and acknowledged intellectual chiefs die in mature old age, without having attained the preëminence which in such a government was most certainly their due. It is humiliating to have to infer, from such examples, how very far mediocrity outweighs genius in popular estimation; and to observe that when free choice to elect a ruler is given to an educated people, the crown of supremacy falls to a Harrison, a Taylor, a Polk, or a Tyler, whilst men like Clay and Webster die as they lived, the mark for successful envy to wound, for democratic littleness to neglect and humble. Whatever may be the ultimate effects of universal suffrage on representative government, it would at least seem proved by the experience of late years that in the choice and election of a sovereign it has no appreciation of worth and greatness that should give it a preference over the blind choice which nature makes for us when we elevate an eldest son. If the *porphyrogenetoi* be often vicious or incapable, while princes more fit and worthy are excluded from the throne, popular choice appears quite as liable to the same fault, quite as obnoxious to similar reproach.

Daniel Webster died a disappointed candidate for the American Presidency. The scale had turned against him before he resigned. The claims of a General Pierce, utterly unknown hitherto to the world, or to the Americans themselves except in the narrow shufflings of a caucus, were considered superior to those of the first statesman and orator of his time. The ingratitude and neglect of his countrymen at least ushered Webster to his bed of death, if they did not cause the pang and the derangement which laid him prostrate there. If it be urged in excuse, that at the present election he was set aside by the prevalence of his political enemies; it must at the same time be admitted that in the last election, when whig votes were uncontestedly predominant, he was passed over by his political friends. Others were then preferred to him for no better cause than the nullity of their political character and talents, or the beggarly accident of a military tag appended to their names.

However, if it should become the recognized custom in the republic of the United States, as it is in the despotic monarchy of Japan, to have two sovereigns or rulers, the one for show, and the other for use, it will not be for the rest of the world to gainsay such a project, but to accept, and do their best to comprehend, an arrangement which must no doubt have its uses, ill-suited as it may be to our old-world opinions of either decorum or justice. After all, as minister, as the leading man of the American State, Daniel Webster inscribed his name upon some of the most important acts of the American administration; and the chief and not the least praiseworthy of these consisted in the settlement of serious territorial differences with Great Britain.

What indeed chiefly obstructed Webster's attainment of that highest place which he so eminently merited has been perhaps his tenure of office immediately previous to those elections in which he had the best claims to preference. For his official career has more than once compelled him, by a strong sense of duty, to steer his course against the two strongest currents in the popular opinion

of the country. He was, in the first place, the decided opponent of the Mexican war, and of that mania for conquest and annexation which is the interested passion of the entire south of the Union, as well as the weakness of too many of the turbulent spirits of the north, who deem that territorial acquisitions cannot be a loss, nor military conquest a disgrace. If Webster thus became an object of suspicion and dislike to the extenders of slavery and the sticklers for national renown, he fell no less into disesteem with the headlong partisans of abolition, by his abettal and zealous carrying out of the bill for the surrender of fugitive slaves. If he lost the confidence of the south by the one, he risked the full adherence of the north by the other. And in the end Webster found himself, like Peel, after the latter had embarked upon the policy of his latter life, rewarded by great acclamations of mouth popularity, but with little of sincere adhesion, gratitude, or indulgence from any of the factions in the state.

But although in the foremost rank of progress on all political questions, Webster, it must be confessed, was behind his time and his own intellect on great fiscal and economical subjects. Not only was he the opponent of free trade and of low customs' duties, but, there is reason to believe, the insincere opponent. Some of the finest efforts of his oratorical and argumentative talents had certainly been directed against protection when protection first began to raise its head in the United States; and it was not till of late years, when the state of Massachusetts had embarked largely in manufactures, that he avowed himself the upholder of protection. Nor did he deny, or even attempt to conceal, this inconsistency. He was, on the contrary, wont to avow that as a New Englander, dwelling in a community which lived by shipping and by trade, he then thought national interchange a superior consideration even to domestic manufactures; but that when the policy of successive administrations, and the acts of several legislatures, had forced manufactures upon New England, he had necessarily been driven to become the champion of a system of fiscal law which went to protect the property of his native state, and the yet more recently developed interests of the north-east.

In one of his later speeches, indeed, Webster professed to defend himself from the charge of consulting merely New England interests in his support of the high tariff. He depicted the Ohio and other north-western states, discovered to be teeming with coal and iron, as the future manufacturing districts of the New World; as consequently demanding a high system of protection more urgently than New England itself; and as justifying, on larger grounds, the course he had taken. But without dwelling on the absurd supposition that a manufacturing region so highly favored by nature should need such false artificial helps, one might remark the singular prospect in such an argument which their chosen orator held out to Boston and Massachusetts. They had been recommended to sacrifice the interests of their trade and shipping to manufactures; and, this fully accomplished, they were next told that their manufactures must prepare to migrate westward to the coal and iron regions of the Ohio, the maintenance of protection to that end being still required. So that Massachusetts was to transfer first its trade, and then its manufactures, and the sea-board of the states was to be disinherited of the superiority which it had so long enjoyed, and which had enabled it to give

a moral and intellectual tone to the Union itself,—and all because of this will-o'-th'-wisp, protection!

But it is not as a financier or fiscal politician that Webster claims our admiration and his country's reverence. On such questions he was merely the local champion, the interested advocate. In these he was little. The efforts in which he was truly great, were those he so nobly made to bar the popular passions of his countrymen from extending their empire into southern latitudes requiring a distinct and abject race to cultivate them, and thereby requiring a state of mind and morals in the dominant class incompatible for any long space of time with the habits, the freedom, and the peculiar character of an English-descended people. To prevent this fatal tendency, as well as others which menaced the integrity of the Union, and at the same time to uphold the enlightened policy which was always eager to remove difference and knit friendship with the parent country,—these formed the achievement of the great man whom America mourns, whom we too are anxious to honor, as a statesman who benefited the world, and an orator who has done honor to our common race and tongue.

From the Economist, 13 Nov.

THE LADIES' ADDRESS ON SLAVERY.

Our best sentiments, it is well known, share in the fallibility of our nature, and sometimes lead us into evil. Our philanthropy often inflicts misery while it means to promote happiness. Our humanity sometimes encourages vice in relieving distress. Some guide, therefore is necessary for our sentiments other than the sentiments themselves, and we find it in their recorded effects. We test our sentiments, even those of which we most approve, by their consequences. On this general principle, we must not be surprised, nor sentimentally object to the deduction, should it be shown that the benevolent exertions of the ladies of England to mitigate slavery in America may possibly not be followed by all the good effects they expect.

The *Times* published on Tuesday a letter from the Earl of Shaftesbury, accompanied by an address from many thousands of the women of England to their sisters, the women of the United States, in which they refer to "that system of negro slavery which still prevails so extensively, and with such frightful results, in many of the vast regions of the western world; and appeal to them very seriously to reflect, and to ask counsel of God, how far such a state of things is in accordance with His Holy Word, the inalienable rights of immortal souls, and the pure and merciful spirit of the Christian religion. They cannot be silent on that law which, in direct contravention of God's own law, 'instituted in the time of man's innocence,' denies to the slave the sanctity of marriage; which separates, at the will of the master, the wife from the husband and the children from the parents. Nor can they be silent on that awful system which interdicts to any race of man, or any portion of the human family, education in the truth of the Gospel and the ordinances of Christianity. They appeal to their sisters in America to raise their voices and prayers for the removal of this affliction from the Christian world." The noble lord stated that "more is to be permanently effected by public opinion, and by appeals to the

great sympathies of mankind, than by force or by statute laws, and concluded that if this, or some such address, were undertaken by local committees, enriched by many signatures, and then transmitted to America, it would not fail, under God's blessing, to produce a deep and fruitful impression." The perfect amiability of the motives of our countrywomen and their noble herald are undoubted; but some considerations occur to us, making it rather doubtful whether this mode of transmitting addresses, "enriched by many signatures," be calculated to promote the object in view.

That the national attempts to put down the slave trade, though sanctioned by public opinion, have protracted the traffic and made it more cruel, can scarcely be denied. However powerful public opinion may be, it shares the fallibility of our nature, and may lead to evil like the most condemned of our passions. In putting it in motion, therefore, we are not sure that it will produce good. Foreign nations do not like to have even their vices censured, and may take a pride in hardening themselves in errors which are attacked from abroad. An open and avowed interference of this kind is more likely to provoke retort than amendment. Something may be said about plucking the beam out of the eye of the addressers. Such an address implies an assumption of superior goodness, which others are more likely to resent than to admit, and the effects of such a corporate address may consequently impede rather than advance the emancipation the ladies of England benevolently desire.

Of all the circumstances of slavery in the States, and of the condition of the slaves, they can only have a very superficial knowledge. If, therefore, as cannot be denied, we all, including the very wisest of us sometimes—nay, very often—take erroneous views of our own national affairs, even when we mean the best and have no bias of self-interest—if we are very often mistaken even as to our own private affairs, and regret the course we have taken, is it not highly probable that the addressing ladies may take a very incorrect view of slavery in the States, while they censure its continuance! From the present condemnation of our moral sentiments there is reason to hope that society may outgrow slavery, but as yet it is only discarded in some parts of the globe.

Slavery in America is interwoven with the whole life of the Southern States. By the last census there were 3,179,589 slaves in the States, and 419,173 free colored population. The slaves alone are a seventh part of the whole population. They are the great instruments for producing nearly all the cotton, much of the tobacco, and most of the sugar, that is grown in the States. The bulk of the former articles are exported, and on the labor of the slaves, therefore, depends a vast deal of the labor of Europe. Almost countless ships are employed bringing cotton and tobacco hither, and in carrying thither the articles for which cotton and tobacco are exchanged. Innumerable workmen and workwomen, here and on the continent, are employed in manufacturing and disposing of the cotton. A business great almost beyond conception—surpassing, we are sure, the ideas of most of the addressing ladies—depends on these three millions of slaves. With that the ladies aspire to interfere.

Suppose their voice should, through their sisters, reach the slaves; should convince them they were

kept in slavery and kept from marriage contrary to God's Holy Word; and should rouse them to assert their rights, as they are taught them by the addressing ladies, with the fury of fanaticism;—might the ladies not shudder for the consequences, and think them even worse than slavery? The slaughter of many, the interruption of the labor of all, would ensue. Much commerce would be annihilated, many factories would be shut up, many people would starve. The means of supplying the wants of the slaves would in a great measure cease; they would not be allowed to occupy the land, or form elsewhere an independent community; and the kindly-meant interference with slavery might plunge the slaves into irredeemable ruin without putting an end to slavery.

We are as earnestly opposed in heart and mind to slavery as Lord Shaftesbury, but, much as we have been excited by Mrs. Stowe's descriptions, we shrink back astonished at the vastness of the subject, and at the possible misery involved in disturbing it, from unsparingly condemning it in the States, and from urging sensitive, sentimental women, on religious grounds, to exert themselves against it. Society may outgrow the evil; it cannot be otherwise eradicated. The slave-owners, from a conviction of its unhallowed nature and its injuriousness to themselves, must be the great agents in ameliorating the condition of the slaves, and finally in abolishing slavery. Their own convictions, derived from their own observation, must be their guides, and these are more likely to be obscured than enlightened by the direct interference of foreigners. We are afraid that the proceeding of the noble earl and the ladies is less discreet and less wise than well intentioned.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE HAPPY MIND.

Out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay
Because it is not clover.
Give to me the happy mind,
That will ever seek and find
Something fair and something kind
All the wide world over.

'T is passing good to have an eye
That always manages to spy
Some star to bear it company,
Though planets may be hidden.
And Mrs. Eve was foolish, very,
Not to be well content and merry
With peach, plum, melon, grape, and cherry,
When apples were forbidden.

We love rare flowers, but suppose
We're far from Italy's rich rose—
Must we then turn up our nose
At lilies of the valley?
Can't we snuff at something sweet,
In the "bough-pots" that we meet
Cried and sold in city street
By "Sally in our Alley?"

Give me the heart that spreads its wings,
Like the free bird that soars and sings,
And sees the bright side of all things
From Behring's Straits to Dover.

It is a bank that never breaks,
It is a store thief never takes,
It is a rock that never shakes,
All the wide world over.

We like to give old Care the slip,
And listen to the "crank and quip"
At social board from fluent lip—
No fellowship is better:
But he must lack the gentle grace
That marks the best of human race,
Who cannot see a friendly face
In mastiff, hound, or setter.

Our hungry eyes may fondly wish
To revel amid flesh and fish,
And gloat upon the silver dish
That holds a golden plover;
Yet if our table be but spread
With savory cheese and oaten bread,
Be thankful if we're always fed
As well, the wide world over.

We may prefer Italian notes,
Or choose the melody that floats
About the gay Venetian boats,
Half wild in our extolling:
But surely music may be found
When some rough native harp unbound
Strikes up, like cherries "round and sound,"
With English fol-de-rolling.

We may be poor—but then, I guess,
Our trouble with our pomp is less,
For they who wear a russet dress
May never fear the rumpling.
And though champagne froth never hums
Between our fingers and our thumbs,
Red apoplexy rarely comes
To dine with plain stone dumpling.

Then out upon the calf, I say,
Who turns his grumbling head away,
And quarrels with his feed of hay
Because it is not clover.
Give to me the happy mind,
That will forever seek and find
Something good and something kind
All the wide world over!

The following is a translation of a German ballad on a tipsy man, which has been set to music, and is often sung in Germany; it is rather droll in the original, and perhaps has not lost all its humor in being *overset*, as they call it, into English:—

OUT OF THE TAVERN.

Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night;
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street! you are drunk, 't is a very clear case.

Moon! 't is a very queer figure you cut,
One eye is staring while t' other is shut;—
Tipsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 't is a horrible shame!

Then the street lamps, what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright;
Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,
Each of the lamps is as drunk as a lord.

All is confusion; now, isn't it odd?
I am the only thing sober abroad;
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain—
Better go into the tavern again.

From the *Athenæum*.

The Zoölogy of the Voyage of H. M. S. Herald, under the Command of Capt. Henry Kellett, R. N., C.B. Edited by Prof. E. FORBES.—*Fossil Mammals.* By Sir JOHN RICHARDSON, Knt., C.B., M.D. Reeve & Co.

IN 1816, Kotzebue, in the course of his voyage round the world, visited a bay situated a short way southwards of the Arctic circle, which afterwards excited great interest on account of the remarkable character of the cliffs by which it was surrounded. This bay was named after Eschscholtz, one of the naturalists of the Russian expedition. The cliffs were described as consisting entirely of masses of ice, covered by the soil in which flourished an Arctic vegetation. To add to the interest which such an account was likely to create, it was stated that the cliffs abounded with the remains of mammoths, horses, oxen, and reindeer. This remarkable bay was visited by Capt. Beechey in conjunction with Mr. Collie in the year 1836:—and an account of it is given in the "Voyage to the Pacific and Beering's Straits." The attention of Capt. Beechey and his companions was directed to the iceberg cliffs; but, on digging into them, they came to the conclusion that the cliff was composed of mud and gravel in a frozen state, and that the ice formed only a casing above it. In the recent voyage of H. M. S. Herald, under the command of Capt. Kellett, this district was again visited; and this intelligent commander, knowing the different conclusions arrived at by those who had seen the spot before, determined to make a thorough investigation of the matter. The result has been, the confirmation of the original view of Kotzebue, Eschscholtz, and their companion Chamisso—that the foundations of these cliffs are truly ice.

An abstract of the reports of Dr. Goodridge and M. Barthold Seeman, who accompanied Capt. Kellett, is given in this volume—and it is very conclusive as to the icy nature of the cliffs. They have undergone considerable alteration since the time when they were visited by Kotzebue and by Capt. Beechey. M. Seeman describes them as being from forty to ninety feet high—and consisting of three distinct layers, the lower one being ice, the middle one clay containing fossil bones, and the upper one peat. The icy basis is from twenty to sixty feet in height; and Capt. Kellett states that on digging into the soil at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the edge of the cliff, he found pure ice at the depth of not more than three or four feet. The data are at present insufficient for obtaining an idea of the extent of this mass of ice; but sufficient is known to afford interesting materials for estimating the influence of such a formation on the condition of the earth's surface of which it forms a part.

The interest, however, of this volume does not consist so much in its descriptions of the physical structure of Eschscholtz Bay, as in its account of the fossil bones which have been found in such numbers in its cliffs. These remains were in no instance found imbedded in the ice; but they generally lay upon the surface—the huge tusks and horns not unfrequently showing through the soil—whilst many were gathered from the sand at the base of the cliffs where they were exposed to the wash of the tide. The animals to which these remains belong seem to have formed part of that great mass of life of which so many indications

exist in extreme northern latitudes. The discovery of the entire carcass of a rhinoceros and of those of two mammoths in Arctic Siberia is a fact familiar to most persons—while inexhaustible deposits of organic remains are known to exist in the Kotelnoi, or New Siberian Archipelago, lying off the Sviatoi Noss. This latter district promises a rich harvest to the naturalist—and would well repay the expense of a scientific exploration. The remains from Eschscholtz Bay have not their soft parts so well preserved as many of the other specimens; but when dug out of the soil in which they are contained, they exhaled "a strong and disagreeable odor of decomposing animal matter, like that of a well-filled cemetery."

The history of the creatures that have left these remains forms an interesting problem. They belong to families which now inhabit tropical or sub-tropical regions. Are we, then, to conclude that they have been brought from warmer parts of the earth by some great flood? Their perfect state of preservation in some instances forbids this conclusion, for they could not have been brought from tropical regions preserved in ice. Can we suppose that the Arctic regions were once warmer than now—and actually produced a vegetation sufficient to support a vast creation of herbivorous animals such as we now find entombed therein? This is the conclusion to which we are driven; and without supposing that the temperature of these regions was tropical, it was probably yet warm enough to encourage a vegetation on which these creatures could live. By some catastrophe—some vast deluge, or wave of succession—we must suppose that they were suddenly engulfed on the shores of a sea wherein they had their pasture-grounds. Such is the theory to which Sir J. Richardson gives his adhesion—and which must be adopted as the most probable till further light shall be thrown upon the subject.

The number of species of animals brought from Eschscholtz Bay are not numerous—but they belong chiefly to an order of the Mammalia—the Ruminantia—whose identity it is most difficult to determine by the structure of their skeletons. No pains have been spared by Sir J. Richardson himself to make his description of these remains as perfect as he could. The collections described by him or made available for the observations are those not only of Capt. Kellett, but of Capt. Beechey and Mr. Collie also. The collections of Capt. Kellett are deposited in two localities—a portion in the British Museum, and part at Haslar Hospital. Of those in the British Museum Sir J. Richardson complains that he could make but little use; for the trustees refused to allow him to take the specimens away, whilst his duties at Haslar Hospital prevented him from coming to London to examine them. At both these facts we must express surprise:—first, that the trustees of the British Museum should in such a case refuse the request for a loan of specimens which could not have been injured by removal or examination—and which at the time were probably amongst the boxfuls of bones known to lie rotting in the cellars of the Museum;—and, secondly, that an officer selected by the government for the performance of an important public duty should not, if it was necessary, have been relieved from "daily official duties" which prevented his coming to London to execute properly the task to which he was appointed. Surely, if Sir John could be spared to visit the North Pole, there need have been no difficulty in

making arrangements to enable him to come to London for a few weeks. In another place, we find the author complaining that he had not time to make a necessary comparison between the bones of these extinct animals and those of recent animals. Sir John Richardson is by far too earnest a man to do any work imperfectly if he could have avoided it—his candor on this occasion helps to prove it. But what excuse have the lords of the Admiralty, under whose authority this work is published, to make in this matter?

The principal animals to which the remains described are supposed to belong are the Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*), the Horse (*Equus fossilis*), the Moose-deer (*Cervus alces*), the Rehn-deer (*Cervus tarandus*), the Musk-ox (*Ovibos moschatus*), several species of Bison, the Big-horn Ram (*Ovis montana*), and some Cetaceans. Very elaborate details of the bones of many of these animals are given; and the accuracy of the descriptions is much increased by the employment of the nomenclature suggested by Prof. Owen in his work on the "Archetype of the Vertebrate Skeleton." The anatomists who doubt the value of these researches cannot be amongst those whose studies are directed towards the details of the skeleton of the Mammalia;—as it is here above all that we find the practical value of the views so ably enunciated by Prof. Owen.

The book is illustrated with a great number of drawings of the bones described; and we have seldom seen better specimens of natural history lithography. They are highly creditable to artist and publishers—and worthy of the work which they accompany.

From the Economist, 13 Nov.

THE LATE MYSTERIOUS OPERATIONS IN GRAIN.

MR. DISRAELI OR M. FOULD?

WE are no believers in the frequent assertions which are made, in reference to particular trades, that they are carried on at a loss. Some periods may no doubt occur when such is the case; and individual transactions are frequently attended with a loss. But there is nothing more certain than that, on the average, any trade to be continued, must yield a profit proportioned to the capital employed, the risks incurred, and modified by any peculiar characteristics of the trade, rendering it less or more attractive. Some of the largest fortunes have been made in trades that have always been represented as unprofitable. When, therefore, we hear of a long train of transactions that are said to be unprofitable, and yet persevered in, we are very incredulous, and are disposed to believe that there are advantages in some way not visible at first sight. It undoubtedly has happened before now that a ruinous business has been carried on for a time, and in very extensive ramifications, rather with a view of raising funds to support the sinking fortunes of a number of houses, than for the legitimate purpose of employing capital at profit. In the early part of the present century there occurred a very memorable instance of an extensive ramification of houses in most of the chief towns in northern Europe, including England, the object of which, whatever it was at first, certainly ultimately degenerated into a huge system of accommodation paper;—transactions to a large

amount were carried on, but at last more with a view to supporting the credit of the parties engaged, than to a profitable business. The whole exchange operations of Europe were saturated with the paper thus created; and, as might have been expected, on the first occurrence of panic and discredit, the whole system fell to the ground, like a pack of cards. But, then, it must be remarked, that in such cases the drawing of bills and the use of credit is the most essential element for the object in view.

But it has remained for 1852 to witness a series of transactions in one of the most important branches of our trade, which, after having watched for many months, we own to be entirely incapable of explanation on any of the ordinary and established principles of trade, or on the ground that they have been made the means of sustaining credit or raising money by accommodation. Since the month of February last, when the present government came into office, transactions in foreign grain have taken place upon a very extensive scale, in several foreign markets, of a character which has excited the utmost astonishment amongst those legitimately connected with the trade. The head-quarters of these operations appears to have been in London. Agents were appointed to purchase wheat in Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg, and St. Petersburg, and flour in New York. The wheat and flour thus purchased have been consigned to two houses—one connected with the American trade, and one with the continental trade—and from them it has been all centred in one broker or factor for sale.

The first thing that attracted attention to these transactions was the unusual extent of the purchases in each market by agents who were but little connected with that branch of trade, and at prices which it was impossible could be again realized in England, including the freight and charges. At first it was thought that these transactions were the commencement of some extensive speculations for a future rise; but the mode in which they were conducted soon showed that that could not be the case; for the purchases, being made without limit abroad, were sold on their arrival in London with little regard to the cost, the agents acting apparently without limit, but with instructions to effect absolute sales. And notwithstanding the heavy losses on the sale, the transactions continued without interruption;—purchases were made abroad by the same agents, consigned to the same parties here, and sold as fast as they arrived, at what could be got, by the same factors, whose instructions, to judge by the way in which the business was done, had reference rather to effecting absolute and immediate sales, than to securing a profit for their principals. Then, again, there is no reason to believe that they were undertaken with a view to raise funds on the credit of the parties engaged by drawing and negotiating bills; because, in general, the purchases have been made on the spot with cash, and no bills drawn against the cargoes. Again, it cannot be said that they were purchases made in order to provide cargo for ships which could not otherwise find employment; because, in most cases, ships were especially chartered for the purpose.

It is obvious, then, that these transactions have been founded on none of the ordinary motives which lead to commercial transactions; without any view to profit, or to raising funds upon credit, or to supplying freight for unemployed ships. On

the contrary, there has been a remarkable mystery thrown over the whole affair. Who the real principals in the transactions were and are, no one has yet discovered; and we have reason to believe that the numerous agents engaged are themselves as ignorant of the real parties at the bottom of the plot as any indifferent person. The agent in whom the money transactions are centred is one of the wealthiest and most eminent of our city monetary houses. The other agents are all respectable persons, but we believe are all innocent of any knowledge at whose real risk this business is done, who bears the enormous losses which have resulted from it, and continue to be incurred up to the time we write. All, therefore, who have watched these transactions have been forced to a conclusion that there is some object at the bottom, altogether independent of commercial considerations.

These transactions began, as we have stated, in February. Purchases of wheat were made simultaneously in Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Hamburg, and St. Petersburg, and of flour in New York. The prices paid in each of those markets were as high as those which could be obtained in England: the cargoes, therefore, were sold at a loss equal to the whole of the expenses, amounting on the wheat to at least 5s. a quarter, including duty, and on the flour to at least 4s. a barrel. These purchases abroad and sales in England continued, with always about the same result, from February to June; and it was remarked, as the elections proceeded, they were increased in their amount, and in the apparent recklessness and disregard to the results. Throughout July and August they seemed to reach their climax. In the foreign markets which we have named, the agents for this business were the sole regulators of the market; every advice to other houses mentioned the market as either higher or lower, brisker or flatter, just as those agents went in or withdrew from it. And the most singular point in the whole affair was, that at the same time that regular houses were buying cargoes of wheat here to ship to Holland at a profit, the agents of this strange and mysterious operation were buying wheat in Holland to sell at a loss in England. The transactions appeared in August to be drawing gradually to a close, and early in September it was announced that Mr. —, in Amsterdam, and other agents elsewhere, had announced their mission at an end.

Unable to apply any ordinary commercial explanation to these transactions, the merchants engaged legitimately in the corn trade very naturally looked for some political ground on which they could account for it. And seeing that the commencement of them coincided with the time the Protectionist government came into office, and that they appeared to reach their climax during the time of the county elections, they very generally arrived at the conclusion that they had some connection with the Protectionist party, and were intended to influence the elections. This explanation of the mystery has, however, been somewhat disturbed in consequence of a resumption of the same operations about a month ago. The same agents are all again employed—the same machinery set at work. The most extravagant prices have been given abroad, and the cargoes continue to be sold at a great loss on arrival here. No want of money is seen;—everything is paid in cash;—no bills drawn in direct connection with the shipments. During the last week at Amsterdam,

white Dantzic wheat mixed was sold at 50s. a quarter, which, with charges, would cost 55s. here, and the value of which in Mark Lane is 46s. Inferior wheat was sold at the same time at 44s., which, with charges, will cost 49s. here, and the value of which in Mark Lane is 43s. White Zealand wheat, scarcely suited for this market at all, sold at 40s., which, with charges, 5s., will cost 45s. here, the value of which in Mark Lane is 39s. at the outside. This is a specimen of these operations throughout the whole period. As little regard has been paid in purchasing wheat to the quality suitable for the market as to the price paid. The ware-houses of those ports have been cleared of rubbish, the accumulation of years.

The mystery, therefore, still continues. The suspicion of a connection between these transactions and the English elections, with a view to favor the Protectionist candidates, has been weakened by the fact that these transactions have again been resumed on a scale as large as before. And it is certain that now when the ex-Protectionist government has adopted free trade, they cannot be suspected of plotting to depress the prices of grain, and so to increase the eagerness of their old supporters to adhere still to Protection.

But for so remarkable an operation as we have referred to, by which it is calculated that the loss deliberately incurred cannot have been much less, in one way and another, than 100,000*l.*, it is felt there must be some intelligible reason. Knowing how close a sympathy there is between the price of grain and the value of public securities, it has been suggested that these grain transactions have had a relation to some extensive stock operations. But there is no reason for believing that any such speculations have taken place here as would appear to justify such a conclusion.

A far more likely explanation suggests itself in relation to the events in France. Ever since the commencement of the present year, it has been of the utmost consequence to maintain low prices of food in France. It is well understood now how much influence the price of the first necessities of life exercises over the condition of the great masses of the people, as well as upon the value of the public securities. If we look to the political condition of France during the present year, to the financial operations of the government, and to the huge speculations in railways in which those immediately connected with the government have been engaged, and which have exercised indirectly the most important influence over the prospects of the government, as well as over the fortunes of its individual members, it is easy to understand the anxiety which has been displayed to keep down the prices of corn in France. It will be remembered that at the close of the last harvest, when it was generally believed that the result was very unfavorable, an article appeared in the *Moniteur* contradicting, in almost impassioned terms, the general reports that the harvest was inferior, and rather implying that it was unusually abundant. That article had its effect for the time. But it now turns out that the general rumor was correct, and that the *Moniteur* was wrong; for the price of grain has considerably risen in France since that time. It is, moreover, a curious fact that the arrangements for the extensive purchases to which we have referred extended to all the chief exporting countries, *except France*. And it is certain, that compared with the enormous political interests at stake, the extensive financial arrangements,

and the railway speculations on hand, the loss of 100,000*l.*, in order to prevent any considerable rise of prices in France, was a most insignificant matter.

But, then, it will be asked, how the particular operation we have described could effect such a purpose?—how importations of grain into England would contribute to the low prices desired in France? A close examination of the subject will show that it was not only a very ingenious, but even the only practical mode of accomplishing such an object. The more obvious and direct way would have been no doubt to import foreign grain direct into France; but then it will be borne in mind that the high import duties rendered that impossible, while the importation of it into England, and the depression of prices here, to whatever extent they were acted upon, had necessarily an immediate effect upon the markets in France. It is a familiar fact to our readers that France has furnished this country with more wheat and flour than any other country during the last three years. It is, moreover, our nearest source of foreign supply. The markets of France have, therefore, been subjected to an influence from Mark Lane as immediate and direct, as the markets of Norfolk, Lincoln, or the north of England are. Keep down the London markets to a certain rate, and exportation from France is no longer possible. Let the London markets rise, so that it will answer to send grain from France, the French markets will immediately follow those of London. Considering, then, the fiscal regulations of France and England, it is obvious that the most effective means of influencing the French markets is by depressing the London markets.

For these and for other reasons, we are therefore disposed to think that these mysterious operations have been animated rather by the spirit of M. Fould than by that of Mr. Disraeli.

The important practical consideration, however, which arises from the state of matters which we have described is, that the corn market has been for some time past, and still is, placed under the artificial depression of forced transactions at a great loss to those engaged in them. How long they may be continued, it is impossible to say; but if there is really a deficiency of corn in Europe—an opinion which begins to gain ground—the more consumption is now encouraged by low prices, the more marked must the rise of prices be hereafter.

From the Examiner, 13th Nov.

WHAT THE EARTHQUAKE DID, AND WHAT IT WAS LIKE.

IN Lancashire the earthquake stopped the clock of Mr. Beaucamp of Bootle. It bewildered a gentleman in Toxteth park. It rattled the wooden rings on the bed of Mr. Wood, of Lord street, Toxteth park, made people jump out of bed, and a young woman creep under her bed. It shook and made clatter all the earthenware of Capt. Greig. It rocked to and fro the bed of Mr. Pierce, and smashed his soap-box to pieces. At Worcester it set the bells jingling, the fire-irons rattling, and upset candlesticks and other articles. In Ireland, at Merrion, a gentleman was nearly thrown out of his bed, his dressing-table was violently agitated, and his dressing-glass and other articles rattled together and displaced. At Newbridge a lady was thrown from her bed. At Howth a scientific gentleman dreamt that the end of the

world had come, and on awaking found himself lying on the floor, having been pitched out of his bed.

At Kilbride a house rocked, and a bed pitched like a ship at sea, the clock stopped, but jugs and basins did quite the contrary, "danced a fearful jig!"

So much for its doings, the whole upshot of which seems to have been the utter demolition of Mr. Pierce's soap-box.

Now for what it was like.

Mr. Donaldson, of Gloucester place, Edge hill, thought it was a cat which had knocked down something upon the floor. Mr. Shaw, of Seaforth, thought something had fallen on the floor above. To Mr. Chadburn, of Lord street, it appeared as if a very heavy person was walking across the room. Mr. Wood, of Lord street, thought the boy who sleeps in the room above had fallen out of bed. Captain Greig, the head constable, took it for a burglar and called for an officer to take it up. Mr. Pierce, of Great George street, also took it for a housebreaker, but found it had not stolen anything. A gentleman at Kilbride thought somebody had jumped out of bed overhead.

We derive all these statements from an article in the *Daily News* of Thursday. The mistaken notions certainly do no honor to the earthquake; and as it was taken for a cat, for a corpulent person, for a boy falling out of bed, for a thief breaking in, so, now that the alarm has been created, a cat knocking something down, a fat body moving about, a boy falling out of bed, a burglar wrenching a door, will be apt to be taken for nothing less than an earthquake.

The cause of the phenomenon is easily explained. Can we wonder that the land quakes at this juncture, when a Derby ministry is in power, and a free-trade Parliament is assembling? The landed interest, by its own account, is so shaken that the soil may well sympathize with it, and quake at the prospect of this session.

On the day of the earthquake we learn these ominous facts:

The planet Mercury was in conjunction with Jupiter, and Venus nearly so with Pallas. The sun in seventeen degrees of Scorpio, and the moon in sixteen degrees of Libra, or nearly so.

Mercury in conjunction with Jupiter denotes the alliance of commerce with the ruling power. The sun in Scorpio augurs some signal stinging ingratitude, or bitter perfidy. The moon in Libra indicates some moonshine measure.

The earthquake was felt in parts of London. A gentleman sleeping at Grosvenor gate dreamt that the whigs were breaking into the cabinet, and awoke under the awful impression that the world was at an end. A noble lord in St. James' square thought democracy was breaking into the Constitution, and called lustily for the police. Everything in his cabinet is upset, and disordered.

A right honorable champion of the landed interest, Mr. Christopher, when he heard the noise, thought it was caused by the fall of wheat in Mark lane, and the awful sound seemed to him like the murmuring of farmers, only it did not last so long. He can only resemble the way in which things shook in his room to the tottering and falling of prices and rents under free trade. His firm conviction, indeed, was that there had been a fall of another shilling a quarter, and that everything was coming to the ground.

From the Spectator.

THOMSON'S TRAVELS IN THE WESTERN HIMALAYA.*

VISIBLE nature is the feature of these travels among the Western and Tibetan ranges of the Himalaya. Dr. Thomson was the medical member of a mission sent to those regions in 1847 by Lord Hardinge, apparently for geographical purposes; he was associated with two scientific companions; they were attended by trains of native porters; and though population is scarce in those elevated regions, they mostly lodged in villages; occasionally they reached towns or the monasteries of the Buddhist priests, while Dr. Thomson, after he had separated from his companions, was compelled to winter at Iskardo. Yet, although he must have been brought into daily contact with men, and generally with strange men, the account of his journeys is most singularly bare of incident or pictures of animated nature human or animal. Botany is his first subject, the plants observed during the day's march being fully enumerated; his second is the general appearance of the country passed over; his third is geology and meteorology, the glaciers and snowbeds of the higher mountains receiving a good deal of attention. Anything beyond these three topics is casual, and briefly dismissed. The two most striking general descriptions occur at Iskardo; bearing testimony to the advantage of residence to a traveller. One relates to partridge *sporting* in the Himalaya.

I was invited by the Thannadar of Iskardo to be present at a hunting party, which he had arranged for the capture of the chakor or painted partridge, by surrounding a spot of ground, in which these birds are numerous, with a ring of men, who, approaching from all directions, gradually form a dense circle of perhaps a hundred yards in diameter. When the partridges are disturbed by a horseman in this enclosure, they naturally fly towards the living wall by which they are surrounded. Loud shouts, and the beating of drums and waving of caps and cloaks, turn them back, and they are driven from side to side, till at last, exhausted with fatigue, and stupid from the noise and confusion, they sink to the ground, and allow themselves to be caught by hand. The scene was a very striking one. The spot selected was a deep dell, full of rocks, but without trees. The sport, however, did not seem so successful as usual, six or eight birds only being captured. The chakor is an extremely common bird in all parts of the valley of the Indus, and indeed throughout Tibet. In winter, when the hills are covered with snow, they are to be found in great numbers close to the river, even in the immediate neighborhood of the villages; and, in general, when approached, they lie very close among the crevices of the stones.

This sketch of the agriculture is informing, and not without interest.

The return of spring set the whole population of the district to work in their fields; and both in Rondu and in the neighborhood of Iskardo, I had an opportunity of seeing the mode in which the processes of agriculture are carried on. As soon as the ground is clear of snow, the manure, which has been accumulated during the preceding year, consisting of the contents of the cowhouse and stable, mixed with every

sort of refuse, is carried in small baskets to the fields, on which it is deposited in small heaps. It is then spread uniformly over the surface by hand. Occasionally the field has had a previous ploughing, but it is more usually just in the state in which it had been left after the harvesting of the previous crop.

After the manure has been spread, it is ploughed into the land. The plough is usually drawn by a pair of bullocks, and is formed entirely of wood, the front part being blunted and hollow. The ploughshare, a sharp and hard piece of wood, is passed through the hollow, beyond which it projects several inches. This movable piece of wood does the principal work, and is easily replaced when it has sustained injury. After the ploughing, the seed is sown broadcast, and the field is then harrowed. The harrow is a framework of wood, weighted with stones, but without spikes; or a heavy board, weighted; or occasionally only a thorny bush, with several large stones laid upon it. It is generally drawn by one man, who assists its action by breaking with his feet the clods which would otherwise be too bulky to be crushed by it. The harrowing is repeated till the soil is reduced to a sufficient fineness: an operation which is much facilitated by the dryness of the atmosphere. The field is then laid out into small square beds, for convenience of irrigation, and water is supplied to it at intervals throughout the summer.

The bareness of the narrative, as regards those objects which are necessary to give variety and interest to long descriptions of nature, is in a great measure owing to the fact that the volume is as it were a recast blue book. Dr. Thomson originally proposed the publication of his official report, but he was advised to change that form for the present volume. We think, however, that his genius rather inclines to the matter of fact; for the most singular or stupendous scenery fails to excite him beyond a description, perfectly accurate, but rather tame.

This peculiarity is of less consequence in Dr. Thomson's work than it would have been among more common landscapes, from the overpowering character of the scenery through which he travelled. His route lay chiefly among the upper valleys of the Sutlej, the Indus, and their tributaries. The height at which he found himself above the sea varied from several thousand to upwards of eighteen thousand feet. In the valleys there were scenes of cultivation if not of beauty, and on the slopes of the mountains forest and varied vegetation; but stern and stupendous grandeur was the general characteristic, sometimes passing into overwhelming solitude and desolation. The impression of height and magnitude was in some degree the effect of knowledge or association; the highest mountains springing from a range or table-land higher than any other place on the globe except the Andes. The concomitant grandeur of magnitude might be owing in some degree to a similar cause, since the absolute greatness of those mighty masses cannot be taken in by human eyes. A similar remark applies to that *officina fluvium*; no one has yet traced, or possibly ever will trace, the glaciers that are shrouded in the recesses of Himalaya. But the desolation of their desert places, where man must subsist upon what he carries with him, and nothing of life is found save birds, or the travelling merchant greedy of gain, or the philosopher eager after knowledge, is absolute and overwhelming. This is an early picture; the approach to the Parang pass, and the pass itself, in longitude 78° and latitude about 32½°.

A stony ravine, elevated about 17,000 feet, was the

* Western Himalaya and Tibet; a Narrative of a Journey through the mountains of Northern India, during the years 1847-8. By Thomas Thomson, M. D., F. L. S., Assistant-Surgeon Bengal Army. Published by Reeves and Co.

place selected for our encampment. A small stream, supplied by a patch of snow a little way above, trickled down under the angular gravel. The ascent had been extremely fatiguing, because almost without intermission; and we were glad of rest on reaching that elevation. During the day, however, I ascended a ridge of rugged rocks, which rose above our tents to a height of more than 500 feet, being desirous of ascertaining to what elevation I should find vegetation. An *Alsiue* was common among the gravel, with two small plants which were not in a determinable state; and on the rocks, to the highest level to which I succeeded in ascending (probably 17,600 feet), the little *Allardia* continued to occur occasionally. The range afforded a good view of the mountains round. The range to the north, which we had still to cross, lay in a semi-circle behind; to the east was the continuation of the ridge by which we ascended; and a deep hollow lay to the west. Rugged rock everywhere met the view. The slates which alternated with the limestone were so very brittle that they everywhere formed piles of angular fragments, which filled all the hollows, and formed a sloping talus against every precipice. The view was one not to be forgotten, its desolation far surpassing any conception of waste and utter barrenness which I could have formed.

During the whole day I was never free from a dull headache, evidently caused by the great elevation. Rest relieved it, but the least exertion brought it back again. It continued all evening, as long as I was awake, and still remained in the morning of the 8th, when I rose soon after daybreak to prepare for the journey. A few paces took us beyond the shingly ravine in which we had been encamped, and the remainder of the ascent was throughout over loose angular fragments, the débris of the cliffs on the right. Under the latter we passed, winding round the side of the semicircular bay, till we got to about its centre, when the ascent became excessively steep and toilsome. The exertion of raising the body was very fatiguing, and the last few hundred yards were only accomplished after many pauses. A few large patches of snow lay in hollows along the road; but up to the very crest of the pass there was no trace of perpetual snow, nor even any continuous snow-bed.

The summit of the Parang pass is a narrow ridge, covered with large blocks of stone. To the north lay a large field of snow, sloping downward at a very gentle angle. In this direction the view was limited within two miles by steep rugged mountains, which closed in on both sides. To the right and left also, the pass was overlooked by ridges close at hand. The only direction in which a distant view was obtained was south, where the mountains beyond the Piti river were beautifully seen; from the great elevation at which we stood, their summits were everywhere in view; their elevation was surprisingly uniform, and the whole range was capped with snow. The mountains close at hand presented much the same appearance as I had seen from the rocks above our encampment the day before.

I reached the summit of the pass, which has an elevation of 18,500 feet, at a quarter before eight in the morning.

The most interesting passages in the book are those which relate to the glaciers, snow-beds, and their influence upon rivers. Dr. Thomson is here obliged to enter into more circumstantial particulars, and there is action in the evident movement and the visible dissolution of the mighty masses. This picture is from Sassar, latitude 35°, longitude 77°.

When I had reached the surface of the glacier, the passage was not difficult. About a quarter of its width on each side was occupied by blocks of stone; the centre was almost entirely ice, extremely irregular, and here and there a little fissured. The pathway,

which was only marked by the footsteps of two men whom I had sent the day before to select a place for crossing, at one time ascended to the top of a ridge of ice, at another descended into a deep hollow. At the time I crossed (about eleven A. M.) numerous streams of water had begun to flow in furrows on the surface of the ice. The whole width was close upon half a mile, and on the north side I ascended a steep moraine similar to that which I had previously descended.

From the top of the bank on which the moraine rested, a second glacier came in sight at the distance of a mile. My exploring party reported that they had been unable to find a point at which this glacier could be crossed, and as from the appearance of the mountains behind I felt certain that after crossing it I should only arrive at a third, I did not long persevere in trying to find a passage, but descended to its extremity, in order to see whether or not I could walk round it, as it did not appear to enter the water. At the bottom of the valley it spread out in a fan-shaped manner to the width of at least a mile; perhaps, indeed, much more, for as I failed in getting round it, I was unable to ascertain precisely. At its south-east corner, where it was nearly a hundred yards from the river, a considerable stream, white with suspended mud, was rushing out from beneath an arched vault of ice, even before sunrise. To avoid fording this icy stream, the margins of which were thickly frozen, I crossed with a good deal of difficulty an angle of the end of the glacier. On its surface I found several small moraines, which had sunk down into grooves ten or fifteen feet deep, and had therefore been invisible from the outside. Further progress on the ice was stopped by cliffs which were not accessible without ladders, so that I had to descend to the bank of the Shayuk. I walked along between the ice and the river, till my advance was stopped by the glacier fairly projecting into the water in such a manner that I could not see anything of what lay beyond. The icy wall being quite inaccessible, I could not get upon the surface of the glacier to attempt to advance in that way; nor could I ford the river, which was very deep.

The terminal cliff of the glacier varied in height from fifteen to thirty feet, and a talus of large stones lay in front, evidently deposited by it. Indeed, while I was there I saw several small stones, which projected from the face of the cliff, drop out by the melting of the ice in which they were imbedded. Many cavities were seen in the ice, from which large stones must have dropped out no longer ago than the day before, and the stones which corresponded in size to them were seen lying close at hand. Before I left the front of the glacier, the heat of the sun having become considerable, rapid thaw had commenced; rills of water trickled down its face in every direction, and the sound of falling stones was to be heard on all sides. Now and then a report as loud as that of a cannon was heard, caused, as I supposed, by the fall of a very large boulder from one of the smaller glaciers, which stopped abruptly at the top of the high cliff of alluvium.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN OF PETOFI.

It rains—how it rains !—
A pleasant rain this is,
For I'm with my love,
And fast shower the kisses.

With rain comes the lightning,
When storms break above ;—
So blaze from thine eyes, dear,
The lightnings of love !

But it thunders—it thunders !—
My dove, I must fly,
For here comes your mother ;—
Good-by, love—good-by !

From the Spectator.

REVELATIONS OF SIBERIA.*

BEYOND the obvious disagreeables of a severe climate, a primitive state of society, and the separation from family and friendly ties, exile in Siberia, according to these revelations, by no means comes up to the received notion. It may be that gratitude or apprehension has restrained the pen of the authoress, and the certainty that what she was writing would be dealt with by the Russian censors; or it is possible that exile to Siberia, like other evils, is more supportable in reality than expectation, and that the Russian government really wishes to make its victims as comfortable as may be when once transported to that desolate region. At all events, the established autocracy of the czar shines out in favorable contrast with the more uncertain and violent despotisms of France and Austria. A state prisoner of the latter power would hardly be allowed to publish an account of his imprisonment in the Austrian dominions; and "Napoleon III." has too much of the *novus homo* to have reached the self-satisfied height of imperial dignity which permits to its subjects neither personal censure nor praise.

Eve Felinska, the authoress of these volumes, as we are informed by her editor, is a Polish married woman of family, who was implicated in some abortive conspiracy, about 1837, and, after two years' detention and trial, was condemned to exile. Of her alleged crime, accusation, trial, guilt, or innocence, we hear nothing; the topics most natural to a patriot and a lady are passed by in a silence more significant than words. She begins her narrative with her start from Kiev, in March, 1839; gives an account of her journey thence to Tobolsk; and her final departure, after detention by the thaws of spring, to the most northern city of Siberia, Berezov, where her exile in Siberia was passed. As regards what may be called politics, there is scarcely a word, beyond praise of the regulations of the higher class of Russian officers for the benefit of the country and the people, and censure of their inferiors for the manner in which the good intentions of their superiors are baffled by prejudice, ignorance, selfishness, and corruption. When we consider what Eve Felinska was, and what her real feelings must be towards the system which has blotted out her country from the book of nations, and punishes patriotism as a crime, this prudent reserve, if more respectable to all concerned, is equally melancholy with the blasphemous adulation which follows the French president. Still something peeps out. This interview with a once celebrated Pole, which took place at Tobolsk, lifts the curtain of baffled hopes, broken health, and darkened reason.

During one of my walks, being accompanied by some friends, I paid a visit to Colonel Severin Krzyzanowski. He was a poor invalid; both his feet are paralyzed, and he never quits his chamber. One of our company, M. Onufry Pietraszkiewicz, preceded us to apprise the colonel of our approach; and we waited in an outer room while his nurse, a German, prepared for our reception.

In about a quarter of an hour the colonel was ready to receive us; and, being ushered in, we found him sitting in a deep arm-chair à la Voltaire, propped up

on both sides, his infirm, debilitated body requiring those supports.

His long, thin hair was snow-white—bleached, as it appeared, by premature age, brought on by much suffering; and it fell down on his shoulders, reaching nearly to his elbows. His face was excessively pale, and looked as though it were swollen; the lustre of his eyes was dimmed, and their old fire quenched. As he saw us enter, his lips and eyes trembled convulsively, betraying a strong inward emotion. We perceived that he tried to speak, and could not. He then, by a movement of his hand, made us a sign to approach his seat, to enable him to shake hands with us. There were but two of us in his room—Miss Josephine and myself.

It fortunately happened that at that moment the colonel's mind was perfectly lucid, which, alas! was not its ordinary condition; and we could see that only the excess of emotion deprived his paralyzed tongue of the power of speech. At length he recovered his self-possession, and for some time conversed with us, though not without difficulty, yet with perfect presence of mind.

Hearing that our destination was Berezov, a place known to him, having himself resided there fourteen months, he recommended us, when we arrived, to take lodgings at his former landlady's, where he said we should be comfortable. He tried to reassure us with respect to Berezov and the discomforts of that place, and, perhaps thinking we should be frightened, lauded the single-heartedness and hospitality of its inhabitants.

This conversation he maintained with a difficulty painful to witness. We were obliged to gather what he intended to convey, more from his gesticulations and the movements of his lips than from the words he uttered. For some time we went on tolerably well; but at last the colonel's faculties, exhausted by his efforts, began to flag. He still went on speaking; but we could not help observing that imagination carried him back to the shores of the Tagus and the banks of the Seine, the stage of his past military exploits. He then narrated that we could obtain at Berezov plenty of watermelons, grapes, oranges, and a variety of delicious fruits, which we knew were not to be found there, but were the produce of more genial climes.

This conversation, from its character and the direction it had taken, affected me painfully. I was at a loss how to abridge it otherwise than by taking leave of our unfortunate compatriot; who, on perceiving our movement, grasped our hands, and continued uttering beseechingly with his palsied tongue, "Pray stay—still longer—longer!" But, apprehending lest the effect of our protracted interview should prove injurious to the colonel's health, we left him.

Notwithstanding the extent of Madame Felinska's travels and her sojourn both at Tobolsk and Berezov, she appears to have seen but little, at least she tells but little, of the actual condition of the exiles. Escape is so difficult, not to say impossible, that surveillance would appear to be almost nominal. The banished occupy themselves, visit, and in short live according to their means, much as they would do if at home. That is, if they have money, they spend it as they please; or if they have none, they can follow any occupation they know or can acquire. At Tobolsk and Berezov, our authoress engaged apartments, bought furniture, marketed, and visited, including the Russian officers, as she might have done in Paris or London. The sources of her income are not clear. The government allowance to a Tartar Khan was equivalent to tenpence a day; a sum insufficient to maintain dignity or style, but apparently

* Revelations of Siberia. By a Banished Lady. Edited by Colonel Leach Szymma, Author of "Letters on Poland," &c., &c. In two volumes. Published by Colburn.

enough to support a man in the remoter regions of Siberia.

The appearance and characteristics of the country are among the most remarkable traits of the work, and from their novelty and suggestiveness not the least interesting. The district of which Berezov is about the central point, has its frontier two thousand miles and upwards from the principal town, and contains but fifteen thousand inhabitants. Roads there are none; in winter, communication takes place between Tobolsk and Berezov along the frozen surface of the rivers, and for the few months of summer is carried on by water. The native tribes of Ostiaks and Samoieds live in a state little above that of the Esquimaux. The few settlements are on the banks of rivers; as, indeed, it is only by means of them that intercommunication can take place, for even in winter-time any person who attempted to travel across the snow, would inevitably be starved or frozen, and in summer would find the route impassable. The town of Berezov is beyond the limits of agriculture, save a few vegetables introduced by exiles, and cultivated like exotics. Flesh of some kind—as fish and game, captured or bartered from the Ostiaks, and more rarely butcher's meat—is the principal food; the excessive cold preserving it throughout the year, for in the height of summer ice-cellars keep it frozen. This summer is short; snow is not got rid of till the end of May, and hoar frosts at night begin in July. Spring there is none; what is the end of the "sweet season" in happier climes, produces at Berezov masses of melted snow, mud, slush, and streams of running water. This was a sight at the latter end of May—the writer using the old style.

The 13th [24th] of May was one of the great days of the year in our little community. The mass of ice on the Sosva, which had previously been immovable, and despite the increased volume of currents beneath, and the deluge of waters above, blocked up the river with its frozen masses, at last, after so long braving the shocks of the hostile elements, gave way, and began to move with all its stupendous bulk northward, carrying everything before it.

Gradually, before our eyes, the different localities began to change with the moving ice; the road over the river to Tobolsk planted on both sides with green cedar branches, the various paths trodden across the ice by human steps, the holes cut for fishing, and those for the use of the cattle, and which were fenced around with branches of fir and larch, looking like so many beautiful green bowers on a white plain—all these objects, on which our eyes had been accustomed to dwell with delight during the winter, now broke up, and, with slow, silent, and solemn motion, set out on their distant pilgrimage.

This migration to distant regions, of things so familiar to us, and which we had no hope of ever seeing again, had something in it peculiarly mournful; and the objects themselves, as though responding to our feelings, seemed, by their lingering movements, to depart with regret, still murmuring to us their eternal farewell. Thus it fares always in this world. Everything is transient, and all in turn pass away.

The whole pack of the ice, with its paths, and pits, and branches, suddenly halted lower down the river, at a distance of about a verst from Berezov, where a sharp angle impeded the current; and here it seemed to bid us a reluctant adieu. Prompted by I know not what motive, I walked to the spot, and felt delighted to behold once more each well-remembered object. Not until some hours had elapsed did the huge pile take another start, and pass away forever.

The close of the day saw the river free, and its blue waves floating tranquilly and proudly along, without encountering any obstacle.

Berezov itself, communicating by water with Tobolsk and the Northern Ocean, is a place of some trade in fish and furs, and of some jollity, in winter-time especially, when the reindeer come home, and draw sledge-parties about. Snow and intense frost make a firm road everywhere; in warmer weather even the town itself would not be passable to a fastidious Londoner.

The banks of the river, on which the town is built, are elevated. The soil is sandy, and the streets are always dirty and muddy, even during the greatest summer heat. On the surface of the mud, however, during summer, a dry incrustation is formed; but woe to the person who, trusting in its apparent solidity and firmness, should venture to direct his unfortunate feet on it, as the deceitful crust would break under him, and he would have hard work to emerge from the quagmire beneath.

Communication from one house to another is, therefore, not easy; and boards, large, long wooden planks, and round stems of whole trees, are laid across the streets, to facilitate it. In some places we observed pools of clear water, too deep to be ever dried up. These pools are honored by the inhabitants with the appellation of ozers, or lakes.

In our towns such a wretched state of things would never be tolerated; for what inhabitants would like to have their houses built in streets which are impassable for any vehicle? But here this inconvenience is of no importance. During the whole summer we did not see one carriage pass through the streets. There are no wheels, no carts, no horses; and there are, of course, no roads. In town, all communications between the inhabitants are effected on foot, and out of its precincts, by boats on the river.

The paucity of information respecting the condition of exiles in Siberia will probably at first disappoint the reader. When this feeling is got over, the volumes will be found interesting, from their pictures of a country, people, and state of society, new to the English of this generation.

From the Athenæum.

Isis: an Egyptian Pilgrimage. By J. A. St. JOHN. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

MR. ST. JOHN has written many and pleasant volumes on Egypt—volumes to be read with profit even after Curtis and Kinglake, Wilkinson and Wurburton, have done their best to fill the mind with images of the cloudless sky, the burning sands, and the fertilizing river of that land of youthful wonder and learned speculation. He has told the tales of love and adventure with which the faithful while away the Ramadan—discussed the Eastern question with Mehemet Ali—and painted the costumes and manners of the Nilotic Valley, from the Delta to Wady Halfa. His present volumes are different from all that have gone before them. Mr. St. John has this time "had a dream which was not *all* a dream." He has seated himself, so to speak, on a broken column in the temple of Karnak, and passed in thought away to the realm of shadows—making for himself an African "mystery." In short, "*Isis*" is an attempt to idealize the results of reading, observation and reflection on the country of the Pyramids.

Like "*Nile Notes*," "*Isis*" is a book of pictures;—pictures of scenes—pictures of emotions—pic-

tures of men and women. It is the most highly finished of all Mr. St. John's miscellaneous writings as to style and literary art; and he himself tells the reader that it is "the depository of all his own best feelings and most carefully-formed opinions." Though called a pilgrimage, the work is less a narrative than a confession:—a report, not so much on the Nile land, its history and mystery, as on the moral and intellectual results of travel to and fro about the famous stream, and its not less famous cities. Perhaps it may be best described as an Egyptian "Sentimental Journey." It would be useless, therefore, as the reader will understand, to write an analytic essay on "Isis." Such a work stands on its own peculiar conditions—and can be exhibited only in extract. We shall best fulfil our duty to author and reader by introducing them to each other with little or no preliminary flourish.

On the African mystery of the Sphinx Mr. St. John has an opinion of his own;—the which he puts forth as follows.—

What the Egyptians signified by this symbolical figure, seems not to be exactly decided. I think it was the type of womanhood, in which power is engrafted on beauty and gentleness. This they represented by a woman's face, neck, and bosom terminating in the body of a lioness, not in fierce or violent action, but in eternal repose. This is the nature of the passive principle, which receives within itself the germs of life, and quickens and brings them to perfection, without any external manifestation of energy. Possibly, also, the Egyptians meant to insinuate that though the female sex is placed as our companion upon earth, it is never understood by us, but will remain, like the sphinx, an enigma to the day of doom. However this may be, I take it for granted that the approximation of sphinx and pyramids was not altogether accidental. The stranger and the traveller who approach might learn from the mystic figure beneath the rocks, that around him all was symbol and allegory, and that if he could not read the riddle of its existence, he could scarcely expect to interpret the most abstruse of all symbols on the sacred mount. In all ages there has been an esoteric philosophy, a doctrine and language confined to the few, and even now, they who as travellers journey over the surface of the earth, must veil a portion of their discoveries behind an obscure terminology. When perfect, the sphinx, in all likelihood, formed the crown of Egyptian art. There is something inexpressibly majestic in the dusky head, suggesting the idea of a buried goddess, emerging from beneath the sands; and if we contemplate the outline of the features, and restore what centuries have mutilated and marred, we shall probably have a perfect type of the beautiful as it existed in the mind of the Egyptians.

Mr. St. John takes his gallantry with him as a robe. Every woman's face is to him beautiful—every woman's voice soft—every woman's heart pure. Good fortune seems to attend some travellers; or perhaps, after all, it is only good humor and a disposition to take things at their best.

If the reader would like to have this traveller's view of the great question of female life in the East—about which women are so fierce in New York and so indifferent at Grand Cairo—here it is in black and white:—

We probably form a false conception of the life of the harim, misled by writers who suppose its inhabitants to be swayed by a system of ideas different from that which really prevails among them. My own opinion is, that they are quite as happy as the rest of their sex, otherwise nature would not have given perpetuity to the institution, which seems quite as suit-

able to the East as very different institutions to the North. At any rate the women themselves are the best judges, and they appear upon the whole no less contented than their sisters of Frankistan. Besides, their seclusion is not so absolute as we imagine. I have seen respectable men and their wives going out to spend the evening pleasantly in the fields between Cairo and Shoubra, forming little groups, but not so far removed as to prevent conversation. They did not, of course, belong to the upper classes, which everywhere sacrifice the heart and its best affections to pride and vanity; but were probably shop-keepers, or what are called, in the East, little merchants, extremely comfortable and, as we express it, well to do. At any rate, if mirth be a criterion, they were as happy as Greeks, for they talked, laughed, related stories and anecdotes, smoked, drank sherbet, and ate sweetmeats and all sorts of delicacies with much greater gusto than the same number of princes and princesses in the sombre North. Again, when I visited the Mosque of Flowers, I saw at least four or five hundred women, many of them of the highest rank, distributed through the various aisles, in pleasant little groups seated on carpets, some sewing, others suckling their children, others talking and laughing, or eating and drinking, while their slaves stood round in attendance. As I was dressed like a Turk, they bestowed no more attention on me than on any other person. So I gazed on them at my leisure, while I affected to be regarding the architecture, the colors of the painted windows, and the materials of the pavement. Even in the bazaars, when not too strictly attended, the Muslim women sometimes venture to converse with strangers, sending forth their soft voices, at first, perhaps, from behind their veils, but as the dialogue warms, throwing these aside for a moment and exhibiting their beauty, as the moon flashes from behind a cloud. One day, as I was examining some linen for a turban, a Turkish lady, who had likewise come to purchase finery, addressing me quite in a familiar tone, said, "That, O stranger, will not suit you; but this," touching some Manchester muslin as she spoke, "will look very handsome, though the fashion now is to wear the Fes plain." The ice being thus unceremoniously broken, we continued talking on a variety of topics, though the female slave who attended her displayed numerous signs of anger or alarm. But the mistress was not to be checked. The rare opportunity of conversing with a Frank having presented itself, she was resolved to make the most of it, and went on chatting and laughing for a full hour at least. As she put several questions to me respecting the females of Europe, I ventured to inquire, in my turn, into the internal economy of the harim, respecting which she disclosed to me some curious particulars, fully confirmed afterwards by more than one Levantine matron at Alexandria.

Of course, we foresee an objection on the part of the "strong-minded" to such evidence being received in court. But leaving Mr. St. John to settle this point with the successors of Margaret Fuller as he can—we will introduce our readers to a banquet partaken of or imagined by Mr. St. John in true Egyptian fashion:—

In the tombs of Illithyas there is a picture representing a banquet, which, properly studied, may serve to justify one of our Theban achievements, which, with the reader's permission, I will describe. Nothing can be more certain than that the Egyptians were in the habit of making themselves merry in tombs. Even at their most gorgeous feasts they introduced and passed from guest to guest the figure of a mummy, and converted it into a motive for feeding luxuriously and drinking deep. "Enjoy yourselves while you may," was the injunction of the mimic corpse, "for to-morrow you may be like me." Without having the

slightest idea of imitating these philosophical gentlemen, we resolved to enjoy a grand dinner in the Tombs of the Kings, and, to render the entertainment more complete, our host invited a company of dancing-girls, to amuse us by their performances. The sepulchre consisted of a suite of apartments, several of them lofty, with many rows of immense pillars, which supported the weight of the mountain. When lighted up at night with lamps and wax tapers, these halls of death assumed a splendid and mysterious appearance, their dimensions being so great as to leave some portion of them always enveloped in shadow. The table was laid out between the columns, with strings of small lamps suspended in festoons overhead. The dishes were numerous, the covers of silver, the decanters of cut crystal, and all the other appurtenances such as the old subjects of Rameses might have envied. What the delicacies consisted of, Heaven knows. Disguised by the cookery of the East, I may, for aught I can tell, have that night eaten a crocodile. It is certain that the wood of coffins was burnt in the kitchen to boil our vegetables, among which were large cauliflowers, the most delicious I have ever tasted. Wines of France, Italy, and Spain, sparkled on the board, and the guests, full of health and animal spirits, forgot they were carousing in a sepulchre, and laughed, and joked, and sang joyous songs, as if Egypt had been restored to political and social vitality, and we had met to celebrate the happy event. Here and there in the background were large painted coffins, in which several Egyptian ladies awaited the revolution of the Great Year. Had it occurred that night, how, on lifting up their embroidered wrappers and painted coffin-lids, would they have been startled to behold a number of barbarians from the north drinking champagne at their bed's feet! . . . Presently the Awailim and Ghawazi entered from a distant chamber, where they also had been regaling themselves. It appears to be generally believed that these girls drink brandy before commencing their performances, and in many cases, perhaps, they may, though I must do them the justice to say they never did so on any occasion when they exhibited before me. They confined themselves to coffee, and trusted to their health and animal spirits to carry them through the physical efforts which constitute in most cases a large portion of their dances. In the present instance two young and elegantly-formed Ghawazi, having reduced their costume to a dress of gauze, and buckled a broad girdle about their waists, to enable them to go without injury through the violent efforts sometimes required by the nature of their performances, stepped forward, and commenced a pantomime of which I cannot expect that my description will convey an adequate idea. The story of the piece may be related briefly. A jealously-watched princess has, by the exercise of a thousand ingenious arts, contrived, at length, to triumph over the policy of the harim, and enjoy an interview with her lover. She is first seen waiting anxiously for his approach, she rises from the divan, she goes to the lattice, she listens, she turns pale, she trembles. Hope then takes the place of despair; her cheeks are flushed, she sings to herself a song of love; a footstep is heard, the lover appears, they utter an exclamation of joy, and rush into each other's arms.

We are tempted to throw in a bit of natural history in the style of these imaginations and confessions:—

Sir James Brooke informs me that the alligators of Borneo will kill men and swallow them whole; and he says that his people, on ripping one open, found in his stomach a poor Dyak, very little the worse for keeping, who, with his vest and canvas trousers on, had lain in that strange cemetery for upwards of a fortnight. The crocodiles of Egypt are more delicate in their tastes, for though they will devour children, or even women, they seem to entertain an objection to

eating men, whom they probably find difficult of digestion. Just before our arrival an Arab girl, who had descended to the Nile for water, was just stooping to fill her pitcher, when a crocodile struck her with his tail, and, tumbling her into the river, walked off with her into his den, where he devoured her at his leisure. Out of revenge for such practices we endeavored to get some crocodile steaks for breakfast; but, after firing at them incessantly, found it to be of no avail, and ultimately we departed from the land of the Pharaohs without having once tasted that delicacy. But *en ravanche*, as our neighbors say, we shot and ate a siksak, the crochilos of Herodotus, a sort of gentleman-in-waiting on the crocodile, about which history and tradition tell strange stories. What they say is this—that the crocodile being too much addicted to live in water with his jaws open, allows a number of leeches to creep down his throat, where, vigorously sucking his blood, they prove extremely troublesome. Against these enemies, however, he finds a faithful ally in the siksak, which as soon as he perceives, he opens his delicate mouth, and the bird, rendered bold by instinct, leaps, like another Curtius, into the gulf, not to be swallowed up, however, but to swallow. He kills and devours the leeches, and then, hopping out, receives the thanks of the crocodile. Sometimes, this lumbering animal, getting sleepy during the process, mechanically closes his jaws so as to deprive his little friend of air; upon which, extending his wings, furnished with sharp spikes on the tops of the shoulders, he wounds the crocodile's throat, and reminds him that it is his business to be civil. For the truth of the story I will not answer, but certain it is that these birds have the sharp spike on the wings, and that I seldom, perhaps never, saw a crocodile without a siksak standing close beside him on the sand, evidently within his reach, but without his exhibiting the slightest desire to molest or injure it. The bird is about the size of a dove, beautiful of plumage, and very good eating.

A feature of these volumes—which would be highly objectionable on the score of Art in a regular narrative, but is an agreeable variety here, in the midst of word painting and speculation—is, the telling of stories. Byron says of Ben Bunting—"When he had naught to say he swore." Mr. St. John does better:—when he has nothing particular on hand, *he tells a story*. He invents characters in order to get stories out of them—his imagination seeming to revel in tales of "love and murder." Some of these episodes are pretty and well told;—and all serve to brighten the page and relieve the reader. One of them, after rejecting superfluous passages, we will quote for its touching simplicity:—

While travelling in the days of stage-coaches through Derbyshire, and, for the sake of enjoying a cigar, sitting upon the box beside the driver, I observed, on the top of a large mammellated hill, three magnificent elm trees, which appeared to stand at the corners of an equilateral triangle. With these elms was connected a curious tradition, which the coachman related as he drove along.—Many years ago, there was somewhere in the neighborhood an old family, which possessed a fine estate, and a mansion rather more than suitable to its dimensions. Fond of show and splendor, the several heirs to the estate exhibited one after another the same taste, making all sort of sacrifices, in order to vie with, or outdo their neighbors, and burdening their paternal acres with debt, which could only be liquidated by successive sales of portions of the estate. The house was quite in the old style, irregular, spreading, heterogeneous, because built at different epochs, by persons of dissimilar tastes, who never pulled down anything, but went on adding wing to wing, and room to room, till there was in course of time created a perfect wilderness of apart-

ments, turrets, corridors, galleries, and staircases. At length it fell into the hands of a widow, with three sons, who, at the period of their father's death, were mere lads. Their mother, a woman of stately manners but affectionate heart, being incapable of managing the small farm to which the estate had now been reduced, engaged a man to act as a sort of steward; but he, instead of faithfully performing his duty, took advantage of the ignorance of the widow to precipitate her and her children more deeply into poverty. As was natural, she clung to the old mansion, now for the most part dilapidated, and stripped of its pictures and furniture. Her name contrasted strikingly with her situation and prospects;—it was Merryfield, which to a stranger would have suggested the idea of a blithe woman, favored by fortune, and full of inbred contentment. . . . Well, under this mother's eye the three boys grew up, and as they grew she faded. From her they had derived life, from her they had derived all the knowledge they possessed; for the dishonesty of the steward left them not the means of education, and at length it became necessary for them to subsist by the labor of their hands. Merryfield Court was sold, and the chief part of the proceeds consumed by hereditary debts. One field after another followed the mansion, and still the tide of ill success set in strong against them. To crown all, their mother was seized by her last illness, with which death came obviously hand in hand. The three sons stood around her bed, endeavoring to repay by manly tenderness and care the love and anxieties of twenty years. A ray of joy and satisfaction gleamed over this closing scene. Her voice had not yet lost all its power, and in sweet and touching accents she gave them her counsel and her blessing. . . . Shortly after their mother's death, the brothers found, on looking into their affairs, that nothing was left them but the hill on which the three elms you noticed on passing now stand. They, therefore, consulted together, and determined to sell it, and with the proceeds, whatever they might be, to travel to three distant parts of the world, in the hope that the same influence might not pursue them all, but that out of the three, one, at least, might be prosperous, and be able in age or sickness to provide for the other two. They, therefore, took a silver cup, the last remnant of their family plate, and, filling it with wine, repaired at night to the summit of the hill, where they sat down and drank it, and made merry together. They then took three young elms, mere seedlings, and planted them in the earth, and formed a little fence about them, and said to each other:—"When the last link that binds us to the soil of this country shall be broken, we will shake hands, and depart each in a different direction. For ten years we will struggle with the world, after which, if we are still living, we will return to this hill, and here, under the shade of the trees we have planted, will renew our brotherly affection, and, if it may be, build up again the fortunes of our house. The earth is spacious, and the chances of life are innumerable. Possibly then, we may find fortune more propitious than she has been to the Merryfields for many generations; and, if not, why then we shall meet where our mother awaits us, happy in this, that in faithfully performing her bidding, we have fulfilled the first of all human duties." . . . When the Merryfields had sold the mammellated hill, which they did on condition that the trees they had planted should never be cut down, they disappeared from the place of their birth, and divided and went, it was never known whither. One was supposed to have directed his course to the New World, another to India, while a third continued somewhere in Europe, to thrive as he best might among the influences of our decaying civilization. But these were mere conjectures. Meanwhile the elms grew, and the neighbors watched them at first with a strong interest, though as years rolled by this interest decreased, and the

Merryfields faded by degrees from the memory of most persons. But there is always a small class that loves to remember, and these used to go to the hill, especially in spring, and watch the leaves put forth and clothe the naked boughs once more with verdure. Year after year they fancied that before autumn should again crumple up those leaves and strip them one by one from the branches, and turn them red and yellow, and blow them about recklessly with its frozen breath, the youths who planted them might return, now hardy and weather-bent men, to unite the hand of friendship beneath their increasing shade. But the trees still grew and they came not, and the neighbors and friends who watched the growth of the elms grew old and dropped one by one into the grave, and still the trees grew and became green every spring, and red and gold every autumn, and the memory of the brothers was transformed into a tradition, and the village youths and maidens used to come and sit down on a summer's evening under the elms, and talk of the three brothers who left the neighborhood when their fathers and mothers were young, or before they were born. Every day, as the stage-coach passed on the road to Derby, some stranger remarked the size and curious position of the trees, and heard from the coachman the tradition of their planting, so that of those who read this narrative, many, if not most, will be familiar with the facts. It is said (but this may be apocryphal), that two generations after the planting of the elms, a lady, young, beautiful, though somewhat swarthy, appeared in the neighborhood of Merryfield Court. She arrived in a carriage, and put up at the inn, and without making the slightest inquiry, or even so much as alluding to the tradition of the trees, went to the top of the hill and sat there alone for many hours. Several months afterwards a name was observed cut faintly on the bark of the largest tree, but, if any purpose was intended to be answered by it, it was not accomplished, for the name could not be deciphered. To this hour, therefore, the fate of the Merryfields remains involved in impenetrable obscurity. But the elms are there yet, lofty, branching, full of sap and vigor, unconscious of the melancholy associated with them; unmindful of the hands by which they were planted, and insensible to the intense yearning of the heart with which those three brothers often turned their thoughts towards them from distant lands. They continue to be agitated by the breeze, and refreshed by the rains and dews of heaven, as if they had been planted to commemorate some propitious event, the birth of some fortunate child, or the union of two hearts made to be united, and to shed happiness over a whole district. But the elms have a reputation throughout the whole country, and have given to the eminence on which they stand the name of "THREE-TREE-HILL."

Our readers and Mr. St. John are now fairly introduced to each other; and, having done our duty as literary masters of the ceremonies, we must leave them to improve the acquaintance as they best can. Those who have been interested in the extracts already made will on turning to the original sources find much more in the same style—and yet better—in "Isis: a Pilgrimage." From the dream of Amenti, with its Vision of Isis—which opens the volumes—we would have quoted for its fine Oriental spirituality, but that a fragment would do it injustice. Instead of this, we give an introductory sonnet written by Mr. Patrick Scott as a preluding note to the volumes:—

TO EGYPT.

How was thy throne exalted, hoary land!
But now, its steps are memories! Still thou art
Warm with the beatings of a younger heart.

Between the goals of Time I see thee stand
 Flush'd from set suns, and pointing with thy hand
 To dawning day, when the old curse shall be
 Lifted from off thy spirit, and on thee
 Shall rest thy first-born aspect of command.
 'Tis not enough for thee to lie reclined
 By that blue stream, in faded robe that shrouds
 The skeleton of Power, 'neath purple skies—
 Thou, who didst erst build up thy solemn mind
 To such high faith, that round its top the clouds
 Floated, dim shadows of a creed more wise.

To Mr. St. John's poetical and very suggestive *fantasia* on this theme we can confidently direct the attention of our readers.

From the Spectator.

STATE PAPERS RELATING TO ENGLISH HISTORY.*

UPWARDS of twenty years have passed since William the Fourth appointed a commission for "printing and publishing State Papers." It is fourteen years since we noticed the fourth and fifth volumes of the series, embracing part of the reign of Henry the Eighth, and treating of the affairs of Scotland and the Northern Borders. The six quarto volumes now before us contain a selection of correspondence relating to the foreign affairs of the same monarch's entire reign, extending from 1509 to 1547; though the date on a title-page commences with 1473, one document going back to Edward the Fourth and a few to Henry the Seventh. The number of papers is 1474; and the six volumes extend to upwards of four thousand pages, exclusive of a "vocabulary" and two elaborate indexes of persons and places, which occupy nearly two hundred and fifty pages more.

As regards skilful selection, careful editing, and necessary information in the form of notes, sufficient to smooth difficulties, yet without any parade or overdoing, the editor has left little or nothing to desire. But we adhere to our former opinion, that the commissioners have printed on far too large a scale for any useful purpose; though a lavish outlay is more justifiable on original papers relating to a turning-point of modern history, when European politics and opinion received the impress which they retained till the close of the last century, than on dry and limited documents chiefly interesting to antiquarians, and indeed from their language intelligible to no other persons. "A goose is an awkward bird—too much for one, and too little for two;" on the same principle selections hardly suffice for an historian, while they are too much for the general student or reader. What has been wanting all along with our records is, that they should be well arranged and made (as they now in a great degree are) readily accessible; that legible copies (as is done with wills) should be prepared for consultation, and that catalogues raisonnés should be published upon a system like the table of contents prefixed to each volume of the publication before us, only on a more extended scale. Date, persons, place, and the heads of the leading topics, are presented at a glance in this painstaking digest. Nothing was required but a fuller summary of heads, to render these tables indicative of what particular information an in-

quirer might want, and to convey a knowledge of the whole of the State Papers relating to Henry the Eighth's reign in a small compass.

Not that some of the papers should not be published, or that the question of the bibliopole, "will they pay?" should be uppermost in the mind of a public commission. The scholarly attraction, however, should be thought of; and that, we believe, will be found to consist in documents that throw a newer, a fuller, or a stronger light on historical points of some importance, or exhibit personal character, especially of eminent men, or bring out the manners of the age.

The volumes abound in these traits—more, indeed, than might have been supposed; but were they much fuller than they are, who in these days can read six quarto volumes of original papers, and on one branch of policy three hundred years gone by?

The leading men of the reign of Henry the Eighth—those to whom the mind instinctively turns when the period is mentioned—are Harry himself, the Emperor Charles, Francis the First, Bourbon, Wolsey, Cromwell, More, the Popes, and a long array of Churchmen, several of whom were distinguished afterwards in times even yet more bloody than bluff Harry's—as Cranmer, Gardener, Bonner. The most striking events are the pageant of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, the divorce of Catherine of Aragon and its religious consequences, the king's subsequent matrimonial adventures, and the wars between the Emperor and Francis the First, especially those in Italy which led to the captivity of the French king and Bourbon's sack of Rome. These historical topics are all touched upon in the diplomatic correspondence, and sometimes with great fulness and detail as regards personal traits and pictures of manners. The lesser topics extend all over Europe, embracing Denmark towards the North and Turkey towards the East; and are often picturelike in their details. The English is good, frequently strong and racy; differing in structure and style very little from English of the present day, though some words are strange and the spelling is irregular. When there is anything like difficulty or obscurity, the fault is in the writer, not the tongue.

It is out of our way to enter into any of the subjects for which these volumes furnish the means; for each subject might be expanded into an historical treatise. All that our space will permit is to exhibit a few specimens of the matter and reading which they contain. Jane Seymour is supposed to have been the best-beloved of Henry the Eighth's wives; but, notwithstanding her melancholy death in childbed with Edward the Sixth, the king, even in announcing his loss to the French Court, took steps towards replacing it. Cromwell writes as follows to Gardynere and Lord William Howard at Paris.

I shall in fewe wordes comprehende that God hathe sent unto us; that is, with our joye a notable displeasure and sorowe, if it may be called sorowe or displeasure that He wolle permytt and suffre. Our Prince, our Lord be thanked, is in good health, and suckethe like a child of his puissance, whiche youe, my Lord William, canne declare. Our Mastres, thoroughe the faulte of them that were about Her, whiche suffred Her to take greate cold, and to eate thinges that her fantasie in sykness called for, is departed to God. The Kinges Majestes pleasure is, that you shal advertise the Frenche King of this Her Graces departure, whom we be all bounde to remem-

* State Papers published under the Authority of her Majesty's Commission. Vols. VI. to XI. King Henry the Eighth.

ber, and pray for, having left unto us soo goodly a pledge as is our young maister.

And forasmuche as, though he His Majestie is not any thing disposed to marry again, albeit His Highness, God be thanked, take the this chaunce as a man, that by reason with force overcommeth his affection, may take suche an extreme adventure; yet, as sundry of His Graces Counsaill here have thought it mete for us to be most humble suters to His Majeste to conside the state of his Realme, and to entre eftsones in to an other matrymonie in place for His Highnes satisfaction convenient; soo his tendre zeale to us his subgiettes hath already somoche overcome His Graces said disposition, and framed his mynde bothe to be indifferent to the thing, and to thelection of any person from any parte, that with deliberation shal be thought mete for Him, that, as we lyve in hope that His Grace woll again couple Himself, to our comfortes; soo considering what personages in Christendom be mete for Him, amonges the rest there be two in Fraunce, that may be thought on, thone is the Frenche Kinges daughter, whiche, as it is said, is not the metest, the other is Madame de Longeville, whom they say the King of Scottes dothe desire. Of whose conditions and qualities in every point His Majeste desireth you both, with all your dexterite and good meanes, to enquire; and likewise in what point and termes the said King of Scottes standeth towardes either of them: whiche His Highness is soo desirous to knowe, His Graces desire therein to be nevertheles in any wise kept secret to your selves, that his pleasure is, that youe, my Lorde William, shal not returne tyl you may lerne both howe the King of Scottes standethe in his sute, and what the conditions and qualities of bothe persones be. Whiche knownen, as you may by any possible meanes attayn to the knowlege of it, soo as at the return of you, my Lord William, you may wel declare it, His Grace woll that you, my Lord William, shall return according to your instructions. In then serching out of whiche matier His Majeste desireth you bothe to exhibite that circumspection and diligence, that may answer to His Graces expectation conceived of you.

This marriage was a fertile subject for the ambassadors at Paris and elsewhere. Hutton at Brussels complains of the task put upon him, but nevertheless sends a list of the beauties to Cromwell.

Upon the receipt of your letters addressid unto me by this berrar, I have made as myche secret sherche as the tyme wold permyt. The which, albeit hadbyn of lengar contenance, I cold not perceve that anny sherche cold have found wone soo notable a personage, as were meit to be lyknyd to that noble Raynge. In the Court ther is waytting uppon the Queyn a lady of thage of 14 yerres, daughter unto the Lord of Breidrood, of a goodly statwre. She is notid vartee, sadde, and womanly; hir beautie is competent, hir mother is departid this world, who was daughter to the Cardynall of Luikes sister. It is thought that the said Cardynall wold give a good dote to have hir bestoid after his mynd. Ther is a widdowe, the wiche also repayrithe often to the Court, beyng of goodly personage. She was the wyffe of the late Yerde of Egmond, and, as I ame infurmyd, she passithe fortie yerres of age, the wiche dothe not apeire in my judgement by hir face. Ther is the Duches of Myllayn [Milan], whom I have not seyn, but as it is reportid to be a goodly personage and of excellent beawtie. The Dewke of Clevis hath a daughter, but I here no great preas neyther of hir personage nor beawtie. I have not myche experiens amonges ladies, and therefore this commission is to me very hard; soo that, yf in anny thyng I offend, I beseeche your Lordships to be my mean for pardon. I have wrytyn the treuthe, as nighe as I canne possible lerne, levyng the further

judgement to other, that ar better skillid in suche matters.

The Duches of Milan, on her arrival, made a favorable impression on Hutton, and he thus reports—

By Fraunces the corror I sartified your Lordships that the Duches of Myllan was in the way hetherward, who arived here as ystarday, very honorably accompenyd aswell of hyr owen treyn as withe suche that departid frome hence to meit hyr. I ame infurmyd she is of the age of 16 yeres, very highe of statwre for that age. She is highar then the Regent, a goodly personage of boddy, and compytent off beawtie, of favor excellent, soft of speche, and very gentill in countenance. She werythe moornyng aparell affre the maner of Ytalie. By all that I cane lerne, the stev betwixt hyr and the Dewke Gillum off Ravist [eyn], sone and eyre unto the Dewke of [Clevis], is only for knowlege of thEmprors pleisur. [The] commune sayng is here, that she is bothe wedow [and] mayd. Wone of the Councell, whom I esteme my [friend], told me that if the mariage myght be treatid betwixt the Kynges Majeste and hir, and my Lady Mary His Graces daughter with the Dewke of Ravisteyn, that the aliaunce shuldbe very benefissiall, bothe to the Kynges Highnes and to thEmpror, as to have the wholl Almeyn at ther commandmentes. She resemblythe myche wone Mystris Sheltun, that somtyme waytid in Court uppon Queyn Anne. She ussithe most to spek Frenche, albeit that as it is reportid she can Ytalian and High Almeyn.

In a communication to Wrothesley, of the same date, he adds—

Yf it were Godes plesur and the Kynges, I wold ther were some good aliaunce made betwixt His Highnes and thEmpror, the wiche I doo esteme most commodios for the commune welthe of His Graces Realme, and ther is non in theis parteis off parsonage, beawtie, and hyrthe, lyke unto the Duches off Myllayn. She is not soo pewre whyt, as was the late Qweyn, whois soal God pardon; but she hath a syngular good countenance, and when she chancethe to smyl, ther aperithe two pittes in hir cheikes, and wone in hyr chyne, the wiche becommethe hyr right excellently well.

The reputation of the French for making the best of any matter was as well known then as in later days. Cheyne, in writing to Wolsey, in 1522, giving the report of an affair in Italy where the French claimed the day and all the merit, thus speaks—

Morover they gyve a great prayse to their men of armes, and put greate blame in the Swyses, saying that, and they had don their part, as they did, there had not one escaped. Nevertheles the Swyses lost 3 of their chief capitayns; which cold not be, if they had not done their part aswel as the Frenchmen: but who so ever do best, they wol say always it is theymselfes. Please it your Grace they make as though they were mervelows glad with thes tydynges. Notwithstandyng I thinke verily the trowthe is contrary, and that they have lost more than they have won. Farther, and it were as they say, the Spanyardes coud never a gotten into the towne of Myllayn, where as they be now, and al their ordynawnce with them, as the Seyngniowr Galias Vice Count told me.

Seventeen years after this, Bonner, writing to Cromwell, offers this opinion of French policy, while in the close he exhibits a little of his own—

Yf on might goo by conjectures, they will fyrst bring the Bishop of Rome in opinion that for his sake they have revoked ther Ambassadour out of England,

not entending to sende any other thither, and also they will see how they can frame and compasse ther owne busines with thEmperour. Craftye people they ar, and for ther owne profit and commodyte desyrouse to have with all the glorie and honor to, an other man bering the chardge. To geve counsell how they ar to be used in this cace, it were a gret presumption in me; but surely yet I thinke best neyther to use them to strangelye, ne yet to famylyarlye, but accordeng as they shall in effect by ther procedynges declare themself. And of trueth, by the small experience I have, they ar most indifferent and reasonable, when they ar used as they do; and at this tyme they had nede to be used veray politiquely. But this me thinketh, I see, my good Lord (which I beseeche you I maye speake for discharge of myself, yf any thing hereafter do chaunce otherwise then well), that yf these men maye have ther desyres of thEmperour in any parte to ther contentation, it is not to be looked, that we shall have by ther amytie and friendship any thing to any gret purpose, and yet they will sucke away from us, by one wayes and other, asmuche as they can. I praye God, I be founde a lyer herein. And, my good Lorde, whatsomever I do write, I beseeche you it maye be kepte secret from them; yey, and reported, that I make relation of them after a wonderouse favorable and loving sorte, to keape my credence here. With your Lordshipp I must speke afre oon sort, and with them afre an other sort.

The terrible state to which Italy was reduced by the wars between the French and the Spaniards was never more distinctly painted than in a letter to the King from Carew and Sampson, written in 1529.

It is, Sire, the moost pitie to see this contree, as we suppose, that ever was in Christyndom; in some places nother horsmete nor mans mete to be found, the goodly townes destroyed and desolate.

Between Vercelles, belonging to the Duke of Savoy, and Pavie, the space of 50 miles, the moost goodly contree for corne and vynes that maye be seen, is so desolate, in all that weye we sawe oon man or woman laborers in the fylde, nor yett creatour sterling, but in great villaiges 5 or 6 myserable personnes; sawyng in all this weye we sawe thre women in oone place, gathering of grapis yett upon the vynes, for there are nother vynes orderyd and kepte, nor corne sawed in all that weye, nor personnes to gather the grapes that growth upon the vynes, but the vynes growth wyld, great contreys, and hanging full of clusters of grapes. In this mydde waye is a towne, the which hath been oone of the goodly townes of Italye, callyd Vegeva; there is a strong hold, the towne is all destroyed and in manner desolate. Pavie is in lyke maner, and great pitie; the chyldryn kryeng abowt the streates for bred, and ye dying for hungre. They seye that all the hole peuple of that contrey and dyvers other places in Italya, as the Pope also shewyd us, with many other, with warre, famine and pestilence are utterly deadde and goone; so that there is no hope many yeres that Italya shalbe any thing well restored, for wante of people; and this destruction hath been as well by Frenche men as thEmperours, for they sey that Mons. de Lautreyght destroyed muche where as he passyd.

From the Spectator.

PARISIAN SIGHTS AND FRENCH PRINCIPLES.*

This New York volume is the result of the observation and experience of an American, who for

* Parisian Sights and French Principles seen through American Spectacles. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York; imported by Sampson Low.

some time resided in Paris for the education of his children. It has not that attraction of character and contrast which American books on Europe sometimes possess; for a wide experience in many countries, and perhaps an enjoyment of the Parisian life he condemns, has given our author cosmopolitan ideas and the toleration of a man of the world. The book, however, combines in an agreeable way a picture of Paris and its people, an estimate of French character and principles, with notices of passing events and opinions. Much above a guide-book in its descriptive parts, the volume presents a good picture of the most striking features of Paris, and will furnish a stranger with hints as to places that the common sight-seer might overlook. The estimate of the French is full, fair, and just, without harshness, dealing equally with their good and evil qualities. The opinion on the public or political character of the nation is severe to a degree—perhaps unjustly so. Without seeming to favor Louis Napoleon, the author adopts all the views of his creatures as to his having “saved society” from the anarchy and civil war that were impending in 1852, and would have involved France in rapine and blood but for the coup d’état. The American also comes to the conclusion that the French people are at present unfit for freedom under either a republic or a constitutional monarchy like England; but must be ruled by a despotism, for they are incapable of governing themselves.

The great cry of the people is for work that will give them bread, and the energies of the authorities are greatly directed toward providing them with labor. Luxury and extravagance are encouraged among the rich, that the poor may live. Public works are prosecuted to prevent émeutes. The necessity for present relief is always so urgent that permanent improvement advances but slowly. The government is ever in the position of a rider to a restless horse; if he relax the rein for a second he is thrown. There can be no radical change in the character of the people until religion and education combine to teach the duties they owe to God and man. While they remain half-starved, or fed like animals in a cage—their highest aim a full stomach—they will chafe and growl in their confinement. Louis XIV. expended 200,000,000 dollars on one palace. That money devoted to education would have kept Louis XVI. on the throne, and advanced the civilization and freedom of Europe a century. Versailles is the wonder of art; but France pays for it in the Socialism of to-day.

In the United States, where the nice adjustment of counterbalancing powers and general intelligence makes the political machine move on quietly in its accustomed track, no adequate conception can be formed of the evils to which France is exposed from the passions and ignorance of its laboring masses, misled by unprincipled demagogues or conceited theorists. There is no spirit of conciliation in French politics. A difference of views is a war to the knife. Falsehood, force, treachery, and every kindred weapon, is employed to attain the desired end. The government strangles liberty, as it alleges, that society may exist. Independence of speech, action, or writing, everything which gives political importance to the individual, becomes a crime. The press, army, judiciary, and even the church, exist only as the slaves of authority. Spies are everywhere. The government spreads a thick web over France, ready, like a spider, to dart upon any intruder upon the slightest movement. With this annihilation of political freedom, which in the United States would be the signal of universal dissolution, she prospers—growing mightier and richer as liberty recedes. Call

her by what name you will, the freedom of America becomes her curse, and the despotism of Russia her security. This being the case, she has no alternative but to maintain a strong government, until education and tranquillity shall have prepared her citizens for the rational enjoyment of those privileges which are the birthright alike of all men. It is not so much political as individual reform that France needs.

The facts upon which our American founds his conclusions are in part the result of his own observation, which of course must be limited; in part they are derived from unquestionable public statistics, &c.; to a considerable extent they seem to rest upon the reports or publications which the agents of Louis Napoleon have disseminated. The first and second class of data refer to manners, morals, education, and so forth, where the temptation to error or falsification is comparatively small. The third data, relating to immediate politics, with their gratification of ambition and profit, are more obnoxious to suspicion; and we are by no means sure but that our author has yielded too ready a credence to tales of Jacobin conspiracies ramifying all over Europe, plots prepared for 1852, and schemes of robbery and devastation that were to accompany the death of the president and the leading friends of order. Still, if this notion, whether truly or falsely, was fairly rooted in the minds of Frenchmen, it readily enough explains their submission to Louis Napoleon, and their preference of a despotism which they suppose will keep their lives and properties safe. As we lately observed, the Socialists, Red Republicans, or by whatever name they may be called, have to thank their predecessors of the Reign of Terror for this feeling, and their own equivocal conduct, and more unequivocal praises of the Jacobins.

The American was a spectator of the coup d'état, so far as a proper regard to his own safety admitted. His facts do not greatly differ from those already known; nor does he deny that the president caused the slaughter on calculation—allowing the barricades to be put up, that they might afterwards be knocked down. His statements confirm what is more dimly indicated by Victor Hugo—that members of the dissolved Assembly and others organized the resistance, and had they been able to destroy the president would have succeeded to his position. The writer judges of the massacre on the boulevards from his own point of view. He excuses the soldiery, looking to the circumstances in which they were placed, exposed in a street, and not knowing who were friends or foes; for this author declares that houses on the boulevards were taken possession of by the insurgents, and that the troops suffered severely from their fire. The whole account of the three days is interesting, much as has been written upon the subject. The following is from the third day, the 4th December; and begins in the neighborhood of the Porte St. Denis.

I was surprised to see how many boys there were in their ranks. They went to work in all these violences as if on a frolic—light-hearted, and even jovial. From their manner I should rather have supposed that they were gathering materials for a rustic fair than for a struggle in which no quarter would be given. I saddened to think how many that I saw so busy around me would be shot or bayoneted before night. The comments of the spectators varied; some said, let the rascals go ahead; they wish to plunder and kill—they will soon be taught a good lesson;

others encouraged. One man asked me if I were German or English: on my replying that I was an American, "Ah!" said he, with a sigh, "you live in a true republic."

I asked a fine-looking boy of about fourteen, in a school uniform, with a stick in his hand, at the end of which was a bayonet, what he intended doing: "You are too young to fight." He laughed, brandished his weapon, and ran off to join a crowd, listening to the reading of a proclamation announcing the deposition of Louis Napoleon, and calling upon the Parisians to give their allegiance to the Provisional Government formed by such of the members of the late Assembly as had escaped arrest.

A rough-looking fellow, armed with a musket, who seemed to have authority, came up to me, and said, "If you are one of the curious, you had better be off." I thought so too, as appearances began to wear a serious aspect. The houses overlooking the barricades were taken possession of and garrisoned; sentinels were placed at the principal points; the non-combatants were mostly gone, and few but fighters left. I had been there less than two hours; yet so rapidly had the mob worked, that all the streets opening upon this vicinity were already fortified. I was forced to climb three barricades, politely assisted over one by an armed lad in a blouse, before getting clear of their line of operations. It was most injudiciously chosen, for it could be attacked to equal advantage in front and rear; and their flanks were also exposed.

I found the boulevards below almost deserted. A brigade of infantry and artillery were just turning the corner of the street, marching without music, slowly, toward the first barricade. Before reaching it they halted. One half the artillery passed in front, and was pointed towards the breast-works; the other was loaded with grape, and pointed in the other direction. The few persons about saluted the troops with "Vive la République!" The commanding-officer ordered the boulevard to be cleared. The troops charged upon us, and we slipped out of the way by the side-streets.

I then walked down the Rue Montmartre, where I saw similar scenes. Coming out again upon the Boulevard des Italiens, I found the entire length of the boulevard, from the spot I first left, filled with troops, in order of battle. The line extended into the Rue de la Paix. It was a stirring spectacle to witness regiment after regiment of artillery, cavalry, and infantry, pass up this noble avenue to take their stations. In the novelty and beauty of their array, I quite lost sight of the fact that they were ordered out to slaughter those misguided people I had so recently left. At one time they cleared the side-walks, and allowed no one to approach their lines. The sentinels, however, for some inexplicable cause, were shortly removed; and those of the populace who had more curiosity than fear allowed to pass along as far as the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle. This led to the melancholy slaughter of thirty-five individuals and the wounding of a large number soon after, on the Boulevard Montmartre, just above where I was. Opposite me was the Seventh Lancers; a fine corps, recently arrived in Paris.

I stood talking with a friend, when, from the upper end of the line, the discharge of cannon was heard, followed by a blaze of musketry and a general charge. The stragglers on the boulevards took to flight in all directions. They pitched headlong into open doors, or loudly demanded entrance at the closed. I was fortunate enough to get into a neighboring carriage-way, through the grated porte cochère of which I could see what was going on. The firing was tremendous. Volley followed volley so fast that it seemed like one continued peal of thunder. Suddenly there was a louder and nearer crash: the cavalry in the front of me wavered; and then, as if stricken with panic, turned, and rushed in disorder down the street,

making the ground tremble under their tread. What could have occurred? The first supposition was that the different regiments had turned their arms upon each other; another, that the Reds had proved too strong for the troops. In a few minutes the horse-men came charging back, firing their pistols on all sides. Then came in quick succession the orders "to shut all windows; to keep out of sight; to open the blinds," &c. It seemed an unexpected fire had been opened upon the soldiers from some of the houses above, by which they at first suffered so severely as to cause a recoil. The roar of fire-arms was now tremendous. Mortars and cannon were directed point-blank at the suspicious houses, within a few rods distance, and fired. They were then carried by assault.

The rattle of small shot against windows and walls was incessant. This was too in the finest part of the boulevards. Costly houses were completely riddled; their fronts were knocked in; balls passed through the various floors, and lodged finally wherever their spent force destined them. The windows were destroyed by the concussion of the cannon; and as for the outer walls, they looked as if a thunder-storm of bullets had passed over them. They were literally peppered with lead from cellar to roof. Some balls had passed through panes of glass, leaving holes as true and clear of their exact size as if they had been cut out by a diamond. Of the hair-breadth escapes of the inmates, and the general destruction of property I need not speak. The government afterwards footed all the bills for the last. The firing continued for nearly an hour, and then receded to more distant parts of the city; for the field of combat embraced an area of several miles, and there were some 40,000 troops engaged.

As soon as I could with safety, I left my covert. . . Emerging from the line of soldiers, as I reached the parts of the city removed from their surveillance, I noticed a bitter feeling among the better classes for the day's work. The slaughter was, as it always is in the heat of a battle, greatly exaggerated. Still it was with no gratifying emotions that one could reduce it even to a few hundred. It was civil war—fratricide. I reached home indignant and mournful.

Although the impression left by the author is favorable to the rule of Louis Napoleon as a necessity, his opinion of the man is by no means flattering. This is from his summary:

Of the character of Louis Napoleon, the six millions of Frenchmen who voted him the President of the Republic knew nothing. They cast the souvenirs of his uncle into the electoral urns. Three years have passed, and they have learned only that he is an unreadable man. Suddenly, and without warning, he broke his solemn oath of office, overturned the constitution, drove the legislators of the people from their hall of assembly by the bayonet, imprisoned and exiled the best blood and talent of France, muzzled the press by a law severer than the ordinance which cost Charles X. his throne, shot his fellow-citizens by hundreds in the streets, rode rough-shod over all classes, grasping the entire liberties of his country; and yet the people confirmed his power, and his acts, by the largest vote ever bestowed upon a ruler. . . .

The mass sustain Louis Napoleon on account of his name; the men of property because his popularity is the only counterpoise to the Socialists; the Legitimists and noblesse, that they may exist in peace. As one said to me, they must eat and drink. To all he is the man of destiny. They have submitted to a greater tyranny than even the emperor dared exercise: not that they accept this policy as their permanent rule, but that France, like the maniac in the strait-jacket, may gradually recover her senses, and learn to appreciate the blessings of rational freedom.

No ruler ever outraged constitutional liberty in a more summary way than Louis Napoleon. Paradox-

ical as it may appear, perhaps no one has at this moment greater strength in the country at large. They trust him because they believe he has a mission to perform—that he will save France. He has it in his power to ruin or redeem her. If the selfish and vain-glorious policy of his uncle is to be his guide, he has everything to fear; if, on the contrary, he preserves a firm hand, relaxing, as time and discipline prepare the way for popular forms of government, devoting the resources intrusted to him to the moral improvement and education of the people, France may be at this moment nearer Republicanism than she has ever yet been.

We have confined our remarks and extracts to what is at present the most interesting subject in connexion with France. The volume contains a variety of matter relating to Paris and to Frenchmen, which is interesting in itself as well as from the nationality of the author, and presented without that rather vulgar mannerism which distinguishes many American writers.

From the Spectator, 13th Nov.

FOREIGN POLICY OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

A FORTNIGHT since, we drew attention to various indications in the declarations of leading politicians, in special measures of acknowledged importance, and in physical and social phenomena not of man's contrivance and beyond his control, of a possible and probable union of the Liberal party in England on the question of representative reform. Mr. Macaulay has since, at Edinburgh, lent the sanction of his authority and the lustre of his eloquence to this anticipation; and, limited as he has shown himself in many points to the principles and the system of 1832, he yet foresees the necessity of extending electoral functions to a larger number of the population, and is prepared to embark his experience and reputation in a practical measure for effecting this object. But agreement upon one measure, however important, will not make a political party; still less will it make a party to assume the government of the empire with the confidence and good-will of the people. Our affairs are so complex, our relations with other countries so extended and so necessary, that no party is fit to aspire to office, even if its domestic programme be complete, unless it adds to this fixed principles of policy with respect to foreign countries, and is identified in the minds of the people with the power and prestige of England abroad, as well as with her peace and prosperity at home.

It is not our intention to lay down definitively the particular policy which it is for the interest and honor of England to pursue, in any possible contingency, towards the various countries to which she is related more or less intimately; any more than we venture to anticipate the programme of representative reform upon which the liberal party might see good to unite its efforts. All we say is that indications are patent of an approaching crisis when a fixed foreign policy must form an essential item of the programme of any political party that aspires to more than the occasional functions of a section of opposition. Besides its practical benefit, free-trade has brought ideas in its train; it owes its success quite as much to scientific demonstration and a sense of right, as it did to the practical evils which its counter-system inflicted on the consumers of this country. Among those ideas, the most striking is the conviction that the various productive powers of various localities

and various races of men are means providentially furnished to counteract the selfish and isolating tendencies of particular communities, to do away with local and sectional prejudices, and to link the whole human race in one bond of mutual benefit and improvement. It would have been an inevitable result of free-trade by itself, that the nation which adopted it should become more cosmopolitan in its sympathies, should gradually learn to look upon the welfare of all mankind as identical with its own—upon humanity as one great organic whole, none of whose members could suffer or be in bondage without the evil spreading over the whole body and making itself felt to the most distant extremities. The solidarity of peoples was the moral complement of free commercial intercourse. But the revolutions of 1848 came to give a sudden impetus to the development of this feeling in England. From the Danube to the Baltic, from the Gulf of Venice to the British Channel, Europe rose to assert a right of self-government, which could not fail to enlist and did actually enlist the warmest sympathies of the great majority of Englishmen. And since that period the interest taken in foreign politics, and the eagerness to fix the influence which England had the right and was under the duty to exert upon them, has been quite a new element in our popular discussions. Especially since Hungary and Italy fell again crushed and bleeding beneath the hoof of Austria has there been a strong feeling among us that our country was somehow or other made to cut a pitiful figure, and to play a selfish and contemptible part, if not worse, amid the movements of the European civilization. Many among us felt that our noble position had not been given us merely to assert our indifference to what passed out of our own island, and that our proper place was in the vanguard of freedom, and not among the hucksterers and camp-followers striving to turn a dirty penny from the struggles and sufferings of our brethren. Many of us felt that sooner or later the struggle would come home to ourselves, and that our only choice really was whether we chose to meet the assaults of despotism away from home or on our own coasts. Official men and capitalists hung about the national will like the fabled Old Man of the Sea about Sinbad. Had it not been for them, "the inviolate island of the brave and free" had not stood an idle spectator of that tragical human drama whose first act has closed so mournfully. That is over now; but the feeling of interest in foreign politics, and the conviction that England's duty is not to stand by and gaze in stupid astonishment and stupider panic, has not gone by, but remains as a fact of which future party organizations must take cognizance. And what has happened since has not tended to lessen this feeling and this conviction. France has fallen under the uncontrolled caprice of one man, whose ambition and fanaticism make him naturally an object of uneasy suspicion to his neighbors, especially to those neighbors whose triumph over the impersonation of his one idea still notoriously rankles in his mind. The temper of the Irish and English Ultramontane Catholics lays them open to foreign intrigues more than they have been since the days of Elizabeth; and sentiments of extreme hostility to England, her government and her religion, are the surest passport to their favor. States in whose independence England has the strongest interest are threatened with absorption or control. The Continent is menaced with the overwhelming supremacy and dictation

of the great powers, England excluded. A vast military force, to which the armies of the Roman empire in its palmiest days were but a guard of honor, sways continental Europe with no decency of disguise. Let but a spark fall, and a train is laid that will burst up in a conflagration such as Europe has never yet seen; and this accident depends perhaps more entirely than it ever yet has done on the tempers and schemes of less than half-a-dozen men. All the means which an advanced civilization has accumulated for the comfort and happiness of mankind would become in a moment instruments of terrific power wielded for diabolical purposes. Turning from Europe, the horizon is clouded east and west. Vast ambitions and gigantic schemes of conquest are looming there too. Cuba, Constantinople, Egypt, Japan, are at present, or may immediately become, points on which all the forces of the civilized world will be in angry and internecine collision. Already this summer we have ourselves been in imminent danger of a serious quarrel with America—If, indeed, as the Queen's speech makes us doubt, the danger be yet over. And to add to the uneasiness with which this troubled aspect abroad must affect every rational person, the ministry of foreign affairs is in the hands of a man whose sympathies and talents are equally mistrusted by the great mass of his countrymen.

This is a combination of circumstances which seems to us to demand that any party aspiring to govern this country should be prepared with a Foreign Policy that may at once carry with it the convictions and sympathies of the people, and reassure them that England's captains are equal to the storm they may have to encounter. One thing is quite certain—that a party which did put forth a programme of foreign policy answering this description might reckon upon enthusiastic support. Whether the party calling itself Liberal will do so, seems uncertain. The only indications of vitality they have hitherto given have reference wholly to domestic questions, which just now are by no means so important as those relating to our action abroad. Indeed, the very free-trade, upon which liberal politicians not unnaturally concentrated their interest during the late elections, is itself inextricably involved with questions of foreign policy.

Perhaps, what the liberal party will do in this matter depends on what one of its sections will do. Is Manchester prepared to rise into statesmanship? or will it still complain with Mr. Bright, that statesmanship is denied it, and in every act and speech go on confirming the opinion the wise man proclaimed of old, "How shall they whose talk is of oxen know wisdom?" When Lord Derby goes down on his knees and confesses to Father Cobden that he has done those things which he ought not to have done, and has left undone those things which he ought to have done, will Father Cobden also don the white sheet and the penitential taper, and acknowledge that he too has erred? Is it not an error quite as fatal as any Lord Derby has committed, and not quite as excusable, to have insisted for years on leaving this island at the mercy of any unscrupulous adventurer or any revengeful despot, because defence occasions money-outlay? An honest delusion, doubtless, was originally at the bottom of this perverse opinion, arising out of mere ignorance or not unnatural onesidedness; but to have maintained it in the face of overwhelming facts with shameless consistency—this gives it a darker

shade, and deserves a harsher name. Is Mr. Cobden prepared to swallow the dose he so heartily recommends to Lord Derby, and to qualify for office by disgorging all his recorded disqualifications? If not, and he can still carry his friends along with him, and still go on obstructing and carping at, instead of lending his eminent practical and financial talent to help on the great and essential work of rendering this island inviolate, and of restoring to England her proper influence in the world's councils, the sooner the liberal party formally resign all pretension to office, the better for themselves and the country. For they may depend upon it, that with the experience of the last five years, the country will not bestow its confidence on any public men who are only anxious to accumulate wealth at the expense of all that makes wealth for a land desirable, or who, in their fanatical devotion to the dogma of free-trade, include French soldiers among articles to be admitted free of duty

From the Spectator, 13th Nov.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD.

"FRANCE wishes for stability;" "a necessary" reaction "conducts her towards order, stability, and repose;" and yet nothing more strongly depicts the instability which France is undergoing, and towards which she is ever advancing, than the document which asserts her wish. The report of the Committee of the Senate on the institution of the Empire is a feeble essay on Monarchy and Republic, citing Machiavel and Montesquieu. It supplies a form which Louis Napoleon desires in the process of his self-development as an emperor; but still more decisively it marks the deplorable hiatus in a great state—the total absence of a class of statesmen in France. The statesmen of the country are exiled, imprisoned, excluded from public life, are "nowhere," or anywhere except in the councils of the state. In lieu of them, we find the supernumeraries that consent to be a chorus while the great adventurer stars it on the stage of the theatre that he had seized. The institution which is to be now constructed has these men for its masons. We find from the internal evidence of the document, from its verbose emptiness, and its wading after ideas amidst the deep waters of old history, that the men who thus consent to represent a parliamentary class are without information from the schemer who is playing them off. The quasi-statesmen of Paris are as uninformed as any ordinary politician in London about the real proceedings of the de facto government, or the intentions for the future. Indeed, they are more uninformed, since the restrictions upon the press debar every Frenchman from a great deal of that information which reaches the free English reader circuitously. We have nothing to learn from the document, therefore, excepting the vacuity of the class whose mind it professes to speak.

In wielding the great power which his pertinacity and audacity have collected to his hand, Louis Napoleon remains without many of the resources which monarchs can command; but he is proportionately without many of the responsibilities which fetter most even of autocratic rulers. He has called forth, not only in France but in other parts, many influences which he can direct at pleasure; but he is not pledged to direct them in any particular manner. On the contrary, he has

everywhere one alternative of two courses, and is in a position either to lend the aid of a condottiere on the largest scale that ever collected a band, or to threaten the resistance of the soldier of fortune. In this respect, with all the material power of his uncle, he stands in a position absolutely freer than that terror of Europe.

In his own capital he is without a class of nobles, of statesmen, public men, parliamentarians, or whatever you may please to call them. He is thus deprived of all able coadjutors, or the instruments which most monarchs can use. On the other hand, he is wholly relieved from the responsibility to an influential class; a responsibility which even the Emperor of Russia must acknowledge. The business of this class, however, is important to foreign states, since it is the province of the statesman to countersign the pledge of the monarch; and in the absence of such certificate the mere signature of Louis Napoleon would be worthless.

That the commercial classes are at the height of prosperity just now, is a fact that helps him very greatly; capital is seeking investments in every direction, and the only thing which commercial men in France dread is a new interruption. For that reason, their hopes and fears are allied to the present continuance of the empire; and there can be little doubt that a man in his central position, be his *right* what it may, will be able to command an amount of usefulness for the mere profits of the commercial man, which will secure him, as a quid pro quo, the suffrages of the trader. Whether in granting privileges to railway companies, in regulating tariffs, in making commercial overtures abroad, or in promoting expenditure, Louis Napoleon will have, if temporarily, at least for some days, the power of buying up the commercial classes.

While he favors the commercial class, he supplies to the working classes that for which they are content to undergo him—employment.

The departure of the Russian ambassador from Paris during certain ceremonials has been followed by the unexpected death of the Duke of Leuchtenberg, the son of Eugène Beauharnais, cousin of Louis Napoleon, and son-in-law to the Emperor of Russia, and therefore in some degree a nexus between the French Emperor and the Russian. But in the actual state of matters Louis Napoleon does not depend upon family ties. He can offer, and he can threaten.

At the present moment, he appears in foreign relations as a disturber, with objects that defy scrutiny. He is a disturber in Sardinia, backing a new liberalism against the older liberalism that was indigenous at Turin; unseating the old and establishing the new, which must be suspected simply from the fact of its being his protégé.

In Rome, he is "relieving his garrison"—sending three regiments to replace the three already there. One regiment comes away, leaving two to follow at a future day; unless this "relief" of a garrison should prove to be a reinforcement.

In Turkey, he appears as the willing friend of the sultan, if the sultan's older friends would but permit him to take advantage of the new emperor's good offices. Louis Napoleon is represented there by a war-ship, by his high pretensions, his offer of money, and his inscrutable policy.

The Roman states, garrisoned by Austria and by France, might be the camp from which France and Austria, united, should march to a more total subjugation of Italy; or it may be the camp from

